

American Bhogee by Tai Eagle Oak

AMERICAN BHOGEE



A HIP ODDYSSY

BY

TAI EAGLE OAK

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DEDICATED TO:



**MY TRUE LOVE KELLY
AND TO
ALL OF YOU OTHERS
WHO CHOOSE TO LIVE LIVES
FOLLOWING YOUR INNER BLISS
AND BY DWELLING ON
THE FRINGES OF SOCIETY
FINDING TRUE JOY IN LIVING
A LIFE LESS ORDINARY**

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Definition of a Boghi: One who seeks to transform Bhoga into Yoga.

A Taoist Proverb:

In order to walk the middle one must first know the extremes.

**“When the going gets weird,
the weird turn pro.”**

Raul Duke

“It beats workin’.”

Dope Rider



A NUMBER 13 PUBLICATION

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(This work was originally published with the title 'THE MERRY-WANNEE TRAIL BACK TO YOSEMITE.' However, to many folks found that title confusing thinking it was a book about Yosemite National Park when in reality the title was a euphemism for The Make Yourself Happy Path Back to Paradise. Therefore I have changed the title to make it less obtuse. T.E.Oak)

Forward

All these stories are true in the sense that they actually happened. All of them either I, or someone that I knew, experienced, none of them are secondhand. However, on some of them I have compressed the time line to make them more immediate. On others I have two or more separate events which were not related in time but were related in spirit and have placed them in the same tale simply because they fit together. Needless to say, I have changed all of the names and some of the localities with other left deliberately vague to protect those who may not want their pasts to become public knowledge. Also, all these tales take place as I remember them, and we all know how faulty a memory can be. Especially since a lot of these tales happened a long time ago and when I was not in full possession of all my senses. So, if you see yourself in any of these tales and say to yourself, "Hey! That ain't the way it happened." Then write it down the way you remember it and send it to me. I'll be happy to read your version.

I wrote these tales as a true chronicle of the hip life style and in reaction to the anti-sex, anti-drug hysteria that has pervaded the west for the last half of this century and which has only gotten worse in the last 20 years. To show that a life which is sexually provocative and lived on drugs is not only not wasted, but can be meaningful as well as a hell of a lot of fun. Also, I wrote these stories because I am tired of our celebrity oriented society that worships their very existence while ignoring the rest of us. Unless, of course, there's something negative about us to report. These tales are all about the poor and obscure living, enjoying and celebrating their lives. Lives that have just as much worth and are just as important as any of those of the rich and famous.

I can only hope that the average person reading this work can understand this was simply a life choice and is as valid as the one they've chosen for themselves. To delight in reading about it and not judge it, appreciating it only for what it is: A life less ordinary.

With the exception of "My First Time" all of these tales take place between 1965 and 1995. I would like to thank all of you who were involved, who enriched and who touched my life. Thank-You So Much!

I Wish You All Peace And Happiness.

OM KIJAI!

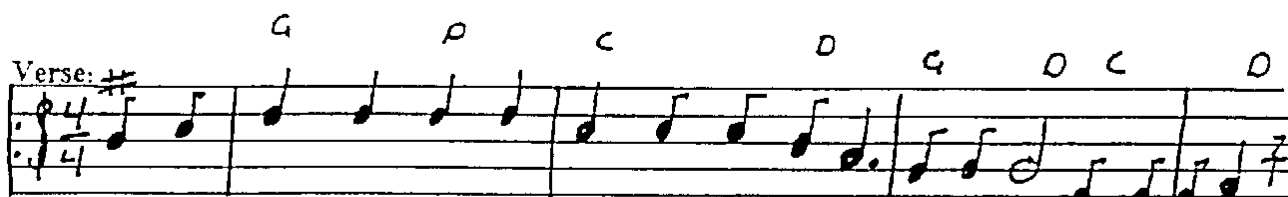
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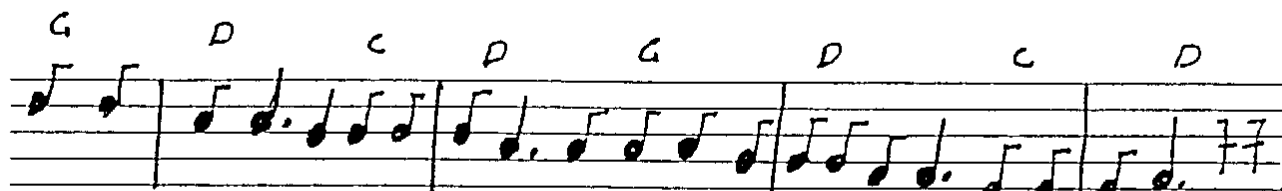
YOURS FOR THE TAKING

Key of G


T.A. Oche

Verse: 

Well you stand there with your hands in your pockets, looking sad ain't it a shame,



You could have it all if you wanted, and all you got to do is stop playing your games.

Chorus: 

Cuz it's yours for the taking, Yours for the breaking, Yours for the asking, Yours for



the taking, but take it with Love. sweet Love, take it with Love.

Verse 2: Know that you can change the world, just put a smile upon your face,
See the Light shinning all around you, and enter into a state of Grace.

Chores: Repeat

Verse 3: It's all here now people, so grab a hold with both your hands,
Use the power to Love each other, make yourself happy and understand.

Chores: Repeat to end.

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**Verse 4: Now there is just one commandant, And that one is to follow your bliss
Pick your path make your own choices, Open yourself up to this holy kiss**

Chores: Repeat

**Verse 5: We're all on this beautiful planet, To laugh and play to dance and sing
Enter the moment without your ego, When you awaken you'll see everything**

Chores: Repeat

**Verse 6: It not the love of mother and child, Nor the love of a man and his wife
It's the all consuming love, From the eyes of Buddha through the heart of Christ**

Chores: Repeat To End



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The stories contained herein are all written in a non linear mode. You can read the tales in order if you wish but it is not necessary. Since each story is a complete entity standing on its own you can read the tales in any order you like.

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ENJOY!

PREVIEWS OF COMING ATTRACTIONS

I've been hiking in the Sierras up above Yosemite all by myself for the last three days following my fate and it's been great. The weather's been perfect, sunny days with a gentle breeze and crystal clear nights with a million stars in the sky. I've seen a few deer, some squirrels and a lot of other small creatures along with thousands of birds all the way from little sparrows and finches to some big hawks and plenty of vultures. But thankfully, I haven't seen one other human being. It's both thrilling and a bit scary hiking alone because if something untold should happen, like breaking a leg or being attacked by a bear, well, there's not a whole lot that you can do except pray. And there are bears in the woods. If you don't hang your food high up in a tree at night then you're just liable to wake up with one in your sleeping bag with you looking for food. I have seen a couple black bears up here but they're shy creatures who always run when they see me. One night I was sort of attacked by something about the size of a raccoon but it was too dark to see what it was. It screeched, barked and hissed at me until I got up and moved my sleeping bag about a hundred feet away. I figured that I must have been too near its den.

Anyway, like I say, I've been in the woods for three days when I see a beautiful little meadow with what looks to be a rusty hand pump sticking up out of the grass. As I get closer I see an old dilapidated board shack that's sort of collapsed in on itself and is now just a pile of splintery gray lumber. This is a real pretty place. There's yarrow, foxglove, nettle and milkweed growing. Scrub oak and manzanita surround the meadow with a few cottonwoods growing here and there. Even some blackberry bushes but no blackberries yet, it's too early. It feels good here so I think I'll spend the night, but first I'll relax a little, sit against the pump and smoke a joint. I tried working the pump but it's frozen up with rust. I did uncover the well by taking some old boards off the top of it. I dropped a pebble down it and heard a splash so I know there's still water down there. Ahhh, there's nothing like a little grass to take the kinks out of a hard day of hiking. Yup, this is a very pretty place.

After smoking about half of the doobie I started getting some really good rushes up my back. I think this a bit strange because I've been smoking the same weed all week and it hasn't happened before. In fact, the rushes are getting stronger and a little scary. WOW! The last one almost took the top of my head off and here comes another one feeling even stronger...

I don't know if I lost consciousness or not but I am no longer in the meadow by the pump. I am

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on some kind of flat weird plane and it's pretty ugly too. I can see all the way to the horizon. It's completely flat with small and medium sized black boulders scattered around it. There's no mountains or hills and the ground is a kind of brown-yellow color. The sky is all blackish-gray and cloudy looking with no sun, moon or stars showing however it's light enough to see the horizon. On the horizon there seems to be some kind of flashing so I think that maybe it's lightning. I hear some clattering so I think that maybe it's thunder.

As it keeps getting closer I can't tell exactly what it is but I do know that it's neither lightning nor thunder. It's really still with the air so clear I can see and hear really well. As it gets closer I can see the glinting of light is coming off of what looks like polished metal, like gold or brass, and the sound is coming off of those metal surfaces as if someone is pounding on them with something hard. It's big, whatever it is, because it fills the whole horizon. I'm getting a bit concerned because it looks like it's coming my way and there's nowhere for me to run to and nowhere to hide. I guess I'll just have to stand here and see exactly what it is because it is definitely getting closer all the time.

Now it's close enough for me to see what it is. It looks like a line of shields like out of some old Roman movie. The glittering and the noise is being made by soldiers pounding their swords and spears on those shields. They're yelling something but I can't make out what. Maybe it's some language that I don't understand, or maybe they're just yelling. They're marching in a line and are coming my way. Finally they're close enough that I can make out their faces. When I do I get so frightened that I hope that I don't pee my pants because they ain't got human faces! They have monkey faces. Or more like chimpanzee faces and they're almost as big as I am.

'HOLY SHIT!' I think 'I'm on the Planet of the fucking Apes!'

They keep getting closer and they do not look friendly either. They stop about a hundred feet in front of me, quit banging on their shields and stop yelling. They just stand there staring at me with their yellow eyes and their mouths hanging open showing me their long pointed canines. I'm too scared to say a word. I just stand there and stare back. We all wait. For what I do not know.

The biggest one detaches himself from the line, comes straight up to me stopping five or six feet in front of me. He looks at me for a few seconds then says, "Go back."

But there's no place for me to go back to so I just stand there and look at him. After a couple minutes more he looks at me as if I was stupid or something then says again this time more forcefully, "Go back!"

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I'd like to accommodate him but even if I could 'Go back'. I am too scared to move. After all, nothing like this has ever happened to me before. And let me tell you folks, I've taken a lot of strange and powerful drugs in my life but I ain't never had a tripp like this, and this one's pretty much on the natch (You really can't count a couple of tokes.) So I just stand there waiting. After a few more minutes he screams, "GO BACK!"

When he does the whole damned monkey army starts screaming too, "GO BACK! GO BACK! GO BACK!..."

He's pacing back and forth in front of me waving his sword and yelling at me to "GO BACK!"

I figure that if I get any more scared I just might pass out getting out of this hell and wake up someplace else. Somewhere nice. All of a sudden he stops pacing. He raises his sword. The chimps quit their screaming. Everything gets real quiet.

He looks at me and says in a low menacing voice, "FOOL! Don't you understand? Men in heaven are DEAD!" With that all the monkeys start shouting "DEAD!" They draw it out into one loud long scream, "DEAAAD!"

It keeps getting louder and louder and louder. I'm so frightened that I cover my ears and close my eyes. When I do the screaming does a fast fade and everything gets quiet...

When I open my eyes again I'm back in the meadow, sitting with my back against that rusted old pump next to the collapsed house except now it doesn't seem so friendly. A cold wind has come up from the north and the sun is going down. I know if I'm not out of the area by sunset, that vicious monkey army will be coming back after me and this time they won't be so friendly. So I am out of here. I put my pack on and down the trail I go.

I hike a lot so I'm in pretty good shape. I can walk 10 miles with a 40-pound pack over rough terrain, no problem. That is what I do. I walk most of the night before I start to feel safe and don't stop until the sky starts to lighten. Man, what a tripp! It has really shaken me. I have no idea of what to make of it. Little did I know or suspect that this was just a preview of coming attractions. That there would be plenty more times in my future in which I'd have to be out of town by sundown to save my skin.

BLUE JAY WAY

Benny is a red freak. Which is kind of funny, because Bennies are also cheap crapo pharmaceutical speed. But Benny is a confirmed red freak who hates speed. He's been coming over to our commune for the last month, which is also kind of funny since we usually don't like red freaks. They're almost always boring and stupid. Being boring and stupid is about the greatest sin you can commit here in San Francisco, other than being violent. And Benny is stupid. So stupid in fact that he's really very funny and he's never boring. Also, he always has a big bag of reds with him that he's very generous with, and taking reds once in a while is kind of fun but you have to be careful with reds. If you take them with any psychedelic, it just negates the effect of the psychedelic so you've wasted that high. If you take them with speed, you wind up with lots of bumps and bruises, and nothing is worse than a lively downer freak. But booze is the worst. There's been more than a few times I've taken a handful of downers washed down with a bottle of wine at a party on a Saturday night only wake up on a Monday morning, usually someplace strange with someone that I've never seen before, thinking it was Sunday. And if you take them downers too often then like I said, you just get boring and stupid. But Benny is always entertaining.

Like the time that we all piled into his old rattletrap VW to go to a party over on Sutter and Van Ness. While sitting at a red light on Market St., Benny says he thinks that from now on he'll stop at green lights and go on the red. Since we've all taken a few reds in preparation of the party, this sounds like a good idea to us. So when the light turns green Benny just sits there. There are horns honking and some shouting behind us but we only sit there giggling. As someone goes around us he flips us off. What a jerk! We sit there until the light turns red then Benny floors the gas, pops the clutch and we proceed through the intersection accompanied by more horn honking. This goes on for about four blocks. We all think it's really funny until we almost get flattened by a MUNI bus. Benny then pulls over and says that it scared him so bad he's not driving any more tonight. We'll have to walk the rest of the way. Luckily it wasn't too far.

Another time we were on our way to a party on the fifth floor of an apartment building and yes, we had taken a couple reds in anticipation of the evening festivities. The way up was via an old self-service elevator. One of those with a folding metal gate.

Benny was the last one into the elevator and just as he's about to close the gate he shouts, "I'm

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gonna fuck this thang!"

He whips out his cock then slams it in the elevator gate. He immediately falls to the floor holding his wang howling in pain. We seeing this, think that it's the funniest thing we've seen in a long long time.

So we're all howling with laughter and saying, "Man, you really fucked that thing good Benny." and, "Did you get off Benny?"

As luck would have it, the elevator stops on 3. The doors open and a young straight couple are standing there. They take one look at this scene; a bunch of freaks laughing likes maniacs at a guy holding his crank while rolling around on the floor. They wisely decide to wait. Like I said, Benny was pretty stupid but he was always funny.

Benny didn't live in the City. He lived across the bay in Alamo back when it was a dusty little town full of bikers, rednecks, druggies and cowboy wannabe's instead of yuppies like it is today. They were all on the run looking for cheap rent but still in the bay area. Benny was always trying to get us to go over the Bay Bridge to see his place. He told us that he had a nice little ranch with chickens, goats, lots of dogs and his pride and joy, his two horses. Benny was a cowboy wannabe. He always wore a black cowboy hat, a red bandanna around his neck and the requisite boots and jeans. However, we almost never left the City. There was no reason to. Everything we needed was here: Sex and drugs and rock and roll, plus all of our friends. Sure, we might take a day trip to Sausalito to hang out on the docks on a warm day or even venture over to Berkeley if there was a really good concert or riot going on, but all the way to Alamo to see a bunch of farm animals. No way! Also, none of us had a car and we certainly were not going 30 miles in Benny's old green beat up V Dub.

One day Benny comes in and tells us that he's borrowed a van and after plying us with a red or two, insists that we go over to his place to spend the night. He'll even buy all the food and do the cooking.

So what can we say except, "Okay Benny, lets go play grandpa McCoy."

We grab our sleeping bags, drugs and other essentials needed for a night in the sticks and we're off. Well, here we are, it's hot and dusty. There's a two-bedroom board shack on a couple of acres with a small barn and corral. Yes, Benny, we see the chickens, the goats, the dogs and no, no one really wants to ride the horses. Yup, mighty pretty spread you got here Benny, but what say we just all go inside, smoke some dope, drink some wine and listen to some tunes. Which is just what we do for the next few

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hours. After it gets dark Benny makes us a dinner of fresh killed roasted chicken and salad, which I had to admit, was pretty tasty. We're all sitting around the living room, which has almost no furniture. Just a large sofa on a carpet with a bunch of pillows thrown on the floor to lay around on, not unusual in a hippie house, but there's a real thick rope hanging from the living room ceiling. I ask Benny why it's there. He tells me that he's going to make a hanging coffee table but hasn't gotten around to it yet. Sounds good to me. Now pass that hooter.

We're all full and stoned feeling real mellow. Maybe it wasn't such a bad idea to get out of the City for the day. Benny puts some jazz on the stereo, lights some candles, cuts the lights and leaves the room.

We're laid back grooving on the sounds when all of a sudden we hear, "EEK! EEK! EEK!..."

Someone is shrieking at the top of their lungs. We all sit up thinking, 'What the FUCK! Is this a bust or has someone just freaked out?'

But no, it's Benny running into the room naked except for his hat, bandanna and boots. He jumps up onto the rope and starts swinging back and forth.

He got three or four lit 4th of July sparklers stuck up his ass and all the while he's screaming, "EEK! EEK! EEK!..."

We are amazed, delighted, and highly entertained. We cheer him on. When the sparklers burn out, Benny hops off the rope and leaves the room. When he comes back into the room he asks, "How did you like my Blue Jay dance?"

We all had to agree that it was one of the best pieces of theater we had ever seen and congratulate him on his performance. We tell him that it was worth the ride to Alamo to see it.

Later I asked Benny how did he get the sparklers to stay in his ass?

"Champagne cork." he says, "I put the sparklers in the round top part and stick the skinny part in my asshole." Pretty imaginative, I had to admit.

Sad to say, but Benny wasn't with us very much longer. He kept taking them reds and kept getting stupider and stupider. In fact, he lost the ability to read and worse, the ability to be funny. One day we noticed that he wasn't coming around any more. Probably lost the ability to drive, or got busted, or died. Oh well, people come and people go.

About a year later Pat, one of the girls in the house, walks in the door and says, "Guess who I ran into in Concord today?"

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She had been over visiting her mom who she, unlike the rest of us, was still on good terms with. Most of our parents couldn't accept the fact that our lifestyle wasn't, let's face it, the Amerikan dream. In fact, most of them were so horrified by the way we lived that they wouldn't come within a hundred miles of San Francisco after visiting just once.

Anyway, "Who?" we asked.

"Benny the red freak." says Pat. "I was in downtown Concord. Me and my Mom were clothes shopping when I see this guy preaching on the street. I see a black cowboy hat and hear that voice. I know it's Benny. So I go up to him and say, "How's it going, Benny?"

He says, "Have you found Jesus yet, Sister?" then he shows me his Bible.

I go, "Now Benny, you know that you can't read so what you doing with that book."

He recognizes me, smiles then says, "How's it going with you Pat? Long time, no see."

I tell him, "You know, same-o, same-o. But where have you been?"

And he tells me, "After I stopped coming over to your house I really got into them reds. OD'ed a couple of times and almost died. I woke up in the hospital after one OD and the doctor told me that if I didn't stop taken them reds then I'd probably be dead by Christmas! And that wasn't very far away. He suggested I take up some other, less dangerous lifestyle. He told me that he was a Christian then invited me to meet with his pastor, start going to church and try to straighten out my life. Since I really did not want to die, and the reds weren't even much fun anymore, I took him up on his offer. He got me into a detox program. When I got out I started going to church and found the Lord. I ain't touched no drugs or booze for the last eight months. And let me tell you Pat, that being on Jesus is a lot better than being on reds. And it's a lot better than being dead."

None of us could argue with that.

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A RIDE WITH AN ANGEL

I've been hitchhiking for three years now pretty much non-stop. I've been in almost every state in the Union including Alaska and Hawaii. I hitched through Mexico though I spoke no Spanish at the beginning, down to Acapulco and back up the Baja. I hitched in BC up in Canada and I would have done more but the chicken shit Canuk cops caught me in Vancouver with a roach then deported my ass telling me never to return to Canada again. I've even hitched Europe through France and Germany and northern Greece, but the good old US of A is still my favorite.

The people here are not only the most generous but the most fun and interesting too. Almost every one has a story to tell and I believe them all. After all, it doesn't cost me a penny. In the three years I've met a lot of weirdoes but have never had a bad experience. I've been dirt poor too, working for Manpower a few times a week busting my ass for \$10 a day in cash, but I ain't complaining. It's been a good life. A free life. Mostly I just go where the rides take me. They stop and ask, "Where ya goin'?"

"Where ever you are." I answer.

Although I do try to stay out of the north in the winter. Sleeping in the snow even inside of my small tent in a down sleeping bag still sucks big time. But mostly it's been great, like now.

It's early morning, the sun is shining and the birds are singing. It's autumn so all the leaves are turning. There's every color on earth in those trees except for blue, and that is provided by the sky. I'm on a little two lane road somewhere in rural Kentucky and here comes an old rattle trap pick up truck that's going to stop. I stick out my thumb and it does. I run up to the passenger side and look in.

There's an old black man about 60 wearing a clean white long sleeve shirt and worn blue coveralls. "Where ya goin', Son?" he asks.

"Where ever you are, Dad." I reply.

He smiles and tells me to get in. I throw my pack in the bed then get in front with him and down the road we go. We chat a while with me doing most of the talking. Some folks pick you to talk, others to listen. He asks me where I've been and what I've seen. I tell him.

Every now and then he'll say, "Now don't that beat all." or, "You don't say."

He asks what I do for money and I tell him that too. He just nods. He knows, he's been there.

He says, "You're looking a mite thin, Son. When was the last time you ate?"

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I tell that him last night I had a pint of milk and a bag of peanuts and they should hold me until lunch.

He picks up a small brown bag and hands it to me saying, "That's my lunch. My wife made it for me. There's a boiled egg and a baloney sandwich in there. You take it. You need it more than me."

I tell him no thanks. It's too early for me to eat but he insists. I tell him I don't care for boiled eggs but I will gladly split the sandwich with him.

"That's fine, Son." he says.

I take the sandwich out of the bag, unwrap it and hand him half. We go down the road together eating a piece of baloney with a little yellow mustard slapped between two pieces of Wonder Bread. I sit there thinking that I'd rather be eating this half of sandwich and riding down this road with this man than doing anything else in the whole wide world right now. We ride in silence a little while longer, there is nothing that we need to say. We have taken communion together and are content just to be alive.

He stops his truck, turns to me then says, "This is my turn off. I work at the mill about a quarter mile down yonder, but you mise as well get out here because there's no traffic on that road."

I thank him for the ride and for the sandwich but before I get out he touches my arm and says, "How are ya fixed for money, Son?"

I tell him I have a few bucks stashed away and anyway, they'll be a Manpower up ahead.

He tells me to wait as he gets out his wallet then counts his money. He has \$4. He hands me \$2 saying, "It's a mighty hard life on the road, so you take these to help you along. These two are enough to buy me some gas to get home with."

I thank him again telling him that I really don't need it.

But again, he insists saying, "Take it, Son. This is my gift to you."

I look into that old man's eyes seeing only compassion and I say, "Thank you. Thank you very much." As I take those two old crumpled bills out of his hand my whole body feels like it's bursting with Love and my eyes start to water because I know that I have just been touched by the hand of God and that I am truly blessed.

I get out and retrieve my backpack. The old man waves to me as he drives off. He's left me in the country where there's nothing around except for fields and trees. Instead of hitching, I go into one of those fields and sit under one of the trees. I sit and as I look at all of the beauty surrounding me I say, "Thank You for this Life, my Friends. Thank You for *This*."

LINGUM YOGA

My true love Kelly and I are sitting in a Hanuman temple (The warrior monkey god and Rama's sidekick.) in a small village in northern India with about a dozen of the local Indian males, drinking chai and smoking chillums of ganja and tobacco. We're all watching a Hatha Yogi run through the positions, and man is he good! He's the best I've ever seen. He does all the Ashanas from the simplest like the cobra, to the toughest like the rooster. This Sadhu's a real human pretzel. He's so good that even the Indians are impressed applauding him after he does a really hard one. Kelly and I have been hanging out in this village for a couple weeks now so we're real well known. We've met a lot of the villagers and the whole time we've been here they've been telling us that we have to see this guy in action because not only is he a Hatha Yogi, but he's also a Nega Baba. Nega Baba's are the most famous Baba sect in all of India because instead of wearing any clothes they simply cover their naked bodies in ash, have long uncombed dreadlocked hair, daily smoke as much ganja and charras as they possibly can. Plus, they make lots of trouble wherever they go especially when they're in big groups. Like when they have their Nega Baba parade in Barnares where once a year over 20,000 of them show up to party for three days and three nights, laying around naked and stoned and all right on the city streets.

Mr. Singh, a friend of ours, told us of a time when ganja was legal a few years back and a Nega Baba came through the village carrying a kilo of ganja with him. He packed his chillum and started smoking it right in the center of town.

The police came up to the Baba and said to him, "Sorry Babaji, but the law says that you can only have as much ganja on you as you can smoke in one day. So we're going to have to arrest you."

The Baba looked up at the cops and told them, "This is my days supply."

He then proceeded to smoke the entire kilo by dark. The cops asked for the Baba's blessing and let him be.

The other things Nega Baba's are famous for is Lingum Yoga, and now the Baba we're with is going to show us his. First, he shows us a slender bamboo stick about five feet long. He whips off his lunghi (loincloth), rolls his flaccid penis onto that stick, twists the stick, puts it between his legs tucking it up underneath his butt cheeks behind his back. He then invites everyone there, one at a time, to stand on the stick and he will hold a person up with just his dick. After everyone who wants to stands on the stick is finished, he untucks, untwists and unrolls his cock then again shows us the stick.

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He asks me if I'd like to try it.

I ask if it hurts.

He tells me, "No, not at all." But I don't believe it.

"Go ahead, try it." he taunts.

Our friend Mr. Singh says to me, "Watch out! That's Indian family planning."

Meaning that it makes you sterile so you can't have any family and everybody laughs.

I point to Kelly saying, "She's all the lingam yoga I can handle."

Everyone laughs again thinking this is quite funny because she's here with us and no Indian women are ever allowed to see any of this.

I asked the Yogi what it's good for since it doesn't involve any stretching of the muscles, the bones or the ligaments.

He tells me, "I'm a Nega Baba and my Guru taught it to me. It's part of being a Nega Baba. All Nega Baba's do lingam yoga so we won't get an erection and ejaculate. That way we keep all of our precious fluid inside of us until we become so potent that we sweat semen. Also, any time the police give me any trouble, I just show them my lingam yoga and then they always let me go in peace."

I wonder what would happen if I did learn it and showed it to an American cop the next time that one hassled me. I just wonder.

MY FIRST TIME

Like everyone else in this life, I've had a lot of first times of a number of things. These are a few that stick out in my memory and have meaning to me.

My 1st cigarette. It was 1954 and I was 7 years old. Matt, a friend of mine whose parents smoked (mine didn't) asked me if I wanted to try one. He had stolen two Lucky Strikes from his mother. Since most people smoked in those days I found it odd that my parents did not. When I asked them about it, they told me they had tried it and didn't like it. But since parents didn't know everything I thought I'd like to try it for myself and see what it was like.

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So I told Matt, "Sure, let's try one."

We went to our hide out in the woods behind our houses. He got the cigarettes and some matches out. He took one giving the other to me.

After a few dares to see who'd go first, he lit up, started coughing then said through glassy eyes, "Man, that sure is smooth."

Even though I didn't like what I saw, I couldn't chicken out now so I put the thing in my mouth, lit the match and sucked as hard as I could. Immediately I started choking and coughing and gasping for air.

My eyes filled with water and I gagged thinking, 'I'm going to puke.' But the worst thing was the taste. It tasted like shit! Worse than shit! Worse than anything I'd ever had in my whole life. I tried to spit it out. Matt, now an old hand at smoking, told me to try another puff, that it gets better. I did and it didn't. That was enough for me. I threw it down in the dirt and stomped it out then told Matt that I needed some water, BAD! There wasn't any so I stood up to go home. When I did, I felt all queasy and pukey. How could anyone put one of those foul things into their mouths and spend money on them when there were so many good tasting things like candy and ice cream and soda pop? I vowed never to smoke again. I kept that vow until I was drafted into the army when I was 19 and figured that since I was probably going to die in Vietnam anyway, I might as well go out smoking.

My 1st job I got when I was 10 years old, the minimum age in those days, as a paperboy. I delivered the news Monday to Saturday twice a day, once at 5 a.m. and again at 5 p.m. Once on Sundays at 5 a.m. Then did collecting on Friday evening. For this I was paid the princely sum of \$7 a week, not bad for 1957. The only problem was that on Wednesdays and Sundays the paper was so thick and heavy I couldn't carry them all so I had three choices.

One; do half at a time.

Two; in good weather use my wagon.

Or three; get my Father or younger brother to help me.

I had to pay my brother so Dad was preferred especially since he had a car. My Dad, though, worked two jobs and was gone Monday to Friday 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. He would only help me on Sundays and only sometimes, like when the weather was bad. That left Wednesdays. I'd have to threaten or cajole my brother into helping me, plus pay him 25 cents. My Mother couldn't help me either because she worked a job then had to come home and do the cooking and housework. We were poor but because

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of my parent's love for us and their uncomplaining sacrifice we never lacked for anything.

The best thing about the job besides the money, was that I got to hang out with older more experienced boys. Some as old as 16. Most of what these boys talked about was sex. Something I knew absolutely nothing about. They used all the forbidden words and quite liberally too. My Mom to this day says I was a good boy until I got that job. Sorry Mom.

This leads to my next 1st, sex. After hearing about it for a year I thought I'd like to try it. I thought I knew all about it with the older boys encouraging me to try it giving me all the necessary instructions. They said that since I didn't even have any hair on my balls yet. Why I couldn't even get a girl pee gee (?) And anyway, it's better to start young.

As luck would have it there was a girl, Jane. That as rumor had it, if you'd play house with her for a few hours, she would show you her thing and if you asked, would even let you touch it. I knew Jane. She was a year younger than me and lived across the street just down the block. One Sunday I went over to Jane's where she and two of her friends, Beth and Sally, were in her garage playing house. Her father had fixed up a corner of the garage really nice for her, building her her own playroom. The girls were shocked and delighted. Boys hated playing house and almost never did. And if they did they would never admit it. I hated it too, but today I was on a mission.

We played house. I was the father, the brother, and even the dog. The next time I became the father I said it was time for bed. We, Jane was the mother, put our children to bed then went to bed ourselves.

When we were laying together I asked Jane if I could see her thing. She thought it over then told me only if I showed her mine first. It was the cigarettes all over again.

Finally Jane said that if I promise in front of Beth and Sally to show them all my thing after she shows me hers then she'd do it.

We "wake up" Beth and Sally. Jane tells them what's going on. I make my promise. Jane lifts her dress, takes down her panties, sits down and spreads her legs. I look and am very interested even though there's almost nothing there. Just a little pink slit. I ask if I can touch it. Jane says okay, but not hard. I touch it. It feels warm and moist, and soft in a rubbery way, but the bigger surprise is that my peter jumps then starts getting hard and warm feeling. I ask if they all look the same.

Jane says pretty much and tells Sally to show me hers.

Sally says uh-uh, no way! He promised to show us his first and she ain't showing nothing until I

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keep my promise.

I have a boner. I'm embarrassed. I don't want to but I got no choice. If I don't then this ends now. I undo my belt, unbutton and unzip my pants then pull them and my shorts down then stare at the ceiling as the girls stare at me.

Oh God, one of them is touching it! And it feels so good.

They're discussing it too. I try not to listen.

After a million years, I tell Sally it's her turn. She doesn't even hesitate, just drops her panties and shows me hers. It looks the same as Jane's to me and when I touch it, it feels the same too.

The girls tell Beth to take her panties off. She doesn't want to but after a little peer pressure off they come. So now we're all standing around naked from the waist down. What next?

I remember the older boy's instructions. Stick your peter in their hole. I tell the girls that my thing is supposed to fit into their thing. Would they like to try it? Jane says she will. So does Sally. Beth doesn't know.

Jane lays down on the bed. I get between her legs and, Viola! It slips right in. Jane looks and asks, now what?

I don't know. The boys said to move it around. I try but it doesn't seem to do anything.

The girls ask Jane how it feels. Jane tells them, "Like something sticking up inside of me."

They ask her if it hurts. She says, "No, it doesn't hardly feel like anything. Just like something there."

Sally wants to try. To me it didn't feel like much of anything either. Just something warm around my peter. It felt a lot better when they were just touching and squeezing it. Jane and Sally change places.

I stick my peter into Sally. Sally says it's just like Jane said. I try moving again, this time I even get a little pumping action going and it does feel better, but not great.

According to the boys, Sally and I should be going crazy with pleasure. I think, maybe they were just having fun with me.

Sally says that she's had enough and to take it out. Sally says she's heard about this from her older sister but now thinks it's not such a big deal. Jane agrees. They tell Beth that she should try it. It doesn't hurt and after all, they both did it.

Beth says okay then lays down. When I stick my peter into Beth I remember the boys saying

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that I was suppose to lay down on top of the girl. So I do.

Immediately everything changes, for me anyway. I start pumping and the good feeling starts growing and growing and growing.

Then Beth says, "Okay, get off now."

I say, "But, can't you feel it. It feels so good! Let me stay on you a little longer."

Beth replies, "All right, but hurry up."

The other girls see something is happening and watch intently. The feeling in me grows and grows and, Oh My! What was that!? I've never felt anything feel that good in my entire young life.

Beth asks me, "Are you done?"

I am so I get off of her. The girls want to know what happened. I try to tell them. They ask Beth if she felt anything.

She tells us, "It was just like Jane said. Just something sticking and moving up inside me."

I tell them, "Well it sure felt good to me."

By then it's getting late. Time to go home for supper. I tell the girls good bye. The girls tell me to come back and play house with them again sometime. I say okay then leave with a new found knowledge that if anyone squeezes my peter, it will feel really really good. A valuable lesson.

After that, I saw the girls from time to time. Although, I never did play house with them again. As far as I know, none of us ever talked about that day playing house to anyone else or even to each other. It wasn't that we were embarrassed. It was just that it wasn't important to us at that time. We all had other marvels in our lives to discover.

My next 1st was much more exciting. A year later, late one summer's evening Roger, a friend and I were sitting on the curb in front of his house just talking.

He asks me if I want some Kool Aid. I say sure.

He goes into his house and comes back out with two glasses. He hands me one then casually asks if I would like to see his big sister naked.

I almost choke exclaiming, "WHAT?"

He tells me that she's taking a shower right now and when she gets out to dry off, we can look though the window and see her naked.

She's 16 and a full grown woman by our boy standards and is something I have never seen. The only nude females I had ever seen were pictures of native women naked from the waist up in National

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Geographic.

I gulp the Kool Aid, put down my glass then tell Roger, "Yeah, let's do it."

He tells me to come on. We go over to the bathroom window. There are curtains in the window but they're not closed all the way. Since it's dark outside and light inside, we can see in but she won't be able to see out. We wait.

The water stops. The curtain is drawn back and out she steps. She is at once the most interesting and the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. She's dripping wet, her skin is gleaming and her dark hair is shining. I can see her breasts with their pink little nipples. She grabs a towel and turns toward the window and, Oh My God! There it is!

And it's nothing like Jane's and the girls. It's thick and lush and black.

Roger elbows me and giggles, but I am speechless. Too fascinated for words.

She turns and bends and stretches drying off every part of her lovely young womanly body showing it all to me, and I am transfixed by the wonder and the beauty of it all. Finally she wraps her dark wet hair in the towel, puts on a robe and leaves, turning off the lights.

Roger asks how did I like that?

I liked it just fine, so fine in fact, that even today over 35 years later if I close my eyes and think about it I can still see that young dark haired beauty step out of the tub.

In the summer of 1962 when I was 15 and had my 1st bout with booze. I was at my friends Alan's house and we were bored, summer vacation bored. We'd had a bit of excitement in the morning. We had built a couple small tube rockets and a pipe bomb using black powder that we made ourselves then had lit them off. But now we were just plain bored.

I asked Alan for the hundredth time what he wanted to do but instead of saying, "I don't know Tai. What do you want to do?" Like every other time before, he says, "Want to drink some vodka?"

Now I'd drank before. At all big meals and celebrations us kids always got a little red wine and 7-up, and in the summer we'd even get a sip of beer every now and then so even though I'd never had the hard stuff before I said, "Sure, sounds like fun."

Alan went to his folks liquor cabinet got out a fifth of vodka, took a swig then handed it to me. I took a drink and almost puked it right back up. My eyes watered, my throat burned. Jesus, it was as bad as the cigarette. However, this time I persevered, kept it down and took another swallow. I don't know how much of the bottle we drank but I do know that at one moment we were having a good old time at

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Alan's and the next minute it's night and I am in the drunk tank in jail.

Talk about a rude awakening! Plus I feel sick as hell. I got a roaring headache, stomach ache, I need some water and I feel like I'm about to pass out again, which would be a mercy, but I don't. Laying down the world is spinning, standing up is worse. I am all alone. I yell out, "Is anyone else here?"

Someone tells me to shut up and go to sleep.

I sit on that cold steel bunk and wait until it gets light.

When it finally does a guard comes along and gives me some black coffee and a stale donut. I ask for my phone call.

He tells me to go ahead and make it then walks away laughing.

This is also my first experience with cops.

Around 10 a.m. the guard takes me to an interview room. There's a detective there who asks my name, address, etc. Then he starts asking me questions about a bunch of other crimes, like robbery, theft and assault. Did I have anything to do with them?

I whine, "Geeze, I'm just a kid who drank too much vodka. Give me a break."

The cop tells me, "If you'll break one law, you'll break them all." and keeps asking me questions about all their unsolved crimes for the past 10 years.

About an hour later when he's satisfied that I am not an escaped mass murderer, he lets me call my parents, who of course, are angry and disappointed at their eldest son being arrested for drunk in public and under aged drinking. However, they come and get me anyway, even loaning me the \$25 for bail.

My Mom asked me for the first time but unfortunately not the last, "Well, are you sober?"

Again, sorry Mom.

The 1st. time I tried marijuana, a year later, it was quite a different experience. I was hanging out with an older woman named Barb that summer who was 19. Three years older than me. I had met her at the beach while surfing and she had adopted me as a sort of younger brother. We spent that entire summer together, surfing, fishing, riding bicycles and just having fun. I even went on a couple of dates with her when I knew the dude and he didn't care.

One night Barb asked if I want to go to the drive-in movie with her and Ken to see "Tom Jones", a movie playing which she wanted to see so there wouldn't be much making out. I knew Ken, a surfer, and he was okay for an older guy. Since he was 21 he could even buy booze.

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Ken came over bringing some beer and we ate the bonita Barb and I had caught off the pier that day. Barb tells him I am going with them to the movie. Ken says he doesn't care. He wants to see the flick too and anyway, they can make out at his place after they drop me off after the flick. I don't remember much about the movie, but I do remember that right after it had started Ken lights a cigarette, takes a puff then hands it to Barb, who takes a puff then hands it to me.

I say, "Thanks, but I don't smoke."

Barb laughs and says, "It's not tobacco Tai. It's marijuana. Go ahead try it."

Well, Barb's cool and Ken's cool. And I want to be cool.

But I was told in school, one puff and not only does it drive you totally insane but also you'll be addicted to heroin for the rest of your life.

So I ask them, "Isn't that stuff addicting?"

They both laugh like hell. Then Ken says to me, "Don't believe all the bullshit they tell you in school kid. Try it, you might even like it."

Barb laughs telling me, "Go on Tai, it won't hurt you."

Oh well and... Nothing! I cough but feel nothing.

What the hell goes here? I'm not crazy and I don't crave heroin.

It comes around again. I take another hit and again, nothing. It comes to me again and I tell them it's too short to hold.

Ken just laughs saying, "That's the best part, kid."

Then he and Barb finish it.

We smoked another one later, and other than feeling a little light headed, I feel nothing. I had a slight beer buzz going but as far as I could tell, that was it.

They asked me how I liked it? And just to be cool I said, "Real good stuff ya got there, Ken." Which just made them laugh again.

The movie ended. They took me home and dropped me off.

As I'm walking to my door I think, 'What a bust! I'm sticking with beer.' And walking into my house, I think, 'How could the teacher's at school lie to me like that.'

It was the first time that I had caught the establishment totally lying to me but it wouldn't be the last, not by a long shot.

The first act of purposely using my Will happened a year later when my surfing buds and I were

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standing around a fire after a hard cold day of winter surfing. I wondered out loud what it would be like to hit the waves every day for a year.

John D. said only an idiot would try something like that because most days not only was it too cold to get in the water but the surf sucked anyway.

We argued about it for awhile then I told him that prove he was wrong I was going to surf every day without fail for the next year.

Since it was almost my 17th birthday, I told the guys I would start then and go until my 18th. They all said not only was I crazy, but that I wouldn't even last a month.

By myself on my 17th birthday I drove to the beach and sat in the car with the heater on looking at the ocean. It was cold, windy and rainy with the surf all blown out and the sea choppy as hell. Why did I ever open my big mouth but since I did I couldn't wimp out now. I changed into my baggies, got out of the car, grabbed my stick off the roof rack and headed for the water. Being it was the dead of winter even though this was San Diego, the water was freezing.

Now this was back in 1964 when the only people who wore wet suits in the sea were skin divers. Any surfer who showed up in one would be laughed right off the beach by the other dudes with lots of name calling, "What's the matter pussy? Water a little cold for mama's boy?" "What a weenie! If ya can't take it then get out the hell of here!" etc...

Then every time after that whenever you came around to that beach you'd be harassed, "Here comes the wet suit wuss." So it's suck it in and tough it out.

I only lasted 10 or 15 minutes in the water and caught no waves but at least I did it.

Then I did it the next day. Then the day after and so on.

On school days I went every day after school, on holidays I was in the water whenever. Even if I was sick, I at least paddled out then back in. On a lot of days the weather and the ocean would be really crappy but on others it would be wonderful. Still cold but sunny with little wind and perfect waves. On a lot of those days either I'd be all by myself out on the sea or with only a few other hearty souls who had braved the cold. If the weather was really bad I'd just paddle out then right back in but if it was pumpin' I'd stay out until my hands and feet went numb, my teeth were chattering and I had the shakes so bad I could stay on the board any longer.

All my friends and my parents thought I was totally nuts but I grew to love it. Once as I was out alone beyond the surf line, a pod of white sided dolphins swam right up to me to check me out. When

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they did I jumped into the sea and we swam together until they got bored and headed north. Spring came, then summer. I was joined by more and more guys hitting the waves. But then autumn came, and less and less dudes were out there with me.

Finally it was winter again and my 18th birthday rolled around. I had done it. I had gone out into the sea every day for a solid year. I had not missed even a single day. As I was driving away from the beach on that day, I thought I had really accomplished something but I wasn't sure what it was. After all, nobody I knew though what I had done was something great. If anything they all thought it was stupid. It was the first time I had ever used my Will to do something that only had meaning to me.

LSD was radically different from grass or anything else I'd ever done then, before or since. It was a total immersion in the possibilities of life. Possibilities that, at the time, I didn't even know existed.

It was 1966 and I had been drafted into Uncle Lyndon's Freedom Fighters to save the world from those Evil Commie Bastards and all around bad guys, the North Vietnamese and their even more sinister buddies, the dreaded Vietcong. However, the army made a fatal mistake. They sent me to train at Fort Ord just two hours south of the infamous San Francisco, because before I dropped acid I totally believed their bullshit. I believed The Big Lie.

So Thank You Tim. Thank You for all you did and for all you suffered for LSD, and for me. Without you and LSD, I don't know where I would be today but I do know that it would not be this good. So Thank You Tim, from the bottom of my heart. And God Bless You. You will always Shine.

The 1st time I tried LSD-25 I was only two weeks into basic training when I got my first weekend leave. I had made a friend with a guy named Kevin who was from the bay area. He had my attention every time he talked about the San Francisco scene; Haight St., the music, the freeks and the dope. I had taken as few drugs in the intervening years since I had first smoked pot.

In those days in San Diego pot was only \$50 a kilo or \$5 an ounce. Plus me and my buds always took whites to stay awake while partying in TJ, a buck for a roll of 10. Then some reds to help us sleep afterwards. Otherwise you'd stay awake all night staring at the ceiling grinding your teeth. So when Kevin asked me if I wanted to do some LSD on our first leave in Monterey I said, "Sure, why not." I thought it would be like grass, only stronger.

The army let us out on Friday night after chow. Kevin and I went into Monterey and rented a cheap hotel room right in the middle of town. We went up to the room. Kevin then handed me the

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smallest capsules I'd ever seen, plus it was only half full of a greenish gray powder.

I said, "It sure don't look like much."

Kevin told me, "It's called Green Goddess. And don't worry, it'll be plenty."

We dropped. Twenty minutes later and here come the rushes.

At first they're pleasant little vibrations running up my spine from my tailbone to the top of my head but then each one gets stronger, and with each one I get higher, and higher, and higher.

WOW! I got to go take a dump.

I tell Kevin and he says, "Yeah, this is some really strong shit."

I go in the bathroom and sit down. All of a sudden the bathroom is the most beautiful place on earth I've ever been. It's all white tiles but they are moving into each other in such a lovely way and the light is reflecting off them in rainbows and flashes. Even the floor tiles are exquisite. The sink and tub are works of art. The room keeps changing dimensions too. First it's huge. Then it shrinks. Then it's normal size again before it changes back. When I take a dump, it's like an explosion out of my ass. I can feel my bowels working and straining to rid themselves of their waste. Even the smell has a different, more tangible quality to it. I don't know how long I sat in there, but Kevin calls out that he has to go too so to hurry it up. When I came out into the bedroom everything had changed. Instead of a dingy hotel room it's a palace of light and color. A moving breathing living entity. Kevin tosses me a Playboy and tells me to tripp on this while he's busy on the toilet. I lay on the bed and looked at the girls. Now they may not have come off the page for me but they sure did become living breathing three dimensional babes moving around it.

Kevin came out and said, "Man, this is some really good shit. Fuck this hotel room let's go out and check out the haps on the street." I'm up and we're out.

If I thought the room was a wonderland then this is Oz. The asphalt is bubbling slowly like hot mud. The streetlights are fountains of multi colored light and all the neons are just melting into one another. I can make out every single sound distinctly and it's all singing just for me. But of all the strange things, the people are the weirdest. They are all wearing white porcelain masks and their only color is that which is reflected from the lights. Their voices do not match their lips and I can't make out the words they're saying. Kevin tugs at me, telling me let's go. Now we are walking through all of this and I am lost and amazed and entranced.

After an interminable length of time we leave the downtown area with all of its insanity and

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madness and head for the neighborhoods. Soon we're walking down tree lined streets filled with people's homes. Kevin sees a vacant space and steers us into an empty lot with a grove of eucalyptus where it's quiet and peaceful. I sit there and watched the night wind rushing through the trees. I can hear the trees talking to each other and wonder how is it that I can understand the trees but not the humans? But why question it when you can just accept it. And Love it.

After a million years Kevin says, "I think we've peaked. Let's go back into town for some fun."

We walk back through down town, which looks much more normal than before toward the sea and the wharves. I don't know about "peaked" but I do know that I still feel high as hell. We go into a bar that is full of long haired folks.

Kevin tells me, "Now this is what I was talking about."

I look around. There must be 50 or 60 hip looking people in here. My eye stops on one couple. They're old! They have white hair way down past their shoulders. The guy is wearing lots of jewelry and a fringed buckskin jacket. The lady has on a granny dress and small square glasses.

I walk up to them then say, "Thank you."

The guy looks at me and asks, "For what?"

I tell them, "Thank you just for being. And for giving me hope."

They all laugh then the guy says, "Well that's nice. But I wouldn't put too much stock in hope if I were you." and they all laugh again.

Then they invite me to join them. I do. However while they're all laughing and having a good time I just sit there quietly watching them. After awhile Kevin comes over and tells me it's time to split. We leave the bar and go down to the beach. We sit there until the sun rises. I am feeling really sad so I tell Kevin.

He says, "Yeah, that's a typical reaction to a really good tripp."

I ask him why?

He tells me, "Because when you're high everything is beautiful and righteous. But you can't keep that high. Sooner or later you have to come down. You can't stay high all the time and that's what makes you sad." I agree with him.

But we were wrong Kevin. Dead wrong! Totally wrong, because you can get and stay high for your entire life, and you don't even need LSD to stay that way. We badly needed the acid to show us the possibilities but we need only Life and Love to stay high forever.

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Lindsey and I moved into our 1st commune in 1968. While I was in the army, living in a commune was verboten. The choice was an apartment or the barracks. After I'd taken acid for the first time, I'd decide that I would stay in the army for the two years but I would do as little as possible and under no circumstances go to Vietnam. Therefore I was always in trouble. I was given punishment duty. Mostly cleaning up one thing or another. Kevin, who after basic training got a job in personal, told me that orders had come down for me to be shipped to Vietnam. I had him turn me into my C.O. as a drug user. To prove it, one night I even purposely OD'ed on Darvon and had to be taken to the hospital. Since they did not want druggies in the Nam, after I got out of the hospital I was given orders for the Presidio of San Francisco! A dooper's dream.

It wasn't too bad either. I was a soldier Monday through Friday, 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. then I hung out with the hippies on weekends and at night, mainly on Haight St. or Golden Gate Park by day and either The Avalon, my all time favorite, or the Filmore by night. Since I was a fuck up, the army gave me all the dirtiest jobs but generally left me alone. They'd question me about my drug use every now and then but since I kept my stash in a flowerpot in the officer's mess they never busted me. I heard from Kevin that when he had gotten orders for Vietnam, he locked himself in his wall locker and wouldn't come out until they promised to let him out of the army, which they did.

I met and courted Lindsey. We got married and moved into an apartment on Haight and Laguna. As soon as I got out of the army and after a small side trip to Chicago, we moved into a commune that we knew about and just happened to have a room open for \$50 a month, everything included. I got on unemployment and we signed up for rent and food coupons (they didn't have food stamps yet).

Our commune mates were Nickolai, a mad Russian who wrote Christian songs and hymns for a living. He said that he was a vegetarian but would buy a steak, barely cook it, chew out the juices then spit out the fiber. He said that the juice was good for you. It was the fiber that would kill you. Most people refused to go to restaurants with him. His best friend, and arch enemy, was Larry the Buddhist.

These two would hang out in the kitchen all day and argue religion. Larry was Nicheron Soshu and like any religious nut was always trying to suck you into some theological discussion.

Next were the two Sue's. Suzy the stewardess, who worked for TWA and told us that when ever she saw a guy that she liked on the plane she always ask him, "Would you like some TWA coffee or some TWA tea?" She had lots of boy friends.

New York Sue had only one boyfriend, but he liked drinking and doping a lot more than he liked

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her. So she spent most of the day waiting for him to show up and complaining about being neglected. We told her to dump the chump but she loved him.

Then there was Lori the speed freak. Who, as far as I know, took speed and only speed everyday. She loved speed, talking and cleaning in that order, although she usually did all three at once. She was always cleaning something and the minute she saw you she'd start talking.

Nickolai and Larry tried to avoid her since she would take their serious discussion off on some inane tangent, but we liked her. She did all the dishes and kept the place spotless. You could get up at 4 a.m. and there she'd be with a nail file and a toothbrush cleaning the bathroom grout.

The last two in the commune were Pat and Joanne. A couple of good time party girls who had known each other forever. They had grown up, gone to school and had discovered boys and dope together. As soon as they graduated they had moved out of mom and pops and had moved into Nicholai's. They loved pot, sex and acid. They became Lindsey and my closest friends for years afterwards. This may sound like a weird mix but in the year we lived there, I don't remember one major battle.

One day Pat came home and told us that a real estate guy she had dated told her about a small house on 25th St. in the Mission district that was for rent for only \$150 a month. She and Joanne were moving into it at the end of the month. So how would Lindsey and me like to join them? Of course we would! We said see ya around to all our friends there and moved into 25th St. We visited each other for awhile but you know, things change.

Right before we left though Larry came into our room and showed me a book he had just been turned on to. It was called the I Ching. I looked it over and said, "None of this makes any sense at all."

He told me that you had to throw a hexagram for it to make sense then showed me how to ask it a question while throwing three pennies and how to count them. I was skeptical telling him I'd show him it was bunk. I asked the same questions six times and threw six different hexagrams, none of which I said, answered my question. I asked Larry how much he had paid for the book. \$10 he told me.

I said, "Jesus Larry, you could have bought two lids with that. I hope you can find some use for that book."

He just shook his head and walked away.

Little did I know or even suspect that within a few years I'd be throwing hexagrams and studying the I Ching every day. That it would become my constant companion and advisor for the rest of my life.

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Thank You my Friend, not only for your Wisdom, which has never misled me, but also for your Patience with this poor dumb fool.

The last of the firsts that I'll tell you about is my 1st love, but love is much more difficult to pin down than jobs or sex or drugs so I really don't know what I can say, or who it was.

Was it Kay? The first girl I ever had a crush on. Who sat in front of me in Math and English class in the 7th grade. Who treated me like a real person instead of just some icky boy. Who first held my hand.

Or maybe it was Connie? The first girl who I ever kissed in the back of a darkened movie theater. Who kissed me back and even let me put my hand on her breast. Or Patricia? The first girl I was passionate with. We'd sit in her basement for hours making out and feeling each other's bodies through our clothes.

Or Kathy? The first girl I ever really dated. The first I was ever alone with no adults around watching. The first who let me put my hand under her clothes and let me feel all the secret places of her sweet feminine body.

Or Sherry? Who was only 13 years old but wanted to know what sex was all about so she told me to visit her at her baby sitting job one night where she took off all of her clothes, took my hand then led me into the bedroom. My first time with a fully developed nude female.

Or Lindsey? Who I loved, married, lived with as man and wife for four years and had a child with.

Which of these is my 1st love? I cannot tell you. But I can tell you of my true love, my greatest love, my real love. And her name is Kelly.

Kelly and I been living together for well over 20 years. She is everything to me, but most of all she is my best friend without whom I would be lost. She cares about me and shares her life with me, and best of all, she Loves me. Thank You Kelly. Of all the things on this earth, I Thank You most of all for you have given me the greatest gift that one human can receive from another, Love.

And when I die and stand before the gates of heaven on judgment day, God will look me in the eye saying, "Well Tai, what have you accomplished with your life on earth?" I will look up at God, smile and say, "I was able to give, and to receive Love from Kelly." God will laugh, clap me on the back and tell me, "Passe Amigo, Passe Usted!"

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, BOYS?

WOO-WEE! We're having some fun now. About eight of us have piled into my red hand painted 1947 Chevy school bus that I've taken all of the seats out of and have done up the interior in hippie modern, which means plenty of soft carpets, mattresses and pillows. After taking Le Drugs de Jour of grass, home-brew and the ever popular always fun Quaaludes, we are highballing down the highway looking for adventure in whatever comes our way.

We've just finished taking hot showers at the State Park. There's only a cold creek at my place. Good enough for the body but nothing beats a hot shower for washing the hair. I bought a years pass to the park for only \$10 so we all go once or twice a week. They only have two showers there. One marked Men, the other Women, but we don't pay any attention to the signs. We just divide up into two groups then cram ourselves into the stalls all at once and lather up. Don't drop the soap!

Now here's a difference between men and women. When a man comes in the Men's side and sees four or five nude people in the shower, some of whom are young pretty girls, generally he'll just hang around waiting for a glimpse of exposed female flesh. A woman though, will take one look at what is going on and either leaves quickly or says something like, "What are you men doing in here? This is the Ladies room!" I'll answer, "Sorry Mam, but the Men's is full." After that they always leave.

Anyway, we're clean now and are back in the bus cruising with some tunes on the box looking for our next victim. We're on a narrow country road and the mailboxes are real close to the edge of the blacktop. The bus has big thick Detroit steel bumpers, and if you just barely graze one of them flimsy little mailboxes, then **BAM!** Them suckers are history. We all think this is pretty hilarious laughing like hell every time I nail one.

But oh, oh! A crises looms on the horizon. We're almost out of gas. I yell at everyone who has some cash to cough it up or it's back to the shack. Someone collects about \$4 because no one wants to go back just yet and besides, the Ludes make you generous. The bus has only a 12 gallon tank and since gas is 25 cents a gallon, this is plenty of money. Might even have enough left over to buy a quart or two of beer. We head for the nearest ville, hunting the wily mailbox on the way. **BAM!** Gotcha!

We cruz into a little town that's only two blocks long but it has a gas station at both ends. I pull up to the nearest pump and notice at the pump next to me there's a gray pick up truck with it's hood up and two old farmers and a mechanic looking under it. I glance back behind me at all the freeks in var-

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ious stages of undress and say, "We're in town now, so be good!" They all promise me they will be.

Even though I'm stoned to the eyeballs I get out then tell the mechanic I need some gas and I'll pump it myself seeing as he's busy. Okay, grab the handle, uncap the tank, insert the nozzle, turn on the pump and squeeze. Ahhh...

Just then I look up and see Cheri getting off the bus. And all she's got on are a pair of sheer pink bikini panties that leave absolutely nothing to the imagination. Cheri's a cute little 16 year old run away from Portland who looks 25 mainly because she sports a genuine pair of 44's. She's real proud of them too. She tells almost everyone about there size and has been even known to carry a tape measure. If anyone questions the fact of are they really 44's, why she'll just whip that tape out, wrap it around her back and across her boobs, take a deep breath then proudly display the tape; a full 44 inches. To show them off she always wears really tight T-shirts. One she's even cut two small holes in where her pert little nipples are so they can peek out at the world. Something that's real cute back in San Francisco but out here in the sticks it only shocks the hicks. And she's off the bus! Topless and almost bottomless! In town! And all I can do is watch.

She walks over to the gray pick up, sticks those large lovely young naked 44's with a pink nipple on each one over the fender right into the engine compartment and straight into the faces of the farmers.

She smiles pleasantly at them saying, "What seems to be the problem, boys?"

The farmers can only gape. They can only stare at those big bare beautiful boobies and think of nothing to say. In a few seconds the mechanic since he's younger recovers quickly and looking Cheri straight in the titties says, "Well Mam, we think it's the carburetor."

This satisfies Cheri who tells them, "Well I hope you can fix it. See ya."

One of the farmers has finally found his voice saying, "Thank you Mam."

Cheri turns and saunters back to the bus with the farmers, the mechanics and my eyes all on her saucily swaying barely covered sweet young ass. As she gets to the door she turns, smiles and giving us a little wave, she steps aboard the bus.

I turn off the pump, replace the nozzle, cap the tank, and give the mechanic all the money I have saying, "Thanks, man."

I get on the bus and get the hell out of town as fast as I can.

Everybody, including yours truly, is laughing their asses off. Although I am a little pissed off at Cheri. It ain't like it'd be easy to hide a big red school bus full of stoned and nekked freeks rolling down

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an almost empty country road if someone did decide to call the cops. I holler at them to get dressed. They tell me to relax. Lighten up, here man, have another Lude, smoke a joint. The day is still young and we have all those vicious mailboxes to hunt and kill making the world safe for democracy. In fact, there's one right now. **BAM!** Victory is ours!

I saw the mechanic quite a few times after that and he never said a word to me about the titty incident, but he would always smile and give me excellent service.

SEX AND THE SINGLE GEORGE

George was a sex fiend. A sex maniac and even, considered by some, a sex deviate. He would have sex with any woman, any time, any where. He didn't care if they were young or old, fat or thin, short or tall, married or single, plain or beautiful. Red or yellow, black or white they were precious in his sight. George loved all the women of the world. He didn't even care if they were healthy, as this first little tale will illustrate.

TB Tillie was dying. Even though she was only in her 40's you could tell just by looking at her that she was not long for this world. She and her husband came out to the springs on a regular basis because the hot water helped to ease her pain. Since George was "Mayor" of the springs it was his job to get to know everyone who came out their and their stories. After hearing Tillie's, she and George became friends.

One day while sitting in the springs enjoying the hot water, Tillie's husband tells George that this is Tillie's last time out there and as a last request, he said that she would like to have sex with George. That's it's okay with him if George says yes. So George turns to Tillie and tells her that it would be his pleasure. They get out of the pool and walk to George's camper hand in hand. After awhile they come back out. Tillie's husband talks to her then comes over to George, shakes his hand and thanks him for making Tillie happy this one last time. They leave never to be seen again. After they're gone we start ragging on George about screwing Tillie with her being on death door and all. But George shames us all by saying, "What's the matter with you? Even the dying need loving."

We're on the river and while George is "Mayor" of the hot springs, he is "King" of the river and

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has been for quite awhile. He has a reputation as a full tilt party animal where anything goes except gay sex or any kind of violence. Kelly and I are sitting on a sandy riverbank when a young girl comes looking for George. She's heard all about him and has come to see for herself if all the stories are true. We tell her that he's gone to the store for beer but will be back shortly. She'll wait. When George shows up he can't believe what he sees. A cute young thang waiting just for him. She can't believe what she sees either. She's heard he's old, but not that old. George is big 6'2", 200 pounds, and none of it fat. He has long pure white hair with a beard to match. And he has lots and lots of wrinkles. We introduce her to him. George offers her beer, which she declines. They start talking.

George asks her if she'd really like to get to know him, to which she replies, "But George, I'm only 16 years old."

George smiles at her saying, "That's okay honey, I'm only 65." She smiles back at him, takes his hand and off they go.

George has a son, Greg, who looks like him but only young and still good looking. They like hitting the bars together looking for unattached females. One morning when I come into his trailer, there's a nice looking young woman standing at the stove cooking breakfast wearing nothing but an apron and red cowboy boots. As I enter she goes into the back bedroom to put some clothes on. George and his son are sitting on the sofa smoking a morning joint.

I ask, "What the haps?"

George asks if I want some breakfast then hands me the doobie asking how I like the cute little filly he and Greg picked up last night.

Greg says, "I picked her up Dad. You just fucked her."

George answers, "Quit your bitchin'! You got to fuck her too."

Greg replies, "Yeah Dad, but why do you always get to fuck them first?"

To which George answers, "Because I'm better looking than you and besides, I'm your father so show some respect, boy."

Then they both shut up because Red Boots comes back into the living room fully dressed in a cute little cowgirl outfit.

She kisses each of them then tells them, "Your breakfast is ready, but I'm getting out of here before I get stuck with the dishes."

After she leaves George says, "I wonder why she wouldn't take her boots off?" It seems that not

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only wouldn't she take off her boots during sex but she slept with them on too.

Greg said he asked her why she wouldn't take the off, but all she would say was, "I don't take my boots off for any man."

Another unsolved mystery.

George is drinking with a new found friend. The guy is moaning that his wife is a nympho. She has driven him to impotence by her constant demand for sex and even threatening to leave him if he don't get it up, and soon. George, ever ready to help out a fellow human being, offers to fuck the guy's wife for him. The guy, to our surprise, says that it sounds like a good idea to him and leaves to go get his wife. Well, we all thought that we'd never see him again, but he comes back right after dark with his wife in tow. They're both in their mid 40's and the wife's in pretty good shape. The guy introduces his wife to George. George grabs a blanket and off they go into the night.

Next morning I ask George just what happened.

He tells me, "Not much. I fucked her while her hubby watched. After I was done, he says now he's hot and is going to try, but I didn't hang around. I'd already done my duty."

There's a new woman at the hot springs who just scares the living hell out of the all single guys and it ain't that she big or mean or ugly. She's a nice looking girl with a pleasing personality. The reason she's scares the guys is, she's only 28 and after having her first child at 18 decided that she loved kids and has never looked back. She now has 7 children, ages from 9 years to 6 months old and plans to have more. So none of the dudes out here want anything to do with her, none except George that is. George loved children, when he was married he fathered five of his own and he still visits them regularly keeping in touch with them. So when Mother Nature showed up, George fell in Love.

She pulled up to the hot pools in a big Dodge Maxi-van and set up camp. Her and the 3 youngest slept in the van while the rest of the kids in tents pitched near it. George got to know them and within a week Mother Nature had moved into George's trailer with him bringing the 3 young ones and parking the van and the other kids in their tents right next to him. They all became one big happy family.

They bought food together with George doing most of the cooking while Mother Nature kept the place clean. Both of them watched over and played with the kids. After they were together awhile I asked George how things were going.

He told me, "It's just great Tai. Not only is it fun to be around all them kids but after they go to bed, Mother Nature fucks the hell out of me all night long. I tell you, she is one hot mama."

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When I asked about the preppers factor he said, "I'd love having another little rug rat of my own. Keeps a man young."

When any of the other guys ragged on George about how could he stand being around all them brats and being with a woman who could get pregnant at anytime, George just laughed. Then he told them they were nothing but a bunch of selfish wimps and there wasn't a real man among them.

Mother Nature showed up in February. She, the kids and George all live together until May when it got just too damn hot to hang around the desert any longer. George decided to summer up in the Sierra's like he usually did and asked Mother Nature to join him. However, she had other things to do and places to go. She told him that after she had taken care of business she would contact him and they would get together again. They both went their separate ways. Sad to say, George never heard from her again

Kelly and I are having dinner with George in an oak grove by the river when Sandy, a girl about 25 who lives with her boyfriend Jackson, and is camping about half a mile up river, comes into camp crying and a little drunk.

George asks her what's the matter?

She tells him that Jackson has been drinking all day, is all pissed off at her and has kicked her out. She's so upset that she's left everything she owns and has come here. George sits next to her, consoling her with soft talk and a joint. Telling her that she can stay with him as long as she likes. She thanks him and gives him a big and kiss. George gives us the eye and we go back to our van.

Next morning George and Sandy are the happy couple with Sandy saying that she don't care if she ever sees Jackson again. George takes me aside and tells me that Sandy is a hot little number and if we see the trailer a-rockin' then don't come a-knockin'. For the next two days they're always together and happy.

In the afternoon of the third day we see George but not Sandy, so we ask where she is. "I had to take her back to Jackson."

George tells us. "She was killin' me. She never let up always wanting me to put it to her." George starts laughing as he continues, "And you ain't going to believe what happened when I took her back. This morning I'd had enough of that nymphette, so I talked her into going back with Jackson. Telling her that I was too old for her and that Jackson was a nice enough young guy when he wasn't drinking. She says okay, so I take her back to their camp in my van."

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"When we get there, there's the sheriffs, the rangers and the SAR. I'd figured that some poor devil had gone and drowned in the river. We see Jackson standing by his pick up. When he sees Sandy, he turns white as a sheet and yells, "Jesus Christ! I thought you were dead! Drowned! God, am I glad to see you."

He runs up to Sandy and starts hugging and kissing her. He then tells us that it was him who called the cops because after she didn't show up for a couple days, he thought she'd gone swimming and drowned. And by the way, where has she been for the past three days? When I hear that, I tell them I have to get back to camp. Because I know the cops are not going to be pleased at wasting their time looking for a dead body that wasn't there. And I don't need the cops being mad at me."

Kelly and I walk into George's trailer one nigh and there's a woman sleeping on his sofa with her back to us.

We ask if we should leave and George says, "Naw, she ain't sleeping, she's passed out."

We sit down pop open a beer and light up a joint. George starts talking, "That's Linda, one of the "Desert Whores". She came stumbling in here a few hours ago asking if she can pass out on my couch because she's as drunk as a skunk and can't drive home. I told her to go ahead. But just before she goes to sleep, she makes me promise not to touch her pussy. So I promise and she passes out. After she got to snorin' real good, I took down her pants, and being a man of my word, never touched her pussy. I buttfucked her instead."

I say, "Geeze George, what are you going to do when she wakes up with a sore asshole.

"Shit," George smiles and tells me, "I'll just tell her that she was complaining about some guy fucking her in her ass when she came in here and passed out."

Sounds like a plan to me.

George and I have the springs totally to ourselves. It's almost sundown and the desert is beautiful. We've just finished a joint and are sipping our beers when a small pick up comes roaring in and stops right at the edge of the hot pools.

A woman in her late 30's jumps out of the passengers side, yells, "Hey George, it's great to see ya!"

She strips off her clothes, jumps right onto George's lap then immediately starts fucking him. I get out of the pool to give them room and sit down on the log to watch. He's grabbed her tits and is bouncing her up and down real good. He's a huffin' and a puffin' and she's a moanin' and a groanin'.

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And they're both turning red.

The guy in the truck seeing this does a donut, pulls to the water's edge, hangs his head out the window and yells, "I'm going!"

The woman stops banging George and asks him, "Why honey?"

"Because, I can't believe you're fucking George right before me eyes!" he replies.

"But hon," she lies, "we ain't fucking. We're just glad to see each other and are just having a little fun. Right George?"

George is thinking. After a beat or two he says, "That's right son. We're not fucking. We're just fooling around."

The dude looks suspicious saying, "Well, it sure looks like you're fucking to me."

While still sitting on George's lap and giving a little wiggle every now and then, she looks right into her boyfriends eyes and lies, "It just looks like that. But I promise you that we ain't fucking. Are we George?"

George says, "Do you think that we'd fuck right in front of you? Why Hell No!"

The boyfriend tells her, "Well okay. But if you want a ride back to town then let's go, cuz I'm leaving right now."

I'm sitting there thinking that no one is that stupid! That you'd have to be blind, deaf and severely retarded to believe that they were not fucking.

The woman hops off George, gives him a kiss and a wink then tells him, "See ya later, Big Boy." Gets out of the pool, puts her clothes back on, hops into the pick up and is gone.

I asked George why he didn't say, "Hell yes I'm fucking her." The dude would have then split leaving the chick with him for the night.

He tells me, "I didn't want to drive her all the way back to town (a 30 mile trip each way) and besides, she's a lousy lay."

Now I'm going to interrupt these George stories a minute to say that three times in my life I have witnessed a woman get caught fucking or just finishing up with some other guy by their men, and have looked straight in their man's eyes and lied. Amazingly their men have believed them. One of the men even apologized for being so jealous. Never has a woman ever believed this line of bullshit after having just caught her man fucking some other woman.

Back to George. Flora was 60, had snow white hair and a great body. George had been lusting

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after her for years, but she always told him that she was too much woman for him. That she needed much younger men to satisfy her (all of her boyfriends were in their 20's and 30's). George, of course, told her that he was more than man enough for her.

One night she came alone to the pools and decided to give George a try. Next morning I asked George for the gory details.

George speaks, "I fixed her dinner, then we went to bed. I thought that I was doing pretty good too. We had sex twice in the first hour, but then she says that she ain't finished with me yet. She keeps a stroking and a sucking. And sure enough, it gets stiff enough to go at it again. But I knew I'd have to make it quick before I got too tired, so I cum thinking, 'That'll do her'. But no. She says, "Keep on pumping. I'm not done yet." Well, after about five minutes my dick gets soft and I'm getting real tired. I just can't keep at it any longer. So I fall down on the bed and tell her, "That's it."

"Flora gets up and gets dressed. I tell her that she can spend the night and maybe I'll be able to do her again later. She looks at me and says, "I told you that I was too much woman for you. I'd better leave now before I kill you." She tells me good night and leaves. And I was glad that she was gone too so I could get some sleep."

George and Flora saw a lot of each other at the springs after that but as far as I know, he never ask her for sex again

A 22-year old Italian beauty named Isabelle hitched into the hot springs and all the single guys went nuts. Who will she pick? Why George, of course. There are a lot of young, fairly good looking guys to be had and George is 70 and looks it. But Isabelle got to the springs at 5 p.m. and all the males except George, are always drunk by 3 p.m. Plus George has an Airstream and all the rest of them live in an assortment of vans, cars, campers, small trailers, tents or just in the bushes so her choice is easy, and anyway, she's only there for the one night.

She ends up staying for two weeks, and George is in Love. He shows her around the desert, buys her little gifts and feeds her whatever she wants. If anyone says to her, "Why are you with that old geezer?" She'll smile and say in her lovely accent, "Don't you worry about George. He does just fine." and George swells up with pride and shines.

They stayed together the two weeks then she has to leave, there's a lot more of America she wants to see and experience. George drives her to the Greyhound and buys her a ticket so she won't have to hitch hike to the Grand Canyon. Then he says good bye to his beautiful Isabelle. Anytime after

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that when he talks about her, his voice get a little softer and his eyes get a faraway look as he says her name, Isabelle.

As George got older he'd still fuck a snake if it stood still long enough, but more and more he got to like blowjobs. He'd say, "A lot less work for the same pay."

I asked him why he didn't just let the girl be on top and let her do the work.

"Because" he'd explain, "Being on the bottom is for sissies. And besides, I've got to practice my manly art."

He loved blowjobs and would get one every chance he got from any female. Professional whores he'd give \$10, amateur's \$5, bar sluts a free drink, alkie women, a BJ for a beer. If some male alkie ask him for a beer, George would offer him a whole 6-pack for one from his woman. The only time he ever refused a blowjob was if a gay guy offered him one.

In fact, he'd get real upset telling the dude, "You got 10 seconds to get out of here before I beat the living shit out of you." and he wasn't kidding.

His favorite sapsucker of all time was Toothless. Toothless appropriately named, was in her early 30's, less than 5' tall and 100 pounds. She and her husband came out to the hot pools on a regular basis. He'd pull his car right up to the edge of the pools, roll up the windows, even when it was over 100 degrees out, cover all the windows with blankets except for a four-inch hole. Then he'd sit in the car for hours with his camera and an assortment of lenses taking pictures of everyone's genitalia.

Sometimes someone would notice the lens poking between the blankets and say, "Hey, someone's taking pictures of my pussy (or cock)!"

We'd tell them to ignore it. That he wasn't hurting anybody. If they said that they didn't like it, we'd tell them to either put on some clothes or leave. That we had no rules out here except for no violence. This is a free space.

Toothless, however was involved in other activities. She was at George's smoking pot something her hubby didn't do or even approve of. The price for the grass, one blowjob. Which George said was as good as any pussy he'd ever had. Although he did want to try that out too, but Toothless was faithful to her husband. She'd only fuck him. She said that a BJ wasn't real sex. It was just playing around. Sometimes though, she would let George stick his fingers into her, but never his dick. George told us that she wanted him to eat her too, but as far as I know, he'd never reciprocate. He just wasn't that kind of guy.

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His favorite all time encounter of an oral kind, which only happened once, was the time George and two lesbians were stuck in a sandstorm together. Now the wind in the desert is a very real thing. It can blow at 30 to 60 mph for weeks at a time. Roads and schools get closed, cars and houses get sandblasted and there's so much sand in the air that it's like being in a real gritty stinging fog. This lesbian couple that we knew were camping at the springs when one of these storms came up and a tent was no place to be in.

They go over to George's and ask if they can spend the night in his Airstream.

"Sure." he tells them, "For a blowjob."

They ask if he's kidding?

He says he's not.

The lezi's look at George, then at each other, then at the sandstorm. They tell George, "Okay. But only one."

This surprises him. He thought they'd tell him to fuck off. They come in. George feeds them. Smokes and drinks with them. So now it's time.

They tell him that first they have to get in the mood and start making out with each other. Soon off come the clothes. Soon they're going at it hot and heavy. George is watching all of this completely fascinated. One of the girls comes up for air and tells him, "Now George. Let's have it."

He whips out his tool and she sucks him off. They stay the night and next morning he even makes breakfast for them.

When George told me this story, I could hardly believe it was true. When I asked the lezi's they told me, "Yeah. It's true, but so what? It was only a blow job."

George, on the other hand, found it a completely great experience. "You wouldn't believe it Tai. Here's these two nekked girls laying on my couch going at it. One has her face buried in the others ones muff while the other one is sucking on my cock. Nothing like that has ever happened to me before." George was 71 at the time.

George died a few months after that. Murdered by the butchers in the VA hospital in Loma Linda. I was his friend for 12 years and have never met anyone who got as much out of life for so long. He had more sex and more fun than most people half his age. Sure, he'd have sex with any female. Some nobody else would, like TB Tillie or some who just plain scarred regular guys, like Truck Driven Sal or Scary Mary. But to him they were all women and could all use a little loving, so here's my

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favorite Sex and the Single George story. I didn't witness this one personally but I have no doubt that it is true.

George lights a joint, takes a toke, pops open a beer, takes a sip and sits back. He passes the joint to me, hands me a beer, then asks, "Did I ever tell you about the time I fucked a girl to death?"

No George, tell me.

"It was right after the war. I was living in Detroit driving a cross-town bus. I'd drive to the end of the line, take a 20 minute break, turn around and do it again. Now you won't believe this, but once or twice a month some woman would get on the bus, sit in the very back and ride to the end of the line. Then she'd sit there, usually not saying a word. I'd turn around and say, "Is there something I can do for you Mam?" Sometimes they'd say, "No, I just missed my stop is all." But sometimes, they'd hike up their dress and shuck their panties. Well sir, I don't have to be asked twice. I'd walk back there, unhitch my drawers and sock it to them. For 20 minutes anyway. Then I'd take them back to their stop, drop them off and never see them again. Never charged them for the return trip either."

"Anyway, one day a cute little redhead gets on the bus, sits in the back and rides to the end of the line. When I give her the 'can I help you' routine. She turns her back to me then hikes up her dress pointing her beaver right at me. She didn't even have any panties on. She puts her hands on the back of the seat, turns her head and looks at me."

"Man O Man! I see that split tail, spring a boner and am on that thang in a flash. I start humpin' her for all I'm worth and am feedin' her the peter as fast as I can. She's gettin' hotter and wetter by the second and she 's moanin' to beat the band. Just as I cum she goes totally limp and collapse on the seat. If I hadn't grabbed her, she'd of hit the floor. So I'm holding her in my arms saying, "Miss, Oh Miss, are you all right?" But she ain't responding and is as limp as a wet noodle."

"So I think, 'Oh my God! I've done fucked her to death!' This though followed by, 'Shit! I hope I don't lose my job over this.' Then, 'Maybe I can hide the body.' And finally while looking at her young and tender body, 'What a waste.'"

"Right about then she gives a little moan and her body jerks. Her eyes flutter open and I can see that she's alive. Boy am I relieved. I ask her if she's okay? Does she need to go to the hospital?"

"She gets herself together, sits on the seat then tells me, "No I'm all right. It's just sometimes when I have an orgasm I faint, but I'm all right now. Sorry if I frightened you because you are a very nice man."

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"I tell her to come sit up front with me and I'll take her back to her stop."

"Did you ever see her again?" I ask.

"No." he says, "But whenever I think about it, I always wonder what ever happened to that cute little red head that I fucked to death." He takes a hit, a swallow and smiles.

WHY DO YA THINK THEY CALL IT DOPE?

IN THE 5000 YEARS OF RECORDED HISTORY OF THE WORLD THERE HAS **NEVER BEEN ONE DEATH** REPORTED DUE TO AN OVERDOSE OF MARIJUANA EVEN THOUGH IT HAS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST STUDIED SUBSTANCES EVER RESEARCHED.

Even the anti-pot researchers agree that a human being cannot smoke enough grass to kill them and that there are very few other substances either natural or man made that people use that are less toxic to the individual. Some nut with a research grant calculated that a person would have to smoke 6000 joints in one 24-hour period to die from an overdose of weed. Yet even with all the research done on it proving it virtually harmless to a human being and even is beneficial in relieving symptoms of some diseases, it remains one of the most persecuted drugs in the world today.

One of the rationales for this persecution is the "Gateway" theory, which states that marihoochie leads to hard drug use. This is really grasping at straws. I can tell you from personal experience of knowing hundreds of very heavy hard drug users that every single one of them, without exception, used nicotine as the first recreational drug that they every tried, and that alcohol was the second. So by the "Gateway" theory, cigarettes lead to booze which then leads to pot, therefore these two substances should be banned and their users vigorously punished and prosecuted.

Also, the authorities say that drug use is one of the major causes of the raising health costs, but consider this; Last year in the USA under 5000 people died directly from all illegal drug overdoses combined. However, according to the AMA's own studies every year more than 80,000 folks die and tens of thousands more are hospitalized due to an overdose of wrongly proscribed or wrongly used over the counter and proscription drugs. Also, let's not forget the over 400,000 who die from the use of

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tobacco and/or alcohol. If you add drunk driving into that, then the number of dead would even be higher, yet these two substances are completely legal and easily available. In fact, more people die in the US from common household accidents than from all illegal drug overdose's every single year. Over 300 children under the age of 6 die each year of drowning in their backyard swimming pools, yet these structures are not only legal but people are even encouraged to purchase and use them. Maybe drug use does add to the health costs in America but these are infinitesimal compared to other more lethal, completely legal things in American society today and remember, marijuana has **never** caused anyone's death from overdose.

The authorities blame the skyrocketing prison cost on drug use, but it's putting drug users in jail that are the reason for those cost. If drugs were legal, according to a 1994 study by the US Bureau of Prisons, approximately 65% of the male and a whopping 90% of the female US prison population is either due to drug use or related to drug use. That almost all of these prisoners are non-violent and could be released back into society with little threat to the general population. And consider this; The cost of maintaining a prisoner in 1995 varies from state to state from a low of \$15,000 to a high of \$25,000 a year while almost all the school districts receive less that \$5000 a year for each of their students. What a misapplication of funds! Also, America now has a greater percentage of it's population in prison than any other country at any time through out the entire history of the world, and they have the gall to call this the land of the free.

It has been estimated that there are more marijuana smokers in America than there are gays or Jews or Asian Americans. Some estimates say there are as many pot smokers in the US as there are Catholics or blacks. What do you suppose would happen if the lawmakers made any of those groups illegal? So why is the US government so hot to pick on the potheads? The only reasons that I can think of are that; They, like any government, do not like to admit that they were wrong about something and appear unreasonable or down right stupid to their citizens. So they perpetuate the "Evil" drug myth, even though tens of thousands die each year from legally proscribed drugs. Also, now that the US has created a giant bureaucracy called the DEA to prosecute the "Evil" drug users, what the hell would they do with all of those federal employees if they legalized drugs? And what about all those who are now employed at prisons who take care of all those vicious dopers who are incarcerated? We're talking millions of people who would be out of a job and no politician wants or even likes that.

So what's to do? I am afraid that as long as the dopers in America hide out in their closets that

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nothing will change especially now since the media has joined in the "Evil Drug User" feeding frenzy. What the dopers in America need is to unionize then sue the hell out of not only the US government but anyone else who discriminates against them until we have the same rights and receive the same considerations as all the rest of the non-violent citizens of this country. Hey AFL-CIO how's that for an idea, a potential millions of dues payers for a high profile cause celebrate'. Why, it could revitalize the entire union movement and finally bring a little justice to a very large segment of the population. The end of the "Drug Wars." Now that is a nice dream.

HOW TO LIVE A SIMPLER LIFE

I've been poor (monetarily) my entire life and I've never really wanted more. Of course I was lucky because I grew up in a poor household. My Dad worked two jobs and my Mom worked part time from 10 a.m. until 3 p.m. so she could be home for us kids before and after school. My parents worked this hard just so we as a family didn't have to go without the necessities of life like food, shelter, clothes, a car and medical attention when it was needed. Although we didn't have much more I always knew my parents loved and cared about me. Growing up like this as I got older that I realized didn't need a lot of stuff to be happy so being poor has never bothered me.

However, it's not that I wouldn't like to know what it's like to have whatever I wanted. To own my own home with all the newest and up to date trappings, have a brand new car, buy the latest gizmo's, go some where without thinking about how much it's going to cost, go on a fancy vacation, splurge on something completely useless and then to even have money left over in the bank. WOW, what a concept!

But when ever I do think I might like to try that lifestyle I always remember this one atrocious and undeniable fact: **Every year on this bountiful earth 10 million children under the age of 12 die from malnutrition or outright starvation!** And that's in a GOOD year!

In a bad the number of dead kids goes up to as much as 15 million. That's a child unnecessarily dead every 2 to 3 seconds, 24 hours a day, 365 ¼ days a year, every year without interruption. Death for

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these unfortunate children does not take a vacation. Deaths that's may not all be completely preventable but the number certainly could be brought way, way down.

Consider this; garbologist in the USA studying what we as a nation say Americans on the average throw away 25% of all the food they buy. 25%! With so many not just kids but people starving in the world this is an outrageous amount of wasted food. How many starving people could live all year just off of our garbage alone? How many less starved to death children would there be each year if they had access the food we thoughtlessly throw away each and every day? 25% of our food totally wasted is a mind boggling amount.

And that's just our food. We as a country throw away millions of household items that aren't even broken. They're thrown away simply because something better(?) has come along. There's nothing wrong with the one we own but there's this newer, prettier, slicker model we just have to have. Does this even make any sense? How many of the truly impoverish people of the world would not only be grateful but actually love to have our still working "old" throwaways which would make their lives immeasurably better? Million, hundred of millions and maybe even a billion or so?

This is why I don't mind being poor forgoing all the newest and fanciest things. This is why I only buy or own no more than what I actually need to live a simple life. This is why I eat everything I buy because I do not want some unfortunate kid to starve to death on my account.

So how about this folks; buy only the food you are really going to eat and if there are leftovers then eat them the next day. Hell, a lot of food tastes even better when it's re-heated. If you have something a little older but still in good working condition keep it for just another year or two or even 3.

Just by doing these two simple things then maybe, just maybe next year only 9 million children will die from malnourishment and starvation. Then the year after only 8 million dead kids. If we kept this going, I know it'll never be 0 but, maybe we could cut it in half or even by $\frac{3}{4}$ in the next 10 or ever 20 years because 10 to 15 million unnecessarily and mostly preventable dead children is just way too many, especially when there is enough food and other stuff to prevent this ever occurring non-stop daily every 3 seconds atrocity.

Remember it is only an extremely lucky accident of your birth, of time and place, that that ain't you and your kids living in abject poverty starving to DEATH! I remember this horrible fact every single day of my life and am intensely grateful for every thing I have because, "There but for the grace of God, go I."

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In the time it took you to read this missive about 80 to 100 children died of starvation because,
EVERY 3 SECONDS

NATURE LOVER

I spent the last summer hanging out in the woods about 30 miles north of Nevada City, and let me tell you folks, the woods are just full of freeks. They're everywhere. They're by the rivers, on the mountains, in the trees. Why you can't hardly go anywhere without stepping on one, or two, or a whole shitload of them running around half naked and wild looking to party. It was really great with everyone living off of food stamps, welfare or unemployment and smoking all the grass there was to be had. Some of which they had even grown themselves.

I had two favorite places hanging out with the other freeks especially when it was hot. The first was called Monkey Island. It was easy to get to, just a quarter mile off the main road on Oregon Creek. It was always crowded and it had about a dozen full time residents. It did look just like the monkey island's you see at the zoos too, especially when there were 50 or 60 naked hairy hippies sunning themselves on the rocks that led down to the creek. The creek itself was the main attraction. It wandered through rocks creating gorges, waterfalls and whirlpools and even on hot sunny days it stayed cold and invigorating.

One of the bitchenest things there was a big hollow rock right in the middle of one of the deepest whirlpools, but you couldn't see it was hollow from the outside. The entrance was under the water. Whenever someone new showed up, you'd show them around. Here try this whirlpool. It's wonderful. They'd agree. Then you'd bet them a beer, a buck or a joint that you could hold your breath for three minutes underwater. Most of the time they'd say, "Okay show me."

You'd duck down under the water, go into the bolder and come up inside of it then wait. Now, there were small peepholes in the bolder too so you could watch your victims reaction. After a minute or so they'd start getting concerned and start feeling around for you.

Anyone else there who knew about the boulder would say, "What's the matter. Lose something?"

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The victim would say something like, "There's a guy down here holding his breath, but I can't seem to find him. "

The other freeks would then join in, "You sure he's not there?" "Oh no! We've lost people there before." "I hope he ain't drown."

The victim would get real concerned feeling around some more. After you thought the victim had had enough you'd go back through the hole, come up out of the whirlpool then say, "Was that long enough?"

The victim was always glad to see you. After the sucker paid off, you'd show him how the boulder worked so he could play it on someone else new when they showed up.

My other favorite place was called Mushroom Hole on the American River and it was never crowded because it was so far off the main road. On weekdays you'd have it all to yourself. On weekends maybe a half dozen other folks might show up. There were no permanent residents.

To get there wasn't easy either. First, after going for miles on a paved road, you had to go another few miles on a gravel road which then turned to dirt. The last half-mile was more like a dirt track and was so steep that unless you had a really good 4-wheel drive, you had to walk. Going down wasn't bad, but coming back up was killer especially after a long hard day of partying. Why it was called Mushroom Hole I don't know, no mushrooms grew around there and the swimming hole wasn't mushroom shaped. There was though, a very deep large pool with a 60 foot shear cliff raising straight above it that you could, if you had the balls, climb to the top of and jump off. It was quite a thrill especially head first, especially high on acid. Upstream from the hole was a large flat topped granite rock sitting right in the middle of the river. A favorite sunning spot.

One day while I was laying nude on that rock on my belly I heard a sweet female voice say, "I Love You."

I looked around figuring one of the girls was teasing me, but no one was around that I could see so I put my head back down and continued sunning. After a few more minutes I heard the voice again, "I Love You."

This time I thought I'd just ignore it because, man o man, the blazing sun sure felt good on my back and that hot rock felt real good on my front.

Then I heard it again, "I Love You. Won't You Love Me? Love Me...Love Me...Love Me..."

At the same time the rock started getting rubbery and softer, and felt like it was engulfing me. I

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started pressing into the rock because it felt so very good. The harder I pressed, the softer it got and the deeper I sank into it until it became almost fleshy. All the time I'm hearing, "Love Me... Love Me... Love Me..."

It's feeling really good now and I start responding, getting hard and pressing into it harder. Then it felt really great! And oh my, what's this? Ohhh-Ahhh, I'm having a very pleasant orgasm.

After it was over I opened my eyes, and there I was lying on that flat rock in the middle of the cool river under the hot shining sun. 'Very nice' I thought, 'but I'd better jump into the river and wash off.'

When I sat up I was expecting to be wet and sticky, but there was nothing, no cum. I was bone dry. I looked at the rock and it too was dry, no jism.

'Wow!' I thought, 'How could this be? I know I had an orgasm.' Just then I heard that sweet feminine voice laugh and say, "Nature is never wasteful."

THE FUNNY COMPANY

Pat, Joanne, Lindsey and I moved into the house that Pat had found on 25th Street and Valencia in the Mission district of San Francisco. The rent was \$150 a month and the realtor told us we could live there until it was sold, and as long as we paid the rent on time. It was a cute little house and in good condition too. It was a one story with a full basement. It had two bedrooms in front, a hall, a living room, a sitting room that I would turn into another bedroom, a large bathroom with a ball and claw tub and a big kitchen. Outside the kitchen was a big back deck made entirely of redwood. The basement was actually only 1/3 underground and was divided into a one car garage, a large bedroom with it's own toilet, and a large laundry room completely encircled by windows looking out into the back yard that was twice as big as the house.

The neighbor situation was great too. On one side was a church that only was used three times a week. In back of us was a school yard used only on weekdays at recess time but the ground slope was so that the level of our backyard was a good 10 feet above either of these two. Our other neighbor who

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Pat had already met, was a very old couple that we hardly ever saw outside and who never complained about us the whole time that we lived there. Also, the backyard was completely enclosed by a 6 foot high wooden fence that you couldn't see through or over unless you stood on something. It was full of flowers, shrubs and even a couple little fruit trees so that meant that the soil was good and I could plant my own type of flower. The house was completely unfurnished except for a huge old gas stove and a water heater, both of which worked well.

Pat and Joanne's mothers came over to look our new house over and decided to contribute a lot of their old furniture to us so they could each go and buy all new things for their own homes. Joanne's mother even sold us her "old" refrigerator for \$10 that lasted as long as the house, then bought herself a brand new one. Joanne wanted the basement room so she could have more privacy. Pat took one of the front bedrooms, Lindsey and I took the other.

We all then went to the Sallie and bought whatever else furniture we needed to finish furnishing our new home then we decorated the place making it really ours. We went to St. Vinnie's and bought about hundred old Life, Look and National Geographic. The girls took some speed and spent the next three days cutting and pasting until the entire hallway was a beautiful giant collage. It was a true work of art and we got many compliments on it over the years.

Next, the girls went to a carpet store and brought home a big bag of remnants, scraps and even some samples, all for the price of Joanne fucking the manager. They spent another few days on speed cutting and fitting pieces together until the hall and living room floor was totally covered by a lovely multi-colored carpet. While the girls were doing all this, I painted every room in the house, walls and ceilings, in the colors the girls had picked.

Lastly I ripped up all of the old ugly linoleum off of the kitchen and bathroom floors exposing the nice hardwood floors underneath. We then all hung posters, pictures and prints all over the wall then put up a beaded curtain between the living room and kitchen to finish the place. We were home.

A few weeks later Pat and Joanne would break all the glass out of the front door and replace it with stained glass pieces that Pat had been turned on to. I would close off the sitting room with a bunch of doors I had found and painted, making a fourth bedroom. The house pretty much stayed that way for the next six years. The people would change but the house stayed the same.

We named our little commune "The Funny Company" because FUN was the main object and obsession of our lives at that time. And it was a fun house though not a party house, not that we didn't

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have our share of parties, but unlike 22nd St., who had one every weekend for years on end, we had them whenever we felt like one or for special occasions and holidays.

The four of us, plus Kerry who would move in a little later, were the core of the house, but there was always three or more souls crashing or temporarily living there at all times. First of all, Pat and Joanne always had boyfriends. Pat might sleep alone every now and then, but Joanne never did unless she was sick. Some times even having two guys in her bed at one time which only doubled her pleasure and doubled her fun. Of course, a lot of dudes could not take that kind of action.

Once she picked up a couple of brothers who we heard were big time freeks, but after just one weekend with Joanne on acid and an assortment of other drugs, they freaked right out, grabbed their clothes and ran half naked from the house. We asked Joanne what had set them off. She said that she didn't know, she thought they were all having a good time. Whenever we saw them again, they would avoid us, but if they saw Joanne they would run the other way, so we spread vicious gossip about what a pair of wimps they really were.

About 6 months later Kerry and her husband Dell moved in. Lindsey and I didn't like the front bedroom, it was too noisy in the mornings and we liked to sleep in so we moved into the sitting room. Joanne was tired of being by herself in the basement so she took our old room, leaving the basement to Kerry and Dell. Dell would not last long with us.

Dell was a paranoid speed freek from LA. who was always moody and who mostly just bummed out the house during his short stay. He went school on the GI Bill and hung out mostly with other speed freeks so he wasn't around much anyway. But when he was, he and Kerry would fight, and even if it was in the basement, we all could feel it. Once he hid in the kitchen closet for hours and listened to what was being said about him, he wrote it all down in his little black notebook and then confronted us with it. The first time it happened we were surprised and didn't know what to say but later we all talked it over so the second time it happened we knew exactly what to tell him, and it went like this, "Fuck you! You paranoid cocksucker! If you weren't so chickenshit, you wouldn't be hiding in the closet in the first place, so you can just kiss our ass and ram it where the sun don't shine. And if you don't like that, then you can just move the hell out, because we never liked you anyway."

All of us except Kerry, ragged on him like this until he left the room in a huff. After that whenever we were in the kitchen we'd yell, "Hey Dell, we're talking about you. Can you hear us okay?" then loudly discuss what an asshole he was.

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Less than a month later he told Kerry that he had met another girl, was leaving her and moving out. Everyone including Kerry, after she got over the shock that is, was happy. Now that that bummer was gone, we could all relax and enjoy ourselves in earnest.

Pat, Joanne, Kerry, Lindsey and I would all live together for the next three years and have a ball. Pat, Joanne and I, like Dell, went to school on the GI Bill. Me, because I was a Vet, Pat and Joanne because their Dad's had died in Korea, and at that time the VA was still paying survivors benefits to kids who went to college until they were 22. Joanne and I were not serious students. We took the minimum easiest courses. "Yes sir, I do want to major in Art and Music Appreciation." We only went the minimum amount of days to be eligible to collect our pay then we'd usually drop out on the last drop day. Pat though, was a serious student when she went. She always got good grades and she always finished out the semester. She'd usually go a semester, then take off a semester or two to party.

It took her 6 years but she finally did get her degree, take the state test and become an RN which I thought was funny, because Pat was one of the most cynical, sarcastic, unsympathetic women I have ever met. After becoming a Surgical Nurse, she told me, "Tai, in the operating room you've got to have a black sense of humor, and you can't really care if the patient lives or dies. Although you do the best job possible, or else it all gets too personal and you'd just go crazy and not be able to perform your duties."

At school we all only picked afternoon classes and tried for those on the Tues-Thur schedule so if we did have to go it wouldn't interfere with our partying. Lindsey and Kerry sometimes worked at straight 9 to 5 day jobs as secretaries but sometimes at night they'd work as Go-Go Dancers in North beach which paid a lot better but was at times a lot of hassle. When they could, they would collect unemployment, and we all always collected food stamps.

Our days were usually filled with fun and excitement. If none of us had classes or day jobs, our days went pretty much like this; up at the crack of noon, smoke a joint or three then have breakfast. Smoke another joint and figure out what to do with the day. Let's see, any concerts, protest marches, movies, anyone else having a party, if so then let's go, if not, then there's always drop some acid and see what shakes loose. Or we could go down to the finical district and watch the wage slaves at lunch then tripp around downtown. Then again we could go to either Polk St. gulch or Castro St. and watch the drag queens and their "dogs" at play. And there's always Haight St. and the park to play in. Or we could visit any of our numerous friends to see what they're up to. If none of that strikes our fancy then

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we can just hang out here doing copious quantities of the dope de jour all washed down with a gallon of dago red and see what happens. Because something is always happening in San Francisco 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

If you ever got bored in the City then it was 100% your own fault. Then smoke another few joints and hit the hay. We would usually go to bed anywhere between 3 a.m. and sunrise, unless we were on speed, then we could run for days and days. And where did all that grass and dope come from you might ask, well...

First of all, grass in those days was cheap, real cheap, \$60 a pound or between \$5 and \$10 an ounce for Mexican regular, \$10 to \$15 for Mex gourmet, Colombian or Jamaican, and \$20 for Thai stick (the best at the time). Hash was plentiful but expensive, \$5 to \$10 a gram or around \$100 an ounce depending on the quality. You could get kiffe real cheap but no one really liked it. It didn't get you very high and it didn't last too long and we only smoked it when it was free, but most of the grass we smoked I grew.

The whole time we lived there I had at least a dozen plants in the kitchen pressed up against the south facing sliding glass door and another 50 or 60 plants growing in the back yard. This was before cop copters so there was never any problem. We had so much waterleaf that we made our own grass oil. It wasn't very good for smoking but if you used it in cooking, it would fuck you up something fierce. We smoked all the bud leaf and all the buds. We always had plenty of pot, both homegrown and store bought, and we smoked it each and every day all day long. If we were awake, we were smoking dope.

Our favorite dealer was TB Sheets, a.k.a. "The Fuller Bush Man" who rode around the City on his 10-speed bike. He had long thick black hair and a big black beard to match. He dressed in total freek attire and carried a black brief case that was half full of paraphernalia and half full of dope in all its many varieties. He was our one stop dope shop, our home doping network, and he delivered. It was all reasonably priced and of course, you could always sample the goods before purchase. He dealt everything except smack and specialized in different exotic grass because he, like us, loved to smoke. And if we had some extra homegrown bud to trade for something exotic of his, then that was fine by him.

After Kerry moved in and Dell moved out, our house was complete and we all settled down to do what we did best, which was sex, drugs and partying. We partied with hundreds of people over the next few years. People of every kind from all walks of life. It did not matter in the slightest if they were pot

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head, acid head, junkie, speed freak, alkie, young, old, straight, hip, gay, black, red or east Indian, Asian, Latino, white, priest, yogi, radical, liberal, conservative, retarded, crazy, or sane. They were all welcome at the house on 25th St. as long as they came to Party!

There was only one rule, and that was 'No Violence.' Other than that you were free to do as you pleased. And if you wouldn't come to our house to party, why then, we would just go over to yours. It didn't matter where as long as it was fun with a good time being had by all. We took every drug that was offered us too, sometimes not even asking what it was, "Hey man, try this" "Sure", gulp, snort, suck or swallow. Sometimes it was good, sometimes not. Even though we consumed mass quantities of every kind of drug known at the time, grass and acid were our staples. We smoked grass all day everyday and dropped acid whenever the occasion called for it, like going shopping, going to school, going to a concert, going to a protest rally and of course, going to a party.

Once the five of us went to a midnight showing of "Woodstock". We all dropped around 10 p.m. so we would be in fine shape by the time the flick started. We left at 11 and took a MUNI bus to the theater, but when we got there the ticket girl told us that "Woodstock" had been canceled. We got indignant and demanded to see the manager. He told us that old fascist Disney had told him that since "The Cat from Outer Space" was playing then he couldn't show "Woodstock" too or he would get sued. We were incensed and so loud the manager told us we could see the Disney flick for free if we just quieted down. Having nothing better to do, we accepted and went in. Within five minutes Joanne said she just could not take the movie any longer and was going to find the manager and fuck him, and for us to come get her when we had had enough. We lasted maybe another 15 minutes before that crap got to us and went in search of Joanne. We found the managers office and pounded on the door telling Joanne to hurry up because we wanted to leave. She told us to give her another 10 minutes, so we went to the snack bar and told the girl behind the counter what her boss was doing. She smiled and gave us Cokes for free. Joanne showed up and we all went back home to finish out tripp.

We all did a lot of fun things involving acid, like one time I dropped every morning for 10 days in a row just to see what would happen. The first two days was a regular fun paisley tripp but then it started to get weird and got progressively weirder. By the ninth day I didn't sleep much and talked even less. I did not enter into any conversation, and if someone did ask me a question, I would think 'are they talking to me?' 'do they want an answer?', then I would start thinking of all the possible answers that I could give them and how to phrase them. Usually the person talking to me would say something like,

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"Earth to Tai, are you receiving? Can you hear me? Can you talk or are you just stupid?" How could I even attempt to answer that, so instead I would just stare at them until they got fed up and left me alone. By the tenth day I was no longer even able to understand what anyone was saying unless I concentrated real hard. I knew it was English they were speaking but it sounded more like Chinese to me. I just sat on the sofa all that day and didn't interact with anybody or anything. I only observed the world around me as it went by. On the eleventh day I stopped taking the LSD and two days later I was my normal self.

Another time I thought I would take 10 hits at once just to see what would happen. Within four hours I was in that silent observer state, which all my friends thought was pretty strange but that I kind of liked. Everything was calm and peaceful, there was no need for action or thought on my part. The world took care of itself just fine without my interference. I remembered the time I was like this before and thought I'll be back down in a couple days at the most, but I was wrong. I stayed in that state for over 2 weeks.

The girls, especially Lindsey, started to get worried by the end of the first week. To try and snap me out of it, one night all the girls dropped then took off all of my clothes and gave me a hot bath then took me into the living room, laid me down on the rug and then took off all of their clothes. They stroked, patted, hugged, kissed and fondled me but I only observed the event not reacting at all. After a while Pat says to me, "Jesus H. Christ Tai! You got four naked women crawling all over you. Just don't lay there like a fucking log! Do something!" but I couldn't. I didn't know what to do. First, there were just too many choices, too much going on to decide so I just lay there, observing. After a bit longer Joanne says, "This is hopeless. I've got better things to do." Pat gave me a kick then said, "What's the hell's the matter with you? Why don't you do something!" but I was doing something, I was observing the world around me. Kerry then gave up and left so Lindsey took me to bed where I lay observing the ceiling.

A week later 22nd St. was having a major party. The girls all wanted to go but instead of leaving me at home by myself they took me along and sat me at the kitchen table. Gyro came up to me, handed me a tab of acid saying, "Here take this man, you need it bad." I did, figuring that it sure couldn't hurt me. Two hours later I was my normal self partying and enjoying myself with no acid effects at all. Everyone said how happy they were to have me back.

I continued to take a lot of LSD but never in such a concentrated span of time or quantity.

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Taking acid became such a usual event, that sometimes I would get up in the morning take a hit then forget about it for hours until suddenly I'd realize, 'Hey I'm tripping' then remember, 'oh yeah, I did drop today.' Anything there was to do as a human being I did at one time or another while tripping, and most of the time functioned quite well. Sex was a lot of fun as long as you could concentrate on what you were doing. Driving was one of the hardest things to do, all the lights and traffic disoriented and confused me, and keeping a steady speed was almost impossible. I sometimes got lost but never did have an accident so I must have done all right.

One of my favorite things to do while tripping was mechanics. I loved working on engines while high, everything was just so orderly and precise, as opposed to say, hiking in the woods by myself, in which the woods would turn into pure chaos until I found the patterns. I still liked to party, work or even go to school on acid but after those two silent observer incidents I found myself drawn more and more taking it all by myself and doing something alone. Until after a few years I would only take it when I was alone and in a natural setting. I no longer wanted humans interfering with my high, but I still did have a lot of fun with it.

Whenever we or anyone else had a party, I'd usually buy a jug of dago red, put 10 or 12 hits in it then write in big red letters "ELECTRICK! across the label, take a glass for myself and set it on the kitchen table. LSD was both cheap and plentiful in those days. In fact, most of the time it was free, but if you did have to pay for it then it never cost more than \$25 per 100 hits and most of the time a lot less.

Once at a party, I saw a guy I didn't know drinking the electrick wine like it was regular wine. He looked like a freek so I thought he must know what he's doing. He probable just wanted to get high so I left him be, but after he had drank almost half the bottle, I thought I'd ask just to be sure, "Hey man, do you know what 'electrick' means?"

He looked at me saying, "Yeah, so what?"

I said, "Well, look at the label and tell me what it says."

He looked then said, "Shit. I didn't even notice it. How many?"

"Ten." I said, then, "I guess you're in for a pretty good ride."

He smiled and said, "No sweat, man." Then finishes his glass in one gulp.

About three hours later Roger Dodger comes into the kitchen saying, "Come into the living room. You gotta check out this shit."

There was the dude watching the TV, except it wasn't on any channel, he was watching snow.

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The TV we had someone had given us. It was a small black and white and I had cut the speaker wire so no sound could come out of it, it was just a moving picture, the sound we provided with our stereo. Sometimes the music was in synch with the picture, sometimes not but we didn't care, we had much more important things to do than to watch the boob tube. Anyway, the guy kept watching the snow and would not be distracted by anything we did so after awhile we lost interest and left him alone.

Right before dawn he gets us and without a word and walks out the door. I saw him a few weeks after and asked him about his tripp. He told me, "I don't remember a single thing about it. One second I'm at your kitchen table, the next I'm waking up at noon in my own bed."

I told him about the TV, but he just shrugged and asked if I wanted to get high.

The girls and most of my close friends at the time took as much acid as I did. They just spaced it out better. Joanne especially liked it with speed. Most folks took just a hit at a time maybe once a week whereas I liked to go couple weeks without then drop a couple hits. Other than grass, acid was our major source of fun and high times. For a long time it really didn't have any other serious competition until Quaaludes came along and gave acid a run for the money in our hearts and minds. They didn't mix either, if you dropped acid then Ludes, you'd get almost no acid effects at all.

The Quaaludes and any other pharmaceuticals you wanted were easy to obtain. There was a famous medical building at that time in the City at 555 Sutter St. It was a big building with four stories of doctors who all took medical, and a ground floor pharmacy. Between the first and the fifth of each month the freeks poured into 555 all with appointments on every floor.

"Gee Doc, I just can't sleep." 30 downers of some kind;

"I just have no energy and I'm too fat." 30 uppers of another kind;

"I'm nervous all the time." 30 Valiums or Quaaludes.

Each month you got four doctor and four pharmacy stickers on your card and almost everyone I knew used at least two of each at 555. Once the doctor got to know you, you'd just walk into his office and within two minutes you'd be back out with your script in your hands. You'd then go down to the pharmacy, get it filled and walk out with 30, 60, 90 or 120 legal highs that even the cops couldn't hassle you over.

In the next few days you'd be trading with your friends, "I'll trade ya two reds for a black beauty" or "You give me a Lude and I'll give you three Dexies" etc.

This went on for years until the FBI shut 555 down. One day they raided the place and told the

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Doc's that they'd been real naughty, and if they did it anymore they would go to jail so 555 was no more.

We were sad to see it go but it presented no problem for us because the Woolly Bully had a friend who owned a pharmacy. We could score from him anything that we wanted except for class "A" narcotics and all for only 25 cents a pill. It was great and even though the prices doubled every few years it lasted a long time.

It was a wonderful time of life. Lindsey and I spent Sept. to June at 25th St. then we'd summer at a place in the country where she knew the owner, a rich guy who lived across the bay and who let us stay there for free. We kept our room at the commune because for sure we would be back when school started.

About the only real argument we all had with each other was when the monthly phone bill arrived. No one would cop to about half of the long distance calls. We'd all accuse one another, argue, and then end up splitting the unclaimed portion, something that satisfied no one.

After a year of this I'd had enough. I call Ma Bell and told her that I was the apartment manager and I wanted a pay phone in our lobby. They sent a guy out who, after being plied with pot, installed a shiny new black pay phone on our kitchen wall. The girls and everyone else I knew was against it. They said that I was a cheap fuck and this was an insult. I told them all tough shit, if you don't like it then don't use it. I told the girls to have a private phone put into their room because I was not going to argue any more over the phucking phone bill. After a short time everybody got use to it and it even became a conversation piece. The phone guy came every three months to empty out the coins and smoke a joint. That phone lasted as long as the house did.

After three years Joanne, Kerry, Lindsey and me decided to leave not only the City, but the whole US of A for sunnier climbs. We went to the Caribbean, then New Orleans for eight months, but that's a story of it's own and best told another time. Pat, who had just two more semesters to go to finish up school before she could take the RN test, decided to stay. We turned over the house to her and to TB Sheets, his girlfriend Helen, and her two kids, Billy, 8 and Connie, 6. We said "Adios, see ya all in the funnies" and left.

Eight months later Lindsey and I were back. The house was full but Pat told us she had finished school, had taken the test which she knew she had passed and that as soon as the test results came in and she got her license, she would be moving out to a place of her own. She already had a job promised to

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her working in a hospital working graveyard so she needed a space of her own where she could sleep undisturbed, but until then we could live with her in her room. We moved in, and let me tell you folks, there's no more comforting feeling for a person than sleeping between their two best friends of the opposite sex,. Now that's real security. We were together for six weeks then Pat left.

When Pat moved out we traded rooms with the kids, giving them the front room and we took the sitting room back. The house now consisted of Lindsey, me, TB Sheets, Helen, Billy, Connie and Yvonne, a half American, half French lesbian living in the basemen who was big, built and beautiful.

When guys saw her they'd shake their heads and mutter, "What a waste." but she would just laugh telling them "You men are such pigs, you can only think of your own pleasure. If I want to get fucked, then a man is okay. But if I want a real lover, then I want another woman."

She went through lovers fairly quickly though, she was just too wild to be tied down. Living in the commune was now quite different too than it was with just the girls and me. Since TB was with Helen and I was with Lindsey, the party-hardy new people always coming and going atmosphere was toned down quite a bit. We became more like a little family instead of just a group of close friends sharing life's many adventures. There was still as much doping going on but it involved lot less variety, and the fucking anyone anytime anywhere really cooled down. Smack and downers disappeared, speed and coke were now used only for special occasions and hypnotics were rarely used. Drinking vino was still about the same, but tequila consumption was only for weekends. However, our daily intake of grass went up, way up and the use of psychedelics was even higher than before. Plus, sometimes we would take psychedelics as a group instead of always individually like before. We also used more organic psychedelics, peyote and majick mushrooms instead of just LSD.

TB and Helen were into getting high, not just fucked up and although it wasn't as much fun, it was a lot more enlightening. They were also into more spiritual interest like, astrology, numerology, meditation, yoga, Tarot and of course, the incomparable I Ching, which we all used every day. This was also the time the "Don Juan" book became popular. We would take a psychedelic and then read it cover to cover at one sitting, sometimes as a group, then sit around and discuss what we had read and what we thought. Also, Stephen Gaskin was giving lectures at the Family Dog and we went to hear him every time he spoke then would come home and talk about what he had said. I didn't know it at the time but I was entering into a new phase of my life, a phase that continues right to this day.

The commune was run about the same as before. Each of us had our own day to cook and clean

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and be responsible for the maintenance of the house that day. One of the biggest differences was that Helen was a veggie, so for four days we'd eat whatever, then on Helen's day, it would be pure veg. Even though we all harassed her about her obsession, we all had to admit that her cooking was pretty tasty. Except for a few psychotic incidents involving the heavy use of LSD, the house ran even more smoothly than before.

TB had turned part of the back deck into a green house and was growing some killer bud in it to supplement the reg I was still getting out of the kitchen and back yard. Since he was in the biz, we always had more weed than we could smoke, and we smoked a lot. TB's one vice was underground comix, he bought every single one ever published between 1970 and 1975. There were stacks of them. Some days we would do nothing but read comix, smoke dope and sometimes drop. They were always entertaining and I sure would like to have those stacks around today to read. I once lived in a house on Maui for a short time where the freeks sat around, smoked dope and read out of the Urancia Book, and it was very interesting but not half as good as those comix were.

Living with kids was a new experience too. You had to treat them as adults but always remembering they were children and allow for it. Lindsey and I had lived with babies before. In fact, Lindsey and I had one of our own now, but this was the first time we had ever lived with older kids and it was a lot different. Babies you can kind of work around but kids demanded you attention, NOW! What you wanted was secondary to their needs and they let you know it. Of course, it was compensated by their unconditional love and trust in you.

After we had been there for three months, Yvonne moved out. She'd found herself a full time lover and Alice replaced her.

Alice worked for a vet and loved snakes, big snakes. She had a couple of pythons, one of which was almost 6 feet long, and a bunch of boas.

Once when she was entertaining some male company, one of the pythons got out of the terrarium and crawled into bed with the two lovers. The dude totally lost it. He jumped up out of the bed and ran screaming naked from Alice's room leaving her to deal with the snake. He slammed her door shut, ran up the stairs, through the house and out the front door. We never saw him again. Alice had to take him his clothes the next day. Alice told us they were in no real danger. The snake just wanted their body heat and the guy was just a wimp.

However, none of us went into her room unless she was there. And the kids were told on pain of

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death, to stay out unless she asked them in.

Alice's other favorite thing was to stick a bobby pin into a wall socket and get zapped by 110. Sometimes it'd knock her right on her ass but she'd just smile and tells us that we should try it. We told her no thanx, we'd stick to dope.

Alice was nice but she was also a psycho. Most of the time she was happy but every now and then she turned into a real bitch. After just two months with us she flew into a rage one day and slapped Connie. We told her that she had to leave. She cried and said she was very sorry but we told her that our one unbreakable rule was, NO VIOLENCE, and you get no second chance so you are out. She packed up her snakes and her bobby pins and left.

To this day I still have that one rule. Recently a very good friend of mine who I had known and partyed with for over eight years got violent with his girlfriend one night for no reason other than he was drunk. I told him the next day that I would never speak to him again. He said he was sorry, but sorry does not cut it. If anyone gets violent around me, other than agreed mutual combat or for self defense of course, then they are no longer in my universe.

Alice was replaced by Neil. He had just graduated from UC Berkeley and made his living writing term papers. He'd ask his clients what grade they wanted in what subject then charge accordingly. The least he charged was \$25 for a C in an easy subject then his prices went as high as \$100 for an A in a harder one. He even guaranteed his work and would refund part of the price if the grade was lower than stated. He made a good living at it too, there was always some student at the door or on the phone. He spent his days smoking pot, doing research and typing. He stayed with the house along with TB Sheets until the very end. Neil turned the laundry room into a grow room. He painted the interior flat white, built banks of fluorescent lights that he hung on chains to regulate the heights, put them on timers, black out all the windows and filled the laundry room with pot plants. What he grew wasn't as good as TB's greenhouse dope but it was better than my outdoor grass thought I had the highest yield. We now had more dope than ever to smoke.

We made grass oil out of the water leaf making more than we could possibly use so we just gave it away to all of our friends and to TB's customers. TB upped his weed prices a bit but still had the most loyal customers in town. Buy an ounce of pot and receive a vial of grass oil as your free gift. (Recipe for grass oil follows.) TB actually made money for the first time in his life from dealing grass. He even traded in his 10 speed for a 1952 Plymouth that was in real good shape. We would cruz the highways

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and byways of the bay area in the Gray Ghost purring along at 50 mph.

After a year there Lindsey and I decided to move back to the country for a summer and live in a tipi. We kept the room because we knew we'd be back in October when school started and it turned cold up in the mountains but that was not to be.

That spring I told Lindsey that even though I still loved her more than anyone else on this earth, that I couldn't consider us to be married any more because I was going to follow my Fate. We stayed together that summer but then she found herself a new lover and in the fall moved into his room with him on 22nd St. I stayed in the tipi all winter by myself. We told TB that we'd pay the rent until he could find someone else to rent it. Within a week a guy named Phil moved in. He got the basement, Neil took the front room and the kids were back in the sitting room. Lindsey never again lived at 25th St., but every time I came into the City for the next couple of years and planned to stay more than a month, I'd stay at 25th St. and pay rent if a room was open. Otherwise I'd stay at Joanne and Kerry's sleeping on their roof unless it rained, then it'd be on their back porch.

So it happened that I was there for the end of The Funny Company on 25th St. I had been there for about a week when the realtor came to the door telling us the house had finally been sold. We had 60 days to vacate, and of course, he still expected the rent to be paid on time. We said okay and he left. Of course we had no intention of paying the rent ever again. The house now consisted of TB Sheets, Neil, who had gone back to the basement, Adam, another dope dealer in a front bedroom and me back in the sitting room. Helen and the kids her had split. A few months earlier she had asked TB to marry her. TB said that he saw no point to it and told her no. Helen then gave TB The Ultimatum, either we get married or it good bye forever! TB still said no so she left him, moved out of the City to a commune on the Sonoma coast and was married to another hippie within the year. So now it's just us boys.

We saw 25th St. through to the end. Not only did we quit paying rent, but we quit paying the PG&E. bill as well. They cut off the gas but not the electric so I went to Sears, bought a bolt cutter, a pipe wrench and a piece of pipe. Within an hour I had the gas back on. It was jury rigged and you did get a whiff of gas when ever you passed by the meter but it worked just fine. A month after that the sheriff showed up with a 3-Day eviction notice. We had a big party then left the next day. The Funny Company was no more.

It was the end of an era, by 1978 every hippie communal house in the City that I knew of, had lived in or partied at, had closed down. Most of them by their own volition but some were busted and

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others like us, evicted for one reason or another.

Even 22nd St. got sold in '78' and it's members evicted, among them the Mighty Quinn and Don, two who had been there from it's beginning over 10 years before.

A few of the gay houses would last a little longer but even they would be gone by the early 80's. AIDS and Reganism would put a stop to most of the poor folk's partying.

It was now the Rich's turn to rule, and they fucked us BAD! They ran up the national debt and trade deficit, cut social services and social programs, enacted tougher laws that only pertained to the poor, drove up prices, including the price of dope, raised taxes for the poor, then cut taxes for the rich and their corporations. The rich and powerful fed mightily and greedily in the 80's and now the 90's, and the poor and lower middle class will be paying for that feast for the next 50 years or more. But don't lose heart out there because you can still party. You just had to be a bit more careful then we were.

You can still have as much sex as you can handle, but you have to use a rubber and spermacide. You can still do any drug that suits your fancy, just do not use a needle. Drink it, snort it, swallow it, even jam it up your ass, but please, do not shoot it. Having sex and getting high is what this life is all about but it ain't worth dying prematurely over. Party-hardy, but in the 90's but use just a little more common sense than we did.

Also, consider this; I have partied a lot in my life and have done quite a bit but of all my regrets, there's not one I have over something that I did do, except I could have been a little more patient with young children. And a lot of the things I did do were not real nice but what the hell, I'm only human and all humans make mistakes in their lives, and I never did do anything malicious or out of spite. I was just trying to have a good time and I always did try to learn from my mistakes, even trying not to repeat them. Sometimes I was even successful.

All of my regrets are my sins of omission. All the kids I didn't play with because I was too busy. All the parties I didn't go to because I was too tired. All the men I didn't joke around with because I was too cool. All the women I didn't make love to because I was either too scared to ask, or just too stupid or stoned to know they wanted me. And all the people that I didn't help along the way who needed it because, well... There are a million reasons for what we don't do, isn't there? Anyway, these are my regrets, the things that I could've done but didn't, and now I will never know what could have been. So kids my advice is: Party with all your friends as long as you can, be open to new experiences and new friends, always be true to yourself. And most of all, Love One Another. Because as far as we really

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know, this is the only life we have and when we die it's forever, and that's a long, long time. ENJOY!

RECIPE FOR GRASS OIL

Use this recipe when you have either a good cheap source of not very good quality grass or have a lot of leaf and don't know what to do with it, because you need at least 2 pounds of grass to make enough oil to make it worth your while. First take an ounce of dry grass and put it through a strainer making it into a fine powder. Set it aside. Take your 2 or more pounds of seedless grass and put it in the largest pot you can find. (A canning or tamale pot works fine.) Pour in enough Isopropyl (Rubbing) Alcohol to completely cover the grass by at least an inch. Cover the pot and let it set for 3 or 4 days. Stir and check it daily and, if needed, add enough alcohol to keep the grass totally immersed. When it's ready get an electric hot plate (Do NOT use gas. The alcohol WILL catch fire.) and a fan. The fumes are pretty strong so it's best to do this in a garage or in a very well ventilated room. Turn the hot plate on HIGH. Set the covered pot on the hot plate. Set the fan next to the hot plate and direct the breeze at the top of the pot. When the alcohol starts to boil turn the hot plate down to LOW. Uncover the pot and let the grass/alcohol gently simmer until enough alcohol boils away that you can see the top of the grass. (Usually a few hours.) Take the pot off of the hot plate and strain most of the leaf matter. You should now have mostly a pure alcohol/resin mixture with only small flecks of grass in it. Turn the hot plate back up to HIGH and boil away most of the rest of the alcohol. (Another couple of hours) When there's only an inch or so of alcohol left, pour the liquid into a non-stick frying pan. Place it on the hot plate and stirring constantly, reduce the liquid until it becomes about as thick as motor oil. Add the dry grass powder. When it's all absorbed, take it off the heat. Scrape the thickened grass oil onto a piece of heavy duty aluminum foil and shape it into a patty. You should end up with around a quarter pound of grass oil. Keep it in the refrigerator or freezer because when it gets warm it has a tendency to get real goeey. It's really not worth smoking but if you use about a square inch of it in cooking it will stone you and all your friends to the bone for hours and hours.

LITTLE GTO

John D. and Bad Bob were quite a pair to draw to. No matter how you played them they only came up one way, and that was trouble. I had known John D. since the 10th grade. His partner Bad Bob, I had known only for two years before he got put away. If you saw them together you'd of figured it was John D. who was always in trouble since he looked like a biker from hell with his height and weight and his wild carrot red long hair and bread. He always wore Levi's and engineer boots, and liked to get really down. Bob on the other hand looked like a normal guy with short brown hair, clean shaven and he dressed like any other straight guy, but Bob was bad, he was crazy bad.

If you did something to upset him, he would politely ask you to step outside in a pleasant enough voice. If he did and you were smart, you would always apologize sincerely and ask him to excuse your momentary indiscretion which Bob, being a gentleman, always accepted and thing could go on as normal. If you were too stupid or too drunk, and thought you could take this average looking dude then like as not you would end up in the hospital getting some bones set or stitches sewn in. Because when Bob fought he did not fight fair and he did not show mercy. I once saw Bob ask a Mescalero outside who was twice Bob's size and weight. As the biker stepped off of the porch, Bob hit him from behind with a metal garbage can, which stunned the biker. Then Bob broke a potted plant over the guy's head dazing him. Next he finished the biker off with a shovel to the face, which knocked him out, but Bob was not finished yet. Bob kicked the unconscience body viciously in the ribs, back and groin. After a few minutes John D. stepped in and politely asked Bob if he thought that was enough. Bob gave the body one last hard shot to the ribs then said, "Yeah, he guessed so." and went back to the party.

Bob wasn't always vicious, he could be quite funny too. Like he didn't believe in swimming suits which was okay at someone's back yard pool, but on a crowded beach in the middle of summer it was quite a different story. He would just drop his drawers and plunge into the surf, the girls would giggle, the guys would say, "Can you believe that shit." and the older folks would just stare in disbelief while we'd cheer him on.

He was loyal to his friends too. Once when I was drunk and dancing by myself at an outdoor concert, some straight dude says to me, "Why don't ya get yerself a partner?"

To which I replied, "Well come on, honey let's do it."

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He got hot saying, “You’d had better not be talking to me!”

But Bob, with a quart beer bottle in his hand, tapped the guy on the shoulder, smiled and said, “If I were you, I would sit down before I got hurt. Bad!” The dude took one look at Bob and his bottle then left the dance.

But what Bob was most famous for was punching out cops who had the gall to pull him over for chicken shit things. The first time it happened, him and John D. were on a beer run for a party I was at.

Hour’s later John came in the house with no beer and no Bob but with this story. “We hadn’t even made it to the liquor store when this cop gives us the light and siren. Bob cussed the cop but pulled over (Bob drove an orange VW Beetle) The cop comes up to Bob’s window and asks Bob for his license, but Bob wants to know why he got stopped in the first place. The cop says that one of Bob’s taillights is out. Bob gets pissed and says, “You mean you pulled me over for that?”

“Then he punches the cop square in the face. Bob gets out of the car and starts doing a number on the cop.”

We ask what he was doing? “Shit man, I just sat there. Bob was going to jail and there was no reason why I should join him. Anyway, the cop recovers and starts duking it out with Bob, but when Bob knocks him down, the cop gets out his piece and yells, “Stop right there motherfucker, or I will kill your ass!”

“Well, even Bob’s not crazy enough to go against a loaded revolver so he surrenders. Bob gets cuffed and put in the back of the cruiser and the cop calls for back up. Then he comes over to me and tells me to get out of the car real slow because I am under arrest too. We all go down to the station where after I give my statement, they cut me loose, but Bob they are going to keep for awhile.”

We ask, “But did ya get the beer?”

John D. smiles and says, “Fuckin’ A I did. Bob told them to let me take his car so I picked it up on the way back.” He goes out to the VW for the brew. Bob got off on some technicality and was out on the street a week later. He was still a little stiff from the beatings the cops gave him while he was inside but other than that he was his old self.

A year later Bob got into it again, this time with two cops over some diddly shit traffic violation while driving his orange VW, and that time he was no so lucky. Not only did the cops nightstick him real

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good ala Rodney King, but Bob got five years in Soledad and was never seen again.

However, his and John Ds most famous incident didn't involve any violence, well, not to a person anyway, and just goes to show that excessive drinking, doping and high speed driving do not mix.

When John D. got out of the army he had saved up a fair bit of coin and with it bought himself a brand new Fire Engine Red 389 cubic inch 4 on-the-floor Posi-traction Pontiac GTO, one of the hottest muscle car that Detroit ever put out. John D. loved that car like he would never love anything else in his life and he was always careful with it. If he started drinking heavily which was most of the time, he would park it and no amount of cajoling or begging could get him to drive it, so it didn't get driven too much. Of course, when John did drive it, he gave it hell. He got numerous tickets for speeding and reckless driving. He lost his insurance, then his license but drove it anyway. When he got caught which was often, he would do a little time in county lock up and pay a fine. He told us that a traffic court judge threatened to impound the GTO but he never got the chance.

One day I saw John D. and he was driving an old Dodge Dart so I say, "Hey John D., where's the Goat?"

He looked at me sadly saying, "Gone."

I asked him if the judge finally took it away from him.

He just shook his head and told me what happened to his beloved GTO. "Me and Bad Bob spent the last weekend partyin' up in Solana Beach with some friends of Bob's, drinkin' and takin' speed mostly, but then somebody showed up with some reds and we ate a couple of them. We were feeling pretty good too, not too fucked up, so when it came time to make a beer run, I volunteer. Me and Bob got in the Goat and took off for the liquor store. After we scored the brew, we had some bread left over so we got ourselves a little bottle of tequila and sat in the car drinking it. Then as we headed back to the party we started in on the beer."

"My memory kinda goes in and out after that but I do remember Bob telling me to either ring it out so we can have some fun, or to pull over and let him show me how it's done. Next thing I know is there's a bunch of flashlights in my face and I figure I'm busted. But then I hear the citizens asking me if I'm all right. Am I hurt? Do I need a doctor? I look around and feel myself. I seem to be okay

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except that everything looks to be at the wrong angle. I look over at Bob and he seems to be asleep on the dashboard. The windshield is all spiderwebbed so I know that I must have been in some kind of accident."

"The cops help me out of the Goat, and when I stand up and look at it, I can see that it's stickin' straight up with it's front end buried in the sand and it's rear tires resting against a 30 foot cliff face. They keep askin' me if I'm okay, but I get mad and say, "Fuck that Shit! Look at my car. What the hell happened!"

"The cops say they was hopin' I could tell them. They get Bob awake and out of the car, and he seems okay too, just disoriented from being woke up. The cops ask us who's the owner. I am. Who was drivin'? Me and Bob look at each other and shrug. The cops tell us that it looks like we just drove off the cliff without stopping cuz there's no skid marks at the top. They say that the GTO is totaled and ask for my license and registration which I no longer have, so they tell me that I am under arrest for drunk drivin' and drivin' without a license, and that I am goin' to jail."

I ask what happened to Bad Bob and the Goat.

John D. tells me, "They threw Bob in the drunk tank for the night then cut him loose. The Goat they hauled away to the junk yard who gave me 50 bucks for it."

And what about the arrest?

"The judge said it looked like I wouldn't be doin' no drivin' for awhile so he just gave me a thousand dollar fine and a years probation. Then told me that I would never get another drivers license in California ever again, but I talked to the DMV and they said that I could get it back in five years if I don't get any tickets in that time."

John D. never did recover from losing that car. He started drinking heavily and died an old man with a heart attack ten years later at the age of 35.

I once asked him why he was killing himself and he told me, "Shit Tai, what else to I got to do. It don't matter much anyway. I'm just a fuck-up and hey, we all gotta go someday."

Yeah John D., we all gotta go someday, but it ain't gotta be so soon and over nothing. Life is to be enjoyed and I'm sorry that you couldn't have enjoyed it more, but I'm still here John and I'll enjoy it for ya.

STREAKERS

“Hey Tai, listen to this.” It’s only noon but Gyro has come into my room in the house on 25th St. and has woken me up. He has a transistor radio in his hand and he’s telling me about a free record promo. “Yeah” he continues, “all ya gotta do is run naked through any Tower Records store and they give ya the album of your choice for free. Cool, huh?”

This does sound pretty good to me but I remind Gyro that none of us owns a car, and riding around on the MUNI naked even here in San Francisco is still frowned upon.

Gyro says, “No sweat, man. I’ve already called Nasty Ned. He says he’ll be happy to drive us around just for the fun of it. In fact, he’s on his way over here right now. There’s three Tower Records stores in the City and I figure we can hit all three of them. I’ve asked the other’s here who wants to go, and Pat and Pie Makin’ Marie say they will, so with you that’s four of us which means 12 free albums.”

I tell Gyro I’m up for it. We adjourn to the living room where Pat and Marie are waiting for us. We all smoke a couple hooters while waiting for Ned and his car to show up, and also, to get in the mood for the streak

Nasty Ned arrives and after another joint or three, we are ready to roll. Since it’s summer we are all dress minimally. The girls each only have on a short shift, while Gyro and I are wearing cut-offs and nothing else. We all pile into Ned’s car, an old Ford station wagon, and head towards the nearest Tower Records store. Ned pulls right up in front of the store while we whip off our clothes. Ned tells us he’ll stay in the car with the motor running, just in case. We tell him, cool. The four of us exit the vehicle stark nekked and make a mad dash across the sidewalk and into the store.

As soon as we enter the girl behind the counter freaks right out asking us what the hell do we think we’re doing in there with no clothes on. Gyro saunters up to her, leans on the counter, looks into her eyes and asks her, “Haven’t you heard of the “get a free album if you streak the store’ promotion. After all, it’s been on KSAN all morning.”

She tells him she knows nothing about it and that he’d better not be bullshitting her or she’s calling the cops. Gyro tells her to call KSAN to get the skinny. She does.

KSAN tells her they’ve have been broadcasting the promotion and that she should call the main Tower Records store to get the details. She does.

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She is told they are running a streaker's promo and that if we're naked to give us a free album. She hangs up and tells us with a very distasteful look to pick an album but to hurry up then get out.

All this time the girls and me have been perusing the record racks and by the time the trip is straightened out, we are ready to go, but, of course, Gyro has been standing right in front of her talking to her. He's even trying to pick her up even though it's obvious that she wants nothing to do with a nudie. She tells Gyro to go and pick out a record then leave. However, Gyro is in no hurry so we all stand around while Gyro picks through the stacks. The whole time we're in there other clothed folks enter the store. Some leave as soon as they see the girls and me standing there nude. Others want to know the trip. I tell them, then they leave. No one else will take off their clothes for a free album.

Finally Gyro's found one. The sales girl asks to see it so she can write it down as she has ours. Gyro shows her the album. The sales girl tells him that he chosen a double album and he can only get a single for free. Gyro starts arguing with her. He says there was nothing said on the radio about which album he could choose. The sales girl tells him to pick a single or get out, or she is calling the cops. This cools Gyro's jets, he returns the album to the stacks then starts looking for another one, and he's taking his time. After a few minutes the sales girl, the girls and me all start ragging on Gyro to hurry the fuck up! We've already been here long enough and anyway, we have two more stores to visit. Gyro finally makes his selection and shows it to the girl. She says okay and we split running naked back to Ned's car. Ned too wants to know what took us so long and as we toke up a joint, I tell him the story.

At the next store again Ned pulls up right in front and we pile out. We enter and there's a few clothed customers with two dudes working behind the counter. They know the trip. They tell us just to hurry because the cops have now heard about the promotion and are cruising the store looking for naked perverts who they can arrest for indecent exposure and haul off to the can. They tell us if we get caught then that free album is going to cost us a lot in both money and hassle. This time we all hurry, including Gyro, because none of us wants to spend time in jail and be labeled an official sexual deviant for just a lousy free record. We show the dudes our choices and are out of there making a clean get away.

At the last store there's a cop car sitting at the curb. The girls want to just blow it off but Gyro and me want that free record so we tell the girls to quit being such pussies. Are they in for the whole deal or not? We circle the block and park waiting until the cops leave. We figure that we can be in and out before they come back. Ned parks right in front of the store again with the motor running. We haul our naked asses out of the car and into the store. As soon as we enter the guy behind the counter tells us

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to get out! That the promotion is over and we ain't getting no free album. We are incensed. We tell the guy that we want our free record or we ain't leaving.

He tells us that the cops will be back shortly and if we're still here then we will be arrested and taken away in hand cuffs, so unless we want to spent a nude night in the county lock up, to get out. The store is fairly crowded with about a dozen clothed people standing around watching the show. We decide to leave but just for fun we loudly cuss Tower Records and the store manager while making lots of explicitly obscene gestures at him as we exit the scene. We run across the side walk and jump into Ned's car telling him to get the hell out of there.

Still nude we ride back to 25th St. On the way back we check out the booty. Not too bad, eight free albums and an afternoon of exciting entertainment, blowing a few minds even. As we enter the commune our friends who were to chicken to join us want to know how it went. We tell them all about it in glowing detail. We all want to hear the new albums but before putting on any of the new tunes I turn on the radio. KSAN was telling everyone that the "streak for a free album" promo is over and not to come to Tower Records naked because the cops would be waiting for you. The DJ was even apologizing to the City for running the promotion saying how they and Tower Records thought it would be funny, but instead it was all turning out badly. We all had a laugh as Pat put one of the new records on the stereo. We lit a doobie and with the four of us still naked, kicked back grooving on the sounds. All in all, quite fun day.

BATTLE FOR THE BEACH

On a lovely fall California evening a bunch of my buddies and me who have just finished up our Basic Training at Fort Ord and are awaiting orders for whatever's next have been sitting around the barracks all day drinking as much beer as humanly possible. By now fairly well toasted. As it's getting late one of the guys tells us he's heard that the National Guard is holding maneuvers out on the beach in the sand dunes just north of Seaside. And that we, as real hero's, should go out there to show those weekend weenies what being a genuine soldier is all about. Why, one of us is worth at least ten of them

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and the dozen of us could easily kick their whole battalion's ass. Being drunk as skunks this makes perfect sense and it's decided we should raid the wimps then kick ass and take names. We all pile into a couple cars and taking the beer with us, head for the beach.

By the time we arrive at the beach it's getting midnight. We get out of the cars and stand around talking up our courage. After a few more brews we start sneaking up on the Guard.

We must not have been too quiet because before we get very far into the dunes we hear, "Halt! Who goes there? Stand and identify yourself."

One of our group yells, "Fuck you!"

All of a sudden we see a hell of a lot of flashlights coming our way with even more voices hollering at us to "Halt!"

'Well now' I think, 'this is where the men separate from the boys.'

It's now time to stand and fight and show these weenies just who is boss. Except when I look around there's only Steve still standing besides me. All the rest of my buddies have turned tail and are running back toward the cars! It's too late for me to do the same because here come the Guard. I turn and take off but there's a Guardsman right on my ass yelling, "Halt or I'll shoot!"

I weave, I bob, but I just can't shake the bastard. And now he's jabbing me in the back with his rifle and threatening to shoot me if I don't give up.

There's only one thing I can do. I fall to the ground. The Guardsman is too close behind me to stop. He trips over me dropping his rifle. I am up. I run over him and as I pass over him I snatch up his gun. Now he's really pissed yelling and screaming at me but by the time he gets to his feet I am too far ahead. He'll never catch me now.

I see a marshy looking area just across the road that parallels the beach and head deep into the cattails. I hit the soft ground and abandoning the rifle, crawl to the back of the marsh. I figure I'll just hide out here until everything quiets down then sneak away and walk back to the barracks. There's still a lot of yelling but I just stay put hoping my friends, even though they are a bunch of wimps, get away.

Just as things start quieting down I see a duce and a half full of Guardsmen coming down the road from the Guards camp and it's got a big spotlight mounted on top of the cab. I think I'll just lie low until it passes, but as it gets to the marsh one of the Guardsman (mine?) tells it to stop because, he says, there's a guy in the cattails. They hit the spot and shine it my way. Seeing as the cattails are all dead and tan and I'm dressed in dark green, it doesn't take long to spot me.

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“There he is!” they holler.

I am up and running and the chase is on again, only this time instead of one dude behind me, there's at least six. They're all armed and they're all yelling, “Halt or I'll shoot!”

I'm drunk enough that this doesn't scare me at all so I turn my head and holler back, “Shoot me in the back ya sissies, but I ain't givin' up!”

After a short run I come to a canal about 8 feet across. I don't even hesitate and jump right in. The water immediately comes up to my armpits. I swim across and scurry up the other side then continue to run. The Guard however, has stopped at the canal. Seeing this I stop and turn back watching them. They're arguing about going in and getting wet. Laughing at them I say, “What a bunch of pussies! Afraid of a little water, boys?”

One of them yells back, “Fuck you!” and jumps into the canal.

As I take off once more I see the rest of them jump in too. By the time they get across and up the bank I am so far ahead that I know they'll never catch me. After another short run I come to a large corps of big trees. I find what looks like the biggest one and hide behind it. After awhile the Guardsmen arrive and seeing the trees know they will never find me. However, they make a few half hearted attempts anyway shinning their flashlights into the trees and yelling at me to “give up!” before giving up themselves and heading back towards the beach. This time I wisely keep my mouth shut until they're gone. Now what?

Wet, cold, drunk and tired I start walking away from the beach. I must have walked a couple miles before I came to a stretch of blacktop. As I looked both ways there seemed to be a light about a quarter mile down the road. Mise well check it out. As I got closer I saw it was a gas station now closed, but it had a pay phone, and I had a dime. Well, I can walk the 10 or so miles back to the barracks, or I can call the sergeant who's on duty there which will I'm sure, mightily piss him off, or I could try calling this girl who lives in Monterey and who I've dated a couple times. What the hell, I dial her number.

“Hello Christy?”.....

“It's Tai. Yeah I know it's late, but I kinda have an emergency.”.....

“No nothing really too bad. Ya see, me and a few of the guys got a little drunk and took on the National Guard. And well, we lost. So I'm stuck out here on the highway and need a ride back to the base.”...

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"I know it's 1:30 but I'd really appreciate it if you could come out here and get me. I promise to pay ya back bigtime.".....

"Yeah sure, anything ya want."

She says she'll come get me and asks where I am. I give her the name of the gas station and tell her to look it up in the yellow pages. She does and tells me she'll be here in half an hour. I also ask her to bring a towel then thank her profusely and hang up.

True to her word Christy shows up about half an hour later. She stops, opens the door and throws me a towel. I thank her again for her kindness. She just shrugs and asks me to tell her the whole gruesome story. I do.

When I finish she laughs and says, "Sounds to me like it was you guys who were the weenies."

I hung my head and agreed.

She told me that her house was a lot closer than the base so I might well spend it there then she'd drive me back to the base in the morning. I told her that sounded real good to me but she laughed again and informed me that I would be sleeping on the couch all by myself. Oh well, but still a lot better than any of the other scenarios

Next day I walk back into the barracks and see all but one of my buddies sitting around. I act like I'm pissed and ask what the hell happened to them? They just laugh at me and tell me the story.

They told me that they were all way too drunk to fight anyone, let alone somebody who's armed, so at first sight of the flashlights they had all turned tail and ran leaving me and Steve behind. Being so wasted it took no time for the Guard to capture all of them. After the Guard rounded them up they called their commander who, after letting his men harass them a little, asked who the hell they were and what the fuck did they think they were doing? They, now being POW's, would only give their names, ranks and serial numbers. One of the Guardsman told their CO that two of us had gotten away. The Guard commander asked for our names but our buddies refused to give them to him. He then asked them what was their company and who was their commanding officer. They told him. He told his boys to hold our guys and went to call our CO. Of course he got out duty sergeant instead, who after hearing the story agreed to come and get our guys. While waiting the Guard used the opportunity to harass our guys even more telling them what a bunch of wimps they were. Our guys said that if they hadn't been so drunk that they would have kick the Guards ass. After which a really heated argument ensued. The Guard CO told all of them to shut the fuck up!

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A little while later one of our corporals showed up driving a duce and a half. After berating our guys right in front of the Guard for not only the stupidity of their actions but for getting caught as well told them to get into the back of the truck. They asked about their cars and were told they'd have to retrieve them the next morning. When they got back to the barracks the corporal told them they were all getting Articles 15's on Monday then to get their asses in bed. I asked if the corporal or the duty sergeant asked about Steve and me. They told me no, so as far as they knew we were in the clear. I then asked if they knew where Steve was. They told me that the last time they had seen him was when he was standing next to me. They then wanted to hear all about my escape. I told them the story with only a few exaggerations about my courage in the face of adversity.

That afternoon Steve walked in and told us that he had spent the night in the dunes. He too had outrun the Guard then had found a place to hide. While in his hidy-hole he had passed out and slept till morning then had walked and hitched back to the base. He asked what had happened to us. We all told him our stories and he agreed that we had all gotten off lightly. The guys, except for Steve and I, were all called onto the CO's carpet early Monday morning but instead of being given Article 15's they were simply chewed out, mostly for running away and then getting caught. They were all given a warning and KP for the next week.

Steve and I never did catch any flack over the incident, which goes to show that even though the guys were a bunch of pussies at least they weren't rats. I did see Christy a few times after that too, but two months later I was transferred to the Presidio of San Francisco and that's a whole other story.

THE SUMMER OF '65'

Happy Birthday to Me! I am now 18 and a MAN! I even got my draft card to prove it too. Now I can go and fight and die for God and Country, but more importantly, I can now cross the border into Tijuana with all of my buds. Well, those who are 18 and men anyway, every Friday night as long as I got the bucks. To drink and whore the weekend away, well, so long as the surfs not up. And in just three short months I get out of high school, a total waste of time, get a real job until I get drafted then go

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to Vietnam and die. And I can make some serious coin instead of the rinky-dink \$1.10 an hour part time crap I was getting at the Burger King before I quit last week in anticipation of this fortuitous event. I even got 200 smackers stashed away that should last me until I either find a good paying job or get drafted. I'd really like to buy a motorcycle but right now drinking and whoring sound a whole lot better to my poor fevered teenaged brain that is suffering badly from Demon Jism Build-Up. I searched out my best bud John D. who I've known for the last few years and would stay friends with until the day he died. He's been 18 ever since last November and has gone to TJ almost every weekend. He's got a car, an old Dodge that you have to push to start and ain't too pretty but it get you there and back.

"Hey John, howzit hangin' bro? Guess what? I am 18 now and ready to roll with the rest of you guys. Are ya goin' to TJ this Friday night?" I ask.

John hits me on the shoulder saying, "Fuckin' A dude, and congrats on turning 18. You'll have some big time fun now."

John then gave me the skinny in all of its gory gleeful detail. If I just wanted to drink it'd cost me about \$20 a night, if I wanted to get laid too, that'd be another \$15 a whack. I was green with envy. Since it was my first time I was planning to do both. John said that being my first time that he would keep an eye on me and show me the ropes so I wouldn't get in too much trouble.

"Great! So who else is goin'?" I ask.

"Crockett, Holmes, Ralph and maybe a another new dude, a friends of Crockett's, so with you that make a car full. We are ready to Rock! Oh, and by the way, it's \$5 for gas." he informs me.

"Each." I ask.

"Each." he answers.

"No problemo bro." I say.

So my first night in TJ will cost me around \$50, gee my savings will not last long at that rate, but what the fuck, you gotta pay to play.

Friday night comes and it is every thing a MAN/boy could ask for, hell could dream of. In all of my boy fantasy's I couldn't have imagined a better place, it was heaven with every wish fulfilled and cheap at twice the price. I went the next weekend too, and the one after that, but only to drink and

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maybe get a blow job which was cheap, because by then my bread was getting pretty low. We would load up the car, make the drive down and be there by 9 p.m. on Friday night, then drink and whore, but mostly drink, until 4 a.m. Saturday morning, then cross the border grab our boards and be in the mighty Pacific surfing by 5 a.m. Surf until it got flat or blown out, usually around 9 a.m., go home and crash until 4 p.m., then hit the waves again until sun down. Saturday night and Sunday morning was a repeat of the previous days adventures unless you wimped out (too hungover) or were broke, or just wanted to surf cuz the waves were so good. I figured that being just about broke, I'd have to get a real job to pay for my fun but then one day my friend Lou and I were talking after school.

He told me his 22 year old sister's Marine Corps husband had gotten shipped to the Nam last month and that she told him that she was getting real lonely and mighty horny. I asked him how he knew that, and he told me that even though they were four years apart they were really close and that she told him everything.

In fact, he told me when she was 16 and had just been dumped that she had ask him, then 12, to have sex with her.

I asked, "Did ya?" He replied,

"No way dude!" but then went on to say that ever since then him and her had been good friends.

I asked him if she still lived at home.

He told me she had her own apartment just a half mile from the beach and a quarter mile from our school.

I said half in jest, "Well, if she needs a stud to take care of her then you can tell her that I'm her man."

Lou said that he'd pass it on and I thought that be the end of it.

Next day Lou says to me, "Do ya really want to meet my sister?"

I said, "Sure."

He told me to meet him after school and he'd take me over to introduce me to her. We met and went over to his sister's apartment.

It was a two story motel style place and she lived on the top floor. When we walked in, I took

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one look at her and thought, ‘Man O Man, this is no girl. This here is a real Woman!’

She was tall, a good 5’10” and slim. She had brown hair cut short in a shag. She wore men’s Levi’s and a mans long sleeve button shirt with the cuffs rolled up. She was smoking a cigarette and drinking a beer straight from the can, WOW! She looked at me, a skinny dude but well muscled from surfing and a little taller than her with about the same color and length of hair.

Lou then said, “This is Angela. Angela this is Tai.”

Angela looked at me again then said, “Call me Angie. Are you sure you’re 18?”

I told her I sure was, and even offered to show her my brand new draft card. She said it wasn’t necessary then told me to follow her into the bedroom.

‘Jesus!’ I thought, ‘She don’t mess around.’

But instead of getting undressed, she tossed me a small wooden box saying, “In there are 36 rubbers. If you can open that box, you can use them.”

I looked at that cheesy little lock and smiled.

My first job I was a paperboy, during which time I made friends with an older boy who was a juvenile delinquent. After delivering papers in the early a.m. sometimes we’d meet up and brake into restaurants then fix ourselves something to eat and drink. He showed me all kinds off ways to B&E. one of which was to pick simple locks. Even though I enjoyed braking into places, I never stole anything or drank booze, I just did it for the food of it and for the fun. The only time I was ever caught was when me and some friends broke into the school gym on a Sunday to jump on their new trampoline. We jumped for a good hour before someone saw us and called the school janitor who came and caught us then took us home to our parents. Since we didn’t steal or even brake anything we just got yelled at, so when Angie handed me that baby lock. I asked her for a hairpin and had it open in under 10 seconds.

She said, “That was fast. Now you can spend the night.”

I told her that I could if she had a phone so I could call my parents and tell them that I was spending the night at Lou’s.

She ruffled my hair and said, “Clever and thoughtful. I think you’ll do nicely.” then showed me the phone. I spent the next four months with Pam.

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Now, I had had some sexual experiences before. My first time was when I was 11, but since I didn't know what I was doing, so I didn't count that, but I did have sex when I was 16 and again at 17. The first time was with a 13 year old who took me to bed while she was baby sitting, the other was a 16 year old in the back of my parents car at a drive in movie. The 13 year old and I lasted a good 10 minutes and we did it twice. The 16 year old and me, after a couple hours of heavy petting lasted maybe a minute, hell we didn't even take our clothes off. Plus, I'd been with a few Mexican whores, but I was drunk so they took no longer than a couple minutes at the most. That night Angie showed me what sex with a real woman was all about. By the time it was time to go to school the next morning I slept a good three hours and there were 29 rubbers left. Angie asked if I'd be coming back after school that day. I told her that only death it self could keep me away.

My life for the next two months was divided between Angie, school, my parent's house and surfing in that order. I now only went to TJ with my buds once a month and only when the guys started ragging on me about being pussy whipped. My parents did not mind me not coming home all the time, I was after all 18, but they did want to be sure that I wasn't cutting too much school so I would graduate. This was a valid concern of theirs since I did normally cut classes a lot, especially when the surf was up. I was on the Vice Principals Bad Boy List and he kept a special eye on me. I had detention every day from the 10th grade on, mostly for cutting classes but I got some just for good natured pranks, like water bombing teachers or braking into their desks to steal the days tests or leaving a tack on their chairs. But if anything, Angie was a good influence on me in that department. She made sure that I got up for school and she told me not to come back until 4 p.m. when detention ended. I liked detention too, nobody bothered you, you got all your homework done and all the really cool kids were in there with you. My grades did drop a bit that last semester, but it was due to lack of interest not lack of attendance

Angie like most sexually unrepressed young women was a sexual dynamo, she wanted sex all the time, in any position. In the afternoon after school, before dinner, during dinner, after dinner, in the evening, before bed, in bed, in the middle of the night and in the morning.

Sometimes I didn't feel like it or was just too tired, then she was not kind, "Don't you ever treat a woman this way" "Come on, you can do it, just try harder." "Wake up! I want to screw." "If you can't get it up, then maybe I should find somebody who can." "I'm not finished yet. Don't you ever cum before a woman does." "You're young, you can do it once more."

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She also wasn't shy in letting me know just what she wanted "Press here." "Rub there. Not so hard!" "Squeeze this. Harder!" "Lick here." "Suck there." "Go slower" "Go faster." "Here, let's try this." and try this and that we did until I got good enough to please her, then we really started enjoying each others bodies.

Once I asked her if she really did ask Lou to have sex with her when was just a kid. She laughed and said, "He told you that?"

I said yes. "Well" she said, "I was 16 and my very first true love had left me for another woman. I was so broken hearted and depressed. One day when I was baby sitting him and was feeling really horny, I told him that I would show him what being a man was all about. He didn't understand so I took off my pants and showed him my pussy then told him that he was suppose to stick his weenie in it. He was horrified! He said it was nasty and I could not make him do it. I got mad and told him if he was afraid to stick his weenie in there then maybe he was brave enough to stick his finger in it. He said he wasn't afraid, but he wasn't going to do it. I bet him a dollar he was too big a baby, to chicken to do it. He said he wasn't, so I dared him and he said okay. I got some Vaseline and greased up his hand real good, and the little fucker slipped his whole hand right up to his wrist up into me then telling me, "I told you I weren't no chicken!" but I wasn't listening because it felt so good. I grabbed his arm and started moving it in and out. He asked what I was doing. I told him to shut up and with my other hand started massaging my clit. Man, when I came it was the best orgasm I'd ever had. When I was done, I told him that I would kill him if he ever told Mom or Dad. He never did and after that I always liked him a lot. Jesus," she chuckled, "the things we do as kids."

Then she looked at me and asked if I wanted to attempt the hand in the Vaseline trick. It didn't work with my hand but it sure was fun to try.

We also told each other about our first times. She was 11 too, but she knew exactly what she wanted and what she was doing. "We have an older sister who's three years older than me and she started fucking when she was 13. We shared a bedroom so she told me all about it. How good it felt and how wonderful it was being with a boy. She even showed me how to masturbate which really felt good. She told me that sex with a boy was a hundred times better, so of course I wanted to try it. I asked boys at school to try it with me but they were all too scared. I asked one of my older cousins and he said he would, but then he chickened out when the time came. It took me a year to find a guy."

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"One of my sister's boyfriends came over one day when she was gone. Both my parents and Lou were gone too so I was in the house alone. I invited him in to wait. He sat down in the living room and I went to the kitchen to get him a coke. When I came back into the living room I had taken off all of my clothes. I told him that if he didn't have sex with me, then I would tell my sister that he did. He looked at me and said I looked too young. I told him to do it or I'd tell. He asked when everyone else would be coming home, and I told him not for a long time, so he said okay, then took me upstairs to my room and we had sex."

I asked her if she liked it.

She said "It hurt at first, but then it got good and was everything my sister said it was. I loved it. After that I had no problem finding partners. I've been having sex ever since, and it just keeps getting better."

I asked her why she got married.

"Young and dumb" she said, "and he is great in bed."

Did she ever feel guilty about screwing around on him?

"Hell no!" she raged, "I bet he's shacked up right now with slant eyed slit".

School ended and I graduated. I then moved in full time with Angie, and those were golden days. I'd get up almost every morning at 4:30 and go surfing. I'd come back around 9 with the sun dried sea salt on my tanned body with my hair still wet from the sea then get in that nice warm bed with Angie. She said she loved the way I tasted. Then we'd lay around all day or go out and do something fun, like go to the beach or go fishing or just go to the park and lay on the grass. Then go home, have something to eat and spend the rest of the day enjoying each other's bodies. Sometimes on some Fridays or Saturdays I'd go with my bro's to TJ but only to drink and see the show, Angie was all the woman I could handle. We lived together until the first week of August.

I was visiting my parents house when my Dad informed me there was a opening at his construction site where he was Safety Forman for a laborer, and it paid a whopping \$4.50 an hour. This was big money in those days, like getting \$25 an hour in 1995 dollars. There was just one catch, Since the site was 20 miles away, I'd have to live at home so I could ride with him to work. I told them I'd think about it. I told Angie and asked what she thought.

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To my surprise she said, "Take it." I said that I wouldn't be able to spend much time with her if I did.

She told me, "Look, it's about time we each moved on anyway. I've written a 'Dear John' to my husband, and let's face it, you're just too young for me. I can't ever go out to a bar with you or go out dancing. You know why I never bitched about you going to TJ?"

I shook my head no.

"It's because that gave me a chance to go out and party with people own age."

My face must have dropped because she said, "Don't look at me that way. You were out having fun, weren't you? So why shouldn't I? You didn't think I was sitting at home waiting for you, did you?"

I said that it never crossed my mind.

"Typical male attitude." she said "Anyway, take the job, you've always wanted a motorcycle. Move back home with your parents, it's time. We can part while we're still friends and you know that you'll always be welcome here."

I moved out that weekend and took the job. It was hard work but such good pay for a single 18 year old boy. I bought a used red 305 Honda Scrambler and tore up the streets of San Diego with it. I did visit Angie a few times after that but she was always with some other older dude.

When I saw Lou, I'd always ask him how she was and he'd say "You know, the same."

I started going to TJ every weekend with the boys partying hardy and a few months later found a girlfriend my own age but I never did forgot about Angie, the woman who turned a boy into a man.

Thank you Angie.

COUNTRY LIVING

Lindsey, now my ex-wife but still my best friend, and I are making a break for the country again this summer. We bought a 16X16 foot square green USMC canvass tent from an army surplus store and have ordered an 18 foot white canvass tipi skin from some freeks in Oregon. The last two summers we spent in a small barn that was half way converted into a house, but we can't go back there again. The owner, a rich guy Lindsey knew said we could stay there and for the first summer every thing was cool. The second summer though, he started out by asking me to do a little work around the place, which I was happy to do. Then he asked me to do a bit more, then a bit more and all for just free rent, so I did what I felt like doing when I felt like doing it. Then the guy and his wife started showing up once or twice a month in their Cadillac early in the morning on weekends to check up on my work and generally be a pain in the ass, not to mention ruining any party that was happening. Our relationship ended when I burned up his \$30,000 tractor while disking his orchard because he was too cheap to buy it a new radiator. "When it gets hot just pour more water into it." he told me. Well, one day it got too hot too fast and the engine sized up which really pissed him off. I told him it was his own fault for being such a cheap bastard because a new radiator cost only \$80. He got mad, we argued and that, as they say, was that

In the two summers we were there we made friends with some of the locals. Younger hip ones and older straight ones too. One of the friends we made and visited a lot was a 95 year old woman who lived by herself in a small cabin in the woods that she and her husband had built by hand 65 years ago. It possessed no amenities and she had lived in alone for the last 35 years since her husband had died. She'd escaped Deutschland at the turn of the century, just like both sets of my grandparents who were no longer alive. She, and they, had gotten the hell out of the old country, made it to the promised land and never looked back. Even though she didn't do dope, her philosophy was basically the same as ours; Live Life, Enjoy Yourself, Harm Nothing Unnecessarily and Never Believe One Word The Clowns (her definition of anyone religious or political in authority) Ever Tell You. We liked her a lot. Another set of friends we made were an old couple in their 60's, Roberto and Ellen Santini. They knew the owner of the barn and didn't like him either so when they found out he'd kicked us out, they told us not to worry. They had lived in the area all their lives and knew plenty of people with empty land who would let us live on some, and for free too. And find us some they did. 120 beautiful acres and only two miles from

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their place.

Santini, no one ever called him Roberto, took us over to see it. It was on a seldom used but asphalt road. He pulled into a dirt driveway and we drove through an abandoned orchard of apple, pear, mulberry and black walnut that was completely screened from the road by scrub oak and holly. He parked, we got out and I said how beautiful it was.

Santini says, "This is nice all right, and you can live here if you want and have all the fruit any of the trees still bare but come on, I'll show you something a lot better. I know how you young folks like your privacy." and walked off into the chaparral.

Lindsey and I followed.

As we walked through, it was real dense and about 10 feet high. Santini tells us, "You'll have to cut a trail through here and watch out for the poison oak."

After we walked a couple hundred yards we broke through the brush and came into a really beautiful meadow a little bigger than a football field. It was completely carpeted with short grass and was totally flat. It had some valley oak, cottonwood and manzanita growing on it and was also completely surrounded by that high wall of scrub oak and holly. When you stood in it and looked around you could not see one sign of man or civilization, it was Perfect! And it got better. Santini showed us to a corner of the meadow and there was a small creek.

"It's small but it runs all year round even in the driest years. It's full of minerals too, it's the best water in this part of the county. A lot of old timers still bring their jugs a little farther upstream and fill them for their drinking water." Santini said then continued, "You got only one neighbor within a mile of you so" he smiles at us, "you can raise all the hell you want and nobodies going to bother you."

And it got better yet. "I know the owners and told them all about you. They say as long as you don't set the place on fire you can stay. They're city folk and don't come up here much. They inherited from their father, a friend of mine, and have no plans for it. The property starts at the road and runs in pretty much a straight line to the top of that mountain yonder and back over to the orchard. You can use any part of it you want but this is the best piece."

We agreed and thanked him profusely.

He shrugged saying, "Ain't no big deal." Then, "Let's go back to my place, Ellen's got lunch waiting."

The next weekend we got Gyro, who had a van, to help us move all of our stuff up from the City.

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He dropped it off in the orchard and we showed him the meadow. He looks around saying, "Very nice, but what the hell are you two going to do up here? You'll be bored and back in the City within a month."

How wrong he was. The first thing to do was to cut a trail. Instead of cutting a straight line, I walked through the brush a few times and found where it was at it's thinnest then followed that way, only cutting wide enough for a man to slip through. When it was done it was a twisty turny thing that was a third longer than a straight line would have been but it satisfied me. No one would be able to find their way in it unless they knew where it was. Plenty of folks did lose their way on it too.

Lots of times I'd be sitting in the tipi and hear someone yelling, "Tai, we're lost. Come and get us."

At night I would have to walk almost every one in or out. Our next job was to haul our stuff from the orchard to the meadow and to set up the USMC tent then dig a shitter. I found a spot that was screened on three sides by holly, dug a pit then built an out house with just a floor, the throne, the back wall and a roof. When you sat on the throne, you had a view of about a quarter of the meadow all the way down to the creek. A lot of people refused to use the shitter, saying that they needed more privacy so instead they used the bushes but it was plenty good for Lindsey and me, and I loved it.

Next was to find a pot plot and get some seed in the ground so we would have some leaf to smoke by June and bud by September. Again, the holly saved me. While walking along the edge of the meadow I noticed a place where the holly looked a little lighter so I eased my way through it, and you have to be careful because holly can tear you up. About four feet in was a large oak shading a small patch of ground about 30'X10' then more holly. It was perfect. You couldn't see it from the meadow because of the 10 foot high, 4 foot thick holly wall, nor from the sky because of the oak, yet there was more than enough light filtering down to grow some weed. Only Lindsey and I ever knew where it was. We grew a lot of grass in that patch and I'm proud to say smoked up every single bit of it with all our friends.

The tipi skin would be coming in about three weeks so we had to cut the poles and get them ready. A pine forest started up the road about a mile from us. Every morning Lindsey and I would walk up to the pines, where I'd cut two 30 foot trees then we would walk them back down to the meadow where I'd skin them and knock all the branches off them with an ax, then sit them in the sun to dry. In the afternoon after lunch we'd walk back up to the pines and do it all again. When we were about half done, Santini's neighbor, a mildly retarded guy who owned his very own junkyard, he only collected and

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never sold, drove by us then stopped and watched. After a while he asked us what the hell we were doing. We told him about the poles and the tipi.

He said, "You mean you're cutting and hauling these things by hand down to that field?"

We said, "Yup."

He told us to wait right there, that he'd be back in 10 minutes. Ten minutes later he was back with his chain saw. He asked which trees I wanted then cut them down as I pointed them out.

When he was done he helped us load them into his pickup truck then drove us down to the orchard then dumped us and the trees off saying, "I guess I saved you some work."

We thanked him and he drove away. After that, whenever we saw him we would always say Hello, but he never acknowledged us again.

After the poles dried I sanded them. They were finished just waiting on the tipi skin. The next thing to do was to put in a small garden down by the creek so we wouldn't have to haul water so far. After that only one chore remained before we were ready, the brewing of 20 gallons of home brew. I bought a 30 gallon plastic trash can and had saved up eighty 1 quart bottles with screw tops. All the ingredients, except the yeast, could be bought with food stamps. I started that puppy cooking so that in just six short weeks we would have 9% home brew to guzzle down. After that all was in ready for the tipi skins arrival.

In the mean time Lindsey had found an old brass bed in a junk shop for only \$10. We hauled that into the meadow, spent a day on it with Brasso then sat it in the middle of the field. When ever the weather was good which was all summer long, we slept on it under the moon and stars letting the cricket and coyote sing us to sleep.

The tipi skin arrived in early May and we put it up. It took a few tries before I got it right. Finally then there it stood. The white canvass cone sitting in a field of light green grass set against the dark green holly with the butter colored poles extending out beyond the canvass another 8 feet with 6 foot lengths of red ribbon streaming in the breeze against a deep blue spring sky with a few white puffy cloud in it. It was beautiful, the most beautiful structures of mans that I have ever seen.

Now, I've been around the world a few times and have seen a lot of man's handiwork including the Cathedrals of France, but only the Taj Mahal can compare with the tipi for it's sheer esthetic beauty, except the tipi is better, it's simple and every one can own one. I thought I was putting up something to spend a summer in but I ended up staying in it a year and a half, and I loved every moment of it. It was,

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and is, the finest home I have ever had the privilege of living in in my entire life.

At night it was even more lovely. With a kerosene lamp or small fire it looked like a giant Chinese lantern glowing vermilion against the jet black night sky that was sprinkled with billions of stars. I faced it east so we could watch the sunrise in the morning and the moonrise at night. We were enchanted.

I built a plywood floor around 2/3's of the inside then hauled in small obsidian rocks for the other 1/3 leaving the center open for the fire pit. It was perfect, we moved in. We were at hOMe. We went to the welfare office and got on food stamps. I went over to the Junior College and signed up so I could collect my VA education benefits. They sent me \$400 a month for going to school on the GI bill and I only had to show up a couple times a week to keep it going then drop out on the last drop day to stay eligible for next semester. I knew that all the time I'd spent in the army would come in handy. I lived off the GI bill for over four years, starting 13 semesters and finishing 1 before I burned it out. We were set. All we needed were our friends.

The city hippies started showing up in early June and the partying commenced at the same time. From June until October there were at least ten other freeks living in the tipi field in their tents or in the orchard in their vehicles, and on weekends the population would swell to thirty or more. Once the country hippies found out we were there, they started dropping by on a regular basis, and if we weren't partying in the tipi field then we were partying at one of their places, because the woods are full of freeks.

I first met Kelly up there. She and her boyfriend Sparrow lived in a small house on a river. Little did I know or even suspect that when I met that 19 year old beauty that we would end up sharing over 20 years of our lives together. Life is strange and wonderful.

And did we party that summer? You bet your booty! We partied extra hardy fueled by grass, acid, speed, Quaaludes and home made beer. We had dope and we had booze and there were all kinds of naked wild free beautiful babes running through the field, sitting in the creek or just laying around in the grass. There's no way to describe the utter fun we had during that hot sun drenched summer. Plus, we were young enough so we had the energy, and dumb enough not to think about it and just do it. We were lucky too, the cops never once bothered us as long as we stayed in the bushes, in town though it was another matter.

They'd stop us for totally bullshit things like safety checks, license checks, ID checks. I got tired

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of that real fast so the next time they stopped me, I took the cops name and badge number. The next morning I went to see the Chief demanding to know why I was being harassed. The Chief told me that his boys were just doing their job. I asked him if I was doing something wrong, then why didn't they issue me a ticket. They knew I was legal, they stopped me enough times, and if his "boys" continued to harass me, why then, I would just have to come see him every time to discuss with him. I saw the Chief two more times before he refused to see me any more so I bugged his secretary instead. I never got pulled over again after that.

The summer ended and the city freeks went back to the City, the country hippies had to get ready for winter so by the 1st of November I was alone. Lindsey had found herself a new boyfriend, Spider, and had moved into the City with him in the 22nd St. commune. She was having too much fun to stay at the tipi field for the winter and besides, she knew there was no future with me. I had decided to stay all winter and see what it was like to be alone. To my surprise, I actually liked it. Some days when it was real cold and rainy or snowy, I wouldn't even get out of bed except to use the toilet. I'd just lay there looking up through the smoke hole at the sky. It didn't even matter if it was day or night. Two or three times a week I'd hitch to town for food and supplies. Maybe once a week someone might come by, but mostly I stayed there alone, watching. If I got too lonely then the City was a short five to eight hour hitch away. I'd go a couple times a month just to party with my friends, take a shower and eat some one else's cooking.

Except for my short sojourns to the City, this was the first time in six years that I wasn't taking drugs, drinking or having sex every day and to my surprise, I found out that I felt just as good straight as I did high. It was just different. I started spending a lot of time with the I Ching and the Tarot. I tried meditating and found that if I concentrated and let go of everything at the same time, I could duplicate the effect of LSD. I could make the walls breath, make trails, turn everything into light and shadow, change the dimensions of the space around me or the time flowing by me, make light fountain or run. I could make things appear that weren't there or things that were there disappear. It was just how you looked at things, your point of view. I started experimenting with staring into the sun and, man o man, that got me high instantly. Not that I was giving up on drugs, they were way too much fun. It was just nice to know that I didn't need them to get high.

My new companion, the I Ching and I spent the entire winter in the tipi almost always alone but never lonely or bored. It was a new experience and a very valuable lesson. By early May the freeks had

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started showing up again.

I had bought an old 1947 Chevy school bus, gutted it, then put in carpets and pillows and was ready to roll into another summer of Big Time Fun. By June we were cooking. Word had gotten out and there were even more folks around than the previous summer. Even some of the semi straight locals were coming out to party. Of course, they only lasted until things got wild then they'd go home, some to try again another day, some never to be seen again. That summer there was more of everything, more dope, more booze and more sex than I had ever dreamed about even in my wildest teenage fantasies. We tried 3-somes, 4-somes, 10 or more-somes in every variety and combination. If the previous summer was utter fun then this summer was the apex of fun, and it went on and on, on those golden summer days. Even looking back on it from 25 years away I can hardly believe how lucky I was to have been a part of the pure gleeful human joy that wild summer of freedom brought. Of course, it couldn't last.

We did make it through the entire summer and into early fall before the plug was pulled by the life hating fun spoiling down right mean spirited Nazi's. Everyone had left again and I was alone. It was early October when I heard somebody coming through the chaparral. I got out of the tipi so I could greet my visitor, but as soon as I saw him, I knew it was all over.

He wore a white shirt with a tie, black pants and shoes, and he had a clip board in his hands, "Hi, I'm from the County Health Department and I'm here to make sure you are not in violation of any of the county's health and safety codes." he said. Then he smiled, because we both know there would be violation aplenty. He continued, "We heard about you last year but no one would tell me where you were located until I met your neighbor up the road. He seemed happy to help me out."

That chickenshit cocksucking bastard Gabe had ratted me out! Gabe was the same age as me and considered himself an artist even though he had never sold a painting. We became friends when he moved into the old German woman's house after she died, but once the partying had started in earnest he just couldn't take it, it was way too free for him and his restrictive little pea brain. He always thought that he was hip but soon found out he was just another tight assed straight. One day when I went over to his place, he came out and told me to get the hell off of his property, and not only to never come back but to never speak to him or his wife again. That I was nothing but a filthy irresponsible pervert, so leave now or there's be trouble. I thought he was kidding, he wasn't

The County Health Nazi starts asking me questions, "You own this property?"

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No.

"Who's the owner's?"

I don't know

"Well, I can find out from the county tax records. Where's your water supply?"

The creek.

A check mark. "How do you dispose of your garbage?"

I take it to the dump.

"Where's your toilet?"

Over there.

He sees the outhouse and his eyes light up, he's got me. "Do you know that it is illegal in California to have an outhouse?"

What about that rat fucker Gabe, he has an outhouse.

"His was grandfathered in. Was this structure here prior to 1962?"

He can see it's fairly new wood.

"Well then," he smiles even more, "you are in violation and this structure will have to come down and be replaced by an approved septic tank or the owners will be liable for a \$100 a day fine until they comply."

He hands me his card, "I'll be contacting them and they will have 30 days to either correct the violation or to evict you or be fined. If you have any questions you can contact me at this number. Good day." He smiles again then walks away.

I found out later that after Gabe had ratted me out he'd gotten a job with, you guessed it, The County Health Dept. so because of that sorry son of a bitch, I lost the finest home I have ever lived in. But Gabe lost a lot more, he lost his soul.

I did take revenge on that county Nazi too. The next time I went to the City, I went to the Public Library's magazine section and pulled out every "bill me later" card out of every magazine they had. I put that Fascist motherfuckers name and address on them which I gotten from the phone book, and sent them all in. I can only hope that he was inundated with magazines, ICS courses, Franklin Mint stuff, records, books and even army and navy recruiters. There must have been 60 cards or more and I like to think that he received every single thing.

Of course, the owners had to evict me but they were nice about it. They even told me that if I put

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in a septic tank then I could stay. I told them thanks a lot but I had something else to do. Even though I was still doing a lot of dope, I was also doing the I Ching daily and had decided to cast my Fate with it. I was going to follow whatever the I Ching told me to do for the next year. Little did I know that that one year would stretch out to the next five very intense years, that I would cover a lot of ground mentally, spiritually and physical, and that it still would continue to this very day. But back to the tipi...

I'd hiked around a lot and knew the area pretty well so when the ax fell, I knew what to do. I packed up everything and humped it over the mountain and into the next valley. I found a very pretty little hill surrounded by young oaks over looking the valley a little way from another creek. I set the tipi up in that Faerie Circle of oaks and stayed a week, then said good bye to my beautiful tipi. I pick up my new life's companion and walked away from the most wonderful home I'd ever live in. I visited it a few times over the next couple of years whenever I was passing through the area and it was always there, sitting there among the oaks. I'd stay a few nights, sharing its space with its new residents, the mice family. Whenever I left, I would always turn back at the top of the mountain for one last look. There it would be, a snow white canvass cone set against the brown trunks and green leaves of the oaks with it's now pink streamers fluttering in the breeze of a deep blue sky, and know that it was perfect and that I had been truly blessed.

A SOCIAL DISEASE

Pat has brought a new love to our house on 25th St. She's in heaven since she has had any for over a week. And man, is he good-looking, in fact, his name is Handsome Johnny. Besides being young and healthy, he's big, he's blond and he's built. As soon as Joanne saw him she started salivating and, as she told us, when Pat's done with him, she has plans of her own for the boy. Pat, after feeding Johnny and plying him with some of her best dope, is off to her bedroom for a wild night of the old hot and nasty. Next afternoon when Pat gets up leaving her amour in bed resting, Joanne wants to know not only all the dirty details but, is Pat finished with the stud and does Pat think Johnny can go another round with her? Pat tells Joanne she's satiated and wishes Joanne good luck. And since their friends

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Joanne can even use her bed for the rest of the day. Hell, Johnny probably won't even notice there's a different girl in bed with him, or care if he does. He came to fuck. That night Pat kicks Joanne and Johnny out of her room so she can get some sleep. Joanne takes Johnny down to her room to finish him off. Next day Handsome Johnny leaves and everyone is happy.

Little over a week later Pat tells us that she's noticed a burning sensation whenever she pees. Joanne tells us she's perceived the same. They look at each other and at the same time say, "Handsome Johnny!"

Pat says she's going over to the free clinic to get tested and heads out the door. Next day the clinic calls her with the results: She, and anyone who she's had sexual relations with for the past two weeks, has the clap. She and they had better get their butts over there for some medication and quick too, or they'll be sending over the clap cops. Pat tells Joanne they had better sit down and make a list of everyone they should call.

As they're discussing the list Joanne has a brilliant idea saying, "Hey, as long as we all got to go in for the shot and then have go an entire week without sex, we mise well have an orgy with everyone else who's infected. We can all hit the clinic the next day."

Pat agrees, it's a splendid idea. They spend the rest of the day on the phone calling all the bodies who they've had sex with for the last two weeks. They tell them about the clap party and for them to call everyone who they've had sex with telling them about the getting the clap and the shindig and so on and so forth. The orgy is planned for the next night.

That evening the guests start arriving. Here in sexually liberated San Francisco I thought there'd be a whole lot of folks showing up but by the time the festivities start there's only about 10 or 12 freeks including Handsome Johnny. Most of the attendees are guys, which is just fine with Pat and Joanne. Joanne ask Lindsey, my wife, and me if we want to join in.

] I tell her, "As far as I know, we ain't got the clap, and if you think I'm going a week without fucking then you're out of your tree."

Everyone retires to Joanne's large basement room taking their booze and dope with them and except when somebody comes upstairs for either a drink or a pee it's a fairly quiet night.

Noonish the next day everyone's up and awake. After a few wake up J's and a little breakfast, it's everybody pile into a car and ride over to the clap clinic. There they received a strong dose of penicillin administered in the gluteus maximus by syringe plus a lecture on the evils of unprotected sex

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and a warning not to have any sexual intercourse for 14 days. Pat and Joanne return home still satisfied from last night but also a little bummed. No sex for a week! How will they manage.

I just smile and say, “Well, ya gotta pay to play.”

THE GAMBLER

I had just finished up a two week excursion to the rugged lands of south Texas, and the even more twisted landscape of my own mind, where I had been in search of the elusive and then enlightening Mescalito. Now I was on my way back to California when, standing on the highway leading out of El Paso and into New Mexico, a brand new Cadillac stopped. I ran up to the passengers door and peered in. Inside, in the drivers seat, was a guy who looked to be in his mid 30's and a young girl looking no older than 20. I asked where they were going and the dude told me LA. I said I was going to San Diego and if it was okay I'd ride that far with them. The guy told me to hop in. Me and my backpack got in back and down the road we went. The guy introduced himself as Edward and the girl as Brandy. After a little get to know you chat Edward told me that he was a professional gambler and had been for his entire life.

When I asked Brandy what she did she laughed and told me, “Well, nothing right now, but I did just quite my job as a undercover cop.”

So of course, I wanted to know what an ex-cop and a professional gambler were doing together and here's the story they told:

“I was in Dallas for a couple months playing poker in the card rooms.” Edward says, “And was making a good living at it too when all of a sudden it seem I was always getting hassled by the cops. Every time I drove from my apartment to one of the card rooms, a cop would pull me over for some chickenshit reason, then detain me for an hour while he checked me for wants and warrants. I was clean so they had to let me go, but before they did the cop would always give me some friendly advice that it was time for me to move along. After the first time or two I even considered relocating, but then I thought, ‘Fuck it, I ain't breaking no laws and I'm making good money here, so the hell with them.’”

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After about 6 weeks the harassment stopped and I thought they had either finally gotten tired of their game or had found some other new victim. Two weeks later Brandy walked into the club I was playing in and we hit it off.”

“I had always wanted to be a cop ever since I was a little girl.” Brandy says continuing the story, “So I joined the force right out of high school and was sent to the Police Academy. About a week before I was to graduate I was called into the Commanders office. When I entered the office there was another scruffy looking guy with the commander. The commander introduced the guy as the head of Dallas Vice then he informed me that the Dallas PD would like me to go undercover. I was ecstatic. He said, if I volunteered that instead of graduating with my class I would instead go right to Dallas and join their Vice Squad where, after a short training course from them, I would hit the streets. I immediately said yes. I went back to my room, packed my things and left for Dallas with the Vice cop. On the ride to Dallas the officer told me that they were having trouble with a certain gambler who they were sure was cheating some of the locals out of their money. They hadn’t been able to pin anything on him as yet so that’s where I would come in. Being young and pretty I was to insinuate myself with him, gain his confidence, find out how he was cheating then call the vice squad in to bust him. After that he said, if I did well, I would go undercover on other assignments until my cover was blown. For this I would be fast tracked for promotion. He told me that I was very lucky to receive a chance like this and I had to agree. I couldn’t have been happier.”

“After a weeks training on undercover work and a day of studying the suspect I was ready to roll. I put on my sexiest outfit and walked into the poker parlor that Edward was playing in.”

“I noticed her right away.” Edward says, “Not many young girls enter card rooms. And she didn’t play cards, she just seemed to hang out and watch the action. After a couple days she walked up to me and told me she wanted to learn how to play poker and that I looked like a winner. I was happy to oblige her. We sat down at an empty table and I started telling her how the game was played.”

“Yeah,” Brandy continues, “In the next few days when he wasn’t playing Ed taught me not only the physical part of the game but the mental and psychological part as well, which is really the most important parts. The Vice officer had given me a thousand dollars to start with and told me that if I needed more I only had to ask because they wanted this guy real bad. It seems he had taken some very important people for a lot of their money. After a couple weeks of hanging out with and getting to know Ed I found out what a sweet man he really is. I asked him about cheating and he told me that a good

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player never has to resort to it because it's so easy to take the suckers money without it."

"That's right." Edward says, "A good player can take a bad players money almost every hand no matter what cards your holding. Ninety percent of the people playing poker don't know how the game is really played. By the way, do you play?" I told Edward that I knew which hands beat what but as to the psychology of the game I didn't know much. He said, "That's about all most folks do know but they all think they know a lot more than they really do, and that's how you take their money. Only the suckers cheat, the pro's don't have too."

"Anyway," Brandy says, "After a couple weeks with Ed I told the head of Vice that Ed wasn't cheating, Ed was just a good player, but he didn't believe it. He told me Ed must be cheating, that Ed just hadn't confided in me yet and told me to get back to work until I got the evidence to bust Ed with. When I doubted his assertion of the situation he got mad at me and threatened to pull me off the case then sent me back to the Academy. He said I would be very foolish to blow this opportunity. So I went back to work."

"After a month I knew that Ed wasn't cheating, plus I found myself falling in love with him. I went back to the head of Vice and told him Ed definitely wasn't cheating. He asked me if there was anything that Ed was doing that we could bust him for? I told him not that I knew of. He then "suggested" that I "find" something to pin on Ed that we could arrest him for and send he to jail. I asked if he wanted me to falsify my report or plant evidence. He asked if I was a team player. I told him I'd think about it and left. I went straight to Ed and told him the whole story and about my feelings for him."

"The part about the cops really didn't surprise me" Edward says, "but Brandy saying that she loved me really floored me. I'm just an old out of shape gambler and here's this beautiful young woman telling me not only that she loves me, but she is quitting her job and she wants to live with me. I could hardly believe it. I asked her what she wanted to do?"

"And" Brandy breaks in, "I told Ed that we should leave Dallas because the cops would now not only be pissed off at him but would be really angry with me."

"We packed up the car and left town last night." Ed says, "Now were on our way to the card rooms of southern California where almost everyone who plays there thinks that they're smarter than they really are. And I've never been happier. With Brandy by my side there's nothing to stop us. She's even developing into quite the poker player. Together we'll really be able to separate the sucker from

their money.” Brandy agrees with Edward and she snuggles into him as we ride off into the sunset.

KELLY

The first time I saw Kelly she had her back to me so of course the first thing I noticed was her nice round ass hanging out of the extremely short cutoffs she was wearing. As she turned towards me I saw she also had on a flower print sheer slut shirt tied at her waist exposing her belly. On her head she wore a red bandanna tied in back.

I looked at her face thinking, 'This is one cute hippie chick. Nice tits too.' because I could see them through the shirt.

She smiled at me saying, "Hi." then turned back toward the stove and continued cooking.

Since she was Sparrows woman, an ex-con and on again off again junkie who was prone to violent mood swings, I just said "Hi" back and forgot about trying anything with her.

Kelly and Sparrow lived in a small white house on the edge of a nice sized river in the country. I had known Sparrow for about a year because he and his buds, Everett, a one legged junkie who lost it going over the high side on his bike, and The Woolly Bully, another old time junkie, liked to party at Joanne and Kerry's new flat in the City. For some reason junkies always leave their women at home when they party and these three were no exception, so I'd never met Kelly until the day that Sparrow rented a house about 10 miles from the tipi in which I was living. He'd invited me over to check it out. Sparrow had come to party at the tipi field one day and had loved it. He told me this was the kind of place where he could clean up his act and asked me if I knew of a place to rent. I put the word out and three weeks later he and Kelly became country hippies.

We visited each other a few times a week and partied together for a couple of months which usually involve spotlighting a mountain steer then roasting it over an open fire, except for the liver which we ate raw. We had lots of fun until one night Sparrow who was in a foul mood, got real drunk and sullen because he'd had a run in with a County Mountie over an open container. All of a sudden he

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got out of his chair and told everyone that we had to leave, and NOW! Or there would be trouble big time.

We said, "Okay Jose, no problem."

We went down the river, built a fire and continued to party until we all crashed out on the riverbank. Next morning Sparrow apologized for his bad manners but said that he'd had enough of this country shit and was moving back to the City that day. I would never see Sparrow again.

Around two months later I was in the City at the house on 25th St. to party, when Pie Makin' Marie walked in and said, "Did ya Hear? Sparrow's dead. He OD'ed last night."

Well, what could we say to that, junkies OD'ed all the time, sometimes it killed them, sometimes not, it was all just part of the trip. It was always sad to see them go but it was not unexpected. Marie said that she'd just left Kelly who was feeling mighty bad. I called Kelly up to say how sorry we all were to hear about Sparrow. I asked her if she had any grass to help her through the next few days.

She told me, "Yeah, but not much."

So I told her I'd bring her some to help hold her over. When I got their house it was full of people commiserating with each other over the death of a friend so I told Kelly, "Let's get out of here and take a walk in the sunshine. It's way too morbid in here."

She said okay and we walked to the top of Bernal Heights, sat on a rock and smoked a doobie. We sat there for a while not saying much until she felt a little better then she said she should get back to the wake. I walked her back to the house, hugged her good bye and thought that would be probably the last time I ever saw her. Man, was I wrong.

Two weeks later at the weekend party at Joanne and Kerry's when Kelly showed up and spent the night dancing, drinking and doping. I was impressed, she took as many drugs and drank as much as anyone else, and she lasted. In fact, for sunrise service everyone except she and me had crashed. She told me that she had moved out the Bernal Heights house and had found a converted garage just a block from here and that I should visit her sometimes. This was good news to me, not only was she a cute babe but any chick who could keep up with me drinking and doping, I automatically liked. I went back to the tipi that week so I didn't see her until the next weekend for the annual costume Halloween bash that Joanne and Kerry always had.

I went to St. Vinnies and got an entire Girl Scout uniform for the event even including the little green beret. I put some garish make up on, sprinkled silver glitter in my hair and beard, put on combat

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boots, scented my lace panties and was ready to Party! Kelly came as a blue Fairy and again partyed hardy. About 4 a.m. Kelly said that she was going. I thought about asking her if she'd like some company but, well let's face it folks, I chickened out so she went home alone. I did visit her the next day and saw her new place, a small one room affair but unattached and very cheap. We spent the day together but when it got dark since she didn't ask me to stay so this time it was me who went home alone.

A day later I was having dinner at J&K's when the phone rang. Kerry answered then said, "Hey Tai, it's Ann (Woolly Bully's epileptic wife) for you."

I took the call and Ann said, "Hi, I'm over at Kelly's right now and we were just talking about you, so why don't you come over?"

Well, I may be a chicken but I'm not too stupid to know an invite when I hear one so I told her that I'd be right over. When I got there we all chatted for awhile then Ann said she had to go.

I asked Kelly if she'd like me to spend the night and she said, "Yes."

I spent the next week with her, and she was as good in bed as she was drinking and doping. Now I was even more impressed. During the week I told her about following my Fate so there wouldn't be no future with me. She said that was okay with her because she had just finished one long relationship and did not want another at this time. After that, whenever I was in the City, I'd come by and visit her and she always welcomed me. If she was entertaining another guy she'd tell them that they had to leave now because Tai was here. They would leave, I would stay. It made me feel real good to know that she preferred me to anybody else.

We spent the entire winter and spring this way. When summer came she told me that she was going to Cave Junction to party. She had friends in Takilma who had asked her to come and since it was wild and wide open at that time she decided to go. I told her that I'd be hitching the US going where ever, for her to have a good time and that I hoped that we'd see each other again some day. Someday was three months later again in San Francisco.

I went to a party at 22nd St. and there she was. We were so happy to see each other that we ignored everyone else and spent the whole night just talking to each other. When the party ended we slept together on the living room floor. We spent the next couple weeks with each other but then my Fate told me that it was time to go. Kelly said she'd rather I'd stayed but what could I do, I was committed. I started out hitching from San Francisco and wound up in Istanbul three months later where

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I ran out of money. My parents sent me enough to get back. I took the Orient Express to France then flew from Luxembourg to NYC and from there hitched back to the City. I was in Kelly's arms by Christmas.

She asked me what I planned to do next.

I told her, "Hawaii."

She asked me, "Can I come along this time?"

Happily I said, "It'd be my pleasure."

After New Years we flew to Paradise. A place called Hiana on the island of Kauai. We lived under a tarp out in the jungle and were so unbelievably poor. We each got \$40 a month in food stamps, which did not last long at Lihue prices. Mostly we just lived off the jungle eating coconut, guava, lilikoi and breadfruit, and oh yeah, majick mushroom. On Sundays we had a real meal with the Hare Krishna's. Hari Kriahna, Hari Rama, Hari Bo!

We didn't care about food too much anyway, we had each other and we were in Heaven. After a couple months there, the Oscars happened and there was a puka shell boom. We lived right on the main puka shell beach so thing got financially better real fast. We even bought a small tent. Man, it was nice not to have to swap mosquitoes all night long. We spent four months together and loved every minute of it but then my Fate said, 'time to go'. I told Kelly that I had to go and this time alone. She was not happy but said that she understood.

At this time Kauai was having a "Let's Get Rid Of The Hippies" campaign and was offering free flights back to the mainland. The catch was: Don't come back or no welfare or food stamps for one year. I took advantage of the offer and left Kauai and Kelly.

In early July while passing through San Diego, I got a letter from Kelly saying that she too had taken the free flight. She said she was back in Illinois staying at her mother's in a small town about a hundred miles from Chicago so she was totally bored and for me to come for a visit. Having nothing else to do, I started hitching that very day. A week later we were together again. I spent two wonderful weeks with her and I got to say, her mom was totally cool. Not only did she welcome me, a longed haired hippie who she'd never met before, to her home but she even seemed happy to see Kelly and me together. Kelly and I spent the entire time up in her bedroom screwing our brains out day and night. I'm sorry to report that we completely destroyed her bed. Broke it so bad that it couldn't be fixed and we ended up with just the mattress on the floor. Then it was time for me to go once more. We parted

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promising to meet again.

In late August I went to a party in the City at 22nd St. and there she was. I hadn't seen or heard from her since I had visited her so this was a special treat for me. We spent the night together enjoying one another's body on the living room floor. Next morning we talked it over and decided to try living together and see where it would lead us.

We started hitching and a week later wound up in Tucson where we rented a small two bedroom trailer Tucson is the most racist city I've ever been in in the whole world. It's divided by Interstate 10. North of the freeway is a clean modern city with all the amenities, paved streets, sidewalks, street lights shopping centers, hospitals, schools, colleges, libraries, post offices, municipal offices and new air-con buses that run every 15 minutes every day. South of the interstate the major streets are paved, the rest not, no sidewalks, few street lights, only one large grocery store, no shopping centers, no hospitals, K to 12, but no college, no library. If there was a post office, I never found it, no municipal offices, the buses were from the 1950's and only ran on major streets, then only every two hours and never on Sundays and they cost the same as the air-cons in north Tucson. Now you might say, "What's so racist about that?" Well consider this; 80% of the people living north of the freeway are white, while 90% of those living south are Latino, Indian or black. Of course, our trailer was in the south but it had nothing to do with why our experiment in living together failed.

It failed because we each had our own bedroom and we had agreed that we could not only see other people, but we could bring them home to spend the night. Now I like being part of a threesome. Or if Kelly stayed out all night or brought home some guy, screwed him then told him to leave and spent the rest of the night fucking the hell out of me, that was all right too. But for her to spend the entire night with someone else in her room and not being invited to join in made me feel so lonely that I just didn't want to take it. After two months we talked it over. Kelly said that she didn't like the arrangement either so we decided to go our own separate ways for awhile to think about what had happened. She'd go to Maui, I'd go to Mexico. Maybe we would meet up again later.

Later was six months later on the island of Maui. I was traveling with a girl named Claire and we had just spent a month on the big island. We decided to go to Maui because Claire had heard about Kelly and wanted to meet her, and I wanted to see Kelly again too. She was living in a house in Makawao with a bunch of Maharaji freaks because the rent was cheap. The three of us got together and tried it as a three-some but it didn't work out. So Kelly stayed in her house while Claire and I moved

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into a tent in an abandon mango orchard seven miles from Makawao. About a month after that Claire met a guy that she really liked who asked her to move in with him in his A frame in Haiku. She would visit with me a couple times a week while I visited Kelly a few times a week. Everything worked out okay for all of us. As time went on though, I started seeing less and less of Claire and more and more of Kelly. She had other boyfriends but it was like Mariposa St. all over again, when I came over they'd leave. I'd walk the seven miles to her house most evenings and we'd screw our brains out all night long while the Maharaji people were meditating under their blankets. In the morning I'd walk the seven miles back to camp and rest up. This went on for a couple of months then Kelly got some money from a lawsuit and decided that she would like to see Europe. We then lived together for a month in my tent in the jungle before she left for London. After she left I built a tree house on a pua in Haiku and didn't see her again for eight months.

In early December I got a letter from Kelly saying that she had gotten deported from Holland for the crime of not having enough money and was back again at her mother's house in Illinois. I had made a bit of cash the previous month so I called her and said, "Let's try living together again."

She said, "Okay."

We met on Dec. 21st, 1976 at the train station in Sacramento and have been together ever since.

Not that it's always been easy, especially at first. We are both fierce individualists and we don't take no shit from nobody, not even from each other. For the first eight years we were together we always took a two month vacation from each other every year. This was because, unless we had to work, which wasn't often since Kelly supports herself with her art and I do as little as possible, we are together 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year. However, since we love and respect one another it's always worked out even though it is a lot of work.

Recently an old man who'd heard our story asked me what Kelly means to me. I told him, "She's my Lover, my partner, my companion, my advisor, my teacher, but most of all she's my best friend who I would not want to live without."

He said, "Then you are a lucky man."

I agreed because I am an extremely lucky individual, not only do I get to live this wonderful life but I get to live it with someone whom I love and with someone who loves me. What I've done to deserve such a fate I do not know. But I do know that I am truly Blessed in this adventure called Life and that I will travel it in awe and amazement with Kelly by my side. After all, she is still One Hot

Babe who turns me on every time I look at her. What a Woman!

MR. TONY'S WILD RIDE

Little Anthony, call me Tony, showed up out here in the desert at the hot springs last fall. How he got there no one remembers, how he heard about the springs, he never said. He was on the run from something he'd done in his home city of New York and needed a place to hide out for awhile. The springs fit the bill. We called him 'little' because he was 5'5" in his shoes and weighted maybe 120 pounds but he packed more energy and personality into his frame than most men twice his size. He was always congenial and ready to help anyone with anything, legal or not, as long as it didn't involve any manual labor that is. Even though he didn't have much money and showed up for dinner a lot, everyone liked him and was glad to have him around. It wasn't that he was broke, he got food stamps like everybody else and he had an AT&T. phone card belonging to AT&T. that for \$5 he'd let you call anyone anywhere and talk as long as you liked, but his main source of income was speed chess. He told us he made a good living at it in New York and I believe him. I must of seen him play hundreds of matches in the six months he was at the springs, all for money, and I never saw him or even heard of him losing a single game. I saw him play three guys at once for \$20 a piece and beat them all. Some folks came out every week to see if they could beat him, as far as I know no one ever did.

Being young, he said that he was 25, personable and cute, according to all the girls anyway, plus being Italian, never made him want for female company and he wasn't too picky either. As long as it was just for a night or two, he was ready.

Once a 13 year old cutie came out to the springs with her parents who were regulars. She took one look at Tony and instantly fell in Love. She followed him around all morning, even taking off her top in front of him so she could show him her brand new sweet little tittles, but Tony was busy with other things that day. When the girl finally got up the nerve to talk to Tony, he had made a town run and wouldn't be back for several hours. When she found this out she went right up to her parents and told them that she wanted Tony to be her first and that she wasn't leaving until he came back.

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Her parents told her, "Okay we'll wait, but we don't want you screwing a round in the bushes, so if Tony wants to have sex with you then he can go home with us and spent the night with you in your room."

For the next two hours every time a car pulled in the girl would ask, "Is Tony in that one?"

Finally Tony shows up and as soon as he's out of the car, the girl is in his arms telling him that he is spending the night with her. Sounds good to him and off they go in the parent's car. Even before they're out of the parking area we can see that the girl has thrown a vicious lip lock on Tony.

Three days later the parent's drop Tony back at the springs and is he fagged out. He said that she almost killed him. She wouldn't hardly let him out of the bed for three days except to eat, use the bathroom and shower, and even then she'd join him, lathering him and herself all up.

We all just said, "Oh you poor thing, how you suffered."

The other thing about Tony was that he didn't take no shit from anyone. If he got pissed at somebody then they had better watch out because if he got violent then someone was going to get hurt bad. You could see it in his eyes, so if he got mad at someone for something they did, they would always apologize and make it right. After six months with us at the springs, he got tired of the desert and tired of being poor all the time. His friend Dave, a guy who lived in LA and worked the high steel and who was totally insane told Tony that he could stay with him awhile until he made his fortune. We were all sorry to see him go. He was always a lot of fun and could drink, smoke and party with the best of us. He promised to keep in touch and was gone.

Two months later just as we were all packing it in for the summer (it gets 120 degrees in the shade from June till Sept.) Paul, who had to go to LA every two weeks to collect his unemployment then buy pot with the money said, "Guess who I ran into?"

"Who?" we asked.

"Little Tony, and you would not believe it's the same guy. Now he's driving a brand new BMW and had more gold chains hanging around his neck than Mr. T. He says he's robbing rich peoples houses and making a good living at it."

He also gave Paul his address and phone number and told him to pass them around so that if any of us came through LA we could give him a call.

A month later I was passing through LA and gave Tony a jingle. He answered saying, "Good to hear from you, let's party. Where are you at?"

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I told him the Greyhound station.

He said he'd be down with Dave to pick me up shortly.

I'm standing on the corner when a white Karman Ghia come to a stop. Tony hangs his head out of the window and says, "How ya doing man, get in."

Dave's with him.

I ask him where's the Beemer?

Tony tells me, "Oh I wrecked it, but don't worry, it was leased. I'm just driving this until I can get another one."

Dave tells me that this is his car but since Tony likes to drive and he don't, well... I notice we are running all of the stop signs and taking only back streets.

When I ask about it, Dave tells me, "The brakes are out so we can only use the hand brake and Tony doesn't like to use it at all if possible."

So Tony just gears down to slow down, looks to see if it's safe then punches the Ghia through the intersections.

We get to Tony's apartment, a place in Silverlake. It's nice but real small. I can see I'll be sleeping on the sofa, or if Dave sleeps over, on the floor. They tell me I'm in luck, it's Friday and Dave just got paid. Tony's recently been to his fence and we are going to party. I ask Tony how's business? He say not too bad. He's get half a dozen 12 year old boys working for him. He finds houses with no one home, takes two or three of the kids over late at night, shows them how to get in then waits in the car until they come back out with the loot. He tells them to only take cash, jewelry and his favorite, gold, then goes to the fence, cashes in and gives the kids 25% of the take. He said he only robs rich folks houses because the poor ain't got nothing worth stealing but enough of that, let's get ready for tonight.

First we go to his dealers and get a ounce of pot and a little speed, wouldn't want to crash too early. Then it's to his favorite cafe for a big supper so we don't get hungry later on. Lastly, it's to the liquor store where Tony and Dave each buy two half pints of 151 rum and I get two of tequila because we hate those expensive watered down bar drinks. Back at Tony's we smoke some pot, take some speed and have just enough booze to wash it all down with. Then we kick back and wait until 9 p.m. smoking a bit more just for fun.

We're feeling mellow and it's time to go. We hop into the Ghia and buzz over to a topless a-go-

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go, have a few drinks which we supplement liberally with our own stash and watch the babes bare bouncing boobies artfully interpret such songs as "YMCA" and "Stayin' Alive." All the while guys are stuffing dollar bills down the girls G-strings.

Next it's to an old fashion strip show where the honeys take it all off except for their shoes and stockings accompanied by a lot of men hooting and hollering. After that it's a quick stop at a liquor store to replenish our depleted supplies then an even quicker stop at a peep show where the girls don't even pretend to wear anything. It's drop in a quarter and check out the spread open beaver. On the way out you're offered a quickie "massage" for \$50.

It's midnight now and Tony has promised us a special treat, Nude Female Mud Wrestling. We enter the place after paying \$10 each for our first two drinks which are mostly ice and water. We fix that in a hurry and proceed to the pit, a 10'X10' arena filled with about a foot of what looks like yellowish brown clay. In it are two young shapely babes in bikinis, covered with the mud who are trying to pull the bikini top off of their opponent. Whoever does is the winner. She then parades around the place with her trophy, collecting dollars and kisses from the cheering throngs. There's a big sign saying "No Wagering." But of course, no one pays any attention to it. After a couple of the matches we become bored, once you've seen one naked chick covered in mud, you've seen them all so we decide to go to a surfer bar in Long Beach for some serious drinking and partying.

On the way we check our supplies and see that they are getting dangerously low so it's time for one more liquor store stop. And look there's one only two blocks away up ahead but before we get to it the light turns red and since we're doing 50 mph in a 30 and have no brakes anyway, Tony punches it and we cruz right on through. Of course, a cop is sitting on that corner and wants to know what's happening. He gets behind us and turns on his siren and bubblegum.

"Shit! It's the cops! Quick get rid of the booze!"

"Where?"

"I don't care! Pour it on the floor and stick the bottles under the seat." which makes perfect sense to us.

The cops however see all this furtive movement and know that something is up.

When Tony gets the Ghia stopped the cops come out of their cruiser with guns drawn, telling us to put our hands out the window where they can see them, then for us to get out of the car, one at a time and real slow. The cops, two young guys, then search us and cuff us to a parking meter so they can

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search the vehicle to see what we were stashing. Booze, they laugh, it's only booze. They are so relieved that they uncuff us and tell us if one of us is sober enough to drive and has a license, they will let us go if we promise to drive safely and straight back home. They give us the drunk test and I pass which is good since I am the only one with a driver's license so I'm elected. The cops get back into their car and leave. Tony tells me to pull into the liquor store parking lot since now we are totally out of liquid refreshment. We replenish and with Tony back at the wheel, head for the surfer bar.

When we get there the place is packed and jumping. They have a live band and everyone is partying. The crowd is pretty rowdy and the bouncers are working hard. After awhile Tony runs out of booze. He waits until someone goes to dance then drinks their drink for them so it won't get stale. One of the bouncers sees this and tells Tony that he is out of there. It's almost closing so we're ready to go anyway, but the bouncer tells Tony that he's not moving fast enough and starts pushing him. Dave tells the bouncer he shouldn't be doing that because he'll make Tony mad. The bouncer, whose 6'4", 250 pounds looks at wimpy looking little Tony and shoves him hard out the door hard. Tony falls down onto the sidewalk. Tony looks up at the bouncer, smiles, then comes up off the sidewalk with a Heinekens bottle in his hand which smashes it across the bridge of the dudes nose, breaking his nose and stunning him. Tony then bends down and rips a section of chrome strip off a car, straightens up and starts whipping the bouncer's bloody face, neck and chest with it. It's so violent and so fast that no one can believe it's happening. The other bouncer finally comes to his buddies rescue and Tony then goes after him with the chrome strip until his face is bleeding and his shirt is in shreds. No one else there is even trying to get between Tony and the bouncers. We hear sirens in the distance so Tony drops the chrome and hauls ass.

The cops come screeching to a halt, jump out of their car and yell at Tony, "Stop or I'll shoot!"

Tony, about a half block away, looks back to see where the cops are and when he does he runs head first right into light pole, hits the ground and is out cold. The cops run up to Tony, handcuff him, throw him into the back of a cruiser and take him away.

"Shit! Fuck!" Dave is yelling, "Tony's got the car keys!"

Dave wants to know if I can hotwire the Ghia.

Well, I can, but I need a piece of wire to do it. We look, no wire, so we pool our cash and call a cab, we'll worry about Tony in the morning. We get to Tony's apartment and well, Tony's got the keys to it too so Dave just kicks in the door. We prop the door closed, smoke a joint then go to sleep.

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Next day I go back to the Dog to continue my journey leaving Dave to deal with Tony's problems. A few days later I call Tony's number to see what's the haps. Tony answers and tells me that all the charges have been dropped. He says when the DA saw him standing next to the bouncer's who wanted to press charges, the DA told them there was no way a jury would believe that this little shrimpy looking guy beat up your big biker looking asses up. The Ghia however is history, no license, no registration, no insurance i.e. no car. I said good bye, good luck and see ya in the funnies to Tony and never saw him again.

A few months later Dave came out to the springs to tell us that Tony had been caught burglarizing a house. When the cops ran his prints, they found out that Tony was an escaped convict from a New York state prison so they sent him back to New York where they promptly put his ass in Attica for five long years. I'm sure Tony's doing well though, he always was a very personable guy that everyone liked.

BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU WISH FOR

A few years ago I had a friend named Short Dog. He was a regular guy from the hips up but he was born with only a couple of stumps for legs. These he had special boots for so he could get around just fine. Of course, he had everything he owned modified for living with no legs. When you went in his house everything was built real close to the floor and his car had all hand controls. He owned a saloon where he tended bar. He simply put a board up behind the bar that he could walk along serving his customers. He told me if anyone ever got out of hand he'd grab his sawed off pool cue then jump up on the bar and threaten them with it. He said when that happened all but the most drunk would be so surprised seeing this pissed off guy with no legs standing on the bar that they would immediately cool their jets.

Whenever someone first met Short Dog they would always be interested about the stumps. If they then asked him about his legs, this is the story he would tell; "It's quite a tale." Short Dog would say, "Ya see, one day I was walking down the beach when I came upon an old lamp laying in the sand.

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Of course I'd heard all about Aladdin so I was curious if this particular lamp had any magic in it. I picked it up and started rubbing. And sure enough a great big puff of steam came shooting out of its mouth, which turned right into a Genie. He looked just like the ones you see in books with a turban on his head and wearing those puffy clothes all over his body. He even had the up pointed shoes on his feet."

"He bows to me and says, "I am the Genie of the Lamp! For freeing me I will grant you 1 wish. So what will it be, Master?"

"I'm so shocked I can't say a word."

"The Genie looks at me saying, "Come on, I don't have all day. You want your 1 wish or not?"

"I find my voice saying, "One wish? I thought I got 3 wishes?"

"The Genie says, "I ain't that kind of Genie. If you want your 1 wish make it now or I'm splitting."

"I start thinking, 'what the hell is it I want most. Let's see: Fortune? Fame? Long life? To become Ruler Of The World? Damn, there's just so much.'

"The Genie says, "Either make your 1 wish or I'm leaving. Come on, what's it going to be?"

"Without thinking, I blurt out, "I want a dick that drags on the ground!"

"The Genie bows and smiles saying, "Your wish is my command."

"Then he whips out a long sharp sword and cuts off my legs! He then claps his hands and disappears leaving me screaming at him, "That's not what I meant! I just wanted a huge cock. Come back! Please!"

"But it's too late, the Genie's gone and so are my legs."

Leaning back Short Dog would then smile and say, "You know though I really can't complain, I did get my wish."

REVENGE IS SWEET

I'm hitching to town with my backpack empty to pick up some supplies for the coming weekend since there will be people arriving shortly and they do have to be fed. Especially since they bring all the part favors.

Ah, here comes a car now and it's slowing down.. And I am in luck because it's a cute hippy chick driving. I jump in saying 'Hi, howzit goin', you know the usual but then I notice she ain't happy. So I ask her what the problem is.

“My boyfriend is a lowdown scum sucking pig!” She says then, “When he came home this morning I could smell pussy on him and it wasn't mine. You'd think if the bastard had any sense at all he'd at least take a shower before he came home. I can't believe.....” she trails off kind of really mad and crying at the same time.

I there, there her and when she calms down a bit I ask what she intends to do about it.

Well,” she says, “I'd like to leave his cheatin' ass, but I love him. So instead I gotta think of a way to get back at him, to show him what it's like to fuck around on the person you supposedly love.”

I ask her if her boyfriend is the violent type and she says, “Naw, he wouldn't hurt a fly. In fact, except for his screwing any slut that's lets him, he's a real sweetie.”

I say, “Well then , you could always fuck another guy they drive straight home with foreign jism dripping out of your pussy then take him to bed. I'm sure he'd notice another dudes cum in you.”

She pauses thinking about what I said then, “Yeah, especially if I ask him to give me head first. That's really shake him up.” And laughs a little.

“So”, I go, “wanna do it?”

She looks over at me and says, “You mean now, with you?”

I tell her there's no time like the present. Plus, if she thinks about it too much she just might forgive the jerk and let him slide until it happens again Then she'd have to go through all this again. At least if she does it now when she gets home and her boyfriend finds out two can play at the cheatin' game he'll probably either straighten up or or split. Either way she's better off knowing.

She looks over at me and says, “Okay, let's do it.” then “Where can we go?”

Hell, we're in the middle of the country. I tell her just to take the next side road and pull over. We'll hop in the back and have a little fun.

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She does take the next right on a country road, drives down it a little, see a tree and pulls under it. Then turns off the ignition and turns to me saying, "I'm kinda nervous. I've never done this sort of thing before."

I laugh saying, "It's just sex, no big deal. And that's what you can tell your boyfriend when he complains, right?"

"That's right!" she says smiling, "because that's what he always says to me when ever I catch him screwing around. Now he'll see if it just sex."

So we get in the back when she tell me she don't want us to get naked. She'll just pull down her jeans and turn around and I can just take out my dick. That way it is just sex because she won't even see me. Which is what we do.

After we're done she asks me where I was going so I tell her. I also, tell her about the Tipi and how to find it if she ever wants to party or even just kick back with other groovy folks.

She says that for helping her out she'll take me to the market and wait for me then drive me back to the tipi since she'd like to see it. Which she does.

When she dropped me off I tell her to come by anytime. She says she will but I never saw her again. But I always wondered what happened when she got home and showed her boyfriend how it felt to be cheated on.

HOWDY NEIGHBOR

It's the beginning of summer here in the tipi field and that means it's Party Time! A time when a lot of the city freeks start showing up to get wild, naked, stoned and free in the country. One day Gyro pulls in telling everyone here that he just found out that a certain Yogi Bhajan of the 3H (Healthy, Happy, Holy) movement had bought a lot of acres on the other side of the mountain from us and has set up shop. After smoking a few doobies we decided to jump in Gyro's van and pay the dude a welcome wagon visit. Of course we make sure to take some supplies with us to party with the Guru. We were sure he was cool being a Yogi and all.

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Here's his driveway so Gyro pulls in but we don't get too far before we come to a big iron gate with a lock on it. There's a sign that say to honk for assistance. Gyro does, and we wait for about 5 minutes. While we are waiting we figure we mise as well burn one just for fun. At as we're finishing up the doobie a white dude dressed like an Indian turban and all comes up to the inside of the gate.

We get out of the van and I say, "Howzit hangin' dude? We're your neighbors from just over the other side of the mountain and though we like to welcome Yogi Bhajan to the neighborhood."

The white-Indian guy looks at us disdainfully and says, "First of all you can't just show up here and expect an audience with His Holiness. Everyone is required to make an appointment."

So Gyro breaks in saying, "Well then just make us an appointment and we'll come back next week, all official and all."

The Yogi waana be, continues, "You just can't make an appointment with His Holiness unless he knows you already. The only way for a seeker to be granted an audience with The Master is to join the commune then work for 6 months with nothing negative on your record. Only then would you be allowed in the presence of His Holiness Yogi Bhajan."

We ask if he's kidding, he has to be, right? But no, the dude's completely serious so we have no other recourse than to tell him what we think of him, his commune and of course, His AssHoliness Yogi BlowJob!

The creep is not amused and tells that we'll have to go or, get this, he'd be forced to call the authorities! After a little more harassing him and insulting His Fuckoliness we jump in the van and are gone.

I had met a Yogi's a year or so before at a commune in the city and was hardly impressed by his enlightenment. It seemed to me that even though he preached that everything and everyone in the universe were equal, he all acted like he was way better than the rest of us mere mortals. And that hypocritical shit just don't fly.

HOW DARE YOU!

A hippie couple, Owen and Lila, who've been just shacking up for the past year in Owen's flat in the Haight have decided to get hitched, legal and all. Not only that but they're going to be monogamous. Most of us try to dissuade them at least from the legal or exclusive part, but I guess they just went nuts because that's the only explanation I can think of with all the free sex, drugs and rock and roll happening right now. They're adamant about it so all any of us can do is wish them good luck.

One day I'm sitting in their flat with Lila smoking a joint when she says "You have a drivers license, don't you Tai?"

I tell her I do.

Then she says, "You know all this marriage business is mostly Owen's idea but I do love him so if it makes him happy then I'll be happy to marry him. But, I told him if he's really serious about the monogamy part, and he is, then I have to have one last fling before settling down as an old married woman. So, if your not doing anything else for the next few days and you'll drive me. We can borrow Owen's car and drive up to woods outside Nevada City where Hayden lives and I can ball him one last time." (Hayden is a young handsome studly dude who used to live in the City but recently moved to the country. All the girls love him and he in turn loves them all back.)

I ask her what Owen thinks of this plan of hers and she says, "Well, of course he's against it. He can't understand why I want to bang someone else if I really love only him. But I told him he knows as well as anyone sex ain't love. I told him it's the only way I'll marry him so reluctantly he said okay. Will you drive me? I already called Hayden so he's expecting me tomorrow."

Well, I'm always up for an adventure but I ask her, "And what am I suppose to do all day and night while you're fucking Hayden? Does he have a country babe stashed away up there for me?"

"I don't know anything about a girl for you to screw, you'll just have to see when we get there. But you know there's plenty to see and do up there. It is summer and the woods and rivers are full of freeks. I'm sure you'll find something to amuse yourself with up there. Just bring your tent and sleeping bag. And some weed because I hear it's dry up there right now. You'll have all kinds of friends."

I get up and leave telling her I'll see her bright and early, say around noon, tomorrow and split.

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Next day I get there and Lila's all packed and ready to go. Owen's standing there asking Lila one more time not to go and ball Hayden, but she's adamant saying, "I told you , Owen, it's the only way I'll marry you. So do you want to get married or not?"

Owen does so he just kisses her good bye and turns away looking dejected and all. Lila turns to me and asks if I'm ready. I tell her I am so she hands me Owen's car keys, grabs her bag and it's out the door and away we go.

Since it's middle of the day and middle of the week there's hardly any traffic out of the bay area and only a little through Sac. We spend the time chatting and just enjoying the drive and soon enough here we are in Nevada City.

We stop at a store with a payphone and Lila calls the stud. He's at home and waiting on her with bated breath. Lila hands me the phone and Hayden give the the directions to his place.

We pull in his drive and there he's standing in jeans and no shirt. Lila jumps out of the car, grabs her bag and says, "Come back tomorrow about noon. See ya!" and she and Hayden disappear into his house.

Oh well, I guess there's no girl for me so it's up to Monkey Island on the American River where's there's always a bunch of freeks and lots of fun to be had.

Now since this is Lila's and Owen's story I won't go into details about my night there suffice to say there was no grass and I had an o.z. of Colombian so

Next day I pull up in Hayden's drive and honk the horn. After a few minutes the happy couple appear at the door. He kisses her, she kisses him back then breaks away, skips over to the car, turns and waves bye-bye, hops in the car and again, it's away we go.

I ask if she had a good time and she reply's, "Yeah, Hayden knows just what a girl wants. It's too bad Owen's such a tight ass about this marriage deal but I love him so I guess that's it for poor old Lila." and we both laugh at that one. The drive back is about the same as the drive there and soon we're pulling into Owen's driveway.

We walk in the house and Lila calls out that she's home. We hear a "We're in the kitchen" so we head that way. When we get there there's Owen and Mikey a friend of his sitting at the table smoking a "J" and they each have a beer in front of them. Owen looks at Lila and says sarcasticly, "Well, Lila did ya have a good time with Hayden?"

Lila says, "Get over it Owen. It's done so lets just forget it, okay?"

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Owen smile at her and says, “Okay, Lila, I'm already over it because while you were off fucking the great Hayden I had Jamie come over to spend the night. We had a great time together too. That Jamie really know how to move her fine little body. (Jamie is a hot black girl who loves to ball) and I figured since you were getting' some final strange then I mise well too. Yeah, Lila I'm all over it.”

Right then and there Lila has a shitfit! Why she can't believe Owen would do something like that. Fuck another girl! In their own house! In their own bed! Behind her back! She's ranting, she raving and we're all a little stunned. After all, she did just fucked Hayden all night long.

Owen breaks in on her tirade pointing out this out to her. But she has an answers him saying, “Look Owen, it's not that you fucked her. It's that you were totally against having one last fling. You begged me not to do it to prove my love for you. But I was honest with you, fucking Hayden was part of the deal. And I fucked him because I wanted to. You fucked Jamie not because you wanted to but just to get back at me. And you fucked her in our own home!” and she's off on her rant again.

After a few more minutes of Lila and Owen arguing and repeating themselves it's starts to get boring so I put the car keys on the table, say, see ya, and leave although I doubt either of them noticed.

Well, the wedding on went as planned. I guess they worked it all out because they are still married to each other to this day and I never heard of either of them cheating on the other.

CHAIN OF FOOLS

When I got to Lahina I saw Annie, one of the gang that hangs out under the banyan tree panhandling tourist. She was all by herself I walked up to her and asked what the haps were? She said everyone else had gone on a shopping (lifting) trip. She said she just didn't feel like going so I asked her if she wanted a beer to make her feel better. Of course she did. We went to the bar next to the tree, sat down and ordered two frosty ones. Since it was early in the afternoon the place wasn't too crowded. Just us and a few other hoale's minding their own business.

We're about half way through with our brews when three large mokes enter the bar and look around. One of then elbows another then points to one of the haoles then all three of them walk over to

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an average looking local white dude, who by the looks of things has had a history with these particular pineapples before because they immediately start hassling him.

The guy ignores them.

They ain't letting that happen. Then he tries to laugh them off. No go. Finally he tries reasoning with them. Again, they're not buying it.

I can't say exactly what the mokes where harassing the haole about because all three of them were talking loudly at the same time but it had something to do with a past grievances about some land deal that involved their auntie. Anyway the white guy stands up and tries to walk away but the Hawaiians block his exit and start calling him names then start pushing him around.

The bartender has had enough and tells them all to take it outside or he's calling the cops. With that the mokes kind of escort the haole out of the bar telling him he is going to get his ass kicked as soon as the get to the street.

When they do hit the street the haole bolts running as fast as he can to get away from these creeps. The Hawaiians just laugh at him calling him a pussy whose ass they will kick sooner or later. With them congratulating themselves out on the street we in the bar think the show is over so we all go back to our drinks. But it ain't over because a few minutes later here's comes the haole running back toward the bar except this time he's got a tire iron in one hand and a length of chain in the other.

The pineapples don't look to concerned and present to him a united front. Which lasts for about 30 seconds until the white guy starts whipping the shit out of all three of them. Oh they try to fight back but they're too big and slow for the dude and now it's him cussing them while he whales on their asses. Pretty soon they're vacillating between begging for mercy and telling him he is a dead man. But I do have to admit they took their beating pretty well. They didn't even try to run away. If it had me there would have only been crying for mercy between the I'm so sorry's as I tried to get the hell out of there.

Well the fun can't last. The bartender must have called the cops as soon as they left the bar because within a minute a squad with it's bubblegum going pulls up and stops. The doors fly open and both cops get out with their guns drawn screaming at the white boy to drop his weapons or they will shoot him.

The guy has enough presence of mind to do as he's told and let go the iron and chain. The cops swarm him throwing him to the ground then cuffing him.

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The cops ask the Hawaiians, who are bloodied and bruised but not beaten, what the hell happened. The mokes say they don't know. They were just hanging out when this maniac attacked them. Why they don't even know the guy.

However, some of us hearing this and who witnessed the whole event tell the cops the real story. We say to them it was all the Hawaiians fault, they started it and the haole was just defending himself. But the cops ain't buying it especially when they hear the haole got away then came back.

They say that wasn't self defense, that was just plain stupidity so the white dude is going to jail. We want to know what about the Hawaiians, are they getting arrested too? Nope, the cops tell us they are the victims and anyway, look at them they've already been punished. The mokes looked pleased when they hear this but then they turn around and give us all the stink eye for ratting them out.

The cops put the haole in the back of the boat and pull away heading for the Wailuku jail. The mokes leave walking down the street high five-ing themselves. The rest of us all go back into the bar to finish our now warm drinks.

THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

Steve McQueen once said, "I'd rather wake up in the middle of nowhere than anyplace else on earth." and I couldn't agree more.

I first came out into the desert in 1974. I was hitching to one of my all time favorite places on earth, The Grand Canyon and my rides took me right through the lower Colorado Desert. It was late spring and I was amazed and astounded. Already the temp was over 100 degrees and you could feel the heat like a weight pressing down on your skin. The sun shined all day in a cloudless blue sky from horizon to horizon. It beat down on everything, and everything under it was wild and free and untouched by man. Only the toughest and wildest things could survive out there, the coyote, the sidewinder, the scorpion, the tarantula, the lizard, the hawk and roadrunner. Even the kangaroo rat, a cute furry little animal, was tough. They live in the desert yet they never drink water for their entire lives, and if that ain't tough then I don't know what is. The plants were mean and strong too. Most had

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thorns or spines, some 2" long that could go right through your shoe. Others with ones so fine you could barely see them but if you brushed up against one, you'd spend hours with a pair of tweezers picking them out of your flesh. The plants that didn't have any thorns were so tough or tasted so bad that nothing, no matter how hungry would ever eat them, and between the plants was the desert itself. Naked rocks and sand showing themselves to a sun so powerful that it gives even them all a sunburn called desert patina, but the most amazing thing of all was the silence. When you stood still and listened, all you could hear was the *AUM*, your own beating heart with the desert wind rushing around your body. It was truly majickal, and I was transfixed.

Since I had other things to do at this time I only stayed a couple of days then hitched on to the Canyon. I didn't return to the desert until 1977. I have been living in one, on and off ever since.

Up until the late 80's almost all the people living in the desert, outside the cities that is, could pretty much be divided up into two cat categories; the retired and the outlaw, who were a lot of the time one and the same. These were wild and hardy folks who wanted to live their lives free, to do what they wanted with no neighbors or law to tell them what to do, and they were all well armed.

Once when I were sitting in the hot springs some older friends of mine, John and Marge pulled up. They were a retired couple with white hair in their mid 60's who drove a yellow VW bug and had a white toy poodle named Baby who went with them where ever they went. They got in the hot springs then told every one there about an incident that had occurred on their way that morning to town (35 miles away).

John starts, "We were almost to town when this punk kid in his big fancy car gets behind us. Since there's too much traffic to pass us (a two land road) and he wants to go fast, he starts blinking his lights, honking his horn and yelling cuss words out his window at us."

Marge interrupts, "He was giving us the finger too. "

John continues, "Yeah, and what was I suppose to do, pull off into the sand so he could pass. Ha! When we get to where it turns into four lanes, he pulls along side of us and cusses us real good. Then he gets right in front of us and slows down to 20 and won't let us pass."

Marge breaks in. "When we got to the stop lights they were red so I tell John to pull up beside him."

"Which I do" John says.

Marge goes on, "When we got even with the creep I pulled our .38 out of the glove box, rolled

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down the window and yelled, "Hey you! Stupid! You want trouble?" then cocked back the hammer."

John's laughing then he says, "You should of seen that punks face! Here's Marge with a loaded revolver not three feet away pointing the pistol right at his ugly head and Baby on Marge's lap is going nuts barking at him. The punk turns white then floors the gas running the red light. And it's a good thing too, because I believe Marge might of shot him."

"Might of, Hell!" Marge says, "Would of, if he had given me any trouble."

And this is from one of our more upstanding citizens because the desert draws the dregs of society to it.

People who have a choice; prison or the desert. The biker, the dooper, the drunk, the psychotic, sometimes all rapped up in the same person. It draws the unwanted, the gay, the old, the hip, the crazy, with sometimes all of these rapped up in the same individual. There's plenty of room for all out here since most of the "normal" folks live in the cities like Palm Springs, E1 Centro or Yuma, but it's the fringe dwellers who make life interesting. While the normal folks have TV to watch, we have each other to entertain us. We've had interactive entertainment for years which is sometime good, sometimes bad, but it is never boring. We almost always work out any problems among ourselves too.

We don't need the law and the law knows it mostly leaving us alone. Sometimes a new cop will get transferred into the desert and hassle a few folks but either they mellow out real fast or they don't last long because we know where they live.

Like the cop who thought he was bad and hassled the wrong dudes and got his brand new \$20,000 automobile stolen and stripped then got a phone call telling him where the body was. He cooled out. Or the cop who like to give out tickets for chicken shit stuff like running stop signs, not using seat belts or speeding. One night he stopped the wrong car for a burned out taillight and received five bullets in his chest. Luckily he was wearing his bulletproof vest at the time. He transferred out and was never seen again. Plus, we lived over 30 miles from the nearest cop shop so by the time the cops get the call and get to the scene, it's usually all over.

Although every now and then they are useful because there are some truly bad people in the desert, like Sammy and his buds, the Glasner boys. They were into anything that made them money, dealing bad drugs, gunrunning, smuggling, stealing, threatening or conning. They weren't particular about their victims either. Everyone was fair game. Anytime a house got robbed the first question anyone asked was, "Were the Glasner boys in town?" The answer was always in the affirmative.

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The cops knew of Sammy and the boys, they'd been in the desert for years, but even the cops were afraid of them. The boys were known to burn down houses of anyone who really pissed them off, or sometimes just for the insurance money. Anyone who they just got mildly mad at, they'd simply beat up. Sammy lived in his own house right in the middle of a small community of a few hundred souls and dealt speed and smack to the dregs of the area at all hours of the day and night. The neighbors hated Sammy, but like the cops they feared him so this went on for years. Finally, the neighbors had enough and told the cops that either the cops do something about Sammy or they would because they were tired of hiding in their own homes. The cops had no choice so about 20 of them raided Sammy's place early one morning. They told Sammy to surrender. Sammy told them to go fuck themselves. They told him they were coming in to get him. Sammy told them to just try it. A short gun battle then ensued. When the smoke cleared, no one was hit but Sammy's house was on fire. Everyone watched as it burned to the ground. The cops searched the ruins for bodies but found a trap door instead. When they opened it, there was Sammy who promptly surrendered and told the cops that he had burned his house down himself to destroy any evidence, but since shooting at cops is a crime in California, Sammy went away to prison for a long long time.

The Glasner boys are all now in prison too, but they went in one by one for things like arson, assault and armed robbery. The last Glasner, Little Jake, to go in went in for purse snatching which may not sound like much but consider this; Little Jake had dropped an engine block on his spine and had become a paraplegic so he was snatching purses from his wheel chair. That left only the father, Big Jake on the loose. Big Jake had a small auto repair shop that he worked at as little as possible, preferring to drink as much beer as one man could then terrorize the desert driving around in his sand rail with his dog, Bear and his 12 gauge, Bob. One night Jake came home late drunk as a skunk and found himself locked out. He went and got Bob then put five rounds into the offending door, walked in and told his wife that if she ever locked him out again, that she'd look worse than the door. He then promptly passed out on the couch. His wife called the cops but they told her there was no law about a man blowing his own door to bits. Jake laughed when told us this story then said, "Ya know, that door might not of even been locked. I just may have been just too drunk to open it."

Big Jake moved to Nevada in 1990 saying that the desert was getting too crowded with too many god damned civilized city folks moving in and he needed more room to roam. A sentiment I totally agreed with. But we had lots of fun in the desert between 1977 and 1989 before the snowbirds with

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their small minds and love for order arrived en mass.

Before that you could do anything you wanted. If you wanted to ride your dirt bike naked wearing only a pistol on your hip while smoking a number and drinking a bottle of tequila, there was no one to you any different.

Which is what Coyote Bill did all the time. He called himself Coyote Bill because he liked hunting coyote's, but he liked drinking tequila more so he wasn't a very successful hunter. He stood 6'6", weighted 140 pounds and carried a .45 caliber black powder pistol. He rode a little trail 90 around the desert shooting his pistol off into the sky when he was real drunk and feeling fine. He was finally run out of town a few years back for jacking off in the bar and scaring off the tourist trade.

I've got lots of tales about the people who inhabit the desert, most of which I personally witnessed myself. Some are funny like; The Speed Freaks Thanksgiving. The speed freak lesbian commune invited every one they knew to their house for Thanksgiving. They stayed up all night long high on crank so the turkey and all the trimmings were done by 4 a.m. They decided to try some just to make sure it tasted good. At noon when the twenty or so invited guest, including moi, showed up for dinner, all that was left were some cold mashed potatoes and some even colder gravy.

Or; Are You Queer? Rod and his 14 year old son are in the hoot pools all by themselves late one night when a pick up with two guys in it pull up and park. They get out of the truck and walk over to the springs. As they do Ron notices that they are each carrying a shotgun. Without a word they point the shotguns in Rods and his sons direction the one of them asks Rod, "Are you guys queer?"

Rod tells them that they are not. The guy then asks Rods son the same thing. Rods son assures him that he's not queer either. Still aiming their weapons they ask Rod who the kid is with him. Rod tells the guy that it's his son. They guy then lower their shotguns and one of them says, "It's a good things you two ain't fags cuz we are lookin' for some queers to kill tonight. They then walk balk to their pick up, get in and drive away.

Next day when Rod told me this story I asked him what the guys looked like. He held up his hand with his thumb and finger in a circle and said, "A huge fucking hole about this big."

Or; The 3 Tons Of Fun. Which was menage a trios who were together for years and came out to the hot spring on a regular basis. It included the wife, a woman 5'6" who weighed around 250 pounds, the husband, 6'2" who was at least 450, and the boyfriend 6 foot even and well over 300. They all came out to the springs, got naked and drunk then fooled around until they got horny enough to take it home.

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Or; Garage Sale. Where a couple I knew let Coyote Bill watch their house while they went on vacation for two weeks. When they returned they found that Bill had held a garage sale and had sold every thing they owned. When they walked into their house, the only things in it were Bill and a lot of empty tequila bottles and beer cans.

Or; I Need A Drink. When Little Stevey, wandering in the desert came upon a house and being thirsty, broke in then proceeded to drink up all the booze, smoke up all the cigarettes and eat as much as he could. Satisfied, he then sat down in the living room and watched TV until the owner came home and wanted to know what the holy hell was going on. Little Stevey looked up at them and said, "I was thirsty." Then he passed out only to wake up in jail.

Or; Look At This. A couple that often came out to the hot springs who were in their late 20's and had shaved every hair off of their entire bodies from the neck down and had pierced their nipples. Plus, he had pierced his foreskin and scrotum. She, her labia's and clitoris. Then they put gold rings in the holes and gold chains in the rings. They liked to give everyone a close up look at their genitalia by spreading their legs real far apart while sitting on the log or bending over to pick something up. They tell everyone how great their sex life was with all the gory details, especially about hooking their chains together then how great it feels when the chains pull on their genitalia on the out stroke. However, as far as I know, they never had sex with anybody else.

Or; Not With My Daughter! Our friend bisexual Barbara, a real fun loving party girl got run out of town after having been discovered in the 69 position with the 14 year old daughter of one of her best friends when the mother went shopping and left Barbara with the girl then came back early. Mom knew how Barbara was but raised a big stink anyway, even calling the cops. We all though that mom was just jealous.

Or; Take My Wife. A guy in his 40's who's impotent brings his mid 30's wife out to the pools very late at night once or twice a month to get fucked by any and all males who happen to be in the pools at the time. She had given him an ultimatum: I love you but either get it up or find me someone who can or else I'm leaving you because I'm still young and horny and I ain't giving up sex just because you can't perform any more. He told us he came out really late so he couldn't see what was happening and usually at that time there weren't more than 2 or 3 dudes awake. I once asked him how he felt about it. He just shrugged and said, "At least I still have my wife."

Or; Burning Down The House. It's New Years Eve and we are in the desert patying majorly at

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our friend s Shelly's house who has a hot tub smack dab in the middle of her living room with glass walls on 2 sides. Plus there's a huge bonfire roaring in the yard. There must be 30 or more of us some naked and some clothed out here tonight which is cool and so clear you can see every star in the night sky. Now out here houses are few and far between. Why the closest neighbor is over a block away and after that it's 3 or 4 or more blocks to anyone else house.

I'm outside at the fire drinking out of a bottle of Scotch with some friends whe all of a sudden we hear a giant explosion! We all turn in the direction of the noise and see a house about 4 blocks away totally engulfed in flames. We all yell in unison to the house, "Call the fire department then get out here and check this out!" Soon everyone is outside watching the house burn to the ground in less than 20 minutes. What a show! Especially on New Years eve. Since the closest fire department id about 15 mile away by the time they get here the house is just a pile of smoldering embers so they do their duty and spray some water on it for awhile then leave.

A few days later I saw a fireman I knew and asked him what happened and how could it burn so fast. He told me they think the house filled with propane. Then some spark inginited it, blew up and burned it down.

Or; The Vodkie Brothers. There's these two brother in their 50'. Both divorced, out of shape and living in the desert together. Every morning they show up at George's camp with a 1.75 ltr of the very cheapest vodka they can find. One of the bro's then unscews the lid then throws it into the desert saying, "Well, I done lost the lid so I guess we're just gonna have to drink the whole thing." To which his brother agrees. They are always polite asking if anyone else would like a snort but it's way too early and it's way too crappy of vodka so everyone declines their generous offer. Then for the next 3 or 4 hour the bro's sit there and drink the entire bottle, get up then stagger back to their car. This went on almost daily for about 6 months then no more bro's and nobody I know whatever happened to them.

Or; Animal Lover. Our friend Lauren is a sex fiend maybe even a sex addict because she not only likes sex, she'll have sex with anyone, anytime. He newest sex toy is a male chihuahua named Rowdy and nobbody wants him around especially other girls. Because Rowdy like Lauren is a sex maniac. He's either humping everybody's leg or sniffing their crotch. And he's persistent too. Push him away and he'll come right back so sad to say poor little Rowdy just ain't welcome anywhere anymore. Of course it's not Rowdy's fault. Lauren taught him to lick her pussy when there's nobody else around to pleasure her. She's not ashamed of it either. In fact she introduces Rowdy as "her cunt dog".

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Now here I'd like to say that me and most of the folks I hang around with and am friends with are quite liberal when it comes to sex. About the only thing we agree on is, no sex with children ever under any circumstances. But other than that it's hey, whatever floats your boat and you have a willing partner. I've even known other people of both sexes who had animal girl or boy friends. With the usual reason of they're just plain tired of dealing with members of the opposite sex and they're not gay so..... But they have at least the good manners not to subject their friends to their partners sexual appetite. So everyone agrees Lauren, you are always welcome in our homes but Rowdy stays either in the car or at your house because if you bring him then you can't come in. I have exactly the rule with my friends who indulge in other pleasures that I want no part of as the next tale will illustrate.

Or; Tweak City. Kelly and I have decided to rent a place this season instead of spending it in the van. And we're in luck because a very cheap apartment is for rent in a small complex. The reason it's so inexpensive is not only are all the residents tweakers but one of them is the main meth dealer for the entire area.

But that's no problem for us because we have lived with every type of dooper before and as long as you follow their rules then things will run smoothly. The main rule in living with cranksters, coke heads or junkies is; never leave anything outside your door, keep your door locked, when you leave make sure your windows are locked, always lock your car and keep its windows rolled up. Because tweakers, cokesters and junkies have a proclivity for "finding" things that are just "laying" around "abandon" and therefore "free" for the taking. Since we know this rule we very seldom "lose" anything.

However we have a rule that when we move in to a place with the above denizens we let them know right from the get go. Which is; During regular human hours you are always welcome in our home, hell, we'll even party with you, as long as your as long as you're not cranking or junked up. But if you show up at our door tweaking, wired or smacked out then we'll politely tell you to come back when you're straight and close the door in your face making it a point to lock it. The dopers understand us and even respect us for it so as I said, no problem.

We lived there the entire season with the meth heads and only had two minor incidents. One was when I foolishly left my bike out once overnight. It was locked up but one of the tweakers "found" the handle bar pack on it so in the morning it was gone. The other was, I put a potted house plant outside to get some full sun in the morning. By noon it was gone. I did ask the meth heads about both incidents

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but none of them knew anything about them but did promise to keep an eye out for the “lost” items. Needless to say, they were never recovered.

On a side note; the apartment building was owned by a cop who, as long as he got his rent on time, didn't find out anything major was broken and wasn't called out to the place in his “official” capacity, never once bother anyone living there

Or; The Great Cricket Invasion Of '82'. Crickets! Crickets! Crickets are everywhere! Little black crickets where ever you look. They're in our homes, in our schools, in our stores, in our restaurants and bars. They're even in our library. Pull a book off the shelf and crickets com pouring out of the shelf. In the day time they at least try to hide but if you look under a board, under a rock, under anything laying on the ground, there they are; millions and millions of little black crickets. But the don't try and hide at night crawling over anything and anyone who's in their way. Plus half of them, the males, are chirping to attract the females so they can make even more crickets.

Of course all the desert animals who are not strict vegetarians are happy. They can't eat them fast enough before they're totally satiated then have to rest before feasting on more crickets. And it's not like we ain't seen crickets before. Every spring there are an influx of them but never like this before in such huge numbers. Even the old timer can't remember a cricket invasion like this one.

It last for almost 3 weeks then as fast as they appeared they're gone. Where they came from and where they went no one knows. All we do know is we're all glad it's over and we can all return to concerns other than crickets.

Of course some of the tales aren't so funny: Like House For Rent. Kelly and I had been living in our van and wanted to rent a place for the winter. We saw Indian Jonny one day and he told us that a week ago he had been out at the hot springs when only he and Gene were out there. It was still hot, 110 both air and water temperature. Gene was sitting in the hot water where he drank two full fifth of Jim Beam in a short time. He then died right before Jonny's eyes. By the time the paramedics got there it was all over, so Jonny told us that Gene's house should be for rent. We called the landlord who said, indeed it was and that we could even have everything in it. We had to break the police tape to move in. We had to clean the place up but after that it was home for the next six months. Some of the tales out of the desert are just plain sick and I won't go into those. But all these stories have one thing in common, all the people in them were free to do and act like they wanted and it was very seldom that anyone really got hurt.

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In fact, even though almost everybody had guns and I saw a lot of them fired, and even more displayed, sometime in anger, I saw only one person ever get shot and that was an accident. Kelly and I were sitting in the hot pool late one night and in one of the cooler pools were three drunk cowboys arguing about; In a .22, what was better, a hollow point or a steel jacket. After arguing for awhile, one of the cowboys gets out of the pool telling his buds, "I'll show you jerk offs what's better." and walks over to their pick up.

He grabs his pistol and as he's bringing it around accidentally squeezes off a round shooting himself in the thigh. He starts yelling, "Goddammit! I done shot myself in the leg."

His partners think this is really funny. They start laughing and asking him if it was a hollow point or steel jacket.

He tells them, "Fuck you two! Jus' get me to the hospital afore I bleed ta death."

They get out of the water, go over and take a look at the wound. In between laughing and razzing their friend they say that it don't look too bad to them, just pour a little whiskey on it and a band aid, but the shot guy ain't going for it. He demands to go to the hospital.

One of the guys tells him, "Okay, but yer gonna hafta ride in the bed cuz I don't want yer stinkin' blood all over my seats."

They argue over this for a few minutes before the shot guy agrees. His friends lift him up and toss him in bed with him howling in pain and cussing them. They just laugh and tell him that it's his own fault for being so stupid. They get in front and roar down the road to the hospital (the closest is over 40 mile away). We never did find out if it was a hollow point or steel jacket.

So as with all good things, the desert where I lived and played for years with my friends and enemies came to an end. In 1987 there were no more than twenty full time resident who lived at the springs from Oct. to May. No one stayed all summer. By 1989 the Snowbirds and the Rainbow/Drainbows were there in full force and the resident population was up to a hundred or more. By 1990 it was double that. Plus, some of the Drainbows were staying all summer long. The Rainbow/Drainbows weren't too bad though. They almost always camped away from the springs and only came over a couple times a day to use the hot water. Or the Drainbows to try and mooch something off of the Snowbirds. It was the "We Must Have Order!" Snowbirds that spoiled the hot springs for me and the other long time free thinking folks.

First, the Snowbirds weren't satisfied with the way the pools were. So they re-engineered the

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whole place. The pools had always been three or four holes dug into the sand that, depending on the whim of the people there, were always changing in size and shape. They filled with hot water from a single source. The engineers rocked in three of the pools making their size and shape permanent. They planted more palm trees and other vegetation then built a patio around the pools for their lawn chairs. Some of these changes I liked, but then they started going too far. They dug a trench and put up barriers so the dirt bikes couldn't cruz up to the pools anymore. They said the dirt bikes were too noisy and raised too much dust. And they didn't like the bikers staring at their nude women.

After they did that, I always made it a point to negotiate the barriers, pull right up to the pools on my bike and gun my motor (a loud 250 Bultaco) then glare at every one in the pool. If anybody said anything to me, I'd ride around the pools doing donuts raising as much dust as I possibly could. They put up a "Slow 5 MPH" sign. I tore them down, burned them, then roared up and down the road at 60 mph. They started draining and cleaning the pools. If I were around, I'd take the hose out and sit in the pools as long as possible, making them wait on me. They put up a rock barrier so cars couldn't park within 50 feet of the pools. I'd move the rocks and park right on the edge of the pools.

I became known as, "That Asshole Tai."

At first they tried to reason with me "But Tai," they'd whine, "the women don't liked to be starred at."

Tell them to not come to the pools naked.

"But Tai, the dirtbikes and noisy and create a lot of dust."

They have just as much right to be here as you do.

"But Tai, there's kids here, five miles per hour is fast enough."

Teach your kids not to play in the road.

"But Tai, no one else has to park right next to the pools."

So what.

"But Tai, the pools need to be cleaned."

I've been coming here for over 10 years, and as far as I know, no one has ever gotten a disease from being in them.

"But Tai, we've all agreed that these are good rules."

I told them, "No one has ever ask me. And no one except Indian Jonny, has been coming out here longer than Kelly and me. And I know you didn't ask any of us. Now until someone around here

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can show me a deed to this place, then you got no right to tell me, or anyone else what to do. This has always been a free space and I will treat it as such. And there's nothing that you can do or say to change that."

"But Tai, you don't live here anymore."

Kelly and I had moved two miles away into some tamarisk trees with no one else within a mile of us. "That's because I can't stand to be around all you motherfuckers with all your stinking rules and hassles. How long have you been coming out here? Two maybe, three years? Well, until people like you started showing up, all kinds of folks use to come by to party and enjoy the hot pools. Now that you assholes have taken over, no one comes out here except others like you because it's too much fucking hassle. Don't do this! Don't do that! Well fuck that shit! I'll do exactly as I please and there's nothing you can do about it."

I'd finish my rant then look them right in the eyes smiling my best smile. Looking at me they'd know that other than physical violence there was nothing they could do. And if they did get physical with me, then I would be more than willing to reciprocate.

To show you how seriously these asshole took their ideas listen to this: One day Kelly and I pulled up to the springs into quite an uproar. People were standing around yelling and crying, standing over a prone body laying in the dirt. We hopped out of the van and asked the haps. Paul came over to us and told us that a bunch of the engineers had been arguing hotly over which rocks to use to rock in the hot pool. They'd taken the old ones out to clean, and Andy, a guy only 50 years old, got so pissed off that they were using different rocks that he had keeled over with a heart attack and died instantly. Now everyone was waiting for the cops to show up and the meat wagon to come and collect the body. We could hardly believe it, dying over rocks. What a bunch of morons!

But of course there was something that they could do to ruin it for me and the other long time free thinkers, they could just keep coming. The next year they doubled in size again, and again the year after that. During Christmas vacation in 1992 there were an estimated 2000 bodies there. Every time I used the pools, someone would hassle me about something so I came less and less. Finally in 1993 the County Health Dept. came out for a look and was horrified. They contacted the owners and told them to shut it down or face a major fine. That summer the owners came out and capped the hot well and the springs were no more.

The Snowbirds quit coming, the Rainbows quit coming, only some of the Drainbows stayed.

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Everyone else quit coming except for a few speed freaks, drunks and junkies.

So let me ask you this, all you "We Must Have Order!" rule makers. What was it all for? You took a natural setting that hadn't changed for over 30 years then changed it to suit your needs for a very few years. Now it's closed down and gone, not even the wild animals come anymore, and neither do you. I keep thinking that along with "Save the Whales", "Save the Redwoods" and "Save the Earth" there should be a "Save the Free" organization. A group that would buy some land somewhere wild, where people who don't need law and order could go and party and work things out among themselves. It's a nice dream that some of us people have been dreaming ever since we lost it so many many years ago.

BIG "E"

I've known a lot of dope dealers in my time and by far and away, the Big "E" was the best. Other dealers I've known have told me, "I only deal the best." which usually means what they got is probably over priced even if it is really good, or they say it because they like being "The Man." The Big "E" never said it, he didn't have to. He just always had the best and at a fair price. He was a doper's doper, he dealt because he loved dope. And he always had lots, which he'd share with you for a nominal fee. Nor was he misnamed because he was big, 6'3" or 6'4", well over 250 pounds and not much of it fat either. He had long straight black hair and a little black beard. He was dark skinned and looked like a Mexican or Indian though he spoke with no accent. If you ask him what the "E" stood for he might say "Easy" or "Elvis" or "Nothin'", it's just an E." Far as I know he never mentioned his last name. He was just the Big "E" with the best dope. Also, as far as I know, he never left his house on Potrerro Hill, day or night he was always there in the kitchen or the living room by himself or with a dozen others doing dope.

What dope did the Big "E" do? Of course, there was grass and lots of it but never dirtweed Mex. He had Colombo Gold, Thai Sticks, Jamaican or some other sweet smelly sticky two toke shit that got you high instead of just stoned and he'd give it to you for just \$5 or \$10 more an ounce than you'd pay

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for Mex Reg. Usually there would be some hash around with an exotic name like Red Lebanese, Moroccan, Afghani or Nepali Temple Balls that were laced with opium. It was a tad expensive but what the hell, it's only money. When you smoked it, it tasted so good and the high was even better.

Then there was the psychedelics: The Big "E" had acid so pure that after you took it you'd hardly have any body rushes, instead you'd just be high, feeling the pure and clean clarity of being. No speed or strychnine to make you jumpy or worse yet, paranoid, only a beautiful warm loving trip to the further reaches of your mind. The Big "E" sometimes had Peyote, sometimes dried, sometimes fresh which is even a better high than acid especially in a natural surrounding. On Peyote, you're just part of this majickal universe and everything is right. He had dried Majick Mushrooms too, not as good as high as Peyote or Acid, but still trippy and a lot of fun. (In fact, I've eaten more mushrooms than any other psychedelic because they grow all over the world and usually they're FREE!) He was also one of the few people who had DMT, a psychedelic that I've always had a particular fondness for. I did it every chance I got. It was only around for a couple of years and I never understood why it wasn't more popular. I thought it was really great. For one thing, you would sprinkle it on some dried mint leaves so it always had a real nice taste. Some folks sprinkled it on their pot but I never saw the point, it was good enough all by itself. Then you would roll it into a joint and fire that puppy up. From the second you took the smoke into your lungs you knew that you were in for a fine high. You'd feel a warm glow start in your midsection expanding out beyond your physical self like an arrow shot into a golden sun filled with rainbows and you'd feel all contented and happy with a big stupid grin on your face. Then you would take another toke and get higher, happier. My, my a much better rush than the ever popular over priced feel good for 10 minutes then bummed for 30 minutes nose burning snot sucking Cocaine. Something I would of course take, but something I never understood or got into. I mean \$100 for a gram that would last you and your friends a couple of hours at the most. What a rip off! You could stay high all month on grass and acid for that much money and have a much better high. About the only good thing about coke was, it was real popular with the ladies. If you had enough of it then you got laid for sure. I knew quite a few coke whores who would fuck anyone anytime and all they're friends, and all for just a couple of lines.

I might snort or smoke it if some was offered to me but I would never buy it. If I was looking for a great high with good rushes, one with staying power, then pure methamphetamine was the drug of choice. I'm not talking about that crapo crank or crystal meth either, but meth so pure that it was almost

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as good as an acid high, except instead of laying around grooving or wandering around tripping, you had places to go, people to see, things to do. You could run for two or three days, no problem. You could even eat and you wouldn't get that tight jawed jittery feeling that you got from the cheap shit. You could even drink all night long and the booze only got you mellow, not drunk. Plus, in the sack it would give you a raging hard-on with lots of staying power so you could fuck the whole night away, at least until your muscles either cramped up or just plain gave out, through I'm sorry to say you couldn't cum. But hey it was still a lot of fun. When you'd had enough of a run and wanted to crash, why you'd just go see the Big "E". He'd give you a couple of Reds or Truies so you could sleep for a day or two then be ready to party again on something else that the Big "E" provided.

He had exotic stuff too. Stuff that came around once or maybe twice. Dope with initials that we had no idea of what they meant but we took them all. Sometimes by themselves, sometimes in combination with whatever else there was happening. Sometimes we had good trips, sometimes bad, but we always got high, or down, or whatever.

The Big "E" never sold smack, he didn't like the clientele. If there was some around he might sprinkle some on some pot so a fine high could be enjoyed by all but he always told you when he did. He did sell Opium whenever it was in town, and if there is a finer drug in the world I'd like to know what it is because if you smoke a gram of O then you're in Heaven, Paradise, Nirvana. It's pure Bliss and it last for hours and hours.

Now some of you reading this are going to think that we were nothing but a bunch of stoned out druggies and hey, you'd be right, but we were more than that too. Those of us who participated in this lifestyle between the 1960's and 1980's constituted the largest group of human beings ever in the history of mankind to experiment on such a huge scale pharmacologically on ourselves. Both in the taking of single drugs and drugs in combination with any and all other drugs. We did it not only just to get high, but to try to achieve a better understanding of both ourselves and our fellow human beings. Although it may not count for much now here in the 1990's, at least we tried, and it was so much fun!

I wonder if the Big "E" is still out there somewhere sitting at his kitchen table dispensing dope and getting high with all his friends. I can only hope so.

A LETTER TO LIZ

Hi Liz;

You don't know me and although we've never met, once we were neighbors for awhile. It was when you had that place on the point in Hiana about a mile down the road from your son's place, Taylor's Camp. My lover Kelly and I were living right next door to you in the abandoned papaya orchard called Five Acres for four months. All we had at the time was a big green tarp strung between two trees with some blankets to lay on. It wasn't much but it was enough. We were happy just to be there on the beautiful island of Kauai.

The reason I'm writing is to thank you for wearing the Puka Shell necklace to the Oscars that year. Before you did we were selling necklaces for \$5 apiece to the tourist, and they weren't buying too many. We were making barely enough to keep us in beer and pakalolo. After that night though, we just couldn't make them fast enough. Everybody had to have one. We even got \$10 to \$ 20 a piece for each of them.

It was a good life too. Get up at dawn, pick a baggie full of shells out of mother ocean then sit around all day in Hiana Park punching, stringing then selling them to the tourist who hunted for them on the beach all day and found only a few. They didn't know that the shells came in on the tides and thought they must be very rare, and that we had worked many long hard hours to gather so many. Then after the tourist went back to their hotels, we picked another baggie full of puka shells during high tide at sundown. Yes, it was a mighty fine time to be on Kauai in Paradise.

So I just thought I'd write you to thank-you for helping us out. Life was good and easy for us on one of the most beautiful islands in the world and I'll always appreciate what you did for us.

Hope everything is going good for you. Take Care and Enjoy!

Love,

Tai

PS. You should find that Puke Shell necklace and wear it again. It looked as good on you as any old diamonds ever did.

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EATING AT THE BLUE FOX

Tijuana's pretty tame now days. Oh sure, there are still the bars and you can always find a whore when you need one. There are even disco's where the white girls from San Diego can go dance and party without too much hassle, but TJ in the 60's was wild, woolly and wide open. Its streets lined were with bars and its bars were packed with whores, thieves, pimps, drug dealers, con men and of course, white boys from San Diego. When I was growing up in San Diego in those days the most anticipated birthday was 18 when you could cross the border without your parents. Sure 16 was big, you got your drivers license, but what is driving a car when compared to drinking and fucking. So we crossed the border by the thousands every Friday and Saturday night. We were boys in the US, but in MEN in Mexico. The Mexicans opened their bars to us and fulfilled our wildest teenaged desires, and all at a very reasonable price. Three double shots of tequila or two bottles of beers for a buck. To keep us wide awake and partying, a roll of 10 bennies for another dollar. A blow job at the back of the bar at your own table for only \$4 or \$5. While you're sucking down a longneck, the whore under the table is sucking you off. Your average looking whore charged \$10 to go upstairs, a real pretty one \$15. If you asked, you could even sample her merchandise under the table with your fingers. Of course, you had to know what the trip was or it could cost you a whole lot more than \$10.

One scam was when a really pretty whore's price seemed low. That meant that after you had already paid her and she took you upstairs, there'd be a huge 6'4", 300 pound Mexican dude who'd give you a choice: Either, you could go back downstairs unfulfilled, or you could choose from any of these much older more experienced girls. Because the babe you picked was on her way back downstairs to bring up the next sucker. Remember: You get what you pay for. The other more popular scam involved the same gigantic hombre who would relieve you of all the money in your wallet either while you were in the act with your new love or immediately thereafter, charging you a kind of exit tax. The way to avoid this situation was; After you and your honey had set the price, say \$10, you take your wallet out in front of her, extract the \$10 plus \$2 for the room and \$1 for a tip then count what was left. Next hand your wallet to your best most honest buddy telling him that you will kill him if there's even one centavo missing when you get back then tell the babe "Let's do it." When you finished and the 300 pound monster showed up, the babe would say something to him in Spanish and you'd turn your pockets out. He'd grimace (smile?) then say, "Passe amigo."

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There was plenty to see too. Lots of live sex shows that usually cost \$5 which included your first 2 tequilas, plus a \$5 taxi ride split between you and anyone else you could cram in the cab because these show were always out of the center of town. You had your choice of entertainment too; a girl with a dog, a girl with a snake, a girl with a monkey, a girl with another girl, a girl with three hombres, one for each hole or the TJ classic, a girl with a donkeys. The shows weren't very good though. It was too dark, it was too smoky, your table was too far away and usually, you were just too drunk to see anything anyway. There was one show though that was not only free and well lit but was right in the heart of TJ. In fact, it was the only live sex show I ever heard about in the entire world that had audience participation. And it was at the Blue Fox.

The Blue Fox by day, meaning up until 11 p.m., was your regular Mexican bar/whorehouse. When you walked in it was all lit up with blinking colored Christmas lights. It was two stories high inside. The second floor having a railed balcony running all the way around with small rooms off of it for the girls to practice their trade in. Downstairs along the longest wall was the bar with the whores sitting at the far end. The other long wall was for booths and requisite the jukebox that was always turned up to maximum volume. In back was the little spot lit bandstand. Every other inch of floor space, except for the stage and dance floor was crammed with small but very sturdy wooden tables and chairs. The stage was what set the Blue Fox apart. While most bars had a very small stage, the Blue Fox's was huge. It covered at least half the floor space.

Until midnight the Blue Fox had the usual assortment of strippers, topless dancers, a band, a comedian and a guy who shocked the shit out of you with a hand held crank generator, "Here hold these senior." ZAP! "Five pesos, por favor."

If you didn't pay him then you'd be thrown out of the bar for the rest of the night. And of course, whores. Lots and lots of whores; big ones, little ones, fat ones, skinny ones, old ones, young ones, pretty ones, beautiful ones, and they were all dressed up like they were going to the prom. It was a Nirvana for us boys whose blood was filled with raging out of control testosterone and other surging singing hormones. It was midnight that really set the Blue Fox apart from all of its rivals. For it was just after midnight that the real show began.

Around 11 p.m. the bar would begin to fill up with the drunk, the rowdy, the ones who came to PARTY! By midnight the place would be going crazy and was so jammed that you couldn't even get to the bar. Guys were dancing on the tables, hanging from the railings, yelling, fighting, puking, screaming

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and having a wonderful time. At midnight the lights would go off for a minute plunging the Blue Fox into total darkness and the us boys would go stark raving mad. Then all the lights in the entire place would come on and it'd be as bright as day.

The MC would get up on stage and ask, "Who is MACHO? Who wants to prove they are real MEN!"

By now we were all going totally ape shit. We would be yelling and shouting like maniacs, encouraging our best friends to go and lie down on that stage. The drunk and the insane would get up on the stage and lie on their backs. When the stage was full, the band would start playing and a half dozen hookers would come out and standing on the bandstand do a fast strip until they had nothing on except their high heels, which they can't remove because it's illegal to be totally nude in TJ. Each babe steps out onto the stage and stands with her legs spread apart over one of the prone. She squats over a guy's face, waits until he opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue. By now the audience is in pandemonium with every one of us laughing and cheering the insanity of it all. While chaos reigns, each girl lowers her pussy down onto that out stretched tongue then does a little hoochie coo right on the dudes face. When the guy's had enough she lifts herself up and proceeds on down the line. Servicing each boy on the stage until all have been fed. A few of the hard core will call out for seconds and some who didn't have the guts or weren't drunk enough the first time will replace those who have left the stage. The girls give each of these guys her elixir of life. The MC asks if anyone else has the cojonies to eat at the Blue Fox? A few more might, but by then the stage would be pretty much clear except for those who had passed out. When the whores had finished with the all of supplicants they'd make a fast exit. That'd be the show for that night, so let's get back to drinking and fighting and fucking because that's what us boys are good for and it's what we do best.

I've always wondered how many stars the Michelin Guide would have given the Blue Fox if their restaurant critic had ever sampled its cuisine. Bon Appetite!

EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE

I'm buskin' with my guitar at the Public Market in Seattle and not doing too badly. Even though it's only late afternoon there's still plenty of hookers and queens hanging around who are always good for a buck tips or more especially if you play a request. Everyone else leaves a quarter. In two hours I've collected over \$20 so that's two days I won't have to work for ManPower. Also, there's been a cute little hippie chick whose been hanging around for the last hour giving me The Look. Well, I've made enough for the day so let's see what happens. I put my guitar away and as I do she comes over then tells me her name is Heather and how much she liked listening to me play and sing and blah, blah, blah... I tell her how nice it is to be here in Seattle and how glad I am to meet her and blah, blah, blah... Pretty soon she comes to the point. She's got a house just south of Bremmerton and since it's getting late if I needed a place to crash, why she'd be happy to let me stay with her. Sounds good to me so I accept, and after retrieving my pack we take the ferry across Puget Sound to Bremmerton, home of Big Mo, talking and getting to know each other. She's in school and doesn't know what she wants to do yet. I've been taking rides to where ever they go and wound up in Seattle after some hippie Jesus freek gave me a ride here then let me stay at his commune, Praise The Lord! She asked if it was the Peace Family. I say that it was. She tells me they're famous in Seattle for doing that, and for they're using barter instead of money. We dock then hitch the two miles south. She tells the driver where to stop and we get out in what looks like the middle of the forest. I figure she has a small cabin in the woods. Man, was I wrong.

It's in the woods all right, but it is a fucking mansion, two stories high with big white columns in front. There must be 20 rooms in it. It's surrounded by acres of well kept lawn with a tennis court, swimming pool and horse stables around back.

I ask, "You live here!"

She nods saying, "Yeah, with my Mom and Dad."

I ask how old she is. "Fifteen. Is that a problem?" she asks.

I answer, "If it's not a problem with your folks, then it's not a problem with me."

And amazingly it's not a problem with Mom and Dad. They even act happy to see me. Yes, Heather is always bringing home the less fortunate and they are happy to help out. I am welcome to stay the night and even share their evening meal. WOW!

Heather says, "Lets go check out the guest house where you'll be staying." then takes my hand

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and leads me over to a house that is way bigger than any place I have ever lived in. The living room alone must be 40' X 40'. It's completely furnished and has a huge stone fireplace. I can't see much more because as soon as we walk in the door Heather is all over me, kissing, hugging, squeezing...

Not three minutes later Mom and Dad come in, and Dad says hotly, "Heather! We have told you about this. This is just NOT acceptable behavior. We do not mind you bringing these people into our home, but we will NOT put up with your sexual high jinx!"

Heather lets go of me then whines, "But Daddy, we just want to have a little fun. So please don't spoil it."

I sit on the sofa, an extra in a bit part, waiting for my line in a scene that has been played out here a hundred times before, and on this very stage.

Dad turns to me and says, "How old are you, son?"

Twenty-five, I tell him.

"Do you know that in this state it is illegal to have sexual relations with anyone under the age of 18?"

I assure him I do.

"Then can you promise me that if Heather sneaks out of the house tonight that you will not engage in sexual activities with her."

"Daddy!" Heather whines.

I tell him I cannot make that promise.

"You young people have no morals." he tells me.

I assure him that I have a very high moral standard, however, they're just not the same as his.

"Well," he says, "then I'm sorry but you are going to have to leave."

"But Daddy." Heather cries, "I've already promised him he could stay."

But Dad says sternly, "Unless you promise me, Heather, that you will not have sex with him, he will have to leave."

"It's for your own good, Heather dear." Mom chimes in.

Heather, seemingly defeated, says, "Okay Daddy. He'll leave, but at least let me drive him back to Bremmerton."

Dad says that's acceptable.

Exit stage left.

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I tell Heather that she doesn't have to take me to town. I'll just crash in the forest in my tent.

Heather says, "You're not going to town. I'm taking you to my sister's house where you can spend the night. Tomorrow I'll cut school and then we can be together all day. Courtney's already been through this with Daddy so she understands."

Heather drives us to Courtney's place, a two bedroom trailer in a field, and we get introduced. Heather tells Courtney of her plan. Courtney says it's all right with her. Courtney's not much older than Heather but already has a baby about a year old. Heather tells me that Daddy gives Courtney just enough money to live and not go on welfare. Heather kisses me, tells me to rest up for tomorrow because she will be back in the morning bright and early then leaves.

Courtney asks if I'd like something to eat. I see her sink is full of dirty dishes so I say sure as long as she lets me do the dishes afterwards. She tells me I don't have to but I tell her I like to because I get to put my hands into hot water. This pleases her so she smiles and says okay. After dinner and the dishes, Junior is put to bed for the night and as we're watching TV, Courtney puts her hand on my thigh. I put mine over hers and remind her that I have to rest up for Heather for tomorrow. She gives my thigh a squeeze saying seductively, "Well then, we'd better go to bed right now so you can get plenty of sleep." then she smiles.

8 a.m. next morning there's a tap, tap, tapping at the kitchen door, but thanks to Junior we've been up since dawn so I am ready for Heather. She comes in and gives us a look, then says to me, "Let's go."

I ask where.

She tells me, first to the nursery where her oldest sister Kim works, so Kim can check me out then to Kim's cabin for a little recreation. I say good bye to Courtney and the kid. Heather and I get in her car and drive to a nursery in Bremerton. Kimberly is not much older than Courtney but looks totally different from the other two sisters. She's blond, they're dark, she's built, they're slim, she's tall, they're short.

Later I ask Heather about this but she just shrugs and says, "So what?"

We all chat a little, no I am not a rapist in waiting or an ax murderer. She gives Heather the keys to her cabin and tells us she'll be home around 6 p.m. Heather and I leave.

We park off the road, walk maybe a quarter mile through some really beautiful woods then come upon a lovely big old log cabin. It's surrounded on three sides by big trees and on the fourth side is

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Puget Sound. Very pretty indeed. Heather tells me that we can dig clams for dinner at low tide.

As we approach the cabin Heather says, "Look out for the geese."

She should have said to look out for the Rabid Nazi Killer Attack Geese who hate every one except Kim. There are only two of them, but they're big vicious brutes who get me a couple times before I make it to the safety of the porch. The cabins as pretty inside as out. It's one huge room with Kim's bedroom and the bathroom attached to the back. Heather leads me over to a brass bed that's by a big picture window over looking the Sound and she does not let me out of it until Monday morning. Kim comes home and makes us all supper then retires to her own room while Heather and I eat in bed. That night except for a few short catnaps neither Heather nor I get very much sleep. Heather may only be 15 but she is one experienced little chick who knows all the right moves and ain't afraid to try them. Next morning Kim's boyfriend comes over and after quick breakfast, he and Kim spend the entire day in her bed while Heather and I spend the day in ours. Other than bathroom and food breaks, the cabin is just filled with sounds of happy continuous love making. Next morning, after Kim and her boyfriend get up, they tease us about Heather and me still being in bed and still going at it then Kim makes us all breakfast. Kim and her beau take off for the day leaving me in the warm welcoming clutches of Heather. We are sore, but except for an occasional nap, we ain't stopping.

When they come home in the evening Kim asks, "Are you two still at it?"

After dinner Kim tells her boyfriend she's too tired for him to spend the night so, "Good night." then she goes to bed by herself.

Early Monday morning Heather and I are still in that bed screwing though with a lot less energy. When Kim gets up she tells us enough is enough. She's got to go to work, Heather has to go to school so it's time for us all to leave. Heather and me get out of that brass bed, tired and sore but happy and satisfied. We get dressed then Heather drives me to Bremmerton, drops me at the ferry, tells me how much fun she had, kisses me good bye then makes me promise to write her and stay in touch. I promised. I even wrote her once but I never did see or hear from Heather again.

EXCUSE ME OFFICER

"Tai wake up!"

"What?"

"There's a cop in a car and he's right outside our door"

"So what?"

"Well, he's been there for the last 20 minutes and he's writing in a book and talking on his radio.

We think they're going to bust us."

This gets my attention so I wake up, look at Pat asking her, "How many?"

"Just one" she says.

I get up, put on my Levi's and T-shirt then go to the front window. Everyone in our commune is there peeping through the curtains. I peep too. Sure enough, there is a cop and he is writing in a book with one hand while talking into a mike in his other.

I look at the others, they shrug, "What should we do?" they ask.

I answer, "I think it's time to meet the Devil."

I grab my clipboard and it's out the door and down the stairs I go. I walk up to the cop's window and knock on the glass.

He looks up, winds down his window, then asks, "What do you want?"

I tell him I have a petition to get Prop. 19 on the ballot and would he like to sign it?

He takes the clipboard and reads the proposition over. "This is the marijuana initiative." he says looking up at me, "And why would I sign that?"

I tell him, don't he have better things to do than harassing kids who smoke harmless flowers? That there' are real criminals out there for him to be catching, real cop work.

The cop just laughs then says, "Yeah, like what I'm doing now."

"Just what are you doing here?" I ask.

He looks at me saying, "I'm keeping the streets safe for you. I'm setting on my ass filling out forms. You see that gold Chevy in front of me?"

I see it

"Well, it's been there for a week and hasn't been moved so I get to sit here waiting for an hour for a tow to show. Yeah, real police work all right."

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I sympathize. I can't believe they're wasting this guy's time on something so petty.

He tells me that ain't the half of it and gives me more examples of real police work, like taking in drunks and nuts who are out of control, or breaking up fights between married folks, or looking for lost pets. "Yeah," he sneers, "real police work." then laughs.

I tell him that all he is a high paid garbage man in a good suit.

He laughs again saying, "That's right. Only I deal in human garbage."

We talk like this for a few more minutes then I say, "Well, what about the petition?"

He hands me back the clipboard saying, "Can't sign it. I don't live in the City, but bring it around the station later and I'll ask the other guys about it."

Just then the tow truck shows up and he says, "Nice talking to you, but I got to do some real police work now." then laughs again

I go back into the house and give everyone the skinny. Every body is highly relieved and to celebrate we fire up a joint or three.

I did go to the station later, but the desk sergeant took one look at me and said, "Get your skinny longed haired dope smoking ass out of here or I'll throw ya in the can." Well, I can take a hint.

WHITE BOY KARMA

I've just left the Freedom Commune of, well, somewhere in rural Virginia. I've been hitch hiking around the South this summer and have had a lot of fun. The folks here don't know what quite to make of me because I hitch around wearing tie-dye coveralls and a tie-dye T-shirt. I have all my fingers and toes painted, each a different color, and a feather braided into my long hair. Lots of them stop to just to see if I'm for real and to harass me a little but then, like as not, they're just as liable to take me home and show me off as a gen-u-wine San Francisco dipshit. "Hey Pa, come on out and take a look at this."

But it's all in good fun especially when they brake out the moonshine and guitars. I've hitched through every state in the South and had no trouble at all. In fact, everyone's been real helpful and

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friendly, even the cops have either left me alone or given me a ride out of town.

Anytime some southern hippie sees me, it's at least a ride and most of the time a flop and eats for as long as I like. All they ask is for me to provide them with amazing sex and dope tales from the San FranCheeseCo. That's how I got to the Freedom Commune. It's a small farm in the woods at the end of a dirt road where they do what they want with nobody to bother them. It has 10 members and since they don't allow no exclusive relationships, the ladies were real free with their favors. There's even a Roffer there who will Roff you for free. It hurts like hell when it's being done but you feel great when it's all over. They grow and raise their own food and they do expect you to work three hours a day, but that's okay, I've done farm work before and it ain't that bad. I had a really mellow time just hanging out with them. About the only excitement we had was when one of the neighbors dogs kept coming over and harassing the chickens, even killing a couple of them. The head of the commune, Rasta, told the neighbor about it but the guy wouldn't do anything so one day Rasta simply shot the dog, skinned it and gave it to the cook of the day. That night we had dog stew for dinner and it tasted pretty good too, kind of like pork. About the only bad thing about being there was: No dope! It's not they're against it, it's just there was none to be had. They always have moonshine, and once a guy dropped by with some dried datura root. A few of the members ate some and hallucinated their asses off all night long keeping everyone else awake.

After a couple weeks with no grass I was ready to leave, because let's face it folks, a day without pot is like a day without pot, and why should I suffer. So I said "Aloha" to my new found friends and here I am on the road just going where ever the rides take me on a beautiful summer's day in rural Virginia.

Oh, and here comes a ride now. A big old white Chevy with four young black dudes in it. They stop and ask where I'm going.

"Where ever you are." I answer.

They grin and say, "Then throw your pack in the trunk and hop in."

I get in back between two of the guys. They put some tunes on the radio and off we go, cruising and grooving with no one saying too much.

But hey, what's this? We're turning off the main road onto a dirt track. Oh well, they probably

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just want to show me something interesting, so I'll be cool. But now we're pulling into a cornfield, and nobody's saying a word or even looking at me. Oh, oh, looks like I'm in for some white boy karma. We're stopping. No ones talking. And now they're all looking at me kind of funny.

The driver, not smiling, stares at me hard, then he says in a low menacing voice, "Want to smoke some hash?"

Now they're all laughing. After a beat, I join in the merriment while they punch me on the shoulders saying, "We really had you going, didn't we white boy?"

And I have to admit that they sure did. Now, did you say something about smoking some hash?

POWER PLAY

Well lookie here, coming down the lava tongue on to Little Beach Makena are two tourist babes with back packs and it's not even tourist season yet. In fact, except for us half dozen or so semi permanent residents it's been kind of dead during the weekdays. We've pretty much had the beach to ourselves lately so it's always nice to have visitors. Especially of the female variety since it's been the usual 4 dudes, me, Power, Silent Sam & Chaz, to 2 gals, K.B. & Annie, for a while now, not that I'm complaining

And these two girls couldn't be more different. One is a short well built blond with shoulder length hair and the other is a very tall thin brunette with hair down her back. Though as long as they're friendly and like to party it really don't matter too much how they look. We'll find out soon enough since the six of us are laying on the sand nekked.

We wave. They see us and wave back, a good sign, They walk right up to us, smile and say 'Hi'. We all say "Hi" back then Power says, "Well girls, take a load off and join us."

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Without hesitating the blond says, "Don't mind if we do." They drop their packs and in short order have their towels spread out on the sand. Then they strip down to their birthday suits and sit on their towels and introduce themselves to us.

Hi, I'm Stacy, and this is Ashley. We're from Colorado and thought we'd get out of the cold for awhile. It's our first time to Hawaii, and we love it!" she says ecclesiastically.

The Ashley says, "We heard all about Makena beach being full of crazies so we knew we couldn't pass that up." she laughs then, "And here you are."

We all laugh at that one and for the next couple hours spend out time either swimming in the warm clear blue sea or just sitting in the sand chatting. A very pleasant time had by all.

After we all watch the sun set Power invites the girls to dinner at his camp telling them he has the nicest one around. And if they want to they can even stay at his place for the night. The babes say it sounds like a plan to them so we all adjourn to Power's camp. Power wasn't lying either, his place is the nicest. It's up on a lava flow but back far enough back so the ground is soft. Plus it's surrounded on 3 side by kiavi trees leaving the clear side with a great view of the ocean. Power offers all of us a before dinner hors-d'œuvre of bread and honey and a cocktail of tequila straight from the bottle which we accept then he gets to cooking his usual one pot meal of whatever there is. Surprisingly it's usually pretty good.

We have a nice dinner finishing up with more tequila and an unfiltered Camel then Power breaks out a hooter, fires it up and passes it around. Yes indeed, a very nice time. But just when things are getting mellow Power sides over next to Stacy and whispers something in her ear. Right away the mood changes.

Stacy jumps up and looking down at Power says in a no uncertain voice, "No Power I don't want to have sex with you! I came here to relax and enjoy Maui, not to get laid by some beach bum. So no, and don't ask again."

Of course poor Stacy doesn't know how Power is. He is tenacious and relentless when he gets an idea in his head, and he want to fuck Stacy. The only thing she can do is leave Makena Little Beach where we live and go over to Makena Big Beach to camp because Power won't follow her there since his camp is here. So after being rejected by Stacy he starts bugging her with the same stupid question; Why won't she fuck him? At first Stacy's flustered and tries to explain but of course her explanation mean nothing to Power, he just keeps asking her over and over again.

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The rest of us find this little play fairly amusing because after a few minutes it very apparent to everyone, except Power, Stacy is not going to give up her pussy and she has no intention of running away from this creep so the arguing ensues. However, it's not continuous. Power after bugging her for 10 or 15 minutes then backs off for about the same length of time to let her think about it then starts all over again with always the same result.

Well it's now full dark, the tequila and weed are seemingly gone. The rest of us have heard enough and are no longer amused so it's off to bed we go. As I'm leaving Power's camp, Ashley comes over to me and says, "Tai, would you mind if I slept near you tonight because I sure don't want to listen to this all night. And since it's my first night here I am a little scared to be by my self."

I assure her it'd be my pleasure to have her spend the night with me but then she says, "Not with you, Tai. Just near you, if that's okay?"

I am a bit disappointed but tell her that's fine and to follow me. We walk down to the other end of the beach where I show her how to make an elevated sand bed so the crabs won't pinch her fingers at night. She builds one a few feet from me then spreads out her sleeping bag then thanks me and tell me, 'Good Night'

I get in my bag and fall asleep looking at the billions of stars overhead, smelling the salt spray coming off the waves and hearing the wind blowing through the kiavi trees. Ahhh, another night in paradise, who could ask for more.

We arise bright and early to hear Power and Stacy still going at it. She's not giving it up and Power not giving in Except for breaks they go at it all day long. At first we all thought it was kind of funny but then it got boring until finally by sunset it gotten very annoying Where ever Power and Stacy are, we arn't. If they do come near any of us we tell them both to cut the crap saying Power should leave Stacy alone or Stacy should just fuck Power to shut him up or Stacy and Ashley should go camp on Big Beach. But they're both stupid and stubborn, neither will quit. Why it's now become a matter of principal.

In the afternoon even Ashley tells Stacy just to fuck Power because she's ruining their vacation with all this arguing. But Stacy glares at Ashley then says, "I noticed you spent the night with Tai, did you fuck him?!" Ashley tells her no, so Stacy then says, Well, if fucking is no big deal to you why don't you just go and fuck him right now."

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To my surprise Ashley gets a little pissed glaring back at Stacy saying, "Well maybe I will!" then turns to me and says, "What about it Tai, wanna have some fun with me?"

I don't have to be asked twice so I grab Ashley's hand and it's down the beach we go. I lead her off into the kiavi forest where I know a nice secluded spot with soft sand to lay on and for the next hour or so a great time is had by the both of us especially at first because Ashley's both mad and apprehensive. But then she relaxes and we really get into it.

Afterward Ashley marches over to Stacy and says, "Well I fucked him and it was no big deal.. In fact it was quite pleasurable. You should try it because it a hell of a lot better than fighting about it all day."

Stacy giving Ashley the stink eye says, "Well, if it no biggie then why don't you fuck Power. I'm sure you'd find that nice too. Maybe then he would leave me alone."

But Power breaks in saying, "I don't want to fuck her Stacy. I want to fuck only you." As if that's a big compliment and now she'll change her mind. Which of course it don't. With that the whole ugly scene starts all over again. It goes on for the rest of the day and into the night. Everyone on the beach now avoids them. They are total bummers no one wants near.

Although for me it was a good night because Ashley tells me that since we've already 'done it' we might as well sleep together. An idea I'm wholly in to. So again it's down the beach we go where this time it's just one sand bed with one sleeping bag on the bottom top and on top with us in between.

Next morning even before sunrise we're awoken to the sounds of Stacy and Power verbally going at it, and they're coming our way. Stacy tells Ashley to get up, get dressed and get packed because they are leaving. And she means right now!

Ashley tells Stacy to go away, leave her alone, it too early. But Stacy is adamant so Ashley reluctantly does as she's told with an impatient Stacy waiting and Power standing next to her still asking for sex.

Ashley's dressed and packed. She tells me she had a nice time with me then gives me a little kiss. She shoulders her pack telling Stacy she's ready and it's up the lava tongue the 4 of us go with Stacy and Power in the lead.

When we reach the top Power finally realizes he's not getting any and gives up telling the babes to come back anytime. The girls go down onto Big Makena and are soon gone out of sight. Just then the sun rises over the pua. Power spins around, squints at the sun, takes a pint of tequila out of his back

pocket, unscrews the cap, takes a hit, passes it to me then staring into the sun he says, "Let there be light!"

BAD DOG

I'm camping in Mar Rosa Campground in Mazatlan. It's late in the season so there's not too many other gringo campers here. The place is mostly empty with maybe 6 of us semi permanent residents with always a few over-nighters. This time of year it's real laid back and fairly quiet which is the way I like it. I'm hanging out with my surf bud, Bruce when a van pulls into camp and parks at the end of the second row about 3 or 4 spaces from where my tent and hammock is. When they get out we see it's a couple of gals so Bruce and me go over and introduce ourselves. It's apparent from the get go these ladies are not interested in us because were men. No problem, everyone has a right to do whatever they want as long as it ain't violent and it don't effect me.

After they've set up camp they bring a medium size dog out of their van and tie him(?) to one of the palapa uprights on about a 10 foot chain which we think is cool. But we shortly find out it's not. It seems the dog will try and actually attack anyone who even goes near the lesbo's camp. Barking, growling and even snapping at anyone who just walks by. This is definitely not cool since the chain is so long no one can even walk near their camp. Plus when the lezzie's ain't there the hound never shuts up barking the whole time they're gone.

We try talking to the girls about the situation especially the length of the chain. They barely acknowledge us saying all their dog is doing is protecting them and their camp so there's nothing more to discuss.

We complain to the management. Which it useless because the only thing they care about is; is the space rent paid? If it is then that's all that concerns them. So Bruce and me come up with a plan.

Whenever the sisters are in camp we go over near their place and stand just out of Rover's chain range. Of course, Lassie goes nuts which we just laugh at until one of the dykes yells at us to go away.

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We don't and tease poor old Spot even more until she comes, gets the dog and puts him in their van all the time telling us how juvenile we're being because the dog's just doing his job.

But fuck them! If they're that paranoid then they should have stayed home and not inflicted their insane hound on us. This go on for 3 or 4 days.

One night while the lezzies's are at din-din Bruce notices the dog has slipped his collar and is just laying in the sand by the van. He tells me let's go tease Rin Tin Tin. I asks him if he's lost it seeing as the dog is loose and will most likely attack and bite us. Bruce smile and opens his hand. In it are 4 cherry bombs. He tells me when the hellhound attacks we each light a cherry bomb and toss it at the dog. Then as soon as we can we do it with the second one. Sounds like a plan to me we each light a cigarette and off we go in the direction of Skippy.

Of course, as soon as Rex hears us coming he starts his run at us. He don't even get close before we each light one off and throw them right in front of him. Ole Shep then make a near fatal mistake, he stops to check out what's been thrown. And KA-BOOM! Followed by another, KA-BOOM! Right near his face.

Benji leap into the air then takes off for parts unknown at top speed and out of camp. Hell we didn't even get to throw the other two cherry bombs before that cowardly mutt took off. We watch him as he runs out the gate right into traffic and then gets clipped by a car. He don't look too hurt because he's still ruining as fast as his paws with take him as he disappears in to the night. Bruce and me go back to his palaps for some well deserved quiet and a few beers.

When the sisters get back they can't find White Fang anywhere and ask one of the other campers if they'd seen him. Well, of course they are told the whole depraved story in lurid detail of what us two maniacs did. After giving us some major stink eye off they go in search of their poor mistreated doggie.

About half an hour later they walk back into camp with Old Blue in their arms. Without a word they go to their van and pack up. Within 30 minutes they are gone never to be seen again.

About half the camp thinks we're hero's with the other thinking we're heartless monsters. Why what if the dog had been killed instead of just clipped by the car that hit it? Bruce and me just shrug, hey them's the breaks.

Now I know a lot of you animals lovers are going to agree with the second opinion. And I know it wasn't actually the dog's fault, he was trained that way. But still there's is absolutely positively NO reason to subject anyone to you or your pets violent bad behavior. If you're going to be out in public

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living with all of us other humans and animals then the very least you can do is leave the violent bullshit at home because the rest of us here on earth neither want it or need it in our lives. All the vast majority of us want is a little peace

HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS

My life's companion Kelly and I finally made it to Pokhara and it only took four days from New Delhi, a distance of about 800 miles. We started in India from New Delhi taking a train to Lucknow where we spent the night. The next night we took another train to Gorapur where we then got on a bus to Lumbini, a city on the Indian/Nepal border and the birthplace of the Buddha. We spent the night there then this morning at 7 a.m. we got on a mini bus for Pokhara. Well, I guess you could call it a mini bus if you used your imagination. It was really small, about the size of a small step van and it was so squat that anyone over about 5'6" had to stand scrunch over. The seats were made of wood and so tiny they didn't even have leg room for short people. It was right out of National Geographic with the people in their native dress bringing along their goats, chickens and produce all on the way to market in the next little village. If you didn't like it on the inside of the bus then you could ride on top with the luggage getting sun and wind burned, but you had a fantastic view. The road, sometimes paved but mostly not, followed a really pretty river valley with the Himalayan foot hills on one side. On the other flowed the river that was anywhere from 50 to 500 feet straight down below us. We tried not to think about the edge especially when we met an on coming vehicle and had to squeeze past one another.

It's 8:30 at night when we pull in, not bad, 100 miles in just over 13 hours. It's dark because there's no electricity in Pokhara today but it's still really beautiful. We can see billions of stars in the black night sky and there's even fireflies blinking in the darkness. There's a tout to meet the bus who takes us to his family's hotel. What are those black boulders lying in the road? Why, they're water buffaloes absorbing the day's heat off the blacktop. We know this place is majickal even though we've just seen a little of it and at night. Pokhara is a 3000 foot tropical valley on the edge of a large lake

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located about 15 miles from the base of a 23,000 foot mountain range that fills almost 180 degrees of the horizon. The tout tells us that tomorrow morning he will wake us at 5:30 so we can see the sun rise coming over the mighty Anapurnas.

Sounds good to us, but right now what we'd like to know is, have you got any Hash? Because Pokhara's not only famous for its mountains but for it's Finger Hash and it's Majick Mushrooms as well. No, he doesn't have any, but his grandfather does and he'll go and get grandpa for us. Grandpa comes to our room and has two pieces, each about a tola and a half (a tola is 11 grams). He asked us if we'd like one or both. Well, we'll start with one because it is not No. 1 quality and it's late. Gramps promises us better stuff tomorrow so we give him about \$3 worth of Rupees then ask for a chillum taking the bigger looking piece. We say good night to grandpa.

I tell Kelly that I'm going to get her high because I am not going to smoke any hash tonight, I am just going to prepare chillums for her until she either passes out or at least begs for mercy. Kelly looks at me and says, "We'll see about that, but sounds good to me." Now Kelly's a smoker, I've never seen her turn down a toke unless it was trash and even then she'll still try a toke or two just to see for herself. It's her philosophy that you can never get too high especially on grass or hash. So I start giving her chillums packed with pure Napali Finger Hash. I keep them going for her and she keeps smoking them... Two hours later the last chillum is dead, the 18 grams is gone up in smoke and Kelly is still with us, though just barely. I ask her, "You want me to go wake up grandpa and get that other piece?" She looks at me with eyes that are just slits and whispers, "Nooo..." I ask if she's had enough. She whispers, "Yesss...." Well, I guess she's high so it's off to bed.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Someone is pounding on the door and it's not even light yet. "Get up, it's time to see the sunrise."

It's the tout. The fiend knows that we had a hard bus ride yesterday and a late night last night. We want to sleep in, but what the heck, we're awake now so we mise as well see the sunrise. We get up, go outside and look up.

The sun is just coming over the mountains and it is Magnificent. Wonderous. Marvelous. The mountains are all lit up golden and snowy white, and they are huge. They fill the entire sky and are so close that it looks like you can just reach out and touch them. The valley is all green and dewy looking. The lake is still and is reflecting all this grandeur. Truly this is one of the most beautiful places on earth. We stand there for a while not saying a thing. We are stunned and amazed by this awesome spectacle.

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I call the tout over and thank him for waking us, then ask him, "Oh, by the way, where are those majick mushroom fields?"

He give me directions saying, "Just follow the children. They pick them and then sell them to the tourist."

I ask Kelly if she wants to go but she says no, she's still too high from last night.

So it's off I go.

I see the kids right away and follow them to the rice paddies. The fields are close and I find lots of shrooms right away, eating a few just to make sure they're not poison. They're not because after about half an hour the valley and the mountains get even more exquisite. I pick a big baggie full, some to share, some for later and some to dry for much later.

Pokhara's one of the most majickal I've ever been. Kelly and I spend our days getting up at sunrise for the show, then go pick and eat shrooms, spending the rest of the day smoking hash and watching the mountains, waiting for part 2, sundown, which is just as wonderful as the sunrise. Then the fireflies, the moon and the stars come out while we smoke even more hash and watch them too.

We spent almost a month there. We did a little trekking on the Jomason trail but mostly we just hung out with the other tourist and the Nepali's, who are some of the friendliest, nicest, hardest working people on earth. You see, there are almost no roads in Nepal so everything travels on foot on people's backs straight up the sides of the mountains. Everybody carries everything everywhere.

We had a very mellow time there because mushrooms and hash don't make you want to do too much. About the only exciting we had was when a Swede came up to me and asked if I did mushrooms.

I smiled and said, "Everyday."

So he wants to try them and asks the dose.

"4 to 40." I tell him but since it's his first time, I recommend six to start with then more later if he wants to get higher.

He says, "I vill take 12."

I tell him that 12 is a pretty good dose.

He nods and says again, "Ya, I vill take 12."

He eats the dozen then he and his buddy go off to see the sights.

Right after it gets dark Kelly and I hear screaming so we go outside to investigate. It's the Swede. He's running around in circles pulling at his hair and screaming. Every now and then he stops,

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looks at that starry night sky and yells, "Gott in Himmel! Gott in Himmel!" then starts the whole trip over again.

His buddy is just standing there watching him. I go up to his buddy and tell him that I've got some Valium and that if he'll hold the Swede down, I'll jam some down his throat, then in about 20 minutes he'll be okay.

But the buddy tells me, "No, he wanted to see what is was like so let him see."

Well, all rightee then.

We watch this for around 5 minutes then the Swede makes his escape. He's off and running out into the night screaming, "Gott in Himmel! Gott in Himmel!"

His buddy says, "Vell, I guess I'd better go after him." We never see either of them again.

After our month in Pokhara I had about a pound of dried mushroom to be used in case of emergency. We wanted to see Kathmandu so it's a 12 hour ride on another uncomfortable bus to go 120 miles but we're young and tough, and we have plenty of supplies. Yes sir, eat a hunk of hash and watch the world go by.

As we come into Kathmandu the bus stops at the police check post and there, growing all around it are big healthy flowering 8 to 10 foot Cannabis Indica plants. We know that we have arrived at the right place. As we drive into the city there are ganja plants growing everywhere, by the sides of the road, in peoples yards, even out of trash piles, everywhere we look, there it is. Man O Man, 'Welcome to Kathmandu' one of the world's fabled places.

Now going to Kathmandu is like going back in time a couple of hundred years. There are only a few paved streets, the rest are twisty narrow little dirt or cobblestone lanes. They run between wood and brick two story buildings with shuttered windows and four foot high door ways, watch your head! We go straight to Freek Street where the buildings are really old and the hotels are real rat holes, dark dirty dingy dank and dreary little hovels, but very cheap. Anyway, there's always hash to brighten them up and there's so much neat stuff to look at outside that you don't spend much time in them. About the only bad thing is, about once a week the cops come around at night, pound on your door then sniff your room when you opened up. If they smell hash burning then you've got to backsheeck them about \$20 or they throw you in jail, but if you burn some really smelly incense then you're okay.

We spend a couple weeks seeing the sights, which are pretty trippy. Near Freek St. there's Dubar Square. A group of really old temples that have existed for as long as Kathmandu has been a city. If you

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go to the museum most of the stuff they have are old religious paintings on cloth called Thankas. They either show the Buddha meditating or Nepali Gods with giant hard-on's fucking beautiful babes. Now this is more of my kind of religion. But mostly we hang out in the pie shops, smoking hash, eating our dried shrooms, eating pie and other goodies, and having a pretty good old time except for some weirdness one night while we were there when they had the Festival of Light.

The Nepali's have this festival where they drink, gamble and light off firecrackers all night long. At dawn they take their winnings (those that have them) and buy the biggest animal they can afford. At sunrise they sacrifice the animal by chopping off it's head with one stroke of a big knife and the streets fill with blood. They then take the meat home but the heads they mount on whatever vehicle they own, so you'll see maybe a chicken or duck head on a bicycle but on a car or truck you might see a goat head or even the head of a water buffalo. Then they drive around town all day showing off their head. A pretty strange sight for a westerner for sure.

However, the sight that impressed us most was; One day we were walking down by the National Stadium and Kelly says, "Look at those pot plants, they're huge!"

I look and say, "No way. They're way too big, they have to be something else."

But Kelly says, "I think they are Marijuana. Let's go look."

We do, and not only they are pot plants, they are huge! In fact, they're not pot plants, they're pot trees! And there are acres of them right in middle of the city. They're monsters, 10 to 15 feet high and 6 to 8 feet across the stems are as big around as my arm, plus they're flowering. We run and jump right into them, roll around in them and get high just being with them. Holy Mother Marijuana Comfort Me! We are giggling like kids because we just can't believe it, this is the way it's supposed to be. I once asked a guy who had some of these giants growing in his yard how much ganja he got off of just one plant. He told me 5 to 6 kilos. WOW! I was very impressed because I've grown a few plants every now and then and I'm lucky to get plants 6 or 8 feet high with maybe a quarter pound of buds from each. Five to six kilos! Man, that would even last Kelly all year.

Well, it started getting cold in Kathmandu so we were ready to go back to India where the weather was warm, the charras is potent and cheap, and the ganja is legal. Just ask any cop where the nearest Ganja Shop is and he'll be glad to give you directions. Hell, if it's near his brake time, he'll even accompany you and smoke a chillum or two with you. Smoking and enjoying the life WITH the cops, now that's the way it should be!

SOCIAL SERVICES

I got a letter from my food stamps worker saying that I had to come in to fill out some form or I'd be cut off. At the time I was in transition living half the time in the house on 25th St. in the City and the other half out in the country in a big green USMC tent while waiting for the tipi skin I'd ordered to arrive. As soon as I got the skin I was going to transfer the stamps up to the country, but for now they were still in San Francisco so it's down to the welfare office I go. When I get called into my workers cubicle I see that she's a really cute little hippie chick so I start jivin' with her to see just how hip she really is. Turns out that not only is she hip but she acts like she likes me. She tells me that this is just a temporary gig and that she's quitting just as soon as she finds something better.

I tell her about the tipi field and to my surprise she says, "I'd really like to see it. Since today's Friday, why don't we get together tonight, then I'll drive you up there on Saturday."

I tell her that sounds real good to me.

She looks in my eyes, reaches over, squeezes my hand, then says "See you about seven tonight. I'll pick you up at your house."

I give her my address and she walks me out.

At 7 I am ready. I'm bathed and packed when she pulls up.

She gets out of her car, come up to me and says, "I'm sorry, but something really important has come up and I can't go tomorrow."

I ask, "What about tonight?"

She says, "No, I'm busy tonight too, but I told my girlfriend all about you and she said that she doesn't care about your tipi field, but she would like to meet you and that you can spent the night with her. I'll drive you over and introduce you to her."

Okay, let's go and we hop in her car.

We drive over to Pacific Heights and she pulls up in front of a Mansion that takes up about a quarter of the entire block.

I ask if this is the place and she answers, "We have arrived."

We go up to the door and she knocks. A hippie dude answers the door and she tells him, "We're here to see Crystal."

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He tells us to come in then walks away. We go up to Crystals room and there she is. She's wearing tight jeans and an even tighter tube top, she's short and petite with short black hair. We meet, then my social worker says she has to run and leaves us alone. We start talking and she tells me about the house. She says that this was once the Atherton Mansion and now it's just a house full of freaks who rent out single rooms so it kind of like a giant hippie boarding house where every one knows everybody but with each doing their own thing. She tells me that after dinner she'll introduce me to a bunch of the residents. She's made us a simple dinner of fried chicken and a salad, which was more than I was expecting. I break out some of my homegrown and we sit around smoking and chatting about the City's hippie scene. After a while Crystal excuses herself and goes into her bathroom. When she comes out she's dressed in only a sheer white baby doll nighty with her black panties showing underneath. Looks like I'm in for some fun tonight.

She says, "Let's meet the neighbors" takes my hand and leads me out of her room.

We spend the next few hours hanging out in different rooms with different freaks, doing different dope, just bullshitting with one another and having a good old time.

A little after midnight Crystal whisper in my ear, "Time for bed, don't ya think?"

I sure do.

Her and I walk hand in hand back to her room. Once we hit the sheets it's hot and wild sex until dawn with neither of us getting very much shut eye. After we're too tired to screw anymore, I tell her I'd better hit the road. She says okay. She thanks for the nice night and tells me to stop by anytime I'm in town. I tell her thanks too. Then I get dressed, grab my pack, kiss her good bye and am on Lombard St. by sunrise hitching north up to the country thinking how much I am going to miss the City.

I'M NOT DOING THIS ANYMORE!

It's a beautiful Easter Sunday morning in Paradise. I got up at 5 a.m. so I could attend Sunrise Service at my favorite place of worship. A little place called Highgate located in the uplands on the island of Kauai. This is a very special church, it covers acres and acres, is populated by hundreds of cows who drop thousands of pies that, after being washed by the gentle rain and kissed by the sun, produce The Host, millions of Majick Mushrooms. Plus, I've just spent the night with a hot young babe who didn't want to get up so early but has made me promise on pain of death to come back to her later bringing her some shrooms.

I'm walking down the road and there are not many cars out this time of day but I have no doubt that I will get a ride. In fact, here comes one now. I put out my thumb and it stops. I go up to the window and there are two very straight looking people in it. The guy's about 50, the chick 30 at the oldest.

I say, "Good morning and Happy Easter."

They just smile and nod so I ask, "Where are you going?"

The guy after a beat says, "Do you know where we can get some of that Kalalau Red Bud?"

I laugh. "Not at six in the morning I don't. But, " I continue "I do know where you can get all of the majick mushrooms you could want, and they're free just for the picking."

They talk it over then say, "Okay let's go, but do you think you can get us some bud later?"

I assure them I can and get in.

Now they get friendly. He's Tom, owns a business in New York, she's Bobbie and she helps him with the business. They are tourist and are here for two weeks planning to go to each island for three days then fly home then go back to work.

I tell them that don't sound like a vacation to me. I tell them that a real vacation is laying around on the beach doing as little as possible for as long as possible.

They tell me different strokes

I say whatever.

They want to know about the shrooms so I give them the skinny.

There are two kinds of mushrooms and they both grow on cowpies. One that will gets you off, the gray ones with chocolate gills and purple spores, and other ones that don't but won't hurt you if you

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eat one, the gold ones with gold gills and whitish spores. Don't look for them on fresh pies either. Instead look for circles of grass a little higher and a little greener than the grass around them, they'll be old pies in that grass and shrooms on those pies. Tap the top before you pick them to help release the spores for the next generation. The dose is 4 to 44, and contrary to popular belief it's better to eat them on an empty stomach. In fact, I fasted all day yesterday to get ready. I tell them not even to look for them, just wander around the pasture whistling the meadowlark's song. The mushrooms will hear you and majickly pop up right before your eyes. Take a plastic baggie with you because they'll be lots and you may want some for later. Got that

Yeah, they got it.

Okay, pull into this dirt road and park because here we are. We get out of the car and we are entranced and amazed. It's Easter morning, the sun is just up. And it has a double rainbow all the way around it! This is going to be one majickal day. We climb the fence and wander off on our own whistling like the larks who are whistling themselves. Mushrooms pop up before me and I partake of the Food of the Gods. I'm already in Paradise, soon I'll be in Heaven. After an hour or so we find each other and I ask if they were successful. They each give me big stupid grins while holding up a baggie full of shrooms.

"How many did you eat?" I ask them.

Tom says about 10.

Bobbie says 6.

Tom says he doesn't feel high yet, do we?

Bobbie says she feel great.

I ate a lucky 13 and am feeling in fine shape.

Tom's high, he just don't know it yet.

What do they feel like doing next? We could hang out and just groove on all this beauty or...

Tom tells us he's hungry and would like to eat some breakfast.

Bobbie says she could eat too so okay, Sunrise Kitchen here we come.

The Sunrise Kitchen is the most famous breakfast joint on the island. It's on the Hiana side, is hippie owned and run, is only open from 6 a.m. to 1 p.m. and it only serves breakfast but one so huge that it will last a grown man all day, plus they take food stamps. This being Easter Sunday it might not be open, but when we get there we're in luck, it is. Tom and Bobbie each have a big breakfast while I

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have a glass of orange juice. Tom's keeps saying that he doesn't feel high so he's keeps eating the shrooms at a pretty good clip. He's up to 20 now, a very healthy dose. After breakfast I tell them let's go down to Hiana beach where we can hang out tripping until the bud man arrives. Tom, who is now definitely feeling the shrooms and the food digesting in his stomach, says that sounds good to him, and Bobbie agrees.

Hiana is the famous puka shell beach so while we're waiting for the grass to show up Tom and Bobbie buy a couple puka shell necklace, very pretty, very handsome indeed. Around 11 the pakalolo man shows and, yeah, he's got some Red Bud for \$40 an ounce. Tom asks me if I think it's worth it "Shit man! This is the best in the world!" I tell him. He cops, we twist up a number, fire that puppy up and, Ouu-Wee-Ahhh, the day just keeps getting better. We hang at Hiana the rest of the day, trippin', groovin' and enjoying a wonderful day on beautiful Kauai.

It starts getting late and I do have that cute babe waiting for me so I ask Tom for a ride back to her place. He says okay, collects Bobbie and we split. On the way Tom thinks that he's coming down so we smoke another doobie and he eats some more shrooms. Bobbie sees a Chinese restaurant up ahead and she's hungry and wants to eat again. We park the car and go in. Tom tells the waiter that he wants to see the manager. The manager comes over and asks how he can help us. Tom says he wants the best meal in the house and he doesn't care how much it cost or how long it takes to prepare it, he wants the best. The manager calls out the cook. They confer then tell Tom the menu. Tom asks them if that's the best they can do? They say yes, so Tom confers with Bobbie. They say okay, and if it's really good they tell the cook, then they'll leave a big tip too. It takes over an hour for all the food to come and I have to admit that it was the best restaurant meals I have ever eaten in my whole life. After dinner they takes me to the honey's pad who, not only been waiting for me and the shrooms, but is hot to trot too. We say good bye, nice meeting you and they leave me in the clutches of that wild babe. As I said, the day just kept getting better.

Two years later... I'm sitting on the road about half way between Pahia and Hana on the island of Maui. I had just finished checking on some plants I was growing in the jungle and was hitching a ride back to Haiku when a brown station wagon going in the opposite direction comes screeching to a halt.

Tom jumps out yelling, "Tai! Tai! Man, am I glad to see you!"

He still looks straight, but island straight instead of tourist straight. After we exchange greetings, he tells me that he's moved to Maui and bought himself a restaurant in Kanapali. He says he has a really

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good story to tell me but right now he has a car full of people waiting on him. He gives me his address and makes me promise to visit him and Bobbie as soon as possible. He says, "See ya." then he jumps back in the car and is gone.

A week or so later I'm in Lahina so I go to the address that Tom's given me which is a real nice bungalow right on the beach. Bobbie answers the door and gives me a big hug saying how happy she is to see me and that Tom found me. Tom's home so we all sit down in the living room where they give me a glass of wine, roll a joint, light it, then tell me this story.

Tom starts, "After we dropped you off I started driving back to our hotel."

Bobbie interrupts him saying, "Tom, you don't remember it anyway, so let me tell it."

Tom says, "That's right, in fact, I don't remember most of that day. I must've been higher than I though."

So Bobbie continues, "Tom was driving back to the hotel when all of a sudden he turns to me and says, "Bobbie, I'm just not doing this anymore." then passes out cold. We were going around 50 mph and heading straight for a canal, so I grab the wheel with one hand and put the car in neutral with the other, then I jerk up on the emergency brake. When the car finally stops the front wheels are hanging over the edge of the canal. I try to wake Tom up, but he's out cold. Another car comes along. I flag it down, tell them we need help so they go and call us a tow truck to pull us out. I finally get Tom to wake up a little and after we're towed out of the canal I drive us back to the hotel then put Tom to bed. Next morning he doesn't remember a thing."

Tom now picks up the story, "Next morning Bobbie tells me what happened. Soon as she told me about saying 'not doing it anymore', even though I don't remember saying it, I knew what it meant. I told her to cancel our trips to the other islands, that we were spending our entire vacation on Kauai. We drove around looking for you but never did find you. We even went to Highgate and Hiana a few times too. I told Bobbie that as soon as we got back to New York I was selling the business and everything else we owned. That we were moving to Hawaii to open a restaurant which was always my life's dream. It took us a year to get rid of everything. At the same time I had a real estate guy here on Oahu looking for a place where we could open a restaurant. He found us a half block here on Maui up in Kanapali that already had a restaurant on it. Their lease expired two months ago so they are out and we are in. We've been renovating and think that we'll be able to open in a couple more weeks."

Bobbie says, "We're ready to open now. We're really just waiting for all the permits."

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Tom tells me, "It's called "Bobbies" after you know who. Let's go take a look at it."

Tom drives us over to it. They show me around then show me their menu which is mostly yuppie food, good but expensive. I tell them that it's great they're doing what they want and living their dream. After awhile I tell them I have to be heading back to Haiku where I'm living in a tree house. They make me promise to attend the grand opening and to stop by when ever I'm in either Lahina or Kanapali. I say okay.

Even though I saw Tom and Bobbie fairly often after that we never did become close. They were business people with money and I was a hippie beach bum, and the two really don't mix. Last I heard of them was they are still running that restaurant in Kanapali living their dream, and you can't do better than that.

AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

Kelly and I met Little Redneck (Clayton) and his girlfriend Wanda when they ventured out to the hot springs in the desert. They were about our age but were fairly straight. Clayton was from Alabama where he'd run away from home right after his 16th birthday and had roamed around Texas until he'd been hired as an oil field worker. A few years ago he had met Wanda and they became an item. A year later he'd fallen off a rig, had hurt his back and had gotten on workman's comp. They decided they'd had enough of Texas and wanted see to California. On their travels they'd heard about the hot springs, had come out to see it and, because the rent was cheap and the cops were non-existent, decided to stay. Wanda got a job at the local high school as a cafeteria worker while Clayton milked his government bennies. We became friends because they loved to drink, smoke pot and run wild in the desert. Although they never got naked in the pools, wearing their swimming suits instead. We all thought this was strange but what the hey, we all got our quirks. The other thing Clayton loved most was shooting his guns, of which he had a large assortment, both rifles and pistols. His favorite was his .357 magnum and he never went anywhere without it. He always wore an old bomber jacket with a shoulder holster underneath.

After we became friends the rest of us at the pools stopped calling him Clayton and gave him the

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name of 'Little Redneck.' Not only because of his being from the south and having guns, but because he dressed like a cowboy with the hat, the boots, the bandanna, the snap button shirt and the jeans, and he drove a 4X4 Dodge Power Wagon with a rifle rack. Also, he was short. Him and Wanda were about the same height, maybe 5'6" with Wanda out weighting him by a few pounds. After they were here awhile, Little Redneck bought a Baja Buggy and really tore up the desert. One of our favorite things to do was after drinking copious quantities of beer and tequila and smoking mucho mota, we would build a roaring fire then using one of his large bore guns, sometimes even a .45 caliber black powder rifle, shoot the fire until it went out. Then light it again and shoot it again until the fire just wouldn't start anymore. Once on a 4th of July we even did this right in his front yard in town but since this was the desert, no one cared.

About the only problem Little Redneck and Wanda had was when he went on a drunk. Weekend drinking and partying were all right with Wanda but a week long drunk wasn't. After a few days of Little Redneck's drinking, Wanda would start bitching at him until he couldn't take it anymore. He would either stop or leave for a few days to drink and stay with friends in LA until he sobered up enough to come back home.

After one of his sojourns to LA he came back with this story: "Me and my friend were out bar hopping last Friday night" Little Redneck says, "and I had to take a piss. Since I don't like peeing inside, especially around anybody else, I thought I'd go out in the ally to relieve myself. Just as I'm finishing up and about to put my dick back in my pants I hear, "Give me yer wallet motherfucker or I'll cut ya a new asshole!"

I look over my shoulder and see this punk kid standing there with a knife in his hand. When he sees me looking at him he says, "I mean it motherfucker! Give me your money or I'll gut ya right here!"

I just smile at him as I put my dick away. Then I turn around and say to him, "Okay man, don't get excited. I don't want to get hurt so be cool. You can have all my money."

"He relaxes a little as I reach into my jacket. But instead of bringing out my wallet, I whip my .357 out and press it right into his cocksucking face. Man, you should have seen it. One second he's all tough and angry looking, then it like he can't believe it, and then he's shitting his pants and crying."

"He drops the knife saying, "Please mister, please don't shoot me."

"I tell him to be cool or I will put a bullet right between his motherfucking eyes. He just stands there whining, "Please don't kill me. I didn't mean it."

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"I tell him, "Well, I do. Give me any trouble, any excuse, and you are one dead cocksucker!"

"Then I tell him that since he was going to rob me, I think it's only fitting he now give me his wallet plus any other valuables he has on him. He starts to protest but I just dig that .357 harder into his forehead and tell him to either fork it over or die. He's still whining but he gets out his wallet and hands it to me. I ask if he has anything else. He gives me his watch and some pocket change, then says that's all he's got. I then tell him to give me his shoes and socks."

"He asks me why."

"I say, "So I don't have to worry about you robbing anyone else tonight. And remember this punk; I got your wallet so I now know who you are and where you live. If I ever see you again I am going to come and kill not only you, but your whole motherfucking family! Understand!"

"He drops his head and says he understands. He takes off his shoes and socks dropping them next to he knife then stands there. I tell him to get the fuck out of there. He turns and ambles down the ally never looking back. I holster my piece then count his cash. He only had \$17, some change, a pretty good buck knife, a cheap watch that wasn't worth a shit and his raggedy tennis shoes. But he also got a very valuable lesson; You are taking your life in your hands when you rob somebody."

We all agreed that justice was served.

Kelly and I partyed a lot with Little Redneck and Wanda for over 2 years. We always had a good time and became really good friends, then one day it all ended. Kelly and I went over to their house to see what they had planned for the weekend. When we got there we didn't see Little Rednecks Power Wagon in the drive but since we were there we stopped and knocked anyway. After all, Wanda might be home.

She was. And she was not in very good shape. She let us in and right away we could see that someone had beaten her up real bad. Her face was all bruised and one of her eyes was swollen shut. She moved real slow as she made her way back to the couch. We asked her what happened? Before she answered I thought, 'man, I sure pity the poor son of a bitch who did this to her because for sure, Little Redneck is going to kill him.' She took a drink of water then said, "It was Clayton."

I couldn't believe it. As far as I knew he had never hit her before.

Wanda continued, "He was drinking all week and I was tired of it. So for the past 2 days I've been raggin' on him to quit or git. Last night he stayed out all night long and when he came home this morning he was stinkin' drunk. I told him to get the fuck out and don't come back until he's sober."

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She pauses as tears roll down her cheeks, then, “He told me to fuck off. It was his house too, and if anyone was leavin’ then it was me. Well, we argued some more until I’d had enough and started pushing him towards the door. That’s when he hit me. I couldn’t believe it! Then I got so mad that I started hitting him back. Then he totally lost it and beat me up. I was screaming at him to get out and finally he did. He left saying that he wasn’t never coming back.” Wanda really starts crying.

Kelly and I tell her that she’ll be lucky if the bastard never does come back, and if he does, she should immediately call the cop and have him arrested. In fact, she ought to call them right now and have his ass thrown in jail. Wanda told us if he just wouldn’t come back then that would be good enough for her. We asked if she need to go to the hospital. She told us that it probably looked a lot worse than it was. We hung out with her comforting her until she said she’d like to rest. She said she would call us if she needed anything else.

Next day Kelly and I were soaking in the hot pools when Little Redneck pulls in and gets out of his truck. He walks up to us and says, “Well, I guess you heard what happened?” I looked him right in his eyes and said, “Yeah, we heard. And we are no longer your friend. In fact, neither Kelly nor I will never speak to you again.”

Then I stared real hard at him. He started to say something, but then he just hung his head, then turned away, got back in his truck and left. We never saw him again. Wanda finished out the school year then moved to another city. We still see her from time to time and say “Hi.” but our time together is over, and all because of a stupid act of violence.

Unprovoked violence is something that I will not put up with in my life. If you get mad at someone and can’t control your anger then scream, holler, throw a fit, call names, even take your anger out on inanimate objects or even on yourself, but perpetrating a violent act on another human being is always wrong, **ALWAYS!** There is never any excuse you can offer me that I will accept. The person who hits first deserves whatever penalty they receive. With me it will be; You are no longer in my universe. I believe we should all live together in peace and harmony however, I know that since it’s not always possible, the least we can do is not harm each other. I think, not perpetrating a violent act against your fellow human beings is not too much to ask of a person. Life is to enjoy, or at least peacefully tolerate one another on this wonderful planet.

WHERE' S THE BEEF?

I'm living on Little Makena, a nude beach on the island of Maui with six or seven other freaks. It's night and we're all sitting around a fire after supper smoking some Maui-Wowie, unfiltered Camels, drinking booze and feeling really mellow. The only other people here are two Alaskan dudes on an all expense paid vacation from working on the pipeline. They have their own fire off by themselves, drinking and smoking their own. Everything's cool until...

We hear one of the dudes start yelling, "Hey, where's the pussy!"

Followed by, "Yah, I want some pussy!"

At first we all laugh but then they keep it up and after awhile it starts to get old. Annie stands up, takes off her clothes, grabs her bottle of gin saying, "Fuck this shit!"

Then she walks over to the Alaskan guys campfire.

Annie is an average sized woman in her mid 20's. She's not skinny, not fat but very well built so when she strides into their circle of fire light, takes a swig of gin, spits it into the fire making it flare up then puts her hands on her naked hips with her legs spread apart and says, "Okay boys. Here's the pussy! Now what the fuck are you going to do about it?"

They don't know what to do or say or think. They just stare at this pissed nude babe glaring down at them.

When they don't answer she says, "Come on boys. Here's the pussy, so whose going to be first?"

When they still don't answer she asks them, "What's the matter, can't get it up for the pussy? What are you guys, queer or something?"

They're too stunned to say anything, they just can't believe their eyes. After a minute they stop looking at Annie and start staring at the fire. Annie takes another swig, spits it into the fire, then sneers at them, "You boys don't need no woman. Hell, you're already a couple of fuckin' pussies!"

Then she turns and strides back to us.

We are all laughing our asses off. We congratulate her, applaud her and pat her on the back. A great little actress in a great little role. Annie gets dressed and when we next look over at the boys, they're not there. They've done packed up and slunk away in the night.

EUROPEAN VACATION

I had just spent a week in the Mosel River valley celebrating Oktoberfest with the Germans by drinking wine and eating bread and cheese with them. The Krauts I talked to said that this was nothing when compared to the celebrations in Munchen so I decided to hitch over there and check it out. German's are funny about hitchhikers. When one picks you up they start speaking Deutsch with you and if you don't speak the language, they either stop right there and tell you to get out or they become your friend instantly. They'll even feed you then take you home to meet their family letting you spend the night.

The strangest ride I got here was with 2 nuns. They stopped and in German asked if I want a ride. I answered in English I did so the driver switched to English and told me to get in back. Once I was in she then told me they were only going about 30 kilometers and would be happy to give me a ride but I would have to recite "Hail Mary" with them for the entire ride. I told them politely that I didn't know that chant. They both just smiled at me saying it was easy to learn and they'd be happy to teach it to me. So okay, why not? It was fairly short and easy to learn. So after I had it down to their liking the driver put the car in gear and down the road we go all saying our "Hail Mary's" for about the next half hour without let up. The nun then pulls over and tells me this is where they turn off so good bye. I thank them, get out and watch them drive away still chanting "Hail Mary Full Of Grace....."

It only took two days to get to Munich so when I got there Oktoberfest was still in full swing. The whole city was drinking huge steins of beer, eating sausages and big pretzels with mustard and listening to Um-Pa-Pa bands all day and late into the night so I joined right in. While I was in the Mosel Valley, I slept in the vineyards but in Munich, I crashed in a building that was under construction. On the first night the night watchman saw me sleeping and woke me up then asked what I was doing there. I told him in my very bad German that I was just too poor to afford a hotel. He shrugged and told me in his very bad English to just be gone before the sun came up and not to leave any trash behind. After that whenever I saw him, I'd always wave but he'd just go, "Jah, Jah" then walk away. I had a fine time there partying with the people, drinking and singing but although they all were outwardly friendly towards me none of them asked me home so when it ended I hit the road bound for Vienna.

I got a ride out of town with a guy going to the airport. After he dropped me off I was standing on the road when an old BMW with a young good looking blond woman driving stopped and asked

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where I was going. I told her and she said in very good English that she lived in a small village about an hour away and I was welcome to join her that far. I thanked her and got in. While she drove we chatted. I told her my story, then she told me hers and that her name was Juta. She lived in a socialist artist commune with her two husbands and a half dozen other Red activist, which she said, was the scandal of the entire village. She laughed and said that if their commune ever left the village then the locals would have almost nothing to gossip about. She asked if I was socially active and I told her only if smoking dope and being outrageous counted. Then I said that I was really interested about her and her two husbands because I had tried a few manage a trois in my time and none of them had lasted more than a month. She told me that her 3-some was almost five years old and it worked like this: Deter was her main husband who she shared a room with and slept with most nights. But once or twice a week Klaus who played guitar and loved music more than anything else in the world, would ask her to join him in his bed. She'd tell Deter that she was spending the night with Klaus who'd say it was okay with him and to enjoy herself. To me this was not a true manage a trois. In all the ones I had been in we all slept in the same bed and had sex with each other at the same time but hey, whatever works. She told me that her two husbands made Danish Modern furniture and that she and another woman in the commune were potters. The rest of the residents all did various arts to support themselves and the commune, and in their spare time worked for the Green Party. By the time we got to her village we had become friends and she asked me if I wanted to spend the night at the commune. I gladly accepted.

Juta pulled up to a big two story brick house surrounded by a field of grass. We went in and she showed me around introducing me to the other members of the commune who were home. She told me that Deter and Klaus were in the city selling a shipment of furniture that day and probably wouldn't be home until late. She asked what I would like to do so I told her I'd like to take a shower. She showed me the bathroom, which was a big room with a toilet, sink and tub with a showerhead but no curtain. I asked her about it but she told me not to worry about it then left. I got my towel and soap out of my pack, undressed, got the water going then got in and soaped up. Not three minutes later in comes Juta, she walks over to the tub not saying a word, just staring at me and I think, 'oh boy, looks like some fun to me' smiling at her.

After a moment, she undoes her skirt but then she starts walking backwards until she's in front of the toilet, there she pulls down her skirt and panties, sits on the toilet and pees, all the time staring at me and not saying a thing. When she finishes she stands up, pulls up her panties and skirt, flushes. Then

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she walks out of the bathroom without a word.

‘Wow, what the hell was that all about’, I think while finishing my shower.

When I'm done instead of getting dressed, I just dry off then walk then still naked, I go out of the bathroom, walk down the hall and into Juta's bedroom where she is sitting on her bed. Perhaps here I should describe her, she looked to be in her late 20's, she was real tall and built, and had long blond hair. She was only a few inches shorter than me and probably out weighed me.

Anyway, when I walked in she looks up at me then says, "Jah, you would like something?"

I didn't say a word. I just stared at her as I walked over to her. She stared back not saying anything either, so I reached down and started unbuttoning her blouse.

She sees that I'm getting a boner then asks me, "What are you doing, you silly boy?"

But I didn't say anything.

After I got her blouse and bra off, I pushed her back onto the bed and unzipped her skirt then took them and her panties down.

After that we screwed for a good half hour never uttering a single word. When we were finished, I got up and left. Then I went back into the bathroom and got dressed.

When I came into the kitchen there she was, smoking a cigarette and drinking tea. She asked if I'd like some, acting as if nothing had just happened so I said, "Sure."

I stayed with in the commune a week and she never once even alluded to us having sex.

Deter and Klaus came home around 6 p.m. and she introduced me to them after which we all had dinner together. After I did the dishes, Deter asked if I would do them a favor and I said, "No problem, man. What?"

He told me there was an election coming up, that he had some flyers to hand out and would I like to help him.

I said, "Sure" so he, Klaus and me all grabbed an arm load of flyers, went outside and started passing them out. After a while he said that we should all separate each taking a neighborhood going door to door with the flyers then pointed and told me to go down a street, so I did. I'd knock on doors then hand a flyer to whoever answered. The person who would take it would then say something to me in German to which I would reply, "Ist ser gut!" then get the hell out of there before they could ask me anything else.

It took me until about 9 p.m. to get rid of all the flyers. By that time I was in the center of town

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where I saw a pub and thought a beer sounded real good.

I go in and right away knew it was going to be weird. The place is one big brightly lit room with like pick-nick tables. Everything was made of highly polished wood and on all of the walls are black and white pictures of young guys in Nazi uniforms each surrounded by a black wreath. There are only a couple other guys in the place. When I walk in there's complete silence, then one of the men calls to me in Deutsch so I answer in English. He switches to English and invites me to join him.

I do.

He orders me a beer then says, "I am the Police Chief for this village. Welcome. Now who are you and what are you doing here?"

I tell him that I'm staying at the Green Commune.

He scowls and says, "Ack, nothing but a bunch of communist" then launches into this giant tirade about "the longa the hair and the smoka the dope."

And I smile and nod but I'm thinking, 'here's a Fascist cop sitting in a Nazi bar bitching about something that's never harmed, let alone killed, anybody at any time in history. What a maroon!'

When I finish the beer he offers me another, but I decline telling him that I have to get back, it's late.

He tells me real friendly like, "Well, if you stay, come by anytime and we can have another nice talk."

I tell this psycho good night and never go to the pub again.

When I get back to the commune I tell them what happened and Deter says, "Jah, he is nothing but a Fascist. In fact, this whole village is Fascist. It's better if you avoid them."

Yeah right, and he's the one who sent me out there.

Next morning at breakfast Deter asks me if I'd like to stay and help them out building furniture. They have a big order that they have to get out. I tell him I'd be glad to help out. He and Klaus show me their workshop and what to do. Klaus cuts out the pieces, I sand them then Deter assembles the pieces, lastly we all shellac them. The furniture is real simple but also really nice looking. I spend a week with them but never venture into town again. And here's the funny thing, while I was there we drank a lot of beer but never once smoked any dope. That cop was really nuts.

One morning I get up and am horrified. There on the ground, is SNOW! And it's only mid October.

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When I told Deter he says, "Ack yah, the big vinter is starting."

I told him that I had to leave, now, today. No way was I going to stay anywhere it snows.

He said that I would have to go as far south as Greece to get out and stay out of it. I told him then that is where I'm going.

At noon Juta drove me to the train station. I said thanks for letting me stay with them for awhile. She just waved it off, kissed me on the cheek then drove away.

I went to the ticket window and bought a ticket for Telesonika in northern Greece. A day later I got off the train and it was raining like hell. 'Great' I thought, 'but at least it's better than snow.'

I slept in the train station with about a hundred other people that night. Next morning I shouldered my pack and hit the road, and had my mind totally blown. No one spoke English and the alphabet was not the one I knew. It was just like being a deaf and dumb, and illiterate too. Oh well, hope they understand my pantomime. Thankfully they did. Everyone was extraordinarily nice to me. It didn't even matter if I was in a city or in the country. Everybody bought me these tiny extremely sweet strong cups of coffee and gave me food. At night if I was in a city I slept in a church or train station, in the country any field or stand of trees would do. Hitching was easy. Anyone with a car and room would stop. Usually they spoke no English and weren't going very far but I was there to experience the culture not go anywhere specific so I had a really good time. However, a week later my money started running out so I thought I'd go to Istanbul and check out Turkey before returning home.

I hitched toward the border but got stopped by the army who told me that they and Turkey were at war right now so I couldn't go any farther. I asked about the train and they told me it might be possible so I hitched to the nearest town, went to the train station and asked if I could get a train to Istanbul. They told me there was just one train a week and that I was in luck, because it left tomorrow night at 6 p.m. However, since they were at war the journey would take about 24 hours because first; the train was a local, and second; it would reach the border around midnight. There, the Greek engine and crew would leave then we would have to wait until the Turk engine and crew showed up somewhere between 4 and 6 a.m. Then they would then pull us into Istanbul 12 hours later. I said okay and bought the ticket.

Next evening, two young Canadians dudes, a Japanese girl, me with a lot of Greeks civilians and even more army guys boarded the Turkish bound train. Us four foreigners were given a whole car all to ourselves so the two dudes took a compartment, the Japanese girl named Hiroko took one and I took

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another. The Greeks took the remaining cars and the army guys got what looked like boxcars and off we chugged.

When the conductor came around I asked him why we had this car all to ourselves. He told me that we were the only ones going into Turkey. Everyone else was local or army and by the time we reached the border we would be the only ones left.

Then he told me, "Good luck. Those Turks are murderous bastards. I hope they don't kill you and you make it to Constantinople all right."

I thanked him then got out my sleeping bag and went to sleep listening to the clicky-clack. A little later there was a knocking at my door. When I opened it there stood Hiroko. She said that she was a bit frightened and asked if she could sleep with me.

I jokingly opened up my bag told her, "Sure, hop on in."

To my utter surprise and delight, she stripped off her clothes and snuggled in next to me.

When I told her how surprised I was she said, "You Americans are such prudes. In Japan sex is a natural body function. Do you want me to leave?"

I told her, no way! And we spent the night enjoying each other's bodies.

When we got to the boarder the Greek train unhooked and the Greeks left. We sat on the tracks until just before dawn when the Turkish engine with its crew came and hooked up. But I sure didn't mind, Hiroko and I amused ourselves having a lot of fun. When the Turk conductor opened our compartment door and asked for our tickets then saw Hiroko and me in the same bag, he just smiled, punched our tickets and told us that we should get up and dressed because soon other people would be coming in. We did. The rest of the trip Hiroko and I talked. She told me that she was going to Israel to work in a kibbutz. I said that I was almost out of money and would probably be going back to the US. She asked why don't I join her. I told her the area was in way too much turmoil for me. We got to Istanbul just at sundown. When we got off of the train the Canuk dudes asked what we were planning to do. We told them we were getting a hotel room. They said it might be cheaper if we all got one together. Before I could say no, I wanted to be with Hiroko alone, she spoke up and said that sounded good.

After she bought a train ticket for Tel Aviv leaving the following evening, we all trooped out of the station looking for a cheap hotel. When we found a hotel I asked for a room with two bedrooms.

Hiroko elbowed me saying, "Don't worry about them."

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Then she told the clerk that we wanted a room with one double bed and two singles. After we unpacked the guys suggested we go out, find some food then check out the city. This sounded like a good plan so after our bathes that's what we did.

Istanbul is really a neat city. It's huge, it's old and it's colorful. The temples and bazaars are incredible and the streets are full of people, sights and sounds. It was the most exotic place I had ever been. On one street we were walking down a man saw us coming and ran up to us yelling something.

When he got up to us he told us, "No women are allowed on this street. She" pointing at Hiroko "will have to go back. Now!"

I said, "But I can see other women just over there."

He looked then said, "Those are not women. Those are whores. So unless she is a whore, she will have to leave. You men can stay if you wish, but she goes. Now!"

Hiroko said, "You boys go ahead and enjoy yourselves. I can find my own way back." then she smiled at us.

I told her that I'd stay with her but the Canadians guys said they would like to go check it out. We told them, see ya later and went back to the hotel.

Hiroko asked why I didn't want to go with them. I told her that I'd rather spend time with her. She just laughed then said, "You Americans."

The boys got back late and went right to bed so we didn't hear their story until morning. They said it was strange and exciting but because Hiroko was there wouldn't give up any of gory details.

Hiroko told them, "Only you Canadians are more prudish than the Americans." We all went out together, had breakfast then toured more of the city. When it started getting late we all went to the train station to see Hiroko off. She kissed us all good bye, got on the train then we all waved bye-bye as it pulled out. The boys and I went back to the hotel and spent the night talking. They told me they were leaving the next day for Ankara and were planning to go overland to India then fly home. Next morning we parted.

I wandered around the city. In one of the pie shops I met an Austrian hippie who told me he had a real cheap room with two beds in it, and that I could share it with him for half the rent. I told him that sounded good to me and moved in. Next day I went to the US embassy telling them I was broke so they loaned me a few bucks then wired my parents for enough cash to get me home which took a week, but I

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didn't mind. The hash in Istanbul was so cheap that it was almost free, and strong enough that after a few bowls all you wanted to do was stare at whatever was in front of you. The hippie I was staying with was an opium junkie but he also had a hash oil connection. We'd sit in the room, him stoned on O and oil, and me on hash and oil. The oil was the best I've ever had. It was dark and reddish and real thick. You'd dip the end of a cigarette in it then smoke it. A black ring would be right behind the fire for the whole time and by the time you got down to the filter, man o man, it had kicked your ass but good! Too bad it never got popular here.

A week later I got the money from home so I took the Orient Express back to France then flew from Luxembourg to New York City ending my European vacation. A short but very intense trip which showed me that foreign travel might sometimes be hard but it was always exciting and that I would be doing a lot of it in the future.

CAN'T GET NO NOOKIE

Kelly and I are sitting with our fiend Paul in the hot pools one evening when a car pulls up and a babe about 40 in good shape gets out, asks how the water, strips down and gets in with us. We all chat until it starts getting dark then it's time for Kelly and me to split back to our van for supper leaving Paul and the Babe who are getting along great all alone.

Next morning we see Paul and ask how it went.

“Paul, who's usually a happy guy, explodes, “That bitch! That cunt! That motherfucking whore!” Before he can go any further we interrupt him and ask for the story.

“Well” he starts “You guys saw things were going good between us so I thought I would get lucky last night. We talked for about 2 more hours getting along fine. Then this other dude shows up and starts chatting her up. And get this! Within 15 minutes he asks her if she wants to spend the night with him at his place. She says yes! I couldn't believe it! Here I spent 3 hours talking to her and in 15 minutes she's gone to fuck another guy she just met!. After they left when I got out of the pools I was all pruned and all for nuthin!” At which point he starts cussing her all over again.

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Kelly stops him and says, "But Paul, why didn't you ask her to spend the night with you. I mean you had a couple hours and she was liking you."

Paul quits his rant, looks sheepishly at Kelly and says, "Well you know I didn't to insult her by askin' too soon"

Here I break in telling him, "Then it's your own fault, Paul, because after a few minutes a girl knows whether she wants to fuck you or not. You just waited way too long to ask. I mean, 3 hours, come on. I'd fucked the other guy too because it looked to her you weren't going to ask."

Paul knows it was he who fucked up and say, "Yeah, well. Next time I'll ask sooner." and he did.

THERE'S NOTHING GOOD ON TV ANYMORE

It's a beautiful Saturday morning in San Francisco and I'm on my way to the commune on 17th and Noe. It's the biggest one in the City that I know of. They have four three story houses on the corner and they have them fixed up so that you can go from one house to another without ever having to go onto the street. I'm sure there's almost a hundred souls living in those houses because every time I go over there I meet some one new because there's people living in almost every room. The ones I do know make there living like almost everyone else I know, unemployment, welfare, food stamps and of course, dealing. That's why I'm on my way there now. They have some of the best dope at the best prices in the City especially the grass and acid.

As I come up the street I see a bunch of the commune kids standing out front looking down at something on the sidewalk. I walk up to them and say, "What's up kiddies?"

The older ones ignore me but one of the younger ones looks up at me with a real sad look in their eyes saying, "Our TV got broken."

Broken is right, it looks like someone took a sledge hammer to it. A couple of the boys are picking up pieces and seeing if they can put them back inside. They know it's hopeless but they don't want to give up.

"Trying to put Humpty Dumpty back together back together again?" I ask.

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I hear a "Fuck you asshole." and figure that it's not my problem so up the stairs I go.

I see Rose in the kitchen drinking coffee and say, "Hi Rosie, where's Gray at?"

She just points to the front of the house. I walk into the living room and see Rabbit, who's kind of the head of this house sitting on the sofa toking on a number.

I join him saying, "What's shaking man?"

He passes me the doobie then says, "Not much."

We smoke a while then I ask about the TV out on the sidewalk.

He tells me, "I did that."

After another toke he continues, "We were partying late last night so I crashed here on the couch. Around 8 this morning the kids come in and turn the TV on to watch Saturday morning cartoons. It wakes me up, so I tell them that I'm trying to sleep so be cool and keep the sound down then I go back to sleep."

"After an hour or so I hear, "I wanna watch Bugs Bunny."

"No, were watchin' Bullwinkle." It's Jasper and Sunshine (two of the communes boys about age 9) arguing over what to watch.

I tell them to shut up and watch the fucking thing or I will turn it off cuz I'm trying to catch some z's.

But they just keep arguing, so I yell at the little bastards and that quiets them down.

Just as I falling asleep again they start fighting over the goddamn thing again. I've had enough. I get up off the couch, jerk the plug out of the wall, pick the motherfucker up and heave it out the window. It was good too that the window was open and there was nobody down on the sidewalk because I didn't look before I chucked it."

Rabbit starts chuckling, "You should have seen the looks on the little fucker's faces, they just could not believe it. After a few seconds they all start screaming and the older ones attack me, hitting and kicking me real good too. So I whip off my belt and when I start swinging they scatter."

We look out of the window down at the kids. When some of them see us they give us the finger and yelling, "Rotten bastard!" "Murderer!" "Fuck you Rabbit!"

Rabbit just laughs saying, "They've been out there for over an hour trying to fix it." Then he hollers out the window at the kids below, "Good luck!"

He then asks me, "What are you doing here so early?"

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"I need an ounce, I'm out. Is Gray around?" I ask.

Rabbit says, "He's still sleeping. Give me the bread and I'll get you the weed."

I give him \$10. He goes into the bedroom and comes out a minute later with the lid and hands it to me. I twist one up then light it and we smoke it looking at where the TV use to be.

THE BIG LIE!

The Big Lie has been going on ever since human beings have become civilized. It's how the few control the many. It's been going on for so long, passed down from generation to generation, that it's now believed as something completely real, something almost solid, something we possibly could not do without, "The Truth." The Big Lie is taught to us from birth. A belief so strong that billion's throughout the ages have fought to the death to protect. And what are we killing each other for? For nothing. For The Big Lie.

The Big Lie has two major components. The first is even older than civilization itself and is the much more insidious of the two. The other part of The Big Lie can only kill or imprison you, this part can steal your very soul.

The first part goes like this: Man is basically Evil. And since he is Evil, he can never be truly happy unless he accepts the fact that there is a Higher Power, a higher Good outside of himself. But since he is Evil he can never perceive this Higher Power without the intervention of a special class of people, who can not only interpret the Will of this Higher Power, but are the only ones pure enough to communicate with It. Also, our Higher Power is the only true Higher Power. Any of the ones that are different from The One, which we believe in are in fact False and therefore, Evil. So, how did this special class get so pure? Were they not born like the rest of us? Do they not have wants and desires? Are they not human? They tell us that they learn purity through study and contemplation of old writings, The Holy Scriptures. But how can one learn to be pure? Either you are, or you are not. They tell us that they get purity from meditation. But can we not also meditate, contemplate and study the Holy writings? And if we do, will we not also become pure enough to communicate with this Higher

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Power? “NO!” they say. “It takes years of study under a knowledgeable teacher and a special mind set to learn how to do this. Therefore” they lie, “you need us to tell you Good from Evil. And if you do not heed our warnings then you will be Damned to Suffer for All of Eternity.”

This is a Lie! We do not need these people. Our nature is Good. Our humanity is Good. Even our wants and desires are Good. Because the Higher Power does exist. But not outside of us. It exists inside of each of us. In our hearts, in our minds and in our souls. And we can communicate with our Higher Power any time we want. Close your eyes, take a minute and listen to your Heart. You already know Good from Evil. Draw strength from this knowledge and act in accordance with it. We are our church, our religion, and we have never left Paradise, because we are Here right Now.

The second part of The Big Lie is: Man is Stupid. Too stupid to know right from wrong. Too stupid to even know what's good for himself. So he needs another special class of people to govern over him. Because, if left to his own devices, he will not only destroy himself but everyone and everything else around him. But how did this special class get smart enough to govern not only themselves with all of their own wants and desires, but know the needs of all those over whom they rule? They use the same arguments as the other special class, except they use history and the law instead of scriptures. But again, if I study history and the law can I not become intelligent enough to govern myself and to know right from wrong? “NO!” they say, “We have the right to rule over you because we have been given that power by you to do so.” But power corrupts, so by having that power are you not corrupted? Are not your interests in keeping the power for yourselves and for those who contribute to your power? “No.” they lie, ‘We have only your best interest at heart. So either do as we say or you will be punished!’

We do not need these people to tell us what to do or how to live our lives. We, each of us, already know right from wrong. We learn it from our mothers and fathers, from our brothers and sisters, from our teachers and friends, and from our lovers and our children. We learn it from ourselves.

We do need government though. We need it to regulate commerce and to govern business, which has no soul. We need it to deal with the violent among us; the murderer, the rapist, the mugger, the truly violent. We need it to provide us with the basic human services; affordable medical care, housing, transportation, to make sure our water, food and drugs are pure, to operate schools that really educate, to provide roads, sewers, utilities and libraries. However, we do not need government to tell us how to live our lives as long as we live in peace with one another.

We have lived The Big Lie for 10,000 years. We The People do not need it or the special classes

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who support it, though they do need us to maintain their very existence so they will lie to us saying that we really do need them. We do not! Do not listen to them anymore. Listen instead to your own heart and your own mind and your own soul. Worship at the church of your own humanity. Govern your actions with consideration and mercy towards others. Cover yourself with compassion and understanding. Love yourself and those you care about and those around you. Be happy with your Life and Love one another. It's all you really need.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

Cowboy Bob has been hanging around for the last couple of weeks and he is finally getting to try LSD. He's a young redneck who's heard about all them thar evil drugs and has decided to see for himself just what all the fuss is about. I met him while hitching back from the market in town, a distance of 8 miles. He came roaring to a stop in his big black Pontiac with the biggest engine they make in it. As we went down the road somehow we got on the subject of how he'd never gotten stuck because he was such a good driver.

I told him that he'd probably get stuck if he tried going up me driveway since it had been raining a lot and it was very muddy. He told me that he'd bet me \$5 that not only could he get up my driving frontways, but that he'd go back down backwards, and he hadn't even seen my driveway yet.

I told him "You're on."

Even if I lost I'd still get a ride home because the last two miles were on a little used road and I'd usually had to walk it. We got to the bottom of the drive, which is about a thousand feet long with a slight upward incline. Bob looks, then says "No sweat." He punches the gas and we go flying up the drive. At the top, where I and four other freeks live in a barn that's sort of been converted into a house and is surrounded by 80 acres of walnut trees, Bob hits the brakes. I get out and hand the groceries to a couple of the freeks who've come out to see who's just come up the drive. I tell them that I'll be back in a few minutes. Bob throws her into reverse, smiles, tells me to get that \$5 ready and hits the gas. We almost get to the end when Bob looks over at me, puts his hand out for the five, and not looking where

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he's going, plows straight into the mud and gets quickly buried up to his axles.

I smile, put my hand out and say, "Well, I guess there's a first time for everything."

Bob looks at me, hands me the \$5 crying, "If I hadn't looked away, I'd of made it."

We have no electric, no phone and no car so Bob and I walk to the road, maybe something will come along that can pull him out. I ask him if he'd like to smoke a joint while we wait.

He says "Sure." then "Can you get me any of that LSD?"

I say "Sure." then "But look what's coming down the road."

It's a jeep. We flag it down, explain what happened and ask for a pull out. The kid driving says "Sure, five bucks."

Bob looks at me and says, "Man, that was my last five, think you can loan it to me?"

Oh well, easy come, easy go. I hand the kid the five, puts a rope on the Pontiac and is jerked it out. Bob goes roaring down the road and I figure that I'll never see him or that \$5 again. I was half right.

The next Sunday that black Pontiac comes roaring up the driveway. Bob gets out, goes around to the passengers side and lets out a babe who he introduces as his wife Nancy. We had some friends up from the that weekend, one of whom was the infamous ner-do-well and dope dealer Gyro, and when he see Nancy it's lust at first sight. She is his favorite female type, a redhead with freckled milk white skin and big tits. He asks her and Bob if they'd like to get high. Gyro always carries an assortment of goodies with him. He asks them if they would like some grass, acid, coke, speed, or Ludes, his current favorite. Bob says that he'd like to try some of that LSD, but Nancy tells him no, that it's too dangerous. She says that she'd like to try some cocaine though, so cocaine it is.

They hang out for the day smoking and having a fine time. When it starts to get late they say that it's time to go because they both have to work tomorrow, he's a mechanic and she's a LVN but here's their address and if we're in town (40 miles away) then to drop by otherwise, maybe they'll see us next weekend. As soon as they leave Gyro grabs that address then starts scheming on how to separate Bob from Nancy long enough to get into that redheads pants.

Next weekend they come over again and although they're friendlier and more outgoing than last Sunday, basically they're still straight folk who are partying with the hippies. They'll smoke dope but they won't skinny dip in the creek with the rest of us even though it's summer and really hot. Gyro's back this weekend too, still scheming on how to get that redhead into bed. He tells us that he'll be

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staying all week and has brought plenty of supplies with him. Bob and Nancy leave at sundown again but just before they go, Gyro tells them that he'll be in their town this week and will drop by to see them.

They say, "Fine, see you then." then leave.

Next day Gyro goes over and plies them with drugs and even spends the night. When he comes back to our place he says that Nancy was giving him signals and it's only a matter of time until they are naked together.

Next Sunday when the black Pontiac comes up the drive, Bob gets out alone saying that Nancy don't feel like partying this week. Gyro sees his opportunity and asks Bob if he'd still like to try some LSD. Bob says that he sure would. Gyro then hands him an orange barrel and tells him that the tripp last for 8 hours, and that he shouldn't be driving so he'll have to stay here to tripp.

Bob says, "Okay, sounds good to me." He pops the acid then asks, "What's going to happen now?"

"You'll see." is all we say.

Gyro waits half an hour until Bob starts feeling those old time body rushes to make sure that he's getting off then, well, he's got to be going. He jumps in his van and splits. Bob tripps around for about two hours, having a good time. He tells us WOW! How beautiful everything is and how much he loves us. We agree and tell him that we love him too, the usual first tripp. Then he gets antsy, he wants to go home and tell Nancy how much he loves her. We tell him that it is not a good idea. That he won't even be peaking for another couple hours and that driving under the influence of acid is tricky and dangerous even for experienced heads. That it would be best for him to wait here with us at least until after he peaks. Also, he might peak in his car and being the first time that he won't know what to expect and that he should peak around friends who can look out for him, but he won't listen. He's got to be going and he's got to be going. NOW! Well, at least let one of us drive him home.

Boy was that the wrong thing to say. Nobody questions Cowboy Bob's ability to drive under any circumstances, plus nobody drives Cowboy Bob's car but Cowboy Bob. He jumps in his car, is down the drive and gone. We can only hope for the best.

Little over an hour later Gyro's van comes rolling up the drive. When he gets out he's sporting a brand new black eye so of course, we all want to know just what happened.

Gyro tells us the tale, "I got to their house and Nancy opens the door and tells me that Bob's gone over to our place. I tell her that it's too bad I missed him, but as long as I was there, would she like to

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smoke a joint."

"She says, "That sounds good." and invites me in"

"We burn the J and talk a bit, then I ask her if she'd like to snort some coke, and she says "Of course."

"We snort a few lines then I ask if she'd like a Lude. She asks what it is, so I tell her. She says that she's heard about them and would like to try one. I give it to her then tell her that it works better with a little alcohol. She gets up and gets us a couple beers."

"We sit around talking and snorting a few more lines until I can see by her eyes that she's high, then ask if she'd like a massage. "That sounds real good." she purrs."

"I get her clothes off and go to work on her outside until pretty soon I'm massaging her inside too, and let me tell you, she is one hot and wild redhead . After we're all done she wants to take a shower. I say "Mind if I join you?" and pretty soon we're playing drop the soap and hide the salami."

"All of a sudden we hear, "Honey, I'm home."

"Nancy jumps up, slam the door shut and locks it. A very bad move, because Bob immediately knows something's up. Bob starts pounding on the door, yelling to open up or he'll break it down. Nancy's telling him to be cool, that nothings happening, that she just wants a little privacy is all. I'm hiding behind the shower curtain not knowing what to do. Bob say that unless she opens up, and NOW! Otherwise he's going for his shotgun."

"Nancy opens the door, telling him not to do anything foolish, and I am praying that he will listen to her. Bob rips the shower curtain down, sees me standing there naked and punches me right in the eye. Nancy grabs him telling him to calm down, that nothing has happened, that he should come upstairs with her and that she will make everything all right, that he knows that she loves only him. I can see by Bob's eyes that he is high as hell and confused, that it is just not in his heart to kill me, so I just stand there. He takes another swing at me, but he just hits my chest. Nancy drags him out the door still telling him to come upstairs with her, that she loves him and that she will make it all right. They go up the stairs, I grab my clothes and get the hell out of there FAST! And here I am."

I ask him if it was worth it.

He finger's his black eye, smiles and says, "Fucking A!"

"Well," I say " we surly won't be seeing them again."

But I was wrong again.

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The very next day here comes that black Pontiac up the drive. We tell Gyro to hide, he does and we go out to meet Bob, but Bob gets out smiling and Nancy's with him. Bob says that he's here to apologize to Gyro for hitting him and they would like to invite us to a party at their house Friday night after work. Well, ain't life strange. They spend the evening partying with us. When it gets late they leave saying "See you all Friday." and wave bye-bye.

It's Friday and we are ready to party. Gyro made a fast trip to the City for more goodies including a whole jar of Quaaludes, the ultimate party favor. So Gyro, Lindsey, Spyder, Pie Makin' Marie, Sarah Sweets and yours truly all pile into Gyro's van, smoke a doobie and are ready to roll. When we get to their house at dusk they're waiting at the door and they even have supper ready. After we eat Gyro breaks out his Dealer McDope game and saying that tonight we will be playing with Ludes, then sets the jar in the middle of the board. After smoking a few numbers, snorting a couple of lines and washing it all down with a jug of dago red, the game commences.

With eight people playing it takes a long time to get around the board and in fact, we barely make it around twice before the Ludes kick in and everybody's got their clothes off except for Bob and Nancy, who stand there and just watch. We try to pull them into the pile but they say no, it's too soon for them then they retire upstairs to their bedroom.

A few minutes later Bob comes down and asks if Lindsey and I would like to join Nancy and him upstairs. Well why not? When we get up there, Nancy's already naked so Bob whips his clothes off and goes to work on her. Now it's Lindsey's and my turn to watch. Bob looks up and says, "Let's switch."

I look at Lindsey, she shrugs okay and the four of us spend the night together switching off every now and then, and Gyro was right, Nancy is one hot and wild little redhead. The next morning everyone downstairs asks how it was upstairs. Bob and Nancy just grin and ask us all to spend the night with them again.

That day we all spend the day together kicking back doing dope and wait for it to get dark so we can have a fullfledge orgy. One must conserve one's energy you know. It's late enough, dinner's over so we all take the usual doses of dangerous drugs. It's time to PARTY! Gyro says that he has a special treat for us tonight, something that will really makes us feel good, two grams of opium. We all go "Ouuu" and "Ahhh" and start smoking. Now the thing about 0 is, a little not only makes you feel good but horny too, but you have to be careful because a little too much and well, the boys just can't get it up.

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And this is exactly what happens. Here are four hot willing ready babes raring to go and us guys are about as hard as wet noodles. We take another Lude each to see if that'll help but no, nothing. We try though, we use our fingers, our tongues, even our toes. But it's useless and pretty soon the girls lose interest too, so we all just lay in a big pile, naked and dreaming.

In the morning we try and salvage last night's disaster but it's just not the same. We all bitch at Gyro for breaking out the 0 too soon, but he moans "Well, you didn't have to smoke it, did ya?"

Sure Gyro, sure. We leave telling Bob and Nancy that we can do it again next week if they like. They say, "Yeah, sure, maybe."

Gyro goes over to their house a couple days later but Nancy meets him at the door, telling him that they're busy and closes it in his face. Sounds like trouble in paradise to us. Sure enough, Bob comes over on Friday to tell us that him and Nancy are splitting up for awhile.

He's packed his shit, quit his job and is on his way to Berkeley where the action is. He asks Gyro if he will give Nancy a ride to the City tomorrow because she too has quit her job and wants out of the country for some city living. Gyro doesn't have to be asked twice.

Next morning Gyro asks if anyone else wants to go to the City. Pie Makin' Marie, a girl aptly named because not only did she make pies all the time with an all time record of 18 pies in one day, but they were the best that I've ever tasted, and I say that we'll go. Gyro's happy, he needs a driver because he has plans for Nancy. We get to their house and Bob's there too.

Nancy and him are arguing, basically he's saying, "Let's give it another chance." and she's saying "No way."

We help Nancy pack her stuff into the van. Just as we're about to leave Bob grabs Nancy's arm but she whirls around and kicks Bob square in the chest so hard that he lands on his ass. Nancy says, "I told you. It's over!"

Bob looks up at her, laughs and says, "I guess it is, babe. I guess it is."

Gyro tells me to drive and down the road we go. Nancy and Gyro are making out in the back which he's fixed up with a bed when I hear, "Goddamn it Gyro, have you been smoking opium again?"

He says something softly and Nancy says "I don't care what your excuse is, I'm horny."

When I hear that, I pull the van over to the side of the road, jump in back and tell Gyro, "You're driving."

He says "No."

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But Nancy says, "Yes."

Gyro gives it up, gets in the driver's seat and drives while I fuck Nurse Nancy all the way to San Francisco.

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

June, a friend of my lover Kelly's and mine had to go to her father's funeral in another state. When she got back she told us this story:

"My father, Jim, had died of a heart attack while out jogging. Something he had been doing it for the last 3 years because my mother had insisted on it when he retired because she didn't want him sitting around the house all day and she wanted him to do something healthy, so he picked jogging. He went almost every morning and was gone about an hour."

"At the grave side service my Mom noticed a young girl that she didn't recognize so she asked me if she knew her. I said she didn't."

"So after the funeral was over we went over to the girl and my Mom asked her who she was and how she knew her husband."

"The girl introduced herself and said she worked at a donut shop. She said she knew Jim because he came into the store almost every day about the same time wearing a jogging suit. He would order 2 donuts and a cup of coffee. She said he would sit there eating his donuts, drink a couple cups of coffee, chat a little with her and read the newspaper for a half hour or so. Then he'd pay and leave leaving her a nice tip. So when she read in the paper he had died she thought that since he was such good customer and a nice guy that she'd come and pay her respects."

"My mother was flabbergasted. On one hand she was pleased my Dad was considered a nice guy but on the other she was angry at him for not only eating donuts instead of jogging but for lying to her about it for so long. I tried to console Mom by telling her that at least he was out of the house and doing something he liked. If he had told her then they probably would have had a big fight over it. Anyway, it sure didn't matter now since he was now gone. But my mother was too conflicted and grieving to try

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to understand any of it.”

“I stayed with Mom for a few days in which time my mother told everyone we knew the story. Most of the people thought it was kind of a funny story and felt about it as I did.”

We told her we thought it was pretty smart of her old man to do it. Why create an argument with his wife over something that need not even be an issue as long as he was discreet. He was happy eating donuts and she was happy thinking he was jogging. In the end everyone got what they wanted.

NUEVO RICHE

There's these three Indians dudes from the local tribe who pooled their money and bought themselves a house down the street from a friend of mine. Being Indians they're dirt poor and their house and pick ups reflect that fact. The house is run down which is how they could afford it. Their 3 pick ups are all beat up rattle traps but at least one of them is running. For fun these guys who are all in their late 20's, go to the market every morning and each buy a 12 pack of the cheapest beer there is. Then go home, turn on their ancient TV and drink until the 12 is gone. If there's any moola left over they buy a little Mex weed to get them through the day.

But guess what? Their tribe just opened an Indian Casino. All members share in the profits equally, and their first years share comes to \$3000 a month each!

When they tell us we all congratulate them on their good fortune. After all after the way our government has treated their race for the last few hundreds years they all deserve a little pay back. We ask them what they're going to do with their new found fortune.

They tell us that first is; 3 brand new 4WD Chevy full loaded pick up with all the bells and whistles. And no more cheap beer. From now on it's Budweiser all the way with only the best mota to smoke. A huge TV for every room in the house plus some comfortable furniture so to watch said TV's. New king-size beds for their bedrooms. In the kitchen the very best microwave oven to cook their meal with and then they'll see.

After that they did fix up their house pretty nice. In face it's now one of the nicest houses in the

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area. After that they were pretty much done. They were happy because they now have everything they could want. They even have a girl who comes over a couple time a week to clean the house and do their laundry.

That's was a few year ago. Since they have everything they want they now sock their money away just in case our government ever tries to screw with them and their tribe again.

A SEXUAL AWAKENING

My girlfriend Kelly and I are up in Alaska for the summer. When we got her we stayed with T.B. Sheets, a friend of ours who has a log cabin 2 miles from the nearest road. Since I was quite a hike in and out each day, and there was a bad bear in the area, we decided after a few days to camp on the beach instead. Although we did visit T.B. Every now and then.

One one of our visits T.B. Asked us if we'd like to stay in Alaska longer because Jack's small fully furnished trailer with a partially finished log cabin up near the road that we passed on our way to his place had just been abandoned. We said we didn't think so seeing as we like warmth and the sun and all but then ask him why Jack, who we'd met a couple times, had been abandon the place. And here's the tale he told.

“Well,” T.B. Starts, “Jack and the gang were hanging out at the Alibi (a bar in town) last night when this cure young babe walks in. Jack said him and the boys knew they didn't have a chance with something that choice especially since there were plenty of young studs there too so they were just content to look. But the chick just ignores the young dudes and after a while walks up to them asking if she can join them.”

“Jack says they were surprised but delighted and bought her a beer. Pretty soon it's apparent that it's Jack who interests her. He chats with her for some time before she whispers “let's get out of here.” in Jack's ear.”

“He takes her home, makes her dinner then she want to go to bed. Jack told me he said, “You mean with me?” and she just got naked and then into bed. Jack told me he joined her and the two of

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them had a real good time. Next morning he said they had a real good time again then he got out of bed to fix her some breakfast.”

“Now” T.B. Says “Here comes the good part. While still laying there naked on his bed Jack heard her say, “Thanks for the nice night, daddy.”

“Jack says he thought she was just being funny seeing as he was so much older than her but she says again, “Gee daddy, didn't you have a good time too?”

“Jack turns to her telling her it was real good and how he couldn't believe his luck that she picked him to spend the night with.:

“Now Jack says the girl still naked got up, went to her purse, got out a photo and handed it to him. Jack told me when he saw it he almost fainted but then got hold of himself and asked the girl just where the hell did she get the picture.”

“Jack said the girls says to him, “Why daddy, don't you recognize yourself, with the woman and child you abandoned 20 years ago?” She then pointed at the photo saying, “See, that's you, that's mom and that's me, your baby daughter.”

“Jack said again he almost fainted. He just looked at the girl, speechless. She took the picture back, put it back in her purse and started getting dressed. After she got dressed she said, “What's the matter, daddy, cat got your tongue? Jack told me he couldn't believe what was happening let alone speak.”

“The girl she looked me up and down Jack said, then she said, “I just wanted to see what kind of bastard would abandon his wife and baby daughter. And never once in all these years even try and contact them to see how they were. How could you do that?”

“Jack said he just stood there and hung his head he was so stunned and ashamed.”

“Finally, Jack said she looked at him one last time as she headed out the door saying, “Well, I guess know what kind of bastard you are now, someone who'd fuck his own daughter! I'm going and don't worry about me getting a ride. There will be some other son of a bitch along shortly to pick me up and take me back to town.” and without another word she left leaving me to myself.”

“So T.B.” says, “After he recovered he packed everything he could fit in his pickup, came down and told me he was leavin' Alaska for good and I could have any of his stuff including the trailer that I wanted. When I ask why he was leavin' at first he didn't want to tell me but then he broke down cryin' and spilled his guts.”

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“I asked him where he was going to go now but he just said, “Somewhere nobody will ever find me again.” then without another word he left.”

“I checked out Jack's trailer. He didn't take much so you guys could move in if you wanted.”

We told T.B. 'Thanks but no thanks', there's way too much bad karma in that place and besides, like I said, we like the warmth and the sun way too much to stay in Alaska.

BUSTED!

Maybe my friends were right. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all. Although it sure seemed like a good one at the time, I'm thinking as I sit hand cuffed in the back of a cop car on the main street of Truckee just waiting for the cops to open my bright red backpack with the 11 pounds of pot in it. Which is sitting on the seat in the back of a Toyota Land Cruiser that they are so diligently searching. It all started innocently enough; a friend of mine in San Diego called me and said that he had six kilos of Mex reg that I could have for only \$500. Since Mex was going for \$120 a pound this was a real deal. I told him that I'd take it and be there in a week with the cash. I called five of my friends, three in the City and two in the country and asked them if they wanted two pounds for only \$100.

They of course, said "Yes." Especially since this was June and the dry season was just starting.

After delivering theirs to them I would get three pounds for free to party the summer away with. All I had to do was hitch down to San Diego, hitch back up to Nevada City then over to Truckee to off a pound each with the freeks up in the woods, back to San FranCheeseCo and unload the other three. I figured that I'd do the deliveries this way because if I went to The City first and started partying, there would be no telling what might happen. I might not make it out of there with the other two LB's intact.

My friends in the City thought that I had to be both crazy and stupid to hitch around California with 13 pounds of grass in a backpack. Because once you left the City with long hair wearing tie dyed clothes, you were fair game for every cop and redneck in the state. Both of which there were plenty. However, I reminded them of the Medicine Man. He was a freek who every year hitched from Seattle to Larado via SF. He bought 5000 dried peyote buttons (from the county sheriff, he said), put them into a

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duffel bag then hitched back to Seattle distributing them on his merry way with no hassles in the whole three years that we knew him. We always looked forward to his visits because peyote is the finest psychedelic in the world. I told them that when it got real dry this summer they'd sure appreciate the smoke I would have. They still thought that I was nuts but couldn't argue with that.

So down I go to San Diego and make the deal, hitch up to Nevada City drop off the first pound with no problem. The first drop was a ways outside of town on Owl Creek. The next drop was outside of Truckee on Wolf Creek, there's a lot of animal creeks up in the woods.

Anyway, next morning after the drop I'm walking down a dirt road about 10 a.m. when a Land Cruiser pulls up and asks if I want a ride to town. I say "Sure" putting my backpack on the back seat then hop in.

The freek has real long uncombed hair and beard and is wearing nothing but a leather loincloth, my kind of people.

I whip out a joint and ask if he wants to partake of some herb this fine morning. He sniffs it and asks what it is. I tell him. He then throws it up unto his dash board and says, "Naa, I got some good Colombo, let's smoke that instead."

I say "Fine by me." So he fires it up and we suck it down. It was pretty good too. We chat on the drive to Truckee. He tells me that he lives on some land that he and some of his friends bought and are trying to get a small commune going, then gives me direction in case I ever want to check it out. His name is Fast Fred.

We cruise into town and he pulls to the curb right behind a cop car with two cops in it. Fred jumps out and yells to the cops, "Hey, how zit hangin boys?" which he thinks is funny, but the cops take one look at him and Do Not!

The cops are out of their car in a flash. One says to Fred, "I don't know where you think you are BOY! But you'd better have some pants in that Jap Jeep of yours or your long haired ass is going to jail"

I hear this and know that no good will come of it. I grab my pack and hope that I can get out of the Toyota without being seen and make a quick getaway. The other cop comes over to the Jeep, sees the joint on the dash then yells, "Marijuana! Hold it right there." to Fred and the cops are on him faster than stink on shit.

They've seen me too, so I put the pack back down on the seat and sit there knowing that I am well and truly fucked. There is no way that I am not going to prison, and for a long long time. I can

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even see the headlines in tomorrow's Truckee Times, "Major Drug Bust" "Police Seize 11 Pounds Of Marijuana On Downtown Street. Two Captured!" They may even run my picture. I might even make the Sacramento newspaper and TV if it's a slow news day. The cops tell me to get slowly out of the car. I do. They search me then my shoulder bag. They find nothing. There's no point in searching Fred.

They ask whose joint it is. I look at Fred, he's not talking, so I say "It's mine."

Fred looks at me like he's sorry but shit happens, and anyway, to be busted for a joint is no big deal, a couple weeks in county lock up and a years unsupervised probation so he thinks it's no biggie. Just wait until they open my backpack. The cops ask us if we have any more.

Fred says, "No."

I truthfully say, "That was my last joint."

They cuff us then put us in the back of the squad. They call for back up so they can really search the Land Cruiser. Fred tells me that he's sorry.

I just mumble "Whatever." I have nothing else to say until the cops ask me if I want a lawyer. I sit there thinking of what the next four or five years will be like, and only one word comes to mind and that is; **BAD!**

Two more cops come as back up and the four of them proceed to tear that Toyota apart. Everything comes out, is looked at then put on the sidewalk. A crowd gathers, at least I'll have an audience when the real show begins.

Half an hour later the Toyota is in shambles but they still haven't touched my backpack, they must be saving it until last. A cop walks over to the cop car and gets in with us. He asks me who I am to this guy. I tell him that I am just a hitchhiker. Fred who wants to distance himself from me says, "That's right officer, I don't know him. I just gave him a ride is all."

The cop nods, then says to Fred, "Well, you are going to jail for possession of marijuana."

Fred surprised says, "But it was his joint." pointing to me.

Which really pisses me off. It was his stupid jiving with the cops, connoisseur Colombo smoking undressed ass that got us into this mess in the first place. Plus it was chickenshit of him not to take responsibility for the J since he was the one who threw it on the dash because it wasn't good enough for his refined tastes.

The cop says "Maybe so, but it was in your car, so it was in your possession and it's your ass that's going in." Fred is stunned, he don't know what to say.

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The cop says to me, "Is that your backpack?" He points to it lying on the sidewalk with the rest of the stuff they tore out of the car.

I think, 'Well, here it comes.' and say, "Yes."

He says, "Go and get it." as he uncuffs me. Then he says, "Do you know where the bus station is?"

I assure him that I do.

"Then get your ass over there and take the first bus out of town, and don't ever let me see you in Truckee again. Understand!"

I understand perfectly.

I am as stunned as Fred. I am not going to jail. I am **FREE!**

I smile and tell Fred sorry, then get out of the cop car. I tell the other cops "Have a nice day."

I grab my pack and get the hell out of there still not believing my good fortune. I am on my way to the Dog and freedom with the 11 pounds of marihoochie still intact.

The first bus out of town is just pulling in as I get to the station is on it's way to San Francisco. I buy a ticket and get on, sitting in the very front seat so I can see freedom as it passes by.

I still can hardly believe my luck when a cute little hippie chick with long blond hair and deep blue eyes gets on the bus, takes a look at the seating then plunks down right next to me and says, "Hi. My name is Jill Ann. I'm on my way home to Riverside after spending two weeks at a commune with a bunch of religious nuts outside of town who I just could not stand a minute longer, and since I hate traveling alone, I hope you don't mind a little company."

WOW! Here I thought I'd be looking at nothing but bars and big ugly guys for the next five years and here's this beautiful babe instead who's even coming on to me. What a Life! Jill Ann and I chat all the way to Sacramento where she's transferring to a southbound bus to San Berdoo.

By the time we reach Sac she's gotten real friendly, has given me her address and phone number and had made me promise on pain of death to visit her just as soon as my business in the City is taken care of. When she gets off the bus, she give me a big hug then kisses me saying "Remember your promise. See ya soon." blows me a kiss and is gone.

I got to the City, delivered the pounds, told all my friends this tale who all said how extremely lucky I was. A week later I hitched down to Riverside to see Jill Ann but that's another story. I did see Fast Fred again too, but that also, is another story.

JESUS CHRIST'S I HAVE KNOWN

The first JC I ever met didn't really believe that he was the Christ, at least I don't think he did. He only used the name for it's shock value because he called himself "Jesus Christ Satan" and where ever he went he had his little dog "God" with him. He was a queen who dressed like as gypsy fortuneteller and cruised the City looking for converts, usually young good looking males. He liked to show these poor misguided lads the meaning of life as he understood it. I ran into him pretty often as we went to a lot of the same parties, where he dispensed the wisdom of the ages and poppers with equal fervor. He always had a new disciple or two with him and a host of interesting stories about San Francisco and it's more colorful denizen in which he was a prominent player. He even ran for Mayor of the City once. He was a write-in and everyone I know voted for him but they never even announced how many votes he actually got. I think it was rigged because if he had won, the City would have turned into a wonderland. Sex, drugs and rock and roll would have been totally legal.

The next JC wasn't a true Christ either, but he was the craziest Jesus freak that I have ever met and I've met an awful lot of them. Some have even been pretty nice, but by and large, they've all been nuts to one degree or another. Anyway, I walked to the corner of 16th and Mission to catch the 22 Filmore MUNI bus and standing there was a black dude, and I mean black, not only his skin but his entire outfit from head to toe. This guy was seriously into black.

As I walked up to him he gives me the usual "Have you found Jesus yet, brother?"

So I say, "I didn't know he was lost."

Well, that really got him going. While he's ranting and raving I notice that his right hand holding the Bible has a glove (black) on it while his left hand is bare. I interrupt him, not an easy task, and ask him what's with the glove. He stops his preaching, really looks at me then says, "The reason I got this glove on is that The Book is so powerful that if I didn't, it would burn right into my hand. In fact, I can feel the power of Jesus coming out of the Book, coming up my right arm, right into my body filling my heart with His Love, and lucky for you too cuz I hate all you crackers. If I could, I'd throw The Book down, join the Panthers, pick up a gun and start killing you honky motherfuckers for oppressing my people for the last 400 years, but The Book is just too heavy and righteous..." and with that goes back into his Jesus rap. Lucky for me he does have that Bible because he is the craziest son of a bitch that

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I've seen on the streets in a long time, and I'm lucky for another reason too, because here comes the 22 Filmore.

JC number 3 was a true Christ, one of the very few I've ever met. He was an Indian looking dude with long straight black hair and fringe beard. He had dark piercing eyes and light brown skin. He was small framed and short, though he always wore a white robe that made him look bigger and he always went barefoot. He even kind of looked like that picture of Jesus that almost all churches have hanging in them.

This JC didn't talk like you and me, instead he just read from the Bible. "Hi Jesus, how ya doin?"

He'd flip to the appropriate page and read you his answer. This was the only way I ever heard him speak. Anything you said to him, his answer would be a passage from the scriptures.

I once asked one of his disciples if he ever spoke regular. "Not much." he said.

He did have disciples but their numbers changed week to week. He was a true Christ because he didn't own anything except for his Bible and his robe. Everything anyone gave him he just passed along to someone else, sometimes to people who were really in need, sometimes to people who just asked. It didn't matter what it was either, money, food clothing, dope, or just some comforting, he was simply a vehicle to distribute Gods Blessings. Which is why his disciples changed so often. Most only used him to get fed or clothed or high or whatever then would move along but he didn't care, he Loved them all the same.

The next JC was a true nut case. Usually he was just a regular single working guy living in his small trailer, but once or twice a year something would snap and off he'd go on his "I am Jesus Christ and I know everything!" trip. He'd get right in your face with it too and be real intense about it. Some ignored him, some argued with him, some called the cops on him who would then come and take him away to the funny farm for as extended rest, and some assholes would beat up on him.

Once while we were sitting around the hot pools, he starts in on me with his JC rap. Something I've heard numerous times and did not want to hear again, so I stop him by saying, "I want you to prove that you are Jesus."

"Easy." he says, "Just ask me anything. I know all."

I say, "Okay. What are the winning numbers for Saturdays lottery?"

He gets quiet and doesn't know what to say. I can see his pea brain rattling around inside his

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skull looking for an answer. If he gives me some numbers and he's wrong, then he ain't Jesus, yet he professes to know all. After a few moments I see a light go on behind his eyes, and he says, "I know the winning numbers, but I'm not going to give them to you."

I say, "Did not you say, "Ask and ye shall receive."

"Yes." he answers.

"Well" I say, "I'm asking and if you don't give them numbers to me then you ain't Jesus."

"But" he answers, "that's on the material plane and I don't do money."

I say, "If I win, I promise not to give you a single penny. Now tell me or you ain't Jesus."

We argue like this for some time and I can see that he's getting real upset. Finally he says, "I'm not giving you them numbers. But to prove to you that I am the True Christ, I will walk to the top of that mountain and back in one day and I will take nothing along with me." He's pointing to this really steep rocky barren 6,000 foot mountain about five miles away to its base.

Now, it's getting close to summer and the temps are getting up into the 90's and as far as I know there's very little water up there. I don't want him to die. I just want him to shut up, so I say, "If you try to walk up there and back in one day then you are going to die." thinking that this will sober him up.

However, he says, "Then that's what I'll do to prove to you that I am Jesus." and off he goes.

I try to call him back but he won't listen, he's gone.

Next day, a friend of ours comes over to my place and says, "What did you do to Mike yesterday. He came dragging his ass into my house late last night with this story about you trying to kill him and him lost and wandering in the wilderness, and not making a whole lot of sense either."

So I tell him the tale.

"Well it worked." he says " He did ramble on about getting half way up a mountain and knowing that he'd die if he didn't get back down. And when he woke up this morning he was Mike again."

Well, for awhile anyway, as I said, about once or twice a year.

Now I've met quite a few other JC's in my travels, but I try to avoid them because mostly they're boring, redundant and obsessive, so I won't bore you but with just one more JC tale. I had heard about Bruce JC long before I'd ever met him.

One day I had hitched to Lahina to see what was happening under the Banyan Tree, the biggest and oldest on Maui which is in the center of town and is where all the drunks, derelicts and dopers congregate along with the Haole and Jap tourist and the unemployed natives.

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It is the best place on Maui to catch the latest buzz or just to hang out and watch the show. Annie, a regular, sees me, runs up to me and says, "Hi Tai, got a dollar?", her standard greeting to everyone.

I give her the buck.

Then she says, "Man, you really missed it, you should of been here this morning." And she tells me this story; "After we'd had our wake up call (a drink) this morning and we're sitting under the tree, this straight looking guy walks up and says, "Hi, I'm Bruce Jamison and I've just heard that my father's died. He left me a substantial amount of money that I'd like you all to help me celebrate by letting me take you all to breakfast." At first we think the guy is just shitting us but no, he says he not. So the guys say how about instead of buying us breakfast, you buy us each a bottle. He says that he'll be glad to but only after he's bought us breakfast. So we think, 'well why not?' and off we go."

"On the way there he asks everyone we meet if they want to join us so by the time we get to the restaurant there's about fifteen of us. He asks for the manager and lays the same rap on him. At first the manager's not going for it but after awhile he says okay, but your party will have to sit in back. When the waiter comes, Bruce tells him to give us whatever we want and that he'll give him a big tip after we eat. So we all order mix drinks but are told that the bars not open yet. Things gets a little ugly until Bruce says, "I told you, I'll buy you all liquor after we eat." So we calm down and order food.

After an hour later everyone's full and we're done. Bruce calls the manager over and says, "My names not Bruce Jamison but Bruce Jesus Christ and I have just fed the masses!"

The manager says, "That's nice, but so what?"

Bruce says, "So, I have no money."

The manager asks if he's kidding.

He's not, so now everyone pissed off.

We ain't getting no booze, the waiter no tip and the manager no money. The manager then has the balls to ask us to pay for what we ate. We say, "No way, it was his treat."

Things start to get real ugly with lots of yelling until finally the cops show up and want to know what's shaking. The manager tells them. They ask Bruce if he intends to pay. He tells them that he has no money and wouldn't pay if he had. The cops ask if we'll pay the bill. No way, we tell them. The cops then arrest Bruce and tell us to get the hell out of there or they'll run us in too, so we split."

Quite a tale. I was sorry I missed it.

A month later "One Flew Over The Cookoo's Nest" was playing at the theater in Wailuku and I'd

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figured that since I'd read the book and had seen the loony bin live, that I would check out the flick. I get to Le Cinema two hours early thinking I'd get something to eat then kick back awhile before the movie started.

As I'm heading up the street to the market a guy comes up to me and says, "Hi, I'm Bruce Jesus Christ. What's happening?"

I look him over, he looks like a regular dude, short hair and nice clothes. I say, "I heard about your caper in Lahina last month, pretty cool."

He says, "Yeah, I just go out of jail for that one."

I ask why they cut him loose so soon and he says, "They found out that I'd just gotten out of the nut house on Oahu and didn't see no gain by keeping me in longer. Ever been in?" he asks me.

I don't know if he means jail or the loony bin, but since I have been in both, I just say, "Yup."

Bruce looks at me for a moment, then says, "So, what's up?"

I tell him about the movie and he says, "Good idea, think I'll come along."

I tell him that we have a couple hours to wait and he says, "Great, let's get some beer."

We buy a 12 pack and sit in the parking lot drinking, bullshitting and copping a nice buzz.

When it's time to get in line we still have a couple beers so we stash them in our pockets, buy our tickets and go in. It must be a popular movie because the theater fills up. We sit right in middle and the show starts. It's good too, some of it is even like it is inside.

Everything is going along fine except that Bruce and me are the only ones laughing. When it comes to the fishing scene, Bruce stands up yelling, "That ain't like it is!" He cocks his arm with half full beer in his hand, which he's going to throw at the screen.

I grab his arm and jerk him back into his seat saying, "Jesus Christ! (not meaning him) Sit down! It's only a fucking movie, and anyway, that's the last beer so don't waste it."

He looks around and says, "Oh yeah." and we watch the rest of the flick without incident.

After leaving the theater we buy another 12 pack, take it down to the beach at Sprecklesville and proceed to get drunk. Everything's going along fine until Bruce starts talking religion and I say, "Fuck that shit! I don't want to hear it."

Bruce gets hot and starts cursing me.

I tell him to "Fuck off!" which to my surprise, he does. He just gets up and splits, leaving me with the beer. Nice to meet you JC.

BEWARE OF THE DOG

There's a couple I know, Luke and Lulu. Luke is a 40ish big burley redneck looking guy who drives a white Dodge pick-up with a camper on back. He wears a Redman baseball cap that I've never seen him without and you can tell just by looking at him that he don't take no shit. Oh, and one more thing, he loves his Lulu. Lulu is a toy poodle, who weighs maybe two pounds, is pure white, always wears a blue bow in her hair and where ever Luke goes so does Lulu.

One day we see Luke but no Lulu and just have to ask, "Hey, where's Lulu?"

Luke shakes his head and says, "Lulu's in jail."

We ask him how that happened and he tells us. "I was driving down the highway and since there was almost no traffic, I was going along at 70 in a 55 when all of a sudden there's a CHP behind me with his bubblegum going. I know that I'm going to get a ticket, so I pull over and stop. Then I get out of the truck but the cop tells me to get back in. I tell him that if I get back in and he comes too close then Lulu's going to get him. He comes over to truck kind of cautious, looks in and sees Lulu. He asks me if I'm some sort of wise ass and I say, "No sir, but if you get to near the truck then Lulu's going to protect her property."

"He says, "Yah right." then puts his hand on the windowsill."

"Lulu, whose been barking at him the whole time to let him know that she means business, jumps over and sinks her teeth right into the space between his thumb and finger. The cop yells, jumps back and then pulls his gun."

"I yell at him "Don't you hurt Lulu! I warned you and so did she, so don't you hurt her or you're going to have to deal with me!"

"The cop sees that I mean it so he cools down and holsters his piece, but says that he's taking Lulu and me to jail for assaulting an officer. I lock the truck up and Lulu and me get into the back of the cruiser. He tells me to keep a good hold on that vicious mutt and off we go."

"At the station, after they hear the story, cut me loose but say that they're going to keep Lulu for a few days to make sure that she ain't got rabies. On the way out of the station I see the cop and he has his hand all bandaged up and all the other cops are ragging on him about the big bad dog that bit him. I hitched back to my truck and here I am but with no Lulu. I sure hope she don't get too lonely there

without me. They said that they'd take real good care of her but I'm still worried that she'll be scared. I'm sure going to miss her."

Three days later Luke went and got Lulu out of jail, and Luke and Lulu were together again.

KISS OFF OF THE SPIDER WOMAN

She's been coming to the parties at the 22nd St. commune for at least the last six weeks. They have a big one every Saturday night that includes lots of loud music, sometimes live, plenty of beer and wine, even more dope, every type of freek that you can think of and if you're lucky, sometimes wild sex, but she's different. First of all, she's from Berkeley who most us San Francisco freeks don't get along with real well because they are into revolution and social change, while all we care about is sex and drugs and rock and roll. Secondly, she doesn't indulge much in the booze, dope or sex, mostly she just talks with us. Also, she's older than most of us, in her early 40's while most of us are in the 15 to 35 range. We think she might be doing a paper on the wild life of San Francisco hippies and is just here observing and gathering material.

She always arrives early, around 9 p.m. because she comes by AC Transit, and leaves early by getting some poor sucker (male) to drive her home no later than 1 a.m. Here's how she works it: Around midnight she'll pick a single male who's just slightly buzzed and start chatting him up. She'll ask if he's got a car, if not then it's good bye and goes looking for another victim. When she finds Mr. Right, she'll get real friendly with him, smiling, flirting and lightly touching him. Around 1 a.m. or whenever he's ready, she'll tell him that she lives in Berkeley. That it's way too late for a poor little defenseless woman to ride the bus home alone this time of night, and if he'd be so kind as to give her a ride home, then she'd be so grateful that he can spend the night at her place. The sucker thinks 'Oh boy, I am getting some tonight' so of course he agrees and off they go.

Now we switch to one of the victims stories of which were all pretty much the same, "We get to her house, a small single with it's own yard and she invites me in still acting friendly like. She sits me down on the couch and gets me a beer, then says she'll be right back. I think that she's going to slip into

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something conformable so I'm planning my moves."

"But no, she comes back into the living room with an armful of pillows and blankets, tosses them to me saying, "Thanks for the ride home." You can sleep on the sofa if you like. Good night."

"She goes back into her bedroom, shuts and locks the door. I'm sitting there going 'What the Fuck?' so I yell out, "I thought we was spending the night together."

"She calls back out through the door "I never said that. All I said was that you could spend the night at my house, which you can. If you decide not to, or leave early, would you please turn off the light and lock the door when you go. Thanx and good night now."

"I'm going ' Well Fuck Me.'"(Some of the suckers spent the night and even had breakfast with her the next morning.

However, most drove right back to the party to tell us their tale of woe. We'd all get a big laugh out of it and tell the victim that he wasn't the first. He'd always ask why didn't somebody warn him.

We'd laugh again, and say, "What, and miss all the fun? You must be kidding, and anyway you can watch her work on next Saturday's sucker."

Although what she did we all thought was chickenshit, we also had to admire her for the way she worked, but then one Saturday night she picked the wrong dude. Mad Max didn't know her trip because he always came to party late, very late, so she had been there and gone by the time that he arrived. One Saturday Mad Max came early. The Spider Woman saw him and got friendly, does he have a car?

Hell yes! A bitchen' black Camaro.

Could he take her home?

Out the door they go together, the happy couple.

A couple hours later Max comes in and he's hot. "You know what that BITCH had the balls to do to ME!"

Yes Max, we know, we say as we're laughing at him.

"Well then, why don't ya come out to the Camaro and laugh at this Motherfuckers." Max says, so we all troop out to Mad Max's car. He opens the trunk and inside it is jammed packed with all kinds of household goods. Max says, "That ain't nothing." He walks over to the passenger door, opens it and says, "Take a look at this." We look and in the back seat is a TV, stereo and even more household stuff. Now it's Max who's laughing. "I was so pissed at what that bitch did to me that I went and banged on her door and told her to let me in her bedroom so she could pay up. She told me to either go to sleep or

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leave, and if I didn't quit bothering her then she'd call the pigs. 'Well,' I think, 'she's getting fucked one way or another', so I go lay down and pretend to sleep until it get real quiet. I go and listen at her door until I can hear her breathing regular so I know she's asleep. Then as quietly and as quickly as I can, I took every thing that wasn't nailed down and that would fit in the Camaro. Then I turned on every light in the house and when I leave, I left the front door wide open so when she wakes up she'll know she's been ripped off, but she won't know by who. Pretty good, huh?" Mad Max says.

He then asks us if we'd like any of her stuff, it's real cheap he says with a smile, on sale even.

Well, we never did see the Spider Woman again. And when I asked Mad Max if he ever heard anything from either her or especially from the cops, he just said, "Nope, not a thing."

So we guessed that she had learned that old adage: "That you can fuck some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fuck all of the people all of the time without getting some karma back."

NAZI'S IN GOLETA

It's evening and I'm hitching down the 101 standing on an on ramp in Santa Maria when a Mexican guy stops and says he going as far as Goleta, and do I want a ride? "Sure, thanks." I say, throwing my backpack in back and getting in front. This is a good ride, I can get out on the 101 just north of Goleta where it isn't freeway, stand right on the road and the CHP can not hassle me. If I'm lucky I might even get a ride all the way down to San Diego right through LA. Hitching in LA. is almost always a nightmare, it's hard to do and the rides are always weird, although sometimes it's a good weird, like the time a businesswoman in her 40's saw my guitar and just had to take me home to hear me play. But mostly the rides are just plain bizarre, like the time I got picked up by a Catholic religious nut who kidnapped me and wouldn't let me out of his car until I explained to him how Catholicism could fit into my philosophy. And there's the usual drunks, dopers, sex fiends and other assorted religious nuts who want to know if you've found Jesus yet, and if not, are more than willing to show you how.

This is a good ride in another way too. He's just some regular guy just on his way to visit his

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grandparents. He's tells me that he's working illegally in Santa Maria trying to save enough money to go back home to Mexico and open a small business of his own.

I ask if his grandparents are illegal too.

He says no, that they've lived in Goleta all of their lives. His parents though, got sick of all the prejudice in California against the Latinos and before he was born moved back to Mexico, so he's Mexican and can't wait to get back there himself. Living with Anglos is just too much trouble, a sentiment that I completely agree with.

As we cruise south I tell him my plan to get out north of Goleta. He says that it'll be dark by the time we get there and if I want to, I can sleep at his grandparents house and in the morning he'll take me to Santa Barbara, where there's not only no freeway but stop lights even. One of the best hitch hiking places in all of California, so I happily agree.

We get to Goleta about 8 p.m. His grandparents live in a small house at the end of a cull de sac with three other larger houses on a dirt street surrounded by eucalyptus trees, a very pretty place. The grand parents welcome me into their home and feed me. They don't speak much English and my Spanish I've been told by my Mexican friends is about as good as a small child's, but we get along fine and everything's mellow. The grandson tells me that all of the houses are full of Latinos, some legal, some not, but that they all work hard in the fields for less than minimum wage. He takes me around and introduces me to some of the neighbors, but it's late and they all have to go to work very early in the morning. We go back to his grandparent's home and they give me a pillow and blanket and tell me that I can sleep on the sofa. Good night, good night. I fall asleep listening to the crickets singing.

WHAT THE FUCK? There's a blinding light shinning right in my face and I hear someone saying, "It's okay, he's white."

But it is not fucking okay with me! I jump out of bed screaming, "Who The Fuck Do You Think You Are, Asshole!" I'm standing there, naked and pissed. It's still dark and all I can see are the flashlights.

One of the voices says, "It's all right, we're Immigration. We're just here to see which of these wetbacks are legal."

Immigration? Wetbacks?

The voice tells me, "Why don't you just go back to sleep. This isn't any of your business."

The Hell With That Shit! I'm awake now and intent to see what's going on. I put on my pants

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and follow the Nazi outside. There must be a dozen Immigra cars plus a big bus with bars on the windows parked in the cul de sac. People are running everywhere. The Nazi's with their flashlights are chasing the Latinos yelling at them to stop. Some of the Latinos are standing in a group by the bus being guarded by the SS. I thinking, 'this can't be California 1975, this must be Germany or Poland 1940.' I'm stunned, I can't believe this shit is happening.

I go up too the bus and say to one of the storm troopers, "What the fuck are you doing here!?"

He turns to me, shines his light in my face, sees that I'm white, then says "We're just here to check out these people's paper to see who's legal and who's not. Those that aren't are going back to Mexico."

I say hotly, "But what's this night time shit. Can't you see that you're scaring everybody. And what about those who are legal? Ain't they got no rights?"

The Nazi says, "The ones who are legal will be released after their papers are checked, but this isn't any of your business so why don't you just back off!"

This really pisses me off, "None of my business? You wake me up in the middle of the night with a flashlight in my face asking to see my papers. Well, I ain't got no stinking papers, so maybe you just better take me in and make sure I ain't no wetback either. None of my business. Fuck You!"

One of the head SS comes over to see what the fuss is all about. The younger one is ready to arrest me but the older one tells him to cool it, he'll handle it and takes me aside.

A rational friendly Nazi, the worst kind.

He gives me the rap about securing our borders, protecting our security and all that bullshit.

I ask him then why they don't pull this kind middle of night Gestapo shit up in Seattle where I know there's plenty of Canuks working illegally in the US.

He says that if I give him their names then he will gladly pass them along.

It's starting to get light now. The SS have about 40 people on the bus, men, women and children. Ready for the showers. Der Furher tells me there's no point in me being arrested, that I can go to Federal prison for five years for interfering with an officer in the performance of his duty if I don't cool it out.

Like I said, the reasonable Nazi's are the worst ones. I'm still pissed off but I think that going to jail won't change a thing; a cowards way of thinking.

Except for the few that got away there's nobody left but me and the grandparents. They tell me

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not to worry about it, that this happens all the time here. It's just life. There's nothing that I can do about it. Come on in the kitchen, have some tortillas and beans and coffee for breakfast. They smile and pat me on my shoulders and tell me that the legal ones will be back by this afternoon and the illegals will be back in a week, so don't worry about it.

God, that's the reason why I love these people. While we whites rally and protest and give our opinions about anything and everything, things we can't control, the Mexicans just except it as part of life, as part of the struggle to survive and go on from there, content and at peace within themselves. A lesson that will take me a long long time to learn.

CAMP TAILS

1) I've got my tent up at Vlegenbos Campground in Amsterdam and since it's early in the season it's fairly empty. It's a nice but still chilly day around noon and I'm sitting outside my tent when I see three cute chicks in their early 20's walk into camp carrying their backpacks. They see me, come over and drop their packs. As soon as they speak I know they are Aussie babe's, the accent is unmistakable. One of the girls ask if it's alright to pitch their tent next to me and I assure her it is. So they all go about the business of setting up their tents and unpacking their gear.

When they're finished the one who first spoke to me comes over and asks me how to get into Amsterdam since we're a little out of the center of town. I tell her and she goes back to her friends. A few minutes later they're off to find some fun in the hippest city in the entire world.

They return at dusk, break out their camp stove and utensils and proceed to cook themselves supper. After they've finished dinner and are done cleaning up they come over by me. We all have a nice chat for a couple hours about all the usual Euro-travellers tales of where we're from, where we've been and where we'll be going next. It's getting late when Cynthia, the girl who first talked to me and the most vivacious of the three, put her hand on my thigh and says, "I'm getting bored. You know of anything exciting to do around here, Tai?"

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Just for the hell of it I say, "Well, there's always sex." and to my surprise she says that sounds good to her. So without another word I take her by the hand and into my tent we go where we spent a very pleasant and not boring at all hour or so.

After we've finished Cynthia tell me she rather sleep in her own sleeping bag in her own tent. That's okay with me so it's out of my tent she goes.

As I go to sleep I hear her friends teasing her about her impulsive decision and her low morals but she just laughs them off telling them it was better than doing nothing with them.

Next morning I get up and see the girls are already having their breakfast. I say good morning to them and all three if them just look over and smile at me then turn back to their food and drink. I thought, guess their not morning people. But I was wrong.

They stayed for another two days and even though I tried talking to them a few times not once did any of them ever acknowledge my existence again. Not a word, not even a glance, they totally ignored me.

So I just figured, what the hell, I got some pussy out of the deal. If they wanted to act all weird about it then that's okay with me.

2) I'm in the south of France and it's raining. In fact it's been raining for three days so I've been stuck at this hostel/campground the whole time. Not that being stuck here is a bad thing because there's still French food, French wine and French pastries. Even though the hostel is chucked full of Euro-tourist the campground has only my and two other tents in it. I just don't understand why some people would rather pay more and be more crowded together to stay in a hostel when you can have a whole tent to yourself. But I guess I'm just not as social as the Euro's because they seem to really like the company of each other.

Anyway, it's morning and because it's not raining at the moment I'm outside sitting at a pik-nik table by myself when a petite dark haired, olive skinned girl about 30 comes over to the table, sits down, looks at me and with an Italian accent says, "I'm Andrea and I've been seeing you around for the last few days. You're always by yourself so I thought I'd ask you why you don't come inside and mix with the rest of us?"

I tell her I'm in France to meet the natives and experience their culture and since it's just tourist form other countries in the hostel then what's the point. Also, I don't mind being alone because I'm comfortable with myself, I don't need other people to validate my existence.

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She tells me that's a very unusual attitude and one she would like to talk about more. So what are my plans for the day because she would like to get to know me better.

I tell Andrea I was going to take a local bus around the countryside to check it out. It's fairly cheap, it'll take most of the day and it should be interesting if not fun. I ask her if she's like to join me and she says she would.

She asks when I'm leaving and I tell her whenever she's ready so she tells me to give her a half hour then it'll be off we go.

Half an hour later we are walking down the street toward the center of town and the bus stop. Our days adventure together begins. We spend the day riding the local buses, having a lunch of local cuisine and talking about our lives to each other. By the time we return to our original bus stop it's dusk so we decide to have supper before returning to the hostel. Over a bottle of wine she says, "What a perfect day. I'm glad I talked to you this morning."

I smile at her and say, "You know it would be even more perfect if we spent the night together in my tent. What do you think, the perfect end to the perfect day?"

She smiles back saying, "Yes, I think that would be perfect too." then, "But how will we do it? I don't have a sleeping bag since I'm staying in a room."

I tell her by the time we get back it'll be dark and she can smuggle out the blankets on her bed. Then we'll lay on my bag and cover with her blankets." Sounds like a plan to her and that's what we do then spending a "perfect" night together.

In the morning the sun is out and shining brightly. Andrea is heading home and I'm off on my next adventure. I walk her to the long distance bus stop. She gives me her address making me promise to write her then with a hug and a kiss she gets on a bus bound for Italy. I did write her once too but never got a reply.

3) Later in the summer I'm back at Vlegenbos and what a difference! The place is packed. Tents are right up against each other with barely enough room to walk between them. Plus when I was here in May only one field was open, now there's two and they're both totally full. Before the field were covered in grass now it's just dirt full of beer bottle caps packed into the soil. Luckily I got there in the morning because now you have to get here early, wait until someone takes down their tent then quickly put your up in their place.

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Anyway, one evening I'm sitting outside my tent eating a sandwich when this cute young dark haired chick comes up to me and asks in a German accent if I have a needle and thread because she's ripped her jeans. Of course I do.

She asks if she can borrow it.

Again, of course, after all I'm always ready to help out a fellow traveler, especially a babe-alicious one. I enter my tent intending to get my sewing kit and lend it to her but instead of waiting outside she follows me in then sits down next to me on my sleeping bag. I find the sewing kit and hand it to her. Without hesitation she kicks off her shoes then whips off her jeans now sitting there in just her t-shirt and pink panties she finds the rip, threads the needle and starts sewing. I just admire the view while she tells me about herself while sewing.

Her name is Katrina, she a first year student at a University in a large town in northern Deutchland. She likes art and music but is not sure what she'll major in yet. She lives in a flat with roommates and is having a great time partying and will soon be going to school.

She asks me my story and I give her the usual rap about being a gen-u-wine San Francisco hippie here in Europe bicycling the continent to meet and greet the locals sampling their wares and generally having fun. Then tell her a few tales of where I've been and what I've done so far.

While she's sewing I'm trying to flirt with her but after a few tries to which I get no response I give up, sit back and just enjoy her company. So it surprises me that when she finishes and has pulled her jeans back on she asks me for a pencil and paper. She writes something down then hands me the paper saying, "This is my address. If you're even in my town stop by and I'll put you up for the night."

I assure her I will. With that she leaves my tent. I look for her the next day but it seems she left early in the a.m. because she's nowhere to be found.

A couple weeks later I'm riding through Germany when I notice on the map Katrins town is only 15 miles off the road I'm traveling on. Do I still have her address? Yep. Oh well, nothing ventured, nothing gained. It is kind of early, only 8 a.m. but what the hey.

I pedal into town and see it's one of those mid-evil ones with the little twisty-turney streets the name changes every time they twist. I have to ask 4 different people before I find her place. By now it's almost 10 so I figure if she's home then she's up.

I ring the doorbell and wait a few minutes. No sound coming from within. So I knock and wait a few more minutes. Again no sounds. Just as I'm about to turn away and leave I hear the door being

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unlocked then the knob turning. And there she is with ruffled hair and a sleepy looking face wearing a t-shirt and white panties looking at me like, who the hell are you?

I say, "Hi Katrina. Remember me, Tai. We met at Vlegenbos a few weeks ago and you gave me your address and said to stop by if I was in town."

Recognition dawns on her face, she smiles and starts saying something in Deutsch but then changes to English, "Ja, Ja I remember." then "What time is it?"

I tell her it's 10 a.m.

To which she reply's, "Ack, it's too early. I was up most of the night with some friend and... It's too early to be speaking English too so come back to bed with me and we'll talk later."

I follow her in thinking she must have gotten her translation wrong, come back to bed with her? But no, she meant what she said. We enter her room which looks just like any young students room, bed on the floor, table with a typewriter, chair and books, newspapers, and clothes strewn all over. She hops back into bed then pats the bed and says, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

I don't have to be asked twice. I strip off all my clothes as fast as I can then slide into bed right next to her.

When I get next to her she says, "Ack, you're cold. Well I guess we'll have to do something about that." and we do spending the next hour warming me up with her speaking German and me English and never having any communication problems. Then it's nap time.

Someone is shaking me telling me it's time to get up. Katrina's telling me it's almost noon and she has an appointment at 1 so I have to get up and get dressed which I do. We have a fast German breakfast of toast, marmalade and a soft boiled egg, it's time to go. On our way out the door she then tells me she'll be back by 5 if I want to come back then she'll show me around town and introduce me to her friends.

I tell her it's way too early for me not to bike on so I guess I'll just head down the road unless she really wants me to stay.

She smiles and tells me that we've had our fun so it's okay for me to go. Then she kisses me, turns and walks down the street. As I watch her go when she reaches the corner she looks back and give me a little wave then she's gone. I hop on my bike and ride away wondering what new adventure the day holds for me.

SEIZURES

The very first drug that I ever took wasn't marijuana or alcohol, or ever nicotine. The very first drug I ever took on a regular basis was Phenobarbital. My pusher was my doctor who told me to take a teaspoon every morning and every night from the time way before I can remember until I was 13 because I was epileptic, bad epileptic. I had it so bad as a kid that there were times they thought that I might not live through the seizures. Continuous seizures for two and three days at a time, and there was nothing anyone could do except watch and hope and feed me drugs. From the time I was a baby until I was 9 or 10, I spent a lot of time in the hospital. Of those early seizures I remember little, just one minute playing then the next waking up in either the hospital or someone's bed with people asking me how I felt. After age 10 the seizures lightened up, no more series of them, just the occasional one until I went through puberty when they seemed to go away. I still had the petite mals but they were nothing other than a minor annoyance. At age 13 the doctors told my parents to take me off of the Phenobarbital to see what would happen. They cut me of cold turkey and I didn't suffer any more grand mals, but I did become a problem child and had to see kiddy shrinks.

I went through high school and the army with no more seizures and not much more than the usual male teenaged angst but in my mid 20's the seizures came back, and they came back with a vengeance. The doctors said they had a new and better drug to control my epilepsy, a downer called Dilantin. Before taking it I talked to some other epileptics who took it, then decided I'd either live with the seizures or die from it but I wasn't going to live the rest of my life on downers. If I was going to take drugs then they'd be of my own choosing, drugs to get high on, have fun with, not some prescription downers that all the epileptics I talked to hated taking even if it was saving their lives. I did have one friend, Ann, a woman in her late 30's die from seizures. They came on just too strong, too close together, there wasn't anything anyone could do for her except have a party for her after she had gone

At first the seizures I had were like the ones I suffered from in childhood. One moment I'd be doing something, the next there'd be people around asking what happened, should they call an ambulance, but I'd be just spaced out, disoriented, sometimes wet, so I would tell them just to leave me alone for a while, that I'd be okay. Then I had a seizure while on LSD and that changed everything.

I was high and feeling extremely strange. At first I just put it off on the acid, maybe it was a bad

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batch. My mouth tasted like I was sucking on pennies but I could smell citrus flowers and it looked like some one was sprinkling silver glitter around my head. Whenever I moved I felt real weak, if I stood up I'd feel faint for a second. When those feeling passed I started getting rushes, but from my feet up instead of from my tailbone up like with acid. Plus the rushes unlike acid ones which have an even duration even though they d get stronger, these started out lightly and far apart then got more intense and closer together until I went into full seizure where all my muscle locked up and were vibrating at a tremendous rate. However, for the first time I didn't entirely lose conscienceness. I was able to retract my conscienceness into a small light in the center of my brain and even though I couldn't see or hear what was happening around me, I still knew what was going on and who I was. When my body stopped it spasms I brought my conscienceness back and opened my eyes. Again the faces, "Are you all right?" but I was better than "all right." I was higher than I had ever been in my whole life. I was calm, I was clear and I was totally silent. The acid wasn't even effecting me anymore, no trails, no paisleys, no tripping. I looked out at my universe and I was at Peace. I didn't need to think or talk or act. I only needed to be, for I was Alive!

After that I always knew a few minutes before hand when I was going to spaz out. If I was at someone's home I'd tell them what was going to happen, and did they have a bedroom or some other place I could be alone for the next half hour or so. No, there's nothing you can do for me except leave me be. When the seizure would end I was always high for a couple hours afterward. Sometimes funny things happened too

On two different occasions when I was with a girl and we were having sex, I felt them start to come on. Both times were later when I found I could even control them to a small degree. I thought, 'Fuck it. I am not going to let them spoil my fun' and just kept going. Both times I completely blacked out and didn't wake up until the next morning. I asked the girls if anything unusual happened. They both said that I got real wild at the end then went instantly to sleep, but other than that everything was fine. Why, they would ask, was something wrong? I told them no, I just wondered how it was for them. Another time a girl and I were hiking in a forest and I felt one coming on. I told her what was going to happen so she should walk on ahead and wait for me. She said, no, that wasn't necessary, she would stay. When the fits started and I lost all muscle control, she simply took me into her arms and held me to her breast for the whole episode. When they were finished she still held me until I could walk. She never said a word, she just held me. It was one of the kindest things anybody has ever done for me in

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my entire life.

Besides the seizures I would experience walking black outs that were not drug induced. One minute I would be doing something, like walking down a street, through the woods or just sitting and talking to a friend, and then in the blink of an eye it would be five, ten, or even twenty minutes later. And I would have no conscience memory of the intervening time period. It's funny to be walking down a street then suddenly be six or eight blocks further ahead. My body must have known what it was doing because it had to cross streets, wait for traffic lights and negotiate other pedestrians and I never once got hurt in any way. I asked my friends what I was like during these times and they told me that I was just real quiet and watchful. If they would ask me something sometimes I would "wake up" but mostly I was just silent.

As I said the seizures started in my mid 20's. They started slow, maybe once a month but by my late 20's I was sometimes have two or three a week. By my early 30 they had dropped back to once or twice a month. I am almost 50 now and seldom have one any more. I still do have the waking blackouts regularly but now only for a moment or two. Maybe they will get bad again or maybe they won't, it doesn't matter to me either way, I don't mind having them anymore, after all, we're old friends now. They've even been one of my life teachers.

While most people, and certainly almost all children, never think about their own personal death and act like they never will die, I have always known even from me earliest childhood that someday I will die. This has tempered me and taught me the value of my life. It has taught me to enjoy this precious gift that we have been given for this short time on this wonderful earth, and for This I am truly grateful.

HEY ROOMIE

My girlfriend Kelly and I have a friend named Tom who lived in a small southern Oregon town. He's a good looking guy in his mid 30's who has never worked a day in his life because he has rich grandparents who give him \$1000 a month so he can be an artist living the bohemian lifestyle. He usually lives in some cheap ratshack outside of the city limits because he'd much rather spend his money on pot and young girls. He has certain rules in his life that include smoking grass each and every day, playing poker with his male buddies once a week, which includes me, and dating only cute petite babes between the ages of 18 and 24, but only for a week or two at the most. He lead a pretty idyllic life until he decided that living in a ratshack was getting a little old and move into a brand new 2 bedroom townhouse right in the middle of town with his 2 cats and his pitbull. Since the rent was \$800 a month that meant he either had to get a job or a roommate. The choice was simple. He asked Kelly and me if we'd like to move in but we told him, no way. Not only was it too expensive, but it was way too square for us, so he advertised. Most folks who came to look at the place saw the cats and the pitbull and that was enough for them. A few didn't leave until he told them about the dope smoking and the weekly poker games. Tom was an honest guy and he didn't want no trouble later down the road.

One day a woman in her late 20's came over to check it out and said she liked what she saw. He showed her the animals. She said she liked them. He told her about the pot and the poker. Debra said no problem. She told Tom she had an ex-husband, who she was still friends with, and two kids living in the next town. Debra said she would be spending most of her time over there. She'd probably only be sleeping here. He asked what she did. Debra told him that she was a secretary at the forensics lab in town. Tom really didn't want a female roommate but by now the rent was due and he was getting desperate. At least she was over 25 so he wouldn't be sexually attracted to her. He told her okay. She gave him the first months rent and told him that she would pay him the security deposit and lasts months rent within a couple weeks. Debra moved in the following Saturday. Kelly and I met her and she seemed nice enough for a straight person. Tom was happy for exactly one day.

Monday morning bright and early as Tom was having his morning coffee, Debra came down the stairs dressed in a police officer's uniform including badge, cuffs, mace, billyclub and gun. Later that morning as we came in for our daily visit, we were living out in the woods in our VW Van, Tom told us, "Man, I couldn't believe it. She walks in dressed in full cop regalia. She smiles at me and says good

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morning. I almost choked! I asked her if this was some kind of joke. She told me no, that she had just become a cop. She only told people she was a secretary because nobody would like her if they knew she was a cop. She then asked me if I would have rented to her if I had known what she was. I told her not a chance. She told me it was good she lied to me because she really needed a place to live while she was going through her divorce. Then she said not to worry. She was cool with my smoking marijuana and my gambling. She made herself some breakfast and ate. She left telling me, "See ya tonight."

I've been sitting here ever since trying to figure out what the hell I'm going to do."

Kelly told him, "Sounds like you are fucked to me."

I had to agree.

Tom said, "Yeah, don't I know it. If I move out then I lose all the security deposit and the last months rent. If I tell her to move out she just might get pissed enough to have me busted. Then I'd still lose this place and all my money. I guess I'll just have to try and live with her."

Kelly said, "Well Tom, if she's living here then I sure ain't coming around any more. Nothing personal, I just won't have anything to do with cops."

Tom looked real sad saying, "But we're friends. Come on Kelly, it's not that bad. Why, she'll hardly even be her."

I said, "Well then, we can come over when ever she's not here. So from now on we'll call before we come." Kelly and Tom both said that sounded okay with them.

And for the first month everything did seem to go well. Debra was hardly ever there. She just came home to sleep and change clothes spending most of her days off with her ex and her kids, so the pot smoking, the poker games and Tom's other salacious activities when on unhampered. But then Tom started getting harassing phone calls from creditors and local merchants with bad checks who were looking for Debra. Plus, she still hadn't paid him any of her part of the security deposit and last months rent. Tom started bugging her about the money she owed him and for her to pay her bills because he certainly didn't want to be hassled over them. Debra basically told him that she'd decided that she was not paying him any security deposit or last months rent, but she did give him a check for this month's rent which was now due. She then told Tom to mind his own business about the bounced checks or she would have him arrested for drugs, gambling and morals violations. Now Tom was pissed. He told her to get the fuck out.

Debra just laughed in his face and told him, "We'll see who has to get the fuck out."

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Within a week it starts. Tom tells us that now every 2 hours a cop car cruises very slowly past his house making a point to look in his front window. We ask him what's he going to do. He doesn't know.

I tell him, "Sorry Tom, but we ain't coming' over here any more. We'll give you a call every day just to see what's the haps, but if you want to hang out, your going to have to come to our camp."

He says he understands.

Two days later we see him in town at the coffee shop by the college he hangs out in and where he picks up most of his cuties. He tells us he has a plan.

Last night he called Debra's ex and had a long chat with him. It seems that the reason the hubby is divorcing Debra is because of all her bad debts. She's maxed out all of her credit cards. She's knowingly writing checks for which she has no funds. She's still collecting AFDC and food stamps for the children and not bothering to tell welfare that not only does she have a job, but she no longer even has custody of the kids. He said he'd like to turn her in but he's afraid it would jeopardize the divorce and child custody proceedings since she's a cop. He also tells Tom that Debra has turned his name into the Narco Squad as a dope dealer and that's why the cops are watching him. He wishes Tom good luck then asks Tom not to call him again because if Debra found out then she might make trouble for him.

We ask Tom what's his plan.

He says, "First I'm going down to Social Services and turning her welfare cheating ass in. That should really get her in trouble since that's a federal beef. Then I'm calling the Narc's and turning myself in. If they got any evidence against me then they can come and arrest me. If not, then they can just fuck off. Don't forget, I have very rich grandparents who love me. If I get busted you can bet your ass they will get me the best lawyer in the state."

Kelly and I laugh. What a pair of balls, we wish him luck.

A week later Tom comes out to our camp. He's bought himself an old VW Bus that's in pretty good shape and, he tells us, he's moving into it. We ask about Debra, the Narc's and the townhouse.

He tells us the story. "Well, after I saw you guys I went straight to Social Services and ratted the bitch out. They were very interested and asked if I'd sign a complaint against her and testify in court if I was needed. I told them damn straight I would. They had me come back the next day and talk to their chief investigator. He had me sign some papers and said that he would look into it. The next morning I called the cop shop and asked to talk to the head Narc. I told him who I was and about my trouble with Debra. Then I asked him if they had a warrant for my arrest. He said no, they were just watching me. I

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asked him how we could negate the situation. He told me if I would allow 2 of his men to search my house immediately, then that would satisfy him. But he warned me, if his boys found anything, then my ass was going in to the can. I told him to bring them on because it was better being busted than being scared. Also, I knew that I didn't have anything lying around the house. Ever since that bitch had threatened me I've kept the place pretty clean. Anyway, less than 10 minutes later a cop car pulls up and 2 regular cops get out. I answer the door and before they even come in they again inform me that if they find anything then I am going to jail. I tell them they have my permission to search the premises."

"They enter and proceed to tear the place apart. As their working I ask them if they know about all the shit Debra is pulling. They say, yeah they know. I ask how she can get away with that crap. They tell me the new police chief is a woman and she wants more women on the force so..."

"An hour later they found a small pipe and an almost empty baggie with less than 2 grams of pot in it. They gave me a receipt for it and left saying I'd be contacted shortly. Not wanting to wait, the next day I called the head Narc. He told me he had turned the pot over to the DA and now as far as he was concerned, the investigation of me was over. However, he did warn me about the weekly poker games saying that if money was involved then they were illegal, and he said, if they ever found out that I had sex with anyone under the age of 18, then I would for sure be going to jail. I then called the DA. He told me that even though there was enough pot for him to charge me, it wasn't worth his time to prosecute me. As long as I didn't get into any more trouble then he was finished with me. I ask him about Debra. Did he know about the welfare fraud and the bad checks? He said he did, but that wasn't any of my business."

"Wow man, you were really lucky." was all Kelly and I could say.

"Don't I know it." Tom answers, then, "But I lost the townhouse and all my deposits."

We ask how that happened.

Tom says, "That very afternoon the landlord comes over and says he heard that cops had been there. And by the way, did I know that Debra's rent check had bounced so that only half the rent is paid? Well, he sees not only the mess the cops made but the rug the cats clawed up and the woodwork the dog chewed up. He told me I had two weeks to get out or he'd call the cops and have them evict me, then he'd sue me for any damage the security deposit didn't cover. I called my grandma and told her what happened. She wired me the grand that I bought this bus with, so until I can find another cheap place, I'm homeless just like you guys."

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I asked him what happened to Debra.

He said, "Fuck if I know or care. That bitch is out of my life and that's good enough for me. Of course, if they ask me to testify against her for the welfare fraud I most certainly will. I would really love to see her lose her job, her kids and go to prison for a long long time, but right now I'm just happy to be out of it."

After a couple weeks later Tom found another cheap shack to rent a few miles out of town.

Kelly and I were friends with Tom for years afterward visiting him whenever we passed through Oregon. Then one day he moved to Colorado and we haven't heard form him since. But who knows, maybe one day...

RIDE'UM COWGIRL!

I'd just gotten a ride to Texarkana from Little Rock where I had spent the night on the floor of a kind salesman's apartment who had picked me up somewhere in Tennessee. I walked to the edge of town so I could stand right on the state line. I didn't have to wait long before an old station wagon with a long hair driving pulled over and told me that he was going to Ft. Worth and would I like a ride.

I said "You bet." since just three nights ago I had slept ass deep in snow in eastern Pennsylvania, and the further south I got the better I liked it.

We chatted on the drive south. I told him my trip of going where the rides went and he told me that he lived with his brother in a small house in Ft. Worth where they worked as sound techs for any concerts that came to the Dallas-Ft. Worth area. He told me that working with musicians was always a pain in the ass but the money was real good.

By the time we got to Ft. Worth it was already dark so he said that I could spend the night at his place and in the morning he would take me to the freeway west. This sounded good to me. When we got to his house he introduced me to his brother who, as soon as we walked in, started bitching about a girl that he had met, bedded and now was trying to get rid of because she wouldn't leave him alone. He said that she was coming over in about an hour and that he had no plans to be there so we would have to

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deal with her.

I asked him what her trip was that he was so upset with her.

He said "She's a fuckin' nympho. All she wants to do is screw and won't give me a moment's peace. I just can't take it anymore so I am out of here."

His brother started arguing with him that he didn't want to deal with her either.

I broke in on their discussion and told them that I would gladly spend the night with the lady since I hadn't had any sex for over a week and was horny as hell myself.

The brother's said that they'd be happy to introduce me to her but warned me that if I did go home with her that I would get no sleep that night.

I told them fine, bring her on.

About an hour later a baby blue Mustang pulls into their driveway and out steps a girl in her early 20's. She's short but built with her blond hair cut shoulder length and blue eyes. She's wearing a white blouse, a blue mini skirt and white cowboy boots. She comes in and immediately start crawling all over the brother who is telling her that no way is he going to spend the night with her, and that if she don't cut the crap, then she's going to have to leave, so she settles down. They introduce me to her as a good friend of theirs from San Francisco who'll be in town for a couple of days and needs someone to show him the sights since they'll be working.

She checks me out, comes over to me and we start talking. Am I a real San Francisco hippie?

Yes Mam, I surely am.

The brother's says that I'm going to have to sleep on their floor if I stay there so since she has lots of space at her place why don't she let me stay with her for the night.

She looks at the brother she likes and he says to her, "You do what you want, but I am going to bed. So good night." and leaves the room.

The girl, who tells me her name is Arlene, says to me "Well, would you like to spend the night at my place."

I tell her that it'd be my pleasure. I grab my pack, thank the guy for the ride and we leave.

As soon as we get in the car she starts asking me a lot of questions about the San Francisco hippie scene and by the time that we get to her house we have become good friends, laughing and enjoying each other's company. She lives in an apartment house on the second floor. We go up the stairs hand in hand, she opens the door and as soon as I am inside she is in my arms and has thrown a

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vicious lip lock on me. We never even make it out of the hall before all of our clothes come off and we are doing the hot and nasty right on the hall floor. From there we progress to the living room for another bout of wild sex, then to the bathroom for a shower and a little rub-a-dub-dub. After we're clean we take a break in the kitchen where she makes some hamburgers and tater tots. I tell her that I'll do the dishes while she gets ready for bed but she just whips off her apron, which was all that she was wearing saying to me, "I'm ready right now!"

I figure the hell with the dishes and we hit the sheets.

Arlene keeps me awake most of the night with her sexual demands that I am more than happy to oblige her with. Finally about 4 a.m. she tells me that she has to get a little sleep because she has to go to work in the morning. We snooze for a couple of hours but when the alarm goes off she is astride me saying "One last quickie before another dull day."

I just say "Well, ride'um, cowgirl!"

We get up, get dressed and have a cup of coffee. Arlene tells me that I can spend the day there if I want to and when she gets home we can have a little more fun. Even though it was a mighty tempting offer, I really didn't want to hang around with nothing to do all day when I could be on the road in search for new adventures. So I tell her that it was a lot fun last night but that she plum wore me out and I wouldn't be much good tonight.

She looks a little sad, but says "Oh well, would you like a ride to the freeway? I can drop you on my way to work."

I say that would be fine.

We get into her bitchen baby blue Mustang and she drives me to the freeway. We hug and kiss good bye and she tells me that if I'm ever in Ft. Worth again to look her up and I promise her that I will. Sad to say, I never went through the Dallas-Ft. Worth area again.

A LOVE STORY

Scary Mary was one of the biggest baddest women that I've ever known, and when I say biggest I ain't talking about size. She was only an average sized girl, maybe 5'6" and 130 pounds, around 30 years old, and not bad looking either but she had a huge appetite for everything. Sex, she'd have anytime with anyone, male or female, in any combination and in any number. She could go through three or four partners in one night and still be looking for more the next morning. Drugs, she'd take by the handfuls, not caring what they were as long as they got her off she was happy. Booze, she drank like a man, whiskey straight from the bottle, beer right from the can and wine out of the jug. She was a true maniac. And when I say baddest, you know that no one, not man, woman or dog fucked with her. Anyone stupid enough to do so soon found out why her pronoun was "Scary".

She came out to the desert and set up camp then proceeded to screw every single male out there just to see who was good and who wasn't. She could out drink, out dope, out fuck and probably out fight almost everyone out there, until after a while only the hardest would hang around her. There were rumors of why she had to leave Apple Valley in a hurry, and how she'd been run out of Kernville, but since this was just vicious gossip and I have no first hand knowledge of these events I won't report them to you. The tale I have to tell and did witness is strange enough to stand by itself.

Mary had been at the springs for a full season, raising hell and playing havoc with the local and the tourist alike. She left for the summer for even Mary wasn't crazy enough to spend a summer in the desert where temps can stay at 120 degrees for three or more months.

When she returned in the fall, she had a brand new boyfriend, Rick, with her and an old well used trailer that she and Rick set up house in. They parked the trailer only about 100 feet from the pools, right next to Mike, one of her favorite lovers, a fact that she didn't bother to tell Rick. Rick was a young handsome guy around 25 and only a little bigger than Mary, so they made a cute couple. Mary must have really been in love because as far as I know, and there were no secrets at the springs, she was faithful to Rick for at least three months, but even true love gets boring after a while so Mary started screwing around. Not behind Rick's back mind you. Mary was never dishonest. She would just tell Rick that she was going for the night then leave with some other guy. This saddened Rick but what could he do, Mary was the most exciting woman he'd ever been with and, as he told us, he loved her.

One morning as we were soaking in the pool Mike came over with what he said was one hell of a

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story.

We said, "Tell us" and he did,

"I was making breakfast this morning when I hear Rick calling my name "Mike, Mike, come here. I need you."

"I go over to their trailer and say, "Hey Rick, you in there?"

"He says, "Mike, come in. I need your Help?"

"So I go in and there's Rick tied to the bed spread eagle, and that ain't all. He's got one of Mary's teddy's on, plus her stockings and garters. His face is all made up with lipstick, mascara and the whole bit. I say, "Jesus Christ Rick, what the holy hell happened to you?"

"He says to me, "This is just Mary's new game. Now untie me."

"But I want to know more so I ask, "What the fuck is she up to now?"

"He says, "She likes to dress me up then tie me to the bed. Then she leaves, sometimes for a few minutes, sometimes for a couple hours, then when she comes back she screws the hell out of me then unties me. But this is the first time she ain't came back. Now untie me."

"But first I got to harass him a bit more and say, "But what if she comes back and finds you untied, she ain't going to like that."

"Rick says, "Fuck you Mike, and fuck her too! Just untie me!"

"So I untie him. Have you ever heard of such a story?"

We agree that it's pretty kinky.

We ask Rick about it later and he says, "Yeah, so what about it? And anyway, it's none of your fuckin' business."

After the first incident, according to Mike, he has to rescue Rick at least once or twice a week, and according to Rick, Mary's staying gone for longer periods of time, sometimes as long as three days. After a couple months of this Rick decides to show Mary what it's like to fuck around.

There's another woman at the spring whose sexual appetite is as great as Mary's and has also gone through every single man and some of the women that there is to be had. Lauren is around 40 and loves sex. She does a few drugs, mostly grass and acid, but drinks little. Her and Mary are good friends, sometimes sharing the same man, then they'll sit in the hot pool discussing his technique, his quirks and staying power. We all learned a lot more than we ever needed, or wanted, to about the sexual practices of the folks at the springs. Well, Lauren was hot to try Rick out but up until now Rick had

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been faithful to Mary. Now Rick has had enough, the next time that Mary's gone for more than one night Rick tells Lauren to come over to his place and visit him for the night. Lauren, of course is happy to oblige him. When the fateful night comes what Lauren doesn't tell Rick is that she's on the rag. And once Rick starts in, he thinks that she's just really hot and wet for him so they go at it all night long bumping uglies.

In the morning Lauren leaves and Rick discovers that his and Mary's bed looks like somebody was murdered in it. He goes and gets Mike to help him get those sheets and the mattress out of there before Mary comes home and sees them, but as luck would have it, Mary comes home while they're still removing the incriminating sheets. She walks in the door, sees the sheets and knows exactly where the blood came from and how it got there. Mike gets the hell out of there as fast as he can, he's seen Mary in action before and wants no part of this. And action is just what Rick gets. She's screaming, yelling, hitting, scratching, biting and kicking Rick, who runs out the door with her or his back. He tries to run into the desert but she stays right with him. She chases him and beats him whenever she catches him until finally she gets tired enough for him to escape. The whole time she's yelling about how could he fuck another woman in their BED! That all the time that she fucked around on him that she never, never once ever fucked another guy in their BED! And if he wanted to fuck some other whore that she didn't give a damn as long as it wasn't in their BED!

Mary seems to calm down and walks back to their trailer. She goes inside and pours a gallon of kerosene, which they had for their lamps, on the desecrated bed, lights a match, drops it and walks out the door. We all watch as the trailer with everything that Mary and Rick own in it, burns to the ground. Mary didn't say a single word, she just stood there and cried. Rick comes back, all he has on are his jeans, stands beside Mary, puts his arm around her and watches the flames not saying a word either.

Finally, Mary takes his hand, looks at him and says, "Fuck it Honey. Don't worry about it. We'll get another one."

Rick, still speechless, just nods.

When the trailer is done burning, Rick kind of pokes through the ashes but nothing's salvageable.

They move into the bushes, get some clothes and a tent then hang out together. In a few months they've traded their was up to an old green Ford pick up with a small camper on back and spend the rest of the season in it.

Mary still goes off with other guys and Rick now bangs other girls but neither of them do it even

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remotely in the area of their camper.

They don't live at the springs anymore but still come through every now and then to say "Hi." and catch up on the latest gossip. They're still together in that old green pick up and are still in Love. Mary's even mellowed a bit so I guess it's true what they say: Love can conquer all.

NOT FOR EXPORT

This is a tale about another lie that America would like us to believe, like "Freedom", "Justice" and "Democracy". This lie is "Free Enterprise".

My girlfriend Kelly and I had just arrived in Chaing Mai, Thailand. We hadn't been here for a few years and in the intervening time Chaing Mai has gone from a rural backwater town that catered mostly to the local population to a thriving city with lots of western tourists. One of the things we noticed was an abundance of new tourist goods, one of which really caught our attention. They were cotton reversible stadium, bomber and hooded baja jackets that have lots of hill tribe embroidery on them. And, if you buy them wholesale, they're amazingly cheap! The stadium's and bomber's are \$6, the baja's are only \$4. We know we could easily sell these in America for 20 bucks apiece. We ask about the shipping and duty. Even with that added on the cost of each piece wouldn't even double. We're ready to buy, but first we have to visit the American Consulate to get the skinny on customs regulations.

We're seated in a room and in walks a young guy who introduces himself. He asks what we'd like to know.

We tell him.

He smiles and says, "Well, that might be a problem."

I ask why. "Because of the 'Cotton Quota'." he answers.

Cotton quota?

He continues, "America has a "Cotton Quota" to protect the American cotton growers. Why, if we let anyone who wanted to import cotton articles into the US then pretty soon the country would be

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inundated with cheap cotton clothing and the poor American framers would be out of business, which would be very bad for our economy.”

I ask him what about all the imported cotton clothing already brought into the US by the large corporations?

“They have a cotton quota” he says.

I ask how can I get a cotton quota?

He tells me since this is November that all this years cotton quotas are already used up, but I can apply for next years which will be issued in February 1988. However, I shouldn't count on being given on since whoever already has one gets first crack and then big business has priority for any that are left over. “Because,” he says still smiling, “that's what's economically good for the country.”

I ask if there's anything I can do?

“Well, you can find a local merchant here who already has a cotton quota. They'll be happy to do business with you.”

I ask for the name of such a merchant?

He smiling, shakes his head saying, “Sorry. I can't do that. It would look like we were favoring local merchants over American ones. But if you just ask around I'm sure you'll be able to locate one. Now if there's nothing else...?”

I say, “But what about Free Enterprise?”

He, still smiling, just stands there looking at me like I'm some kind of idiot then says, “Good day.” and leaves the room.

Well ain't that a kick in the ass.

Next day Kelly and I ask some of the local merchants about having a cotton quota. They tell us that they don't know anyone who has one. “Very difficult.” they say.

Finally we hear of a Canadian ex-pat who runs an export business. We call him and he tells us to come on over. We all sit down and have tea while he gives us the news. “Most countries in the “Free” world don't have quotas on durable goods. You just import what you want and pay the duty. If too much of one thing starts coming in, then they raise the duty until things even out” he says. “Only America has quota's. Of course, the quotas don't apply to any of the large corporations. If they want to import more then their quota is simply increased.”

I ask if he has a cotton quota.

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“No,” he tells us, “they’re too much hassle. However, I can give you the name of someone here who does.”

I thank him as he writes down the name and address. He tells us to drop by anytime, and to let him know how it went for us.

That evening we go to the address the Canuk gave us. It’s a Thai woman whose shop is just full of the jackets.

We ask her her wholesale prices.

She asks about the quantity we’d want.

We tell her.

She does some figuring then gives us the price.

And it’s very cheap because, she tells us, she has her own factory. In fact, we can specify not only the colors and styles, but the embroidery patterns as well.

We ask if she has a cotton quota.

She says she does!

However, this year’s is all used up, but if we come back in February then there’ll be no problem. She tells us she even works closely with a shipper who will give us a very good rate. Sounds good to us so we tell her we’ll see her in 4 months. After a little R&R up in the Golden Triangle, Kelly and I head for the beach to hang out to await February.

It’s February 1988 and we’re back in Chaing Mai. We go see the Thai woman and she tells us this year’s cotton quota isn’t in yet, but soon will be.

No problem. Kelly and I can easily hang out in the Triangle for a month and head for Chaing Rai.

Back to Chaing Mai in March. Still no cotton quota. But soon, just be patient, she tells us.

We hang in Chaing Mai. April comes, no cotton quota.

I go back to the Consulate to ask about it. The same young smiling officious asshole tells me that it’s a little late this year because all the American companies haven’t all received theirs yet. Maybe next month.

May comes, no cotton quota.

I tell Kelly, “Our visa’s are up so it’d either a trip down and back to Penang to renew them (a 3 day trip each way), or fuck it.”

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Kelly says, "Fuck this shit Tai. After all, we're hippies, not businessmen. Let's go to India, kick back, smoke some primo hash and get high."

Sounds good to me.

As we leave Chaing Mai I think, 'Free enterprise my ass. Like everything else in America it's only true for the rich and powerful, for the rest of us it's just another bullshit lie.'

PLEASED TO MEET YOU

Man, what a strange tripp that was. But hey, I feel pretty good. In fact, I feel fucking great! It all started last night. After dinner my commune mates and me were all feeling fairly mellow having smoked a J or three and drinking a little wine to help wash down the nerdle of purple micro-dot, just enough to catch a buzz. The dishes were done and we're all sitting around the living room listening to the stereo and talking with each other about the scene here in San Francisco. There's a knock at the door and in breezes in some friends of ours with a Yogi in tow. They tell us they're on their way to Sausalito for a recording session with said Yogi to record some mantras. Do we want to join them?

We think about it but most of us, including me, decide that it's too far, it's too late and since we're all already feeling fine, why bother. Our friends say, "Okay, but you're going to miss a good party."

But the Yogi's gets a little hot, like we just insulted him or something and says sarcastically to us, "Well, we must be going. So sorry to have intruded upon your little lives." then he leaves.

We all thought this a bit rude and were glad that we didn't go. But fuck it, who cares what some religious nut thinks about us, let's smoke another one. My wife Lindsey and I go to bed shortly afterward. The micro-dots buzz is about gone and we're tired. I fall right to sleep.

Sometime later something wakes me. It's still dark and there are no sounds other than the usual city noises. No one's up in the house but for some reason I am really scared. I look around the room. Lindsey's asleep. Nothing's out of place that I can see. Then my eye catches sight of a shadow moving across the ceiling and that 's what scaring me. I quickly shift my gaze away but I still know it's there. I

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can feel it.

I think, 'Hey, it's only a shadow. What am I frightened of?' and I shift my eyes back. I start starring at it thinking, 'Okay, let's see it. What am I so afraid of?'

The shadow starts moving and changing. It acquires depth and starts pulsing. Then a deep menacing voice says, "Stop Looking At Me!"

Now this scares me worse but I keep staring thinking that I am not going to quit looking until I see whatever it is. The shadow starts growing until it's covers the entire ceiling. Plus it's getting deeper and blacker, and it's pulsing faster now.

The voice says, "Stop Looking At Me Or I Will Kill You!"

I'm still scared but I say, "Kill me then, but I am not going to stop looking until I see what you are."

The voice answers, "Stop Looking At Me Now! Or I Will Do Worse Than Kill You. I Will Drive You Totally Insane Turning You Into A Vegetable For The Rest Of Your Life!"

Now this really frightens me. Dying is bad enough but being strapped to a wheelchair, drooling and shitting my pants for the next 40 or 50 years would be really horrible. But I don't care. I am tired of being afraid so I say, "Then give me your worst, but I ain't stopping staring. Show me!"

The voice bellows, "BEHOLD!"

The shadow draws in on itself then explodes outward. A new form is standing there before me in the blackness. And well, you know who He is. He's got cloven hooves, hairy legs, but a hairless muscled upper body that's all a shiny reddish black with a weird looking goats head sitting atop His shoulders that has two regular goat eyes, plus a third one right in the middle of His forehead. He's got spiral horns and pointed ears with smoke pouring out of them and fire coming out His nose. In one hand He's got some rusty old iron shackles that He's clanking at me and in His other hand a sharp pointed gleaming spear (I didn't see no tail). He's standing not three feet in front of me and He's frothing at the mouth having a regular fit screaming, "Now You Will Submit Or Die!"

Man O Man! This is what I'm afraid of? I am so relieved that I start laughing, which only pisses Him off worse.

He starts jabbing the spear right in my face yelling, "SUBMIT! You Will SUBMIT!"

I smile saying, "I don't need you anymore, but thanks for all you've done for me. I Love You. Now go in Peace."

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He rants and raves a bit more and when He sees that I mean what I say He makes himself even more hideous looking while screaming at me, "YOU WILL SUBMIT!"

I just look at Him with Love. With that He shrieks one last time then explodes onto a million pieces of Light, kind of like a 4th of July skyrocket, all glittery and floaty. One by one the pieces start winking out. As they do it gets darker and darker. I am floating in blackness of the void and the lights keep going out. I think that maybe I am dead but I don't care. At least I'm not afraid anymore

Finally, all the pieces but one has winked out. But that one piece has started spinning and growing larger. It's getting brighter too and is coming my way, and I feel Peace. As it gets closer I can see that it's a Diamond. The Light it's putting out is pure dazzling white which then refracts itself into millions of multi-colored Rainbows. It comes right up to me, moves over my head and bathes me in its Light, and I feel Joy. I look down at my body floating there in the emptiness of space and see my chest open up. I can see my own blood filled beating Heart, then it too opens. Emerging from my crimson Heart are some old brown fingers, then a hand, then a forearm. The hand is facing me and it is in the form of a benediction.

The Light says, "I Love You. I Have Always Loved You. No Matter How Bad, Or How Good You Are, I Will Always Love You As I Love You Here And Now."

The brown old hand withdraws down into my open chest and then back into my still beating Heart. My Heart closes then my chest, and I am filled with Pure Compassionate LOVE. I now know that I am truly Blessed.

I'm back in my room and it's dawn. Lindsey's still asleep and everything looks normal. I hear a bird singing and glance out the window to look it but instead of seeing the bird, I see this sign drawn on the window.



How it got there I do not know. It wasn't there before but that doesn't matter. It's Here Now and so am I.

KHAJURAHO

All of our friends here are always telling me "You've been coming here a long time and are always writing so when are you going to write something about Khajuraho?" This is not only for you but for them as well.

The very first time that my lover Kelly and I came to India we asked the Tourist Officer in New Delhi, "Where are them Sex Temples at? "

The clerk looked at us like he didn't know what we were talking about and said, "What Sex Temples?"

I said, "You know, the ones with carvings of people screw screwing all over them."

The clerk still looked mystified but Kelly pointing to a poster over his head said, "Those Sex Temples."

The clerk said, "Oh you mean Khajuraho." and told us how to get there.

Getting there today is almost as much as a hell ride as it was 15 years ago. It still takes two days to go less than 300 miles, but it's worth every uncomfortable mile. From Agra, home of the most magnificent structure ever created by man, the Taj Mahal, you take an approximately 8 hour train journey to Jhansi where you have to spend the night. Next morning you'll have to board an old very crowded local bus and bounce along at 25 mph for the next seven hours and by 1 p.m. you will be there. As you get off the bus, you'll be besieged by touts for every price of hotel. But if you want cheap and best then head for the Yogi Lodge run by Yogi Sharma and his 3 sons, Papu, Big Papu and little Papu. When the Yogi is IN and if you get up early enough, you can join him on the roof for a free session of yoga. He's always glad to have the company. If you can pay a little more for a little nicer room then go to either the Surya or Lakeside Hotel. You'll have to pay double or even triple the Yogi's price depending on the season, but the garden at the Surya or the sunsets at the Lakeside are wonderful

"Yeah," you say, "hotels are important but what about them Sex Temples." The temples were built around a thousand years ago by the Chandel Empire. They're made of stone and are totally covered with carvings depicting the drugs, sex and rock and roll of the day which was, sex with anything that moved, war, gleefully killing all of your enemies, and music and dance, party afterwards then have more sex. The sex carvings not only show humans having sex with each other in every combination and with their favorite animals, but they show the gods screwing each other too. If you want the entire skinny

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about the temples then ask for Mr. Khare, the official unofficial guide who will not only give you a longer tour than one of the official guides but will charge you only half as much and will even party with you afterwards.

Khajuraho is a very small village by Indian standards, only about 7000 souls so it's a good place to meet rural Indians who not only speak pretty good English but who will not follow you around staring at you like it they would in a regular Indian village. These people have been dealing with honky's for 20 years now and are used to our strange ways and anyway, they have a life. Also, if you want some ganja or bhang, the village is the place to score. Ask any male over the age of 40 and he'll be glad to get you some, he and his friends will even share a chillum with you. It won't be very good but it will be very cheap. BOM SHIVA! BOM BOLI! It's illegal now but nobody here really cares, after all it's been a Shiva village for over 5000 years. The law is just a momentary aberration, like the one saying that no one can get married under the age of 18 when at least 80% of all village girls in all of India are not only married by then, but have at least one baby. Every one in India knows that the government is stupid and should be ignored

Well, it's lunch time and you're hungry so where do you go? All the restaurants in Khajuraho are pretty much the same, only the price varies. However, the two that I like best are: The Marwari Sri Chandel by the new market because not only is it very cheap but everything is made fresh and unless you order something fried, they use no oils in their cooking. The other place is under the Baobob tree in the old Raja market called Argawals, which has the best tandoor chapaties in town, even the locals eat there. Also, if you have any laundry take it along because right next to Argawals is Mr. Shimlar Washerman who will wash and iron all your clothes and at a good price too, in by 7 p.m., out by 6 p.m. the next day. The best sweet shop in town is right across from Argawals so stop by and ask if they're making cake today (cake in India is milk and sugar that's been boiled all day until it becomes a solid and it is delicious). On your way out of the market stop and make a wish under the Baobob tree. There's only three or four of them in all of India and this one's over 200 years old. Mr. Khare can tell you all about it.

As you enter or leave the temples you will be accosted by a hoard of post card sellers. The best thing to do is to buy a set right away, they're cheap, then carry them with you to show all the other sellers that you already have some. The same with the gift shops. They all have about the same things so if you want something from Khajuraho, look around at a couple at random and pick the cheapest. To

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get around you can, walk, rent a bike or use bicycle rickshaws, everything's within a mile of one another so what ever you choose is no problem. One thing you should try while you're there is sweet Pan, it's some of the best that I've ever had in all of India. It's as pan leaf stuffed with masala powder, honey, mango chutney, sweet anise, coconut, raisin, cashew, candied fruit and secrete ingredients which is then rolled up, shoved into the mouth after dinner and chewed. It comes with or without beetle nut, which contains nicotine. Chew it slowly savoring all those sweet flavors and all for just two rupees (6 cents). YUM!

The best time to go is Feb.-Mar when they have a world famous Indian dance festival there that is really good. Classical dancers and musicians come from all over India to perform for this two week long festival, but it will be very crowded and room rates will be double. Holi is at this time of year too and this is one of the best tourist places to play it at in all of India. You can either go to the village and go wild with the Indians or stay by the temples and be left alone. (What a drag, only a total wuss wouldn't want to eat bhang, get colored and party for the three days!) However, anytime, except May-June when the temp soars to 115 in the shade, is a good time to go. Especially during any Black (new) Moon when the entire village takes a public bath in the tank (small manmade lake) across from the Lakeside Hotel and there's a street faire all day long.

There's lots of side trips around Khajuraho too, waterfalls, a wild animal park, a diamond mine where you can dig for your own diamonds, an old fort and palace, and because it's so out of the way none of these places are ever crowded except during the dance festival.

Yes, unless you're rich and can fly, it's hell to get to and out of, but it's well worth the trip. We go there every time we come to India and we stay at least a month. There's not much to do there except sit in the temple garden (admission 2 cents, Friday's free), visit with the Indians and watch the beauty going on all around you. What more could you ask for?

FIN DE SIECLE

I've been to a lot of parties in a lot of places all over the world. In fact, from 1968 to 1983 my life was with only a few interruptions, just about one continuous party. And ever since then, even though I've gotten old and kicked back, I still try to give life hell every chance that I can. But the drinkingest, dopingest, fuckingest party that I've ever been to was the one that Joanne gave herself for her 30th birthday. It started out like any other San Francisco hippie early 70's party but before it was over it involved well over a hundred people, including most of the neighbors and lasted a non-stop 24 hours a day for an amazing 17 crazy intense fulfilled day and nights. That's two weeks and three weekends before it got just too weird and the plug got pulled.

Joanne and Kerry shared a two bedroom flat on Mirapose St. on Potrero Hill just down the block from the infamous dooper bar The Garden of Earthy Delights which they frequented when either bored or in search of the virile straight young male, and where they were well known. The Garden served beer and wine. Also, it had very loud very live garage bands on the ground floor. On the second floor they rented out rooms where one could purchase any amount of any kind of illegal substances, it was a sort of hippie Quickie Mart.

Joanne and Kerry were party-hardy girls who were always up for anything. One of their favorite sports was to pick up a young good looking gay guy and try to get him to fuck them. They told me that as long as the room was dark and they did it doggy style, it usually worked, but if the gay guy got a glimpse of tits and no cock in the crotch then it was all over but the crying. Joanne and Kerry worked when they had too so they had quite a few straight friends too. They would have sex with about any male that could get it up so they had lots of male friends. They took lots of drugs and had a party at their flat almost every weekend so they knew lots of freak friends both straight and gay. When they could, they'd quit their jobs and go on unemployment and food stamps. When the unemployment ran out they'd just get another job. Usually it was six months on and six months off. The six months on they dressed like regular straight chicks during the week and confined their partying to Friday and Saturday nights but for the six months off they were real hell on wheels.

Joanne even kept a diary of all the guys that she screwed with comments and stars, one to five by their names, if she knew it, or just a description of the guy if she didn't. She told me that if she ever felt down all she had to do was page through her diary and pretty soon she would be feeling good again

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remembering all that wonderful delicious sex. Sometimes when she was really high and the party was getting too slow for her liking she would break out the diary and pass it around and let everyone get a laugh especially since almost all of us guys were in it. Of course, there would always be some dude complaining that he deserved more stars and would ask for another chance to prove it. Joanne usually gave them the chance but almost never changed their stars.

You wouldn't have thought that they would have made good roommates either, although they were both into fucking. Mainly because Joanne loved pot, acid and speed with the occasional skin pop of smack, while Kerry was into grass and downers. However, they got along really well for all the years they lived together until Joanne's 30th birthday party that is.

Since Joanne was now going to be officially old and therefore would never ever have fun again for as long as she lived, she decided to have a big weekend party, not an uncommon occurrence in those days. It would start around 10 p.m. on Friday night and run until anywhere to between sunrise and noon on Sunday. It would feature all the most popular drugs of the day plus beer and wine with plenty of munchies. She had Pie Makin' Marie and me, Bread Makin' Tai, plus anyone else who could cook working overtime. She invited over 60 people both straight and gay, straight and hip which meant that since almost everyone would bring or tell their friends that there would be a real housefull by Saturday night. She also invited the neighbors from both up and downstairs and next door. A good move since if they were partying with us they would be less likely to complain about the noise or worse, call the cops. Although the cops in the City were pretty cool. They'd knock on the door, take a look at the debauchery going on inside, say that they received a complaint and to keep it down. They never got mad or arrested anybody until the second or even third time they were called, then they'd be pissed and close you down.

By Friday evening all was ready. All we lacked were the guest. Those of us who had worked preparing for the party had started getting high in the afternoon and were in fine shape by the time that the first guests arrived. As usual, around 9 p.m. the straight working folks started coming by, they'd stay until midnight or maybe 1 a.m. By then the freeks who loved grass and acid, and the gays who love grass and poppers, would be there in numbers and the partying-hardy would begin in earnest with lots of drugs being ingested. Plus, hot sex would be happening in the back bedroom so the straights, who only used grass, beer and wine and never had communal sex would kind of disappear. Usually around 3 or 4 a.m. the gays would have had enough because by then the acid and speed that the freeks had taken would have kicked in real good and things would start to get extremely weird. The freeks would then

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crash between dawn and noon, sleep until sundown then the whole thing would start over again for one more night. On Sunday the freeks would usually go home, but this party was not going to be the usual and that was apparent from the get go.

With these longer parties people would usually pace themselves, starting slow and friendly on Friday night using the light weight drugs then go flat out insane on Saturday night until no one was left standing. Although no one wanted to be the first to pass out because there was always a special surprise waiting for them. Our favorite trick was: If it was a guy, one of the girls or gay guys would take down the dude's pants. They would paint his cock and balls with a nice bright red, orange, green or whatever day-glo paint.. We'd wait for it to dry while we all stood around and watched then someone would pull his pants back up. We always had lots of day-glo paint around just for fun. (One time I painted myself bright red from head to toe, put on a gold lamae G-string and went to the Garden where they promptly put me up on stage while the band played "Sympathy For The Devil" and everyone bought me drinks and pinched my ass.)

Anyway, when the guy woke up to take a piss he'd freak right out and we'd hear a yell from the bathroom, "Goddamn! My pricks turned red!" and we would all laugh like hell. If it was a girl who passed out first, we'd get out the whipped cream can, take her pants or panties down if she was wearing any, place the nozzle up into her pussy and press. When she woke up, she'd feel herself and say, "I don't know who I fucked, but he must have cum a gallon." or something to that effect.

We always had whipped cream around because it was a high that you could buy with food stamps. Don't shake the can, keep it upright, press and suck down the nitrous, ahhh. A pleasant little buzz, plus you could open the bottom of the can with a can opener and use the cream to sweeten your coffee. This was just harmless fun that everyone could enjoy.

The one that scared the lightweights was, if they passed out and someone dosed them. There's nothing quite like waking up with two or three hundred mike's of acid running through your brain. I myself like it and sometimes would wake up early in the morning, take a piss, drop some acid then go back to sleep for another hour or two. What a way to start the day! But this party did not start slow and easy.

By midnight Friday it was going gangbusters with around a 50 or 60 people partying their asses off. The stereo was turned all the way up and there was dancing in the living room, doping in the kitchen and on the back porch, and fucking in the back bedroom. The front bedroom was kind of a safe

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area that the straighter saner folks had taken over to chat in but even they weren't leaving yet. Since I prided myself on being able to party with anyone, I was in the front bedroom talking to a doctor and his chemist Japanese wife who made the cleanest clearest LSD that I've ever had in my entire life. You could easily take two or three hits and feel nothing but high, though I never saw either of them take any but they did like to pass it out, and we loved to take it.

While I standing there chatting with these two, Pie Makin' Marie who is really stoned, walks up to us, says "Hi" then, "Excuse me."

She drops onto her knees, unbotttons my Levi's, takes my tool out of my pants, pops it into her mouth and starts sucking. At first we all try to ignore her and keep on with the conversation.

But pretty soon I just can't take it anymore and say to the Doc and his wife, "Excuse me, but I'm going to have to take Marie into the bedroom and fuck the living hell out of her."

They say that hey understand.

So I say "Come on Marie, let's go."

We retire to the back bedroom which is already full of naked sweaty writhing moaning bodies, and I'm thinking that it's only Friday night and shit like this is already happening. Man, this is going to be some party. And it was.

Saturday came and went with no let up. The same for Sunday. People just kept coming bringing a fresh supply of bodies, booze and dope. Those who couldn't take anymore left, only to show up later ready to party some more. By Monday morning there were only about 30 hard core freeks left and we all thought, well that's about it but no, they stayed partying all day. And Monday night another 20 showed up all rested and ready to go with more of everything. At this point I couldn't take it anymore and had to retreat and regroup so I went over to a friend's house to crash for a few days.

On Thursday I went back to Joanne and Kerry's thinking that I'd be seeing the aftermath of one hell of a party but I was dead wrong. It was still going on and there were some freeks there that had never left. They had just crashed on the floor and let the party go on around them. They said that the word was out and that this coming weekend would be even wilder and crazier than the last, and they were right

By Friday night there was a whole new crop of hard core partyers mixed in with the old ones. A lot of them I had never seen before and never would again. Of course, all the straights and most of the gays were not in attendance, and if they came by to check out the action they didn't stay long. It was just

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too weird, because the freeks were get getting that real frazzled look especially the ones who had been on the spree most of the week. Joanne had partied the whole time and was loving it. Kerry had, like me, gone to some friend's house to crash and when she returned on Saturday she just shook her in disbelief and joined in. She was hoping that this weekend would be the end of it but it wasn't. It went on for another week with anywhere from 20 to 50 bodies always in attendance. I came and partied as hardy as I could then I'd leave, crash, and then come back for more.

By the end of the second week even I will admit that things were getting out of hand. Everything that could get broken in the flat, was, or it was simply missing. The place was starting to fill with trash. There were freeks awake, asleep and zombied out all over the place. The neighbors were complaining that even though they liked to party as much as the next guy, that enough was enough. Kerry had had enough and told Joanne to get rid of these people or she was moving out and never coming back. Even Joanne thought it was time to shut it down but didn't know how, there were just too many people and they just kept coming and going.

On Friday night a freek passed out in the bathtub with the water running while locked in the bathroom. It flooded out the entire back half of the building and we had to break down the down to turn off the water, plus someone had thrown something down the toilet and it was plugged up. One of the neighbors called the landlord who on Saturday sent the plumber to fix the problem. The plumber fixed the toilet then he reported back to the landlord. The landlord showed up on Sunday morning to take a look for himself. One look was all it took. He said that if everyone but Joanne didn't leave immediately then he was calling the police and would sign a complaint, then he gave Joanne a 30-day eviction notice. The party was over. Joanne and Kerry moved out and got separate apartment but remain friends to this day, and we still all fondly remember Joanne's 30th birthday.

A SOLDIERS STORY

I was hitching in Ramona not going anywhere in particular when a guy in a newish panel van stops. I open the door and he asks where I'm going.

I tell him, "Where ever you are."

He says, "Well, I'm just out for a drive. Get in and I guess we'll go nowhere together."

I throw my pack in back and get in. As I look him over I can see that for a youngish guy, he don't look in too good of shape. One of his arms is missing, his head is all lopsided and his face is scarred up, but hey, it ain't none of my business. I figure he'll tell me all about if he wants to.

We start chatting and at first it's the usual "What's your name?"

His is Wayne.

"What do you do?"

He says he's retired.

Then he asks me my philosophy of life.

I give him the short version; make yourself happy, clean up your own messes and don't harm anybody or anything unnecessarily.

We talk about this for awhile with him questioning me about it and me getting deeper into it. Pretty soon almost an hour has passed and we're headed out into the desert.

He pulls over and says, "You know Tai, you're a real interesting guy. How would you like to come home with me so we can talk some more."

I ask him where he lives.

He says, "I have a ranch just outside of Santee. Just me and a caretaker live there so you'd have plenty of room."

I tell him that sounds okay to me but since it was me doing most of the talking on the drive so far, just what's his story.

He says he'll tell me on the drive there. "I'm a Vietnam vet. I guess you can tell by looking at me that I saw some action. Three years ago I stepped on a land mine. It blew off my foot, my arm and part of my skull, but the worst thing of all, it blew out my memory."

"What?" I ask.

"Yeah," he says, "when I woke up in the hospital I was just like a newborn baby. I had

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absolutely no memory. I couldn't talk, couldn't walk, couldn't feed myself or even clean myself. Actually they told me I was in Vietnam and got blown up because I sure don't remember any of it or anything that took place before I woke up in the hospital. It took them 6 months of working with me before I could even understand what was going on and what had happened to me. After I was stable enough to move they sent me to the VA hospital here in La Jolla so I could be near my sister. She would come almost every day bringing our family pictures and home movies with her to show me, to give me my memories back. She told me that she was my only living relative, that Mom and Dad had died three years ago and that I had lived with her until I had gotten drafted. She told me all she remembered about my life as a kid, our parents and living on our ranch in Santee. The doctors told her that maybe her telling me these things and showing me the pictures would help me to remember, but even today I still don't remember a thing. The doctors say maybe one day I might get some of my memories back but for now it's like I was born full grown in that VA hospital. It took a whole 2 years for me to be rehabilitated enough to leave the hospital and move back home. That was a year ago. I still have to see the doctors every other week. I get full Army pension and benefits. I live in my parent's house with the caretaker all week and my sister comes every weekend so I guess I have it pretty good. Well that's my story."

Wow! What could I say to that. That's one of the strangest story's I'd ever heard and I tell him so.

I ask him what it was like to have no memories. He tells me it seemed normal to him except when he was around other people talking about their childhood's then he feels weird. He asks me about my sex life because, he says, if he had one before he got blew up he sure don't remember it now, and he hasn't had any since.

I ask him why don't he just go down to Tijuana and screw a hooker or three. After all, he has plenty of bucks and that's all you need to get laid in TJ.

He says, "I'm scared. I've never even seen a woman naked and anyway, I think I might be gay."

I ask why he thinks that.

He tells me, "Well, I'm kind of attracted to my caretaker and he's a guy."

I tell him that's a normal reaction. If his caregiver had been a female then he'd be attracted to girls. Almost all long time patients become attracted to their primary care givers.

He says, "He's not my caregiver, he's the caretaker of the ranch."

I ask him if he'd seen the caretaker naked. He tells me only from the waist up. Then he says,

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“I’ve only seen myself naked, never any body else.” He pauses, then says, “Do you think when we get to my house I could see you naked?”

I laugh and say, “No problem. I rather go without clothes any day. I’ll walk around naked the whole time if you want.”

Wayne asks me if I am gay.

I say, “No way. I prefer chicks but I’m certainly not afraid of a little gay action.”

He says, “I’d sure like to know which way I am.”

I tell him, “If you’re straight then you’re lucky because nothing beat sex with a woman, but if you gay then it’s not too bad. In fact, it’s much easier to get laid if you gay. With a babe you always got to play a game to get her into bed, but with a dude, all you have to do is ask.”

I ask him if he has any friends.

He says, “I don’t know anybody other than the people who work on me at the hospital, my sister and Geoff the caretaker.”

I tell him that’s a big part of his problem. After that we ride in silence until we get to Santee.

He asks if I want anything special from the market before we head out of town. I say no, so we continue to the ranch. We turn into a dirt drive and have to stop to open, then close, a gate. After a short drive we approach the house, and it look just like a ranch house, long, low and rambling with a large barn in back. It was even painted a rusty red with dirty white trim. We get out of the van. As soon as we do a guy who looks in his late twenties comes up to Wayne and asks who I am. Wayne introduces me to Geoff and tells him that I’ll be a guest for the next few days. Geoff just nods and walks back towards the barn where I could see a couple horses in the corral. I ask Wayne about the animals.

He says, “That’s all we have now. When my parents were alive, my sister tells me, this was a real working ranch. And oh, since this is Friday, she’ll be here sometime tomorrow morning.”

I ask if she’d mind me here.

Wayne says, “I don’t think so. At least, I hope not.”

I think, ‘well, I might not be here long.’

We enter the house and inside it looks like a ranch house too with a low ceiling and rustic looking furniture. Wayne shows me around the house then asks if I want something to drink saying that he only has water and Kool Aid. I go for the water. After he hands me the glass he says, “Can I see you naked now?”

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I just laugh as I whip off my clothes.

Wayne stands there staring at me. He circles me, comes back in front of me and says, "This is the first time I've ever seen someone naked."

I ask, "Haven't you ever seen a Playboy?"

He says he has but they all looked too phony to him, this is real. He asks if he can touch my cock.

I tell him to go ahead.

As he's staring at it Wayne reaches out and takes a hold of my tool. Now since someone is touching my cock, it starts to get hard and very soon I have a genuine boner. Wayne lets go of it saying, "That's enough for today. I have to go to my room and think about this. Find yourself something to eat and you can sleep in the guestroom. Good night." Since it's already 9 o'clock I figure I might well hit the hay early.

Next morning bright and early Wayne comes in my room, wakes me up and says, "That was the most exciting thing that's ever happened to me. After I went in my room I jacked off then thought about you all night."

I tell him if he thought that was exciting then just wait until he really has sex, especially sex with a woman.

He says, "I rather have sex with you."

I reach out and through his robe grab his prick then start massaging it. He gets hard not saying a word, just watching what's going on. Within a minute he cums. Right after he does he says, "I can't believe it." then, "I have to go to my room for awhile to think about this." He turns and leaves the room saying, "I have to be alone but please don't leave."

I get up, take a shower, get dressed then go outside to check out the ranch.

As I'm wandering around I see Geoff. He seems to be standing around doing nothing. I go over to him and we start talking. He tells me he's been the caretaker ever since the parents died, not that there's much to do here anymore. Mostly he just takes care of the horses and mows the grass. I ask how he likes working here.

He tells me, "Well, the pay ain't great but it's quiet. The kid almost never leaves the house and the sis is only here on weekends. They both pretty much leaves me alone so I guess it's okay."

We chat a little more then he tells me he's got work to do and ambles off. I wander around

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checking the place out. It's in a tree covered valley with no other neighbors visible. All in all, a very nice spread.

Just as I'm walking back to the house a new looking car pulls in and a woman very nicely dressed in her late 20's gets out. She sees me and waits until I get up to her. I introduce myself.

She says, "My name is Annette. Wayne called me this morning and told me you were here. Do you know where he is?"

I tell her as far as I know, he's still in his room.

She tells me, "That's where he spends most of his time. I'd sure like to see him get out more and mix with people."

Just then Wayne comes out of the house, comes up to Annette, hugs her and tells her he's glad to see her.

Annette says she's brought some groceries and tells Wayne to get them. We all go into the house and head into the kitchen. Annette says, "Wayne would starve here if it wasn't for Geoff and me." as she puts some of the food away leaving some out to make lunch with.

After lunch we all sit around talking. Annette tells me she has a house in San Diego and works for a book publisher. I tell her I just hitch around the country going where ever the rides take me working as little as possible. Wayne doesn't say too much. After awhile he goes back into his room to take a nap.

After Wayne leaves Annette says, "So what do you think about Wayne?"

I tell her about him being sexually curious but also being confused. I say I think he's very lonely out here by himself and badly needs some friends and some female companionship.

She says she knows. She's tried to get him to go out more but he just too frightened.

I ask if she has any sexually liberated female friends who'd be willing to show him the ropes. After all, technically he is a virgin and that does turn some women on.

She says she thinks it would be too dangerous. It might freak Wayne out too badly.

I tell her I believe it wouldn't harm him at all, and in fact, would do him a world of good. Even if it did turn out poorly, he probably wouldn't be any worse off.

Annette says she'll think about it.

Annette and I spend the rest of the afternoon just hanging out chatting with each other while Wayne mostly stays in his room.

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That evening all of us, including Geoff, have dinner together that Annette and I made. Afterward Geoff goes back to the bunkhouse. Annette and I get Wayne to play some cards with us but he's acting funny and says he wants to be alone. He goes back into his room. Annette follows him in and after a few minutes comes back out.

I ask what's the problem.

She tells me, "Wayne's upset with me for being here. He thinks I'm trying to steal you away from him."

I tell her this is not good. After all, I'm just a hitchhiker who he picked up yesterday. I tell her that maybe I should leave in the morning.

She says she doesn't think that's necessary because she's been thinking about what I said to her about having one of her girlfriends come over and have sex with Wayne. She now thinks it's a good idea. She goes and makes some calls. Later she tells me her friend Leah is coming over tomorrow, that Leah's a free-thinking girl who knows Wayne's story and she'll be happy to try and have sex with him. We talk a little longer becoming friendly until she tells me good night and retires to her room. I go back to the guestroom.

Next morning I am again awoken by Wayne standing in my room. He asks me how I feel about him. I tell him, "Wayne, you're a nice guy but I'm basically I'm straight and anyway, I'm just a guy you picked up 2 days ago." I end it by telling him about a real girl coming over for him to meet tonight thinking this should make him happy but instead he just looks frightened. He leaves the room.

I get up and go into the kitchen. Annette is there so I tell her about telling Wayne about Leah and how he reacted to the news. She says she'd better go talk to him. I seriously think about leaving. This is getting just too weird.

A little later Annette and Wayne come into the kitchen and Wayne now looks happy. He says that he's still scared but he also excited. After all, he's going to see a real woman naked.

Annette tells him not to get his hopes up because that might not happen but Wayne's not listening, he's thinking about seeing a nude female.

I tell them I think I'll split but they both tell me they want me to stay.

Annette says, "If it wasn't for you none of this would have happened, so you should stay and find out how it all turns out."

I agree to stay and we spend the rest of the day mostly hanging around talking, playing cards or

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wandering around the ranch.

About 4 o'clock another car comes up the drive and parks. Out steps Leah. She's a nice looking girl who looks to be about Wayne's age. She's dressed for the ranch in tight jeans and a checkered shirt tied at the waist. Annette introduces Leah to Wayne.

At first Wayne acts shy, but Leah takes him by the hand and starts asking him questions about himself and the ranch. Soon Wayne starts relaxing. By dinnertime he is talking to her without any coaxing or hesitation. After dinner we all play cards and talk for a couple hours until Leah says she tired and would like to go to bed. She gets up, takes Wayne's hand and says, "Will you show me where to sleep, Wayne honey?"

Wayne looks scared but he gets up and lets Leah lead him away leaving me with Annette.

We chat awhile longer about nothing then Annette says, "I wonder what's going on in there?"

I tell her I don't know but at least Wayne ain't chased Leah out of his room yet. That has to be a good sign. After a while we hear some definite moaning coming from Wayne's room.

When Annette hears this she says, "Oooh, sounds like they're having a good time. Listening to them is making me horny." Then looking me in the eyes says, "And where would you like to sleep tonight, Tai?"

For an answer I get up, take hold of her hand, pull her up and kiss her. Without another word she leads me into her bedroom.

Real early next morning Annette wakes me up and tells me she has to work today. She gets up then goes to Wayne's room, knocks on the door and tells Leah she has to get up. As we're sitting at the kitchen table drinking some OJ, Leah leading Wayne by the hand wanders in. They both have big stupid grins on their faces. As they sit down Annette asks how their night was.

Leah says, "Well, at first Wayne was kind of nervous, but after he calmed down everything went just fine. Didn't it, Wayne honey?"

Wayne tries to speak but he can help himself from giggling so he just shakes his head yes.

Annette says, "Oh, I'm so happy for you Wayne. Thank you Leah."

Leah says, "It was my pleasure."

Wayne finds his voice and says to Leah, "Does this mean you're my girlfriend now?"

Leah answers, "Well Wayne honey, I can be one of them, but I know you don't want to be tied to just one woman now that your a real man."

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Wayne looks stricken so Leah adds, "Of course you can call me anytime you like and we can get together every now and then."

Wayne doesn't look a whole lot happier but he relaxes and says, "I guess that's okay."

Leah says she has to get back to the city, she has to work today this being Monday. Annette says she has to be going too. With that Annette and Leah each kiss Wayne. Leah tells Wayne to call her and Annette tells him she'll call him after work. Wayne follows them out to their cars and waves bye-bye as they pull away.

When Wayne comes back into the kitchen I ask him, "Well Wayne, do you still think your gay?"

"Heck no." he answers, "I couldn't believe it could be like that. I thought it would be like jacking off, but it's so much better. At first I was real nervous so Leah said she'd give me a bath to relax me and then you wouldn't believe what she did to me. Why she..." and he launches into a very descriptive narrative of his night with Leah. A real woman! I was happy for Wayne. He deserved a little joy in his life after what happened to him.

Later that morning Wayne asks me what I want to do. I tell him that our time together is over and I'd like to head out. He looks real sad saying, "I thought we were friends and that you'd stay here with me awhile."

I tell him, "We are friends Wayne, but I just can't hang around somewhere too long. There's too much happening out there and the open road is calling me with new adventures." then, "But you can come along with me if you want."

He thinks awhile then says, "No, I'm not ready to leave here just yet and besides, I have to call Leah tonight."

I laugh clapping him on his shoulder then say, "That's right, I bet she won't be able to keep herself away from a stud like you."

Wayne laughs too.

That afternoon Wayne gives me a ride out to the highway that goes up to Ramona. As I get out he makes me promise to stop by any time I'm in the area but I never passed though Santee again.

DICK TEASER

I've been camping for the last couple weeks on La Barra De Navidad in Mexico a small town that has almost no gringo tourista's. When I first got here I found I really liked the place so I thought I'd stay awhile and built myself a small palapa. It's only 8' X 8' and 6' high with a sand floor. The walls and roof are palm fronds that I chopped from a coco palm then tied together to some large sticks I found in the jungle. I built it about a quarter mile from town on a sand spit. Very few of the local inhabitants speak English so my Spanish has been improving rapidly.

Lately the talk of the town was all about the Post Mistress. There'd been complaints about her stealing mail so the Post Master for the entire district fired her. In response she took all the mail, all the stamps and all the postal equipment that wasn't nailed down then locked up the Post Office, took the keys and fled the village. She went into hiding then called the Post Master telling him that if he wanted all the Postal stuff back he would have to not only give her her job back but guarantee her she wouldn't be fired again. And he'd even have to apologize to her for firing her in the first place. The Post Master told her that ain't happening so now everyone here has to go to the next village to send or collect their mail. The locals are of course, are on the Post Mistresses side saying it's totally understandable that someone in her position would steal a little, she's paid such a paltry sum that it's just part of the job. As long as she doesn't steal too much and otherwise does a good job, well then, that's life.

I was generally having a good time here until yesterday when I met Terra and her 5 year old son, Sam. I was sitting in a small restaurant having a breakfast of huevos revoltos ala Mexicana with tortillas and refritos when she and Sam walked in. She saw me, came over to my table then introduced herself and her son. She told me they had just gotten off the bus and asked if I knew of a good and cheap place to stay. I saw she was wearing a backpack so I told her it was safe here so, if she wanted, she camp on the beach for free.

She asked what about toilets and showers. I said the locals would let her use any of their toilets just for the asking. For a shower she could pay a few pesos to one of the hotel managers and he's let her bathe in one of the vacant rooms. She said that sounded good to her then asked if she could join me for breakfast. I told her I'd be delighted. We each chatted about our adventures in Mexico so far. Terra told me she and Sam had left the USA 3 weeks ago and were just traveling around going where ever the wind blew them. She said she was having a really great time. She could hardly believe the kindness and

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generosity of the Mexican people. Everywhere she went people opened not only their homes but their hearts as well to her and Sam, and they wouldn't accept even a centavo in return. I told her that was because the Mexicans loved children. However, they even treated me, a single male, with more respect and generosity than any other country I'd ever been.

After breakfast I showed her my palapa and told her she could camp next to it if she wanted. She told me she's think about it but for now could she just stash her stuff inside the palapa. I said fine. Terra, Sam and me spent the morning playing in the sand, swimming in the sea and just relaxing. A little after noon Terra told me she wanted to take a shower so Sam and her went to the nearest hotel and didn't return for 2 hours. When they did I saw Terra had Ramon, one of the local beach boys, with her. I greeted them. After a quick chat Terra asked me if she I'd do her a favor.

I said sure.

Terra said, "I've really hit it off with Ramon and I'd like to spend some time alone with him. So, would you mind watching Sam for a little while? I promise I won't be too long."

I told her I'd be happy to and to enjoy herself.

She smiled and thanked me. Then she told Sam he would be staying with me and that she'd be right back. She and Ramon then walked down the beach hand in hand. Sam was a neat little kid and we got along fine. He even took a nap in the palapa.

Just before sundown, over 3 hours later, Terra comes back down the beach alone. I ask her what happened.

She said, "Nothing. Ramon is just one of those love'um and leave'um type of guys that's all."

I laughed.

She then asked about Sam.

I told her everything went okay and we had a great time together. I asked if she had any dinner plans because I knew of a restaurant that served up a half lobster and a petite fillet with all the rice and beans you could eat for only \$4.

She said that sounded good to her so off the 3 of us went.

By the time we got back to my palapa it was full dark and Sam was sleepy. Terra asks if she could put him down inside.

I said go ahead.

She unrolled his sleeping bag, put him to bed then stayed with him until he went to sleep then

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Terra joined me outside. We sat side by side on the sand where we smoked some mota and talked while watching the white stars spinning over the black sea. After a while Terra said she was ready for bed.

We entered the palapa and I asked Terra where she wanted to sleep.

She said, "If you don't mind I think I'd like to sleep with you."

I told her it'd be my pleasure.

We laid our sleeping bags together then got undressed. Me down to the buff, Terra wearing only her panties. We talked a bit more then I started giving her a message while she told me how great it felt. I rolled her over and we began making out.

However, when it started getting hot and heavy she pulled away saying, "I'm sorry Tai, but I wouldn't really feel comfortable having sex in front of Sam."

I thought she was kidding so I said, "He's sound asleep and anyway, we can be quiet."

Terra pushed me away saying, "No. Sam needs me to be here for him."

Now I got a little upset and said, "What the hell are you talking about?"

Terra said, "I thought we could just be friends."

I smiled and said, "Well, it's always been my philosophy that if you can't fuck your friend then who can ya fuck, so let's become real good friends."

Terra smiled back saying, "Sorry, but no."

This got me mad so I said, "Then get the fuck out of my bed. What kind of crap is this?"

She looked at me saying, "I guess you just don't understand."

"I guess I don't." I answered, "You leave your son with me, a complete stranger, while you go off all afternoon and fuck one of the locals. I mean, you don't know me. I could easily be a kidnapper and child molester. Yeah, tell me about how much you care about your precious son."

Terra looked hurt then whined, "You really don't understand."

"I understand you're lucky Sam's here or your ass would be sleeping out on the sand. Now get the fuck out of my bed, and first thing in the morning get the hell out of my life. Go find yourself some other sucker."

Terra opened her mouth to say something but I interrupted her saying hotly, "I don't want to hear it. Good night!"

Terra got up and moved her bag over next to Sam's and I didn't hear another word out of her. In the morning I pretended to be asleep while she packed up and left.

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Unfortunately I've met quite a few women like this in my travels. Women who smile and touch and compliment to get you to do whatever they want you to. And you know, I wouldn't mind it so much if they were simply honest with me, but when it gets down to the real nitty gritty they punk out showing they're really just selfish manipulating bitches.

Basically, I'm a fairly nice guy who doesn't mind helping folks either male or female, but like most people I hate to be conned, especially when it comes to sex. I mean, if you're not going to fuck me then at the very least, don't get into bed with me. I simply don't understand it.

A lot of women reading this will say, "Well, men use women all the time so no harm, no foul." But women also say they're much more thoughtful and considerate than we men are.

I say, prove it. If you want something from us then stop leading us on and just ask. Most of the time we'll be happy to help you out

Fortunately however, there are a lot of real nice and honest women out there who don't lead men on for their own selfish interest and just want to have some fun, as this next tale illustrates.

SEX ON THE BEACH

I'm walking down the beach in La Barra De Navidad from the sand spit where I have my camp on my way to the fresh water lagoon about a mile out of town for my daily bath when I see in front of the big hotel a babe in a bikini sitting a towel. As I come up to her I check her out, nice shape with long brown hair and looks to be in her early 20's. I also notice that she also in checking me out. Then she straightens her back which pushes out her sweet little titties, smiles at me and before I can even say 'Hi' she says, "So where's the fire, big boy!"

I immediately make a sharp right turn, walk over to her, sit on the sand next to her towel, look at her, smile and say, "Why it's right here, beautiful."

She give a little laugh but seems to be at a loss for words so I say, "Hi, my name is Tai, and just how did you find La Barra because it certainly isn't on the gringo tourist route?"

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“Hi Tai, my name is Angela.” she says, then shake my hand, “I heard about it when I was in Yelapa. A guy told me it was almost as nice as there but with less gringos plus it had electricity. So I thought I'd check it out before heading to Palenque.”

We chat a little about ourselves then I asked her if she was traveling by herself. When she told me she was. I asked her how that was going since you never see gringa's traveling alone in Mexico.

“Well,” she says, ”I was suppose to be with a friend of mine but she backed out at the last minute. But then I thought I'm not going to let her ruin my vacation so I decided to go it by myself. At first I was scared because of all the bad stories you hear in America about Mexico. But once I got here I found that as long as I keep away from the baracho's then everyone else is real nice and I've been having a great time. I'm really glad I came. In fact I can't wait to get home and tell my friend what she all missed by being chicken.”

I agreed with her telling her the US press only reports the worst stories about Mexico, which are true. How do you think the world would view the good old USA if the news was only about all the murders, rapes, mugging, robberies and other assorted atrocities that happened in the US every day leaving out all the good stories. Hell, no one would want to visit there.

When I ask her how she's getting around she answers, “All by bus. They're really cheap and fairly comfortable. I just don't like to watch the driving. The drivers are pretty reckless.”

I laugh telling her the drivers creed, “Pass on the curve, pass on the hill, just lay on the horn, it's worth the thrill”

Now she laughs saying, “Yeah, that's about it. Is that how you get around too?”

“Naa,” I say, “I hitched hiked down here from Nogales. It's kind of slow but it's has been both fun and interesting. Plus I now speak a little Spanish.”

She looked at me saying, “And I thought I was brave taking buses.”

I tell her it's no big deal and then I ask her what her plans were for the day?

”I don't really have any other than laying on the beach then gong for a swim.” she says, then “What do you have in mind?”

I say, “Well, I'm on my way to a very beautiful fresh water lagoon covered with blooming water hyacinths that's separated from the ocean by only about 50 feet of sand. It's about a mile down the beach so there's absolutely never anyone there. Plus there's a fisherman's palapa on the sand for shade. Wanna come?”

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She does and asks what she should bring. I tell her whatever she thinks she needs for the next few hours. She gets up, stuffs her towel and other assorted girlie stuff into a large bolsa and says, "Well then, I guess I'm ready. Lead on Dr Livingston."

I smile and say, "It's better if we go together." then take her hand. She smiles back and it's down the beach we go chatting together and getting to know each other .

We get to the lagoon and she tells me it's everything I said it was. There are so many flowers floating on the water that we have to push them aside just to get in the lagoon which is cool and clear with a nice sandy bottom. For the next few hours its play in the lagoon, swim in the ocean and lie on the sand either in the sun or under the palapa in the shade.

After one of our jaunts while laying on the warm sand Angela props herself up on an elbow looks into my eyes and says, "What a wonderful day, Tai. Thank you."

In response I reach up and pull her to me kissing he gently on the lips, and the day becomes even more wonderful.

When we've finish we rinse off in the lagoon one last time before heading back to La Barra again holding hands but this time not needing to talk.

We get to her hotel and I ask her if she'd like me to spend the night with her. She looks at me saying, "It's been such a fantastic day but I am a little bit worn out. And I do have a pretty long bus ride tomorrow so if you don't mind I think I'd like to sleep alone. Because if you spent the night I don't think we'd do too much sleeping. Is that okay with you?"

I smile and tell her it's fine by me then lean in for one last kiss. Angela then turns and with a final look back disappears into the hotel. I then turn and walk down the beach into the night under a starry sky with the waves crashing on the shore back to my camp, happy.

OH GOD!

No folks, this isn't a tale about some girl having fantastic sex and believing she's getting a glimpse of heaven. These are a couple of stories about the power of prayer and how it can effect the mind.

1) The Gyrocopter: Don, a guy who I worked construction with wanted to fly, but he didn't want to spend the \$3,000 it took back in 1965 to obtain a pilot's license. Plus, any decent used airplane would cost a minimum of another \$10,000. This was big money in those days so Don decided to buy himself a Gyrocopter. (This was way before ultralights.) It only cost \$500 complete and you didn't need no stinkin' license to fly it either. You ordered it out of Popular Mechanics because it came in a kit which according to the instruction, an average guy could put together in his spare time in a month. Don told us he was going to order one.

We of course, though he was nuts because a gyrocopter is neither safe nor sane. It's real small, it's made of metal tubing covered with plastic, the motor and propeller that pushes the thing along are directly behind the pilot and it has another free whirling blade right above the pilot's head that provides the lift. All in all, quite a nice little deathtrap. We all told Don he was crazy. Hell, I told him, if he wanted some excitement then for only \$100 he could buy himself a really bitchen surf board and hit the waves. I mean, catching a 10 or 15 foot moving wall of water will give anyone all the adrenaline they can ask for, but he wanted to fly so there was no stopping him. He ordered the gyrocopter. A couple weeks later it arrived and he went to work on it. Two months later the gyrocopter was completed and Don was ready to soar off into the wild blue yonder. One Friday Don told us that this weekend, if the weather was good, he was taking the gyrocopter out to Ramona, a little town up in the foothills outside of San Diego that had a small landing strip and he was going to solo.

None of us saw Don again for a week. We thought he might have gotten hurt or even killed himself so we asked the Forman if he'd heard from Don.

He told us, yeah he had. Don had called in sick and probably wouldn't be back to work until next Monday.

Monday came and so did Don. We all wanted to know what happened. Did he fly the gyrocopter?

Don told us that yes, he did fly the thing but it was a long story so he'd tell us all about it at

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lunch. At lunch we gathered around Don and as we ate our lunches he told us this tale. "Saturday morning the weather was beautiful so I put the gyrocopter on it's trailer and drove up to the Romona airstrip. All morning I just taxied the thing up and down the airstrip getting the feel of it. After lunch I decided to try and take it up. I got the rotor going, gave it some power then took off into the wind. Man O Man, I was flying! What a feeling! I had never been so stoked in my entire life. I brought her back down to earth and made a perfect 3-point landing. I brought her to a dead stop and that made me feel even better. I hooped! I hollered! I was so happy. I spent the rest of the afternoon practicing my take offs and landings. By the time it got dark I knew I could fly! After supper I went to sleep dreaming about tomorrow when I would really take her up."

"Next morning bright and early, I had me a pilot's sized breakfast then hit the airstrip. I practiced take offs and landing for a couple hours and I nailed every one so I knew I was ready to take her up. The rest of the morning I took her to a hundred feet or so, fly a few figure 8's then landed. Then I did it again and again until I got them perfect. I now knew I had total control over the aircraft and confidence in my flying ability. After lunch I was going up into the clouds and become a real flying ace."

"After lunch the wind was right and the weather was perfect. I donned my flightsuit, goggles and gloves, refueled, checked the aircraft over, started her up, got in, taxied down the runway then took off and it was up, up and away. I kept her nose pointed to the sky as we rose higher and higher. Heading up into the blue I had never felt more alive. Everything was wonderful. Life was great."

"Then I looked down. I froze. There was nothing underneath me for thousands of feet except empty air. And it was such a long long way down. I tried to tell myself that everything was okay. That I could fly this thing and get safely back to earth but nothing worked. I'm ashamed to say it but I panicked. I knew right then and there that I would never make it back down to the ground alive. I was going to crash and die. I was still going up so I let go of the controls and immediately the aircraft started to stall so I grabbed them again and tried to level her out. I was so scared and sweating so bad I couldn't anything, but I could tell we were flying again. I didn't know what to do then I remembered my mother telling me whenever I got real frightened that I should put my trust in God because He would see me through anything. So even though I hadn't been to church or prayed in years I closed my eyes and started praying. I asked God to please help me get back down to earth and land this thing. I prayed hard and long making all the usual promises about becoming a better person and starting to attend church regularly. And at the time I really meant them."

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"Then I noticed that I had calmed down and I wasn't so scared anymore. I opened my eyes then forced myself to look down. There was a field only a couple hundred feet below me. I knew as long as I stayed calm and flew this thing that I wasn't going to die. I was so happy. I thanked God again and again. I landed her in into the field but because the ground was uneven and I was probably going a little too fast, the gyrocopter caught her right wheel in a rut. It broke off and we skidded sideways before coming to a halt. I looked around. I was down. I was ecstatic. I jumped out and almost kissed the ground. I saw I was about a mile from the airstrip so without so much as a backwards glance at the gyrocopter I started walking. As I walked I thought about the entire experience especially about the praying and asking God to help me. I figured He must have or else I'd have froze at the controls and be dead right now. I thanked Him again and told Him that I really would try and be a better person. Anyway, I got back to my car and drove home where I got drunk and stayed drunk for the next 3 days. Then I sobered up and here I am," Don laughed then continued, "back down on the ground with the rest of you assholes."

I said, "Gee Don, it don't sound like you've changed too much at being a better person and all."

Don replied, "Well, that was then and this is now. I mean, don't get me wrong. It ain't like I'm not grateful because I know if God hadn't answered my prayers then I'd be dead right now, but hey, life goes on."

One of the other guys in the crew wanted to know what he did with the gyrocopter. Don told him, "As far as I know, it's right where it landed. You can have it if ya want it cuz my days of flying are over. From now on any time I gotta go somewhere I'm taking the train because I ain't never leaving the ground again."

Now here's a funny thing. Twenty years later Dennis the Menace, a friend of mine from LA who came out to the hot springs in the desert most weekends, decided he wanted a gyrocopter. When he told me about it, I told him all about Don. Dennis just laughed and said Don must have been a wimp. He went ahead and bought then assembled one. However, he also only took it up once to any height and he too crashed it upon landing. The only difference being he fixed it back up then whenever visited, he proceeded to fly it around the hot spring but at a very low altitude and never for very long.

When I questioned him about this he told me, "Going up high is boring. It's a lot more fun going fast low over the ground, buzzing the folks and giving them a little thrill."

I just thought, 'yeah, right.'

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2) Scared Straight: I had been stuck in my treehouse on Maui for a couple days due to heavy rains. So when it cleared up I decided to hitch over to Lahina for the day to meet up with some of my friends under the Banyan tree and check out the haps. While waving at the passing cars in Pahia a white van pulled over and the dude asked where I was headed. When I told him he said, "Great. That's exactly where I'm going, hop in."

I did and down the road we went. As we rode we chatted. He told me his name was Zeke and that he was a delivery guy of lost luggage for the airlines. In fact, he told me, that's why he was headed over to Lahina now. I looked in the back of the van and saw it was loaded with luggage.

When I commented on this, he said, "Yeah, I got real job security because the airlines ain't too conscientious about where the bags go. I deliver anywhere from 10 to 50 misdirected bags a day."

I told him it sounded like a pretty sweet gig.

He said, "Yup, I got no boss looking over my shoulder and as long as I get all the bags delivered by the end of the day, they don't care what I do. In fact, most of the time I do the job high. Want to burn one?"

Of course I said yes.

He whipped out a joint and fired it up, took a hit then passed it to me. As we were smoking the J he asked, "Hey man, you wouldn't happen to have any acid on ya, now wouldja?"

I laughed, took my wallet out opened it up and extracted a hit of windowpane wrapped in tin foil saying, "It's free if ya take it right now."

Then I unwrapped it and handed it to him.

He smiled as he took the Clearlight and popped the gel. We rode alone finishing the doobie. A few minutes later he pulled in to Lahina and dropped me off. I wished him happy trails as he rode off into the sunset.

A few months later I was at a party at some friends house in Makawao when I walked Zeke. I went up to him and said, "Howzit hangin', Bro?"

He looked at me for a second before he recognized me then said, "You're the dude who gave me the acid."

I acknowledged the fact then asked, "So, how was the tripp?"

Zeke shook his head saying, "Man, that's the highest I've ever been. In fact, it was scary high."

I told him, "It was only one little hit of Clearlight, you shouldn't have gotten that fucked up."

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Zeke said, "It was the first time I ever tried LSD. I thought it would be like smoking some real righteous weed. I just didn't know how it would be."

I laughed and asked for all the gory details.

He told me, "After you got out of the van I felt pretty good for a while. I even make a couple deliveries before thing started getting just too weird. I called my boss and told him I had to take the rest of the day off cuz I was sick. He said okay, I could finish the deliveries tomorrow morning and for me just to go home, but there was no way I was drivin' anywhere. Luckily, I was at one of the big hotels right on the beach in Kaanapali so I thought I'd just hang around groovin' until the acid wore off. You know, in an hour or so. Or so I thought. But instead of coming down I kept getting these body rushes that got me higher and higher, and things just kept getting weirder and weirder. I glanced around and everything got real sinister looking like it was out to get me."

"And then, well, "The Fear" got hold of me. I just knew that if something didn't kill me right then I was going to die of a heart attack anyway. Evil looking things started rushing towards me and I panicked. I knew I was about to die and I didn't know what to do. Then I heard a voice say, "Believe in God and all will be well." So I closed my eyes real tight and fell to my knees right there in the sand then I started praying. I told God that if He got me out of this then I'd never, and I mean never, take LSD again. If He would save me by helping me come down and be normal again then I'd be as good as person as I knew how. Anyway, I prayed like that for I don't know how long. Then I felt this calm feeling kinda wash over and through me. It was just like getting in a nice warm bath except it was from the inside out instead of the other way around. I got all peaceful and serene feeling. I knew my prayers had been answered and that I was all right. I knew I was safe so I opened my eyes and everything, including me, was normal. Man, I was never so relieved and so happy in my whole life. I looked around and saw that people were staring at me so I got up off my knees and started walking, but before I could get away, a couple came up to me. They said they'd noticed me praying then asked if I was all right. I told them I was fine but that I had to leave. I got to the van and just sat there for a while until I knew everything was normal for sure. It was, and since I was feeling pretty good and it was still early, I finished my deliveries then I went home and slept for the next 20 hours. Next morning everything was fine and I felt great. Since then I'm being the best person I can be. I've quit doing any kind of drugs including booze. I don't curse anymore, and I've even joined a church and I go every Sunday."

I told Zeke, "Man, you shoulda told me you hadn't taken LSD before. I would have been happy

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to guide you, and I'm sure you would have had a really bitchen tripp. I mean, we are already here in paradise.”

Zeke shook his head then said, “I just didn't know how it was.”

I asked him if he ever would consider taking acid again.

Zeke told me, “No way dude! I made a deal with God and I intend to keep it.”

PUPPY CHOW

Recently a friend of mine who's a dog lover was telling me that he had heard on the news a story about how thousands and thousands of unwanted dogs and cats who are “put to sleep” each year in the US because there aren't enough homes them all. When he bitched about there being just too many unneutered and unspayed pets I told him this tale.

In a lot of countries in Asia this is how they keep their dog population under control: Most dogs in Asia do not have owners. They are semi-wild animals who just hang around people living off of the scraps they can find. They are allowed to breed indiscriminately. When a female has a litter of puppies she is permitted to feed and care for them for 2 or 3 months until they're weaned. When the puppies have reached the desired size and weight they are then butchered, cooked and eaten by whatever family they happen to be scrounging food off of. This way there are never too many dogs around and they even provide the people with a valuable source of protein.

In the west we think this is extremely cruel. However, instead utilizing this resource we simply kill off the unwanted dogs then let their corpses either burn up in an incinerator or rot in the ground. What a waste! In fact, we are so concerned about our dead dogs unused carcasses that we've even made it against the law to eat them. Even though there are millions of Asians now living in America who not only like the taste of the animal but whose cultural heritage it is to eat dog. How do you think Americans would feel if they moved to a country where the killing cows was wholly sanctioned but the eating beef was totally illegal?

When I finished he said, “Man, that is totally sick! You've never eaten dog meat, have you Tai?”

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I opened my mouth but before I could answer he interrupted me saying, “No, don’t tell me. I don’t know if I could stay friends with anyone who’s eaten a dog.”

As he changed the subject I smiled thinking, ‘Hey, I’m a dog lover too. Especially garlic pepper puppy.’

MOTORCYCLE MAMA’S

I have a friend named Mike. He’s just your average 30 year old guy. Average height and weight with an average looking face. He has an average job, he’s a house painter, making average money. He lives in a modest house in a small town in southern Oregon that he owns. He drives a 1980 white panel van that he keeps in pretty good shape. About the only non-average thing about him is he owns a fully restored 1952 Harley-Davidson with a really bitchen hand rubbed multi-coated paint job and lots of chrome.

Now here’s a funny thing: Whenever he goes out to party, if he drives his van, he almost always goes home alone. But if he rides his Harley he’ll pick up some cute little chick, within 60 minutes, without fail, day or night! These are the same females who will tell you that they’re not as superficial as we men are. Why, they’re only interested in how a man treats them. They’re certainly not dazzled with something as trite as good looks or material possessions. Only we men can be that shallow.

On a couple of occasions I’ve asked one of his new loves if she would have been as attracted to him if when she first met him, had he been driving his van instead of his Harley? Of course, she would have. When I tell them that I’ve never seen him pick up a girl while driving his van but he invariably gets one when riding his bike, they always give me about the same answer; It’s not the Harley, nooo. It’s the poise, the confidence, the self-assurance he has when he’s riding it. Why, they would never be so frivolous as to be impressed by a motorcycle.

Uh-huh.

A NEED A PIECE OF ASS

Although George would screw any female in any hole who'd let him he was a prude when it came to his own daughters, and this was especially true of his youngest, Anita.

Anita was in her mid twenties, average size and shape for a girl her age except she had auburn hair and pretty big titties. She had quite a reputation as a good time party girl who like to drink, do a variety of drugs and fuck any guy she took a liking to. George didn't mind the tales of her drinking and doping but he sure hated to hear anything about her screwing.

It's summer and my girlfriend Kelly is in Hawaii for a couple months so I decided to spend part of that time up on the river with George partying with him and the river freeks most of whom live here year around. Anyway, one afternoon Anita comes driving up to where George and me are camped. How she found us I don't know since we're in an out of the way seldom used camp.

She jumps out of her car, sashays over to George and say, "Hi Daddy! How ya been?" Gives him a hug and kiss.

George tells her he's okay so then she turns to me saying, And how are you ,Tai?

I tell her that her Dad and me are just hanging out enjoying life.

So after a bit of chit chat Anita says, "You got something to drink and smoke Dad? Because I ain't had none all days and I sure would like to get a buzz on."

George tells her he does and we all adjourn to his Airstream for a session of getting high. After we've smoked a couple joints and drank a beer or two George finally asks Anita how she's been and she's been doing and says, "You know Dad, the usual except I ain't been laid in 3 weeks now so I'm pretty horny."

Hearing that George cringes a little saying, "That's too bad honey....."

But before he can say anymore me, being a gentleman who's always ready to help a damsel in distress I say, "Yeah, Anita, I hate to hear of that happening to anybody so if I can be of service just let me know."

"Where's Kelly?" Anita asks.

I tell her. So she looks at me a little more carefully then smile and says, "Maybe Tai, maybe. Let's party a bit more and I'll let you know later."

I know her plan which is, if some handsome young stud shows up in before it gets dark then I'm

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out of luck, but if one don't then.....

I'm in luck. It's getting dark, we've had supper so when I see Anita look at me I say, "Well, what do ya think?"

She gets up, takes my hand, looks at George and says, "See ya later Daddy." and off into the night we go grabbing a blanket on the way out.

After we're done Anita, who's not at all sentimental about sex, tells me she going back to the Airstream so she can get some sleep because now that she got what she came for she'll be leaving right after breakfast. She kisses me goodnight/bye and is gone. I get up and wander back to my van for a well earned rest.

Next morning I wait until I see her car is gone before I go over to George's. The second I walk in he says, "Damn it Tai, I do not want to hear a thing about last night so keep it to yerself, understand."

I tell him that's cool and never mention it. So we light one up and proceed with the day.

CHEESE IT, THE COPS

Gyro has a 1950 Willys for sale. He traded a pound of dope for it and is now asking \$800, advertising in the paper even. He's got lots of calls and people looking at it but so far no one could cough up the bread and Gyro don't give credit. He gets a call from a guy who wants to come out to see it. Gyro gives him the address of Joanne and Kerry's where we are all staying at this time. We're sitting in the kitchen, burning one when Kerry comes in acting real nervous and says "Hey Gyro, there's two cops at the door and they're asking for you."

Gyro, who's neither the most legal nor the most sane person I know, freaks and says "What do they want?"

Kerry says "They said something about the Willys."

Gyro thinks that maybe he's illegally parked or maybe it's stolen but anyway, he'd better check it out. We all go to the door and sure enough there are two cops there in full uniform. Gyro asks what do they want with the Willys. The cops tell him that they just called and are here to see about buying it.

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Everyone's relieved and Gyro says, "Well then, let's go check it out and take it for a test spin. Shall we?"

Gyro, the cops and me having nothing better to do, walk over to the car. The cops like what they see and want to drive it. We all get in, Gyro and the cops in front, me in back. We cruz around the City, the cops taking turns driving and chatting with Gyro.

They really like it and ask what's the least that Gyro will take. Gyro says "\$750 cash."

They ask Gyro for the cop discount and Gyro thinks a minute and says, "Okay. \$700 cash today, and she's all yours."

The cop says, "You got a deal. We'll go to the bank after work and get the money then meet your back here around 4 p.m. Make sure you have all the paperwork in order."

Gyro tells them "No sweat".

On our way back to the house I think that these look like two pretty hip young dudes, lets see how hip they really are so I lean over the front seat and ask, "Would you like to smoke a joint?"

Dead silence.

No one is saying a word so I ask again.

One of the cops turns to me and says, "Sorry, we can't right now, we're on duty."

So I say, "Well, how about when you pick up the pink slip this afternoon?"

They look at each other, then say "Okay, sounds good."

We drop the cops off at their cruiser, and Gyro starts in on me right away "What are you? Fucking Nuts! Do you want us all to go to jail? Pot is illegal, you stupid motherfucker! Now they know we have grass and where we live!"

I tell him that just by looking at us the cops know we're holding. And that he's the one who told them where we lived, and either we treat everyone as a human being or we're just another bunch of hippycrits, but Gyro's still pissed.

When we get back in the house Gyro tells everybody what I did so now everyone's angry with me.

I tell them to fuck off, that they're nothing but a bunch of paranoid wimps and if they're so scared, then they can just not be here when the cops show up.

Everyone except Gyro, Joanne and me think this is a good idea and splits for the day taking their stashes with them.

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At 4 p.m. the cops are back and this time in street clothes. They do the deal with Gyro.

When they're finished I ask, "Now what about that joint?" and brake out my stash then roll one up.

They're cool and say, "Okay."

After we smoke it, they say, "We couldn't believe you asking us to smoke some grass in the car today. Nobody's ever said anything like that to us before."

I give them my human beings rap and they agree, they just want to be treated like people too, so I tell that we'll be having a party this Friday and why don't they come?

They say that sounds good to them, they'll be here.

After they leave Gyro's on me again "Are you totally insane! It's bad enough that we just smoked a joint with these guys, but inviting them to our party. I can't believe even you are that fucking stupid!"

Joanne agrees that it was a dumb move on my part so I remind her that she's fucked cops before. She says that fucking them isn't the same as partying and doing dope with them.

I tell them both that if the cops had wanted to bust us they'd have done it right there, and then gotten the Willys for free instead of giving Gyro \$700 in cold cash.

When the rest of the house members come back home Gyro tells them what I've done this time. Some rag on me and some just shake their heads, no one is on my side. Tai's lost it, they say, gone totally wacko but what can they do but await their fates on Friday.

It's Party Time but the word's out that I've invited two cops so there is only about a dozen folks here instead of the usual 25 to 30, and the only drugs available are grass and beer instead of the usual cornucopia. The cops show about 9 p.m. and hang for a couple hours. Being dopers, the only contact that we have with the boys in blue are either getting hassled or when we're in jail. They have a few beers and smoke a joint or two but mostly we just talk to each other, trying to see what life on the other side is like. We find out that we are both just human beings with the same hopes and fears as everyone else but with totally different lifestyles.

They say it's time for them to go. They had a real good time and were happy to have met and talked with us.

We tell them the same and I invite them to next week's party.

They say thanx and maybe they'll come but we never saw them again.

A NATURAL HIGH

(For people who are in good health)

So Bunky, ya say ya wanna get high but you've wimped out in that 1980's Nancy Raygun "Just Say No!" Bullshit! Well, have I got a high for you. It's as good as the best mescaline and not only is it clean and clear but it's good for your mind and body too. And as extra bonus, it won't cost ya a penny. In fact, it'll actually save you money.

So what is this wonder high that's been time tested and been found safe for mind and body. (Kelly and I have used this method well over 100 times in the last 20 years and are only the better for it.) Are ya still with me Bunky? It's Fasting! Yes, that's right, Fasting. But it's not the drink distilled water I'm hungry I feel weak fasting, but Fasting that'll make ya feel good, get ya high, make a man (or woman) out of you Fasting. So ya wanna know just how it works, well not so fast, Bunky. First, I gotta ask ya, do ya have the will, the guts, the stick-to-it-ness to make it work? If so, then read on.

First, go to the health food store and get yerself a big bag of pure senna tea. This is the secret of any successful fast cuz ya gotta get them poisons out of yer body, Bunky, or they'll just keep circulating through you and that's what gives ya that sickly and weak feeling. You're gonna drink at least two (2) cups of hot tea every morning to clean out them bowels. Now yer cookin' with gas.

O.K. Bunky, this Fast is for 3 to 40 days. If yer just gonna wimp out and not gonna do it for at least three days then just forget it. Of course, yer not gonna get high unless ya Fast for at least five days and ten is the suggested length of time to get the full benefits. (Kelly and I have gone as long as 33 days, but that was a little long. Ten to twenty-one days seems to work best for us.) Now are ya ready for those miracle ingredients?

O.K., get yerself a quart bottle with a lid and put into it; the juice of 1 lemon or 2 limes, an equal amount of maple syrup (Yum), pure cane syrup (Okay) or unsulfured molasses (Yuk). Do not use honey or any other form of sugar. Fill with yer favorite H2O, then add as much ground cayenne pepper as you can stand. (The longer you stay on the Fast, the more cayenne you can take) Now you can take it all in one gulp or toke on it at yer leisure, but drink at least four (4) quarts a day. Ya can't OD on this stuff so ya can drink as much as ya like, like every time ya get that I'm hungry feeling. Also, drink at least four (4) quarts of plain water a day and more is better.

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Now for the first three or four days yer gonna feel hungry Bunky, yer gonna wanna eat, BAD! Don't, just drink yer juice and yer water. On the fifth day or so yer gonna feel like yer fixin' ta die, maybe even have a nightmare or two. This is just yer bodie's way of tryin' to trick ya into eatin'. Don't listen to it, just drink yer juice and add more cayenne. This is where the men separate from the boys, cuz not eating is just an exercise in Will Power. After yer body figures out that it ain't gettin' fed, it'll settle down and quit buggin' ya, then you will start to get HIGH! Each day you will get higher and more clear, and unless yer work is physically demanding you will feel very little loss of power up to about 10 to 21 days depending on yer physical condition. After 21 days yer mind will still keep getting higher and clearer but yer body will start losin' steam. After 30 days you will be very high and clear but you'll be sleepin' and dreamin' most of the time, and ya won't be movin' around too much even when ya are awake.

Next is coming off the fast, and this is very important so pay attention Bunky. Some Bozo awhile back did a 30 day fast then drank a glass of wine and dropped dead, so here's what yer gonna do. Day 1; orange juice only, as much as ya like but drink it slow. Day 2; orange juice, plain yogurt, some bananas and/or papaya. Day 3; in the a.m., same as day 2, in the p.m., any fruit, cream of wheat, oatmeal, brown rice with a bit of maple syrup added to sweeten them. Day 4; in the a.m. same as day 3, in the p.m., add steamed veggies. Day 5 same as day 4. Day 6-PIZZA! No, just kiddin' folks, just eat sensible and ya can stop drinkin' the senna tea.

There ya have it, how to get high without using any of those evil drugs. (Kelly and I usually water fast one day a week, then go on a longer one twice a year, you can too.) And if ya got the Will Power to do this Bunky, then maybe, just maybe, I'll tell ya how to use this technique in conjunction with another one that'll get ya so high that ya just might see the Face Of God.

3 MEXICANS AND A DOOBIE

I'm out on the interstate somewhere in the middle of Indiana, hitching and watching the cars roll by, hoping that I get a ride before the States come by and tell me to get my hippie-dippie ass back on the on ramp where there is absolutely no action. A little red car is stopping up ahead. It has three guys in it so I'm not too hopeful. A lot of young dudes think it's funny to stop, then pull away just as you get to the back of the car, and I suppose it is. Look at that hippie run, Joe. You have to have a good sense of humor to hitch hike.

But these guys wait until I'm even with the driver window then the driver, a Latino, says, "Hey man, we're just coming back from Las Vegas where we lost all our money, so if you can give us \$10 for gas then we'll give you a ride to Cleveland."

"Sounds fair to me." I say. I throw my pack into the trunk and get in the back seat.

The other two guys are Latino too. They tell me all about their rotten luck in the casinos but since they've been working their asses off at minimum wage in Cleveland for the last year, it was worth it to have a bit of fun, and they got to see some of America. They're all up from Mexico working in the states saving their money, except for this trip, so they can go back home and open a little business of their own. They tell me that America's okay for making money but they sure wouldn't want to live here when Mexico's so much better. I have to agree with them seeing as Mexico is one of my favorite countries in the whole world.

We pull off of the interstate and into a gas station then fill her up. I give them \$10, which is all the money I have. They fill up. With the change that's left over they buy a big bucket of KFC and some cokes. Back on the interstate and the chicken is finito so I ask the hombres if they'd like to smoke some killer mota that I happen to have with me.

They say "Si, you bet." They say they ain't smoked no descent grass since they left Mexico.

I tell them this is extra good and twist one up. We fire it up and suck it down "Ahhh!"

After we finish we talk for awhile but then the car gets real quiet. I think that everyone's just groovin' on the ride.

However, the driver pulls over into the breakdown lane, looks back at me saying, "Hey man, what'd you put in that joint?" And not friendly like neither.

I laugh saying, "Nothing mano. It was just a killer cola, that's all."

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He turns to his chavron and says, "Well man, I am too fucked up to drive. How about you?"

His amigo says "No way man. I ain't driving."

The vato sitting next to me says, "Shit ese, move over. I can drive."

So they switch places and onward we go.

After an hour or so they want to smoke another one. They'd forgotten just how good really good dope is and now that they remember they're ready for more. We cruz along having a good old time.

It's midnight and there's the lights of Cleveland, but oh oh what's is this? We're almost out of gas and we have no more dinero.

The driver says not to worry, there's a tavern that he frequents just a couple miles up ahead where he can borrow enough cash to get some gas to get us home on.

We make it to the tavern and he borrows a few bucks, but we run out of gas before we can get to the closest station. The driver grabs his gas can and starts walking. Of course, a cop comes by and wants to know what a hippie and two beaners are doing on the side of the road at 1 a.m. We all show him our ID's and tell him that we are out of gas and are waiting for our friend to return with some.

He tells us just to make sure that we're not here when he comes back or he will call a tow and run us in just for the fun of it. Luckily the driver shows up with the gas and we're on our way to their place.

When we get there they ask how much mota do I have.

I tell them an ounce or so.

They tell me that I can stay with them rent free, meals included, for as long as the pot lasts.

I tell the thanks, but this is Cleveland so I am gone in the morning.

"Too bad." they say.

Adios Amigo and Muchas Gracias for Everything!

THEM HORNEY TEENS

One afternoon Kelly and I are the only two people at the hot springs when a car pull in and four teenagers about 16 to 18 get out. It's two teen couples, holding hands and giggling. One of the dudes asks if they can join us and I tell them fine but I say, "it's a nudie pool." and smile.

One of the dudes say it's okay with him and looks at his girl. She giggles some more, shrugs and starts stripping. Her boyfriend follows suit and soon they're in the pools with us. The other girl don't look so ready to shuck her clothes even with her boyfriend and the other couple cajoling her. She decides not to lose her clothes and tell her guy that she's going back to the car. Then she tells the couple with us she'll wait for them there. Her boyfriend is devastated and starts whining to her about being so uptight and prudish and..... But she ain't listening.

Almost as soon as they get to the car the teens with us starts making out and within a minute start fucking right in front on us. Kelly says she ain't going to sit here and watch that. But I tell her I staying for the whole show so she gives me a look then leave. The teens are going at it pretty good just a few feet from me but they ain't paying no attention to anything other than themselves.

However, the other boy has noticed the haps and is now pleading with his babe for some action there in the car. But she's refusing. She's not having sex, period! So the boy starts begging for some kind of relief citing how nice the other girl is being to her guy.

After more minutes of pathetic whining the girl tell her guy that she'll give him a hand job but that's it. No, he tells her, he want at least a blow job. So now on one side of me I have fucking and on the other arguing about a hand job or a blow job.

Another minute or two pass by and finally the girl relents and say she'll blow the dude if he'll just shut up. The guy immediately drops his drawers and she starts sucking. I think that this show just keep getting better. T dude in the pools finally cums and the couple start cooling down. When he notices me still there he says, "Sorry,I hope we didn't gross you out." His girl just turns away from me acting coy.

I tell him, "No way dude. I believe in enjoying life to the fullest. It's good to see you kids having fun together." He just laughs. His babe is still acting coy.

By now the other girl has finished off her boyfriend who is pulling his pants up and tucking in his shirt. It must be his car because he tell the couple to get out of the pool because he's leaving in about

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two minutes. They stand up and leave the pool grabbing their clothes on the way to the car where they get dressed. A few minutes later down the road they go.

I go to our van and tell Kelly it's safe to get back in the water but she tells me she thinks she'll wait a while since there's most likely a gob of cum floating around that she wants no part of. Then she ask me how I liked the show. I tell her just about the same thing I told them horny teens and she just shrugs.

THE LAND OF AUZ

Australia, land of Koala's and Emu's, of Kangaroo's and Cockatoo's, of Croc's and Dingo's, and of Sheila's and Wanker's. It is a great land of forests, deserts and ocean, and my lover Kelly and I had come for a visit. Since we didn't have mucho cashola we figured we'd hitch up to Cairns from Sidney then find an under-the-table job as illegal aliens which isn't that hard to do since there's no Mexicans in Oz to do stoop labor or to wash dishes for little money. In fact, since whites do almost all of the work there and demand a decent living wage, prices are outrageous (next time you bitch about the "wetbacks" here in the US, think: How would you like to pay \$2 to \$3 a pound for fruits and veggies?) Anyway, early one morning we hit the highway heading north. Hitching is fairly easy in Australia. In one sense they're a lot like Americans; loud, gregarious, opinionated and willing to tell you their life story so they love to talk to you while giving you a ride. But in another sense they're just like the British; only outwardly friendly, very sarcastic and extremely class conscience so they never invite you into their homes and they are always superior to you since you're only a "Yank".

On our hitch we were enchanted with the wild life. It's all over the place. Where ever you look, there it is! Especially once you get up into the tropics. The first thing you notice is the bird life. Anyone who's seriously into birding should go to Australia. Birds are every where, flocks and flocks of them. So many that sometimes they darken the sky with their passing. There are huge Emu's walking down the road. Black Cockatoo's sitting in the trees tearing them apart with their beaks. Butcher Birds singing beautiful songs all day long. Gala's with their dove gray backs and rosy pink fronts. Rainbow

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Lorikeets who will guard a fruit tree until the fruit over ripens and becomes mildly alcoholic, then they party! They eat the fermented fruit until they get falling down drunk. And... well, there's just too many beautiful and unusual birds to list here. Then there's the Kangaroo's who love the well kept grass in the parks and on the golf courses. All day long they loll around nibbling the green grass. And there's the lovable Koala's. Usually to see them you have to stop at a roadside zoo since they live high up in the trees and prefer roaming around at night. But you have to be careful too, there are lots of nasty's in Australia. From poison toads that hippies illegally lick to get high off of, to extremely poisonous snakes and of course, the dreaded Crocodile. Every year scores of people are eaten by croc's. One second they're playing in the water, in the next they're gone. In the sea you have to watch out too. Not only are there lots of big mean man eating sharks but there's even a seriously poisonous octopus and a host deadly jellyfish. This is one paradise that definitely has thorns, but it is so very beautiful. About the only bummer was: The Aussies have treated the Aborigines almost as badly as we had treated the Indians in the US. They stole their land, killed off any who resisted, put the rest on reservations until they either died of malnutrition or of alcoholism then denied them any place in their society except as objects of amusement or scorn.

It took Kelly and I about a week to get up as far as Yapoon, a nice little tourist town right on the coast well into the tropics. The weather for the most part was sunny and warm. All that would change very quickly. Since this was a nice place we decide to stay for a few days. We found a campground that had toilets, showers and a laundry room. We checked in and put up our tent. The first couple of days it was a little windy but still pleasant, then one morning we awoke to rain. No biggie, this is the tropics. But then instead of letting up it started raining harder and harder, plus there wasn't any sign that it would be letting up anytime soon. We went to the office and asked the woman who ran the place what was happening.

"Well," she said, "we're in for a bit of a blow. Seems there's a cyclone headed this way. They're calling him Charlie and he should be here by tomorrow morning. Gonna get mighty wet here for the next few days."

This was not good news for two people living in a small cheap flimsy tent. Kelly and I discussed it. We could run for it, but where would we go? We decided that since the owner had told us it was only for a few days we could tough it out as long as it didn't get too bad. If it did, then we'd run.

Well, Cyclone Charlie came ashore the next morning, and stayed, not for a few days, but for 10

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long days. Charlie hit the shore but instead of going inland and burning himself out, he bounced off the coast and went back into the ocean, renewed his strength then came ashore again, and again, and again. He never did get bad in the sense that we were in any real danger from drowning or from objects flying through the air, but man oh man, did it rain! For almost 3 weeks it rained. By the time we had decided to make a run for drier climbs, it was too late. All the roads were flooded and impassable, as were the train tracks. It was way too expensive for us to fly out so we were stuck. For the duration of the storm we hung out in the town library in the day and slept in the laundry room at night. Our tent had had it by the end of the third day. Thank God for clothes dryers. Since Australia is fairly flat, everything was anywhere from a couple inches to a few feet under water. The Aussies understand this building their homes atop 8 foot pilings to stay warm and dry. I wouldn't say we suffered but it was mighty uncomfortable.

By the time the storm abated and the roads opened we were getting pretty low on funds. Kelly and I decided to chuck in the trip up to Cairns where maybe we could get work and make some bread. Instead we hitched back down to Sydney where there were lots of illegal jobs. We already had onward plane tickets. We only needed to make enough so we'd have some bucks once we got to our next destination: New Zealand, home of the nicest white people on earth. Hitching is so easy. Why just stick out your thumb and someone will not only stop but will take you home for a meal and maybe a place to sleep. But that's another story.

WHITE COTTON PANTIES

'That had to be one of the weirdest sexual encounters I ever had.' I think as I'm walking away from the babe's apartment who I picked up last night.

I was at a party in the Haight up on Masonic St. at some hippie's place I'd met earlier that day in the park. We were laying around Hippie Hill smoking a joint and getting to know each other when he told me he was having a party and I should come. I did and it was a blast with lots of loud music, potent dope, cheap wine and cute little hippie chicks. I got to talking to an older looking honey and found out

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her name was Sandra and she's 36. Since I'm only 24 this is almost ancient to me but what the hey, she still looks good and I never was a percentage man. As the party progresses we get even friendlier and pretty soon are making out on the sofa going at it hot and heavy. Sandra breaks it off and tells me that since it's getting late, how would I like to spend the rest of the night at her place. I'm high and happy so this sounds like a perfect plan to me and we leave the party arm in arm. Sandra lives on the other side of the Haight across the panhandle on McAlister St. so we stroll in that direction stopping for a little kissing and fondling along the way.

We get to her place and as I walk in even though it's dark, I notice that's not only is the apartment real tiny but there appears to be someone else in the only bed. When I start to ask Sandra about this, she puts her finger to her lips and draws me into the bathroom.

Once inside she closes the door, turns on the lights, smiles at me then says, "We have to be real quiet because I don't want to wake my daughter."

I ask if there's another room.

She tells me, "No, this is just a small studio. There's only the bathroom and the living room/kitchen."

I say, "Well maybe we should sleep on the floor."

But Sandra says, "Don't worry about it, Brooke's a sound sleeper and as long as we're quiet and don't move around too much then she shouldn't wake up."

I ask how old Brook is.

Sandra tells me, "She's a very mature 13 so stop worrying." then she throws a vicious lip lock on me and soon off come the clothes.

While we're busy groping each other, Sandra reaches down and turns on the water for the tub. As it starts filling we get in and spend the next half hour a splishin' and a splashin' until we're both squeaky clean inside and out. After we're finished and have dried off, Sandra says, "Time for bed and remember, we have to be quiet."

I ask if we should wear something to bed.

Sandra only smiles saying, "Don't worry about it." and taking my hand, leads me into the living room.

We get to the bed, she crawls in first then I get in next to her. She kisses me goodnight then says, "Be good now." and turns her back to me.

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I start to relax so I can get to sleep but Sandra starts rubbing her ass against my crotch, which, within a few moments, gets me hard again. What can I do except stick it in her. She pushes against me harder and we have a very pleasant gentle silent bout of sex. I keep glancing over her shoulder but Brooke seems to stay asleep. After we're done we fall peacefully to sleep in the spoon position.

Although I'm still asleep I can feel something warm pressing and rubbing my cock. I wake up remembering last night and see Sandra with her back still towards me rocking her body against mine. It's light now and it must have been warm in the night because all of the covers are on the floor so Sandra and I are laying there completely nude. I can see Brooke clearly now and all she's wearing is just a large oversized white T-shirt that's rucked up to her waist and a pair of white cotton panties and she, like Mom, has her back to me.

Mom's still pressing her hot ass into my cock. I get hard and slip it in so now here's Sandra and me slowly and quietly going at it with Brooke not even a foot away. I could easily take my hand off of Sandra's tits, reach over and caress Brooke but I don't because Brooke seems to still be sleeping and I sure don't want to upset the status quo. So here I am banging the Mom but watching the daughter, especially her firm round butt covered only by that scanty almost transparent white fabric that barely conceals anything.

As I'm fucking Sandra, I keep thinking Brooke has to know what's going on and is going "wake up" any time now and some kind of weird scene will ensue. Either she'll start yelling, "Mother! How could you!" or, if I'm lucky, she'll join right in. I can only hope for the latter. But no, nothing happens. Mom and me finish up and Brooke stays where she is, asleep and unmoving.

Sandra and I get out of bed and head for the bathroom where we take a shower together then we get dressed. We come back into the living room and there's Brooke sitting on the bed awake but still not dressed although her T-shirt is now down to her knees.

Brooke says, "Good morning Mom. And who's this?"

Sandra says, "Good morning Honey. This is Tai, a friend of mine who spent the night. Hope we didn't wake you."

Brooke answers, "No Mom, you didn't. I slept real good last night. Are you staying for breakfast, Tai?"

I tell her I'd be happy too, so mother and daughter make breakfast while we all chat together having quite a pleasant morning. After breakfast Brooke goes into the bathroom.

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While she's in there, Sandra says to me, "See Tai, I told you everything would be okay because you know, I would never do anything that would hurt Brooke."

I had to agree.

After a few minutes Brooke comes out dressed for the day and she's a very nice looking teenager who really favors her Mom.

Well, it's a new day with new adventures awaiting. Sandra and I both know that this was just a one-night fling so we tell each other what a nice time we had together and maybe we should do it again some day. I say good bye to Sandra and Brooke and out the door I go. And as I'm walking down the street thinking how strange the whole thing was, I'm also thinking that from now on I will never again look at white cotton panties as just underwear.

Now whenever I get a flash of white panty, not only will I remember Sandra and Brooke and the night we spent together. But from now on white cotton panties will always give me a little sexual thrill thinking about how with my rock hard shaft deep inside of Mom, the daughter's sweet young ass was pointing right at me covered only by a pair of thin white cotton panties.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

My lover Kelly and I are sitting in the lobby of a small hotel off of Kao San Rd. in Bangkok having breakfast and chatting with a couple of German guys who we met a few days ago and who are also staying here. Just as we're finishing up a guy wearing only a towel around his waist comes down the stairs, looks around, sees us then says in an Aussie accent, "G'day mates, do ya know where the manager is? I need to speak to her."

We tell him she went out for something but that she'll be back shortly.

He asks, "Mind if I join ya while I wait?" then sits down.

We ask him what's with the towel.

He laughs, shakes his head then regales us with this twisted little tale.

"Well mates, I'm traveling alone and

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this is my first time in Bangkok. Last night I went out drinking while taking in some the local sights. Around midnight I'd had enough for one night so I decided I'd get something to eat before going to bed. I went in the restaurant/bar on the corner and had a beer with my meal. As I was eating this cute little Thai girl came up to me and asked if I'd buy her something to eat. She said she was from the country, didn't have any money and had just gotten into Bangkok. Since she was dressed in regular clothes and didn't look like a hooker I told her I'd be happy to buy her some tucker. She thanked me then sat down and introduced herself as Sahakit.

After ordering she told me she was from a very poor village and that her father had told her he just couldn't support her any more so she'd have to leave. Having no where else to go she decided to come to Bangkok, get a job and find a small place to rent, but right now she had nothing. I offered her a hundred Baht to tie her over. She said, "Thank you for your kind offer, but I really just need a place to sleep tonight." then smiled. I told her to take the hundred Baht and not to worry, she could share my room as long as I was here. She smiled even bigger, thanked me profusely, and said how very fortunate she was to have met me. She finished her meal then smiling took my hand and said, "It's getting late. Do you think we can go to bed now?"

"I told her we sure could then I paid to bill and we left."

"As we were walking to the hotel Sahakit said, "I'm sorry but I'm still hungry. Do you think you could buy me a yogurt?"

"I told her, no problem and bought her one at the store next door. Then up to the room we went."

"When we got into the room Sahakit said, "Since you are so very nice, if you want to, I would like it if we slept together."

"I told her I'd love to."

"She then said, "I hope you're not offended, but would you take a shower before we go to bed?"

"I smiled and told her, no problem then hit the shower."

"I'll tell ya mates, I was one happy bloke. I couldn't believe my luck. Here it was my first night in Bangkok and already all the stories I'd heard about the place were coming true. Anyway, after I finished my shower I came out of the bathroom wearing only this towel."

"Sahakit saw me and said, "Now I think I will take a shower, then we'll both be clean for bed. Oh, by the way, I couldn't finish my yogurt so you can have it if you want." Here she gave me a real big smile saying, "And you will need all the energy you can get for tonight." Then looking me right in the

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eyes and still smiling she took off her clothes, dropped them on the floor then entered the bathroom giving me a little backward glance saying, "See you soon."

"Man, that about knock me out she was so little and so cute, just like a doll. I tell ya, I grabbed that yogurt and gobbled it down then I laid back on the bed listening to the shower running and thinking about all the delicious things I was going to do with Sahakit. And mates, that was the last thing I remember."

"Next thing I know is it's morning and I'm waking up alone on the bed with a vicious hangover. I look around the room and I see that everything is gone. I looked in the bathroom, nothing. I even looked under the bed, nothing. Everything I owned was gone, my backpack, my clothes, my passport, my money, everything. There was nothing but the towel that I still had wrapped around me. She robbed me of everything I had and now I don't know what to do." The Aussie looks at us, hangs his head, shrugs then says, "Any suggestions, mates?"

By now the manager had come back and had heard enough of the story to know the trip. She shakes her head saying, "Aaaieeee, how can you boys be so stupid. You think just because you're white and buy her a meal a Thai girl is going to sleep with you. Oh, you are so foolish. Now here's what you must do. I will give you a sarong to wear but you must borrow enough money from your friends to take a taxi to you're embassy and hope that they will do something for you. It is a very bad thing to be in Thailand with no money. You will be arrested and thrown in jail if the police find out."

The Aussie tells her, "I'm alone, I don't have any mates here."

She tells him, "You'd better find some or you'll have to walk to the embassy and it is very far."

He looks at us then says, "Do ya think you blokes could spare me a few Baht?"

I say sure and give him a hundred then the Germans do the same.

The manager goes and gets him an old sarong, which he puts on.

As he turns to go he says, "I guess my Thailand vacation is over in only one day. Thanks for the money."

We all wish him good luck.

After he was gone the manager says, "I don't know why, but this seems to happen to Australians more than any other people. What you think?"

We all look at each other and shrug. Who knows?

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS 3 WIVES

Joanne, Kerry, Lindsey and I had decided to escape the good old US of A and make a break for sunnier climes. We had chosen the Caribbean since it had hundreds of islands on which we could get lost and live the good life. We had worked our butts off for that end too. The girls had all gotten jobs in the tenderloin as "B" Girls at a topless bar where they danced half naked half the time for \$50 a night and hustled drinks the other half the time for 10% plus tips. Joanne consistently made over \$100 a night, no taxes taken out and Kerry and Lindsey just under that, they worked six nights a week from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. I went to school on the GI Bill for \$400 a month and did most of the cooking and cleaning for us. Since our bills were minimal it only took about four months before we had quite a few thousand in cash each saved up. Of course, if we hadn't partied so much it wouldn't have taken half as long, but life is short and you've got to have a little fun. We decided to go at the end of the summer because there was way too much going on in the City to leave before then and the weather was always good until the end of August.

First week of September we packed up and said good bye to all of our friends who told us "You'll be back as soon as your bread runs out."

We turned the 25th St. commune over to Pat, who was staying and TB Sheets, our favorite dope dealer. Then we hopped on a plane bound first for New Orleans then San Juan. Since we got a free stop over in the Crescent City we thought that we would take advantage of it and check out the most famous party city in the whole US with it's 24 hour a day bars and blues. As soon as we departed the air-conditioned terminal the heat and humidity hit us. Being from a desert state we'd never experienced anything like this before. Even though the temp was only a little over 90, the humidity was too. Holy Moly, the sweat just poured off of us. Hell, it was even hard to breathe. Our clothes stuck to us like glue and we thought we're not even in the tropics yet. Oh well, suck it in and tough it out, let's see what this city has to offer us in the way of fun and entertainment, in other words, where's the dope.

Right away we had good fortune, a cute little southern hippie babe who had just dropped some friends at the airport, picked us up on her way back to the city. We chatted on the ride in and when she found out that we were gen-u-wine San Francisco freaks with dope of our persons, said that we could stay at her place that night and that she would show us all the hip spots in town and introduce us around.

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This sounded like a good plan to us and we readily agreed. The first thing that we noticed when we got into the city was how old everything looked. It all had a seedy decaying quality about it and there was a damp musky smell in the air. Being from the west where almost nothing is over a hundred years old this was new to us. When we arrived at the girls place she told us that she rented the upper story of this big two story house. It had peeling paint and crumbling plaster in the outside but inside it was really nice with comfortable furniture, brightly painted rooms and plants everywhere. She told us that she lived here alone. We ask how she could afford it.

She said it was only \$75 a month.

Wow, a place like this in San Francisco would be at least twice that much.

We smoked some dope and hung out with her until evening. Then she took us out to a red beans and rice joint for dinner which was really cheap.

We asked her if everything was this inexpensive here and she said that as far as she knew it was. In fact, it was the only place in America where using the phone still cost only a nickel. She the took us around to meet some of her friends, all southern hippies who all wanted to know if all of the tales of doping, drinking and debauchery about Frisco they had heard were true. Fuckin' A they were and more! So we told them some tales of our own. They were delighted. They said that they would make it out there some day to the land of sex and drugs and rock and roll. It was Saturday night and The Warehouse was happening they told us. So let's go!

The Warehouse was just that, a big barn like structure down by the docks that some hippies had rented and turned into a New Orleans Filmore. You would park or take the trolley to a vacant lot on the St. Charles line, then a big old hippie school bus would take you to the docks and drop you off at the Warehouse where you'd pay \$3 to enter. Inside was psychedelic lighting, a big dance floor and a small stage, with a concession stand off to one side, just like the old Filmore. Tonight's venue was a local band, followed by ZZ Top (without beards who we had never heard of at the time) and Taj Mahal (who was in his tuba period). The locals and ZZ rocked out and Taj was good as always. After the show we all went back to her place and did a bit more dope then crashed. Next morning she informed us that it was her policy to let people stay only one night at her house. We would have to leave today, but she would show us where some cheap hotels close to Bourbon St. and the French Quarter were, a fabled place that we wanted to check out.

After checking into the hotel we took a walk around the Quarter. We were very disappointed.

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Drinks were expensive and watery, the music was only average and the pigs hassled us where ever we went for absolutely no reason other than we were hippies, "Move along or you're goin' to jail!"

Unbelievable! It was time to move along all right, all the way to San Juan.

San Juan was a bust too. We spent only two days there. Too bad too, because it looked like it was a happening place. The folks were lively, it wasn't too expensive and the city was filled with music, but everyone spoke Spanish which none of us knew. Also, as we were coming out of our hotel the first day the manager told us that our dress was not appropriate. We couldn't believe it, we all had on shorts and tank tops. The manager said that either arrested by the cops or accosted by the locals. We knew right then this place was way too Catholic for us.

The day after we left by plane for the US Virgins where English was spoken. Little did we know that it wasn't the same English that we were use to and that it would take us a good week before we could understand what the hell the locals were saying. We got to St. Thomas, which was way too expensive and straight for us so next morning we hopped on a boat bound for Tortula, a British Virgin and the fun began

A black taxi driver met us at the dock. We piled in and told him we wanted the cheapest hotel on the island. He grinned at the white boy and his three vanilla ice cream babes and said, "You got it, Mon." and drove us to the town's hotel/bar/restaurant/ whorehouse. The madam, a young black woman, took one look at us and gave us a small room with four beds and a fan in it for \$5 a night. What a deal! What we didn't know was how good we'd be for her business. So the partying started. The first night we hung out in the bar with the madam and her half dozen girls, all black. About 10 p.m. the guys, all black, started coming in for a drink, a dance and a quickie. The food was really good and fairly cheap, you got a choice of chicken or catch of the day which was either fresh fish or lobster, served with white rice and HOT peppers, YUM! The music was loud and lively, either live or juke and the drinks were cheap and strong but with little ice. We had already found out that rum was \$3 a half gallon while cokes (or beer) were 50 cents apiece with ice exorbitantly priced. Guys came and went and by midnight the joint was jumpin'. The first night the men pretty much left us honky's alone, they just watched us and talked among themselves. The next day all that would change. Things started slowing down by 2 a.m. and was pretty much dead an hour later. The madam closed up just after 3. We went to bed thinking this was the place to be and slept until almost noon.

The next morning we got up and smoked a hooter then had a couple Heineken Pils each for

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breakfast. Eddie, our taxi driver, came in and asked to talk to me alone. We went in my room and Eddie asked me, "How much, Mon?"

I asked him back "How much for what?"

He says, "To spend a short time with one of your girls."

I laughed as Eddie explained to me that it was the consensus of the male population on the island that since we were living at the whorehouse then I was a pimp and the girls were my stable. We had come to Roadtown to make a little money. They even had made up a name for us "Jesus Christ and his 3 wives" because I looked like a white Jesus to them. I explained to Eddie that I was with Lindsey but that the other two girls were sexually liberated San Francisco hippie chicks who loved to party. And if they took a fancy to you they would screw you to death for no more than the price of a dinner, a few drinks and a little marijuana. However, you had to be cool with them or no matter who you were or what you did, you wouldn't get anywhere with them. Eddie asked if they liked black men. I laughed again and said they liked any man who was nice to them, who could get it up and keep it up. Eddie smiled and thought about what I had said to him then patted me on my knee saying, "All right Mon! I'll pass the word." Then he got up and left.

I told the girls about what Eddie had said and Joanne said jokingly, "Hell, we're gonna fuck them all anyway, so we might well make a little money out of the deal."

We all laughed at that.

After that we always had a steady stream of male visitors. Some the girls liked, some they didn't. Some they'd spend a short time with and some they'd spend a couple days with. Their money was going to last them a long time because while Lindsey and I had to pay for everything, Joanne and Kerry paid for almost nothing. Any time they wanted something, it was theirs just for the asking. We partied every night with the local young male population and had a ball.

We'd get up around noon, smoke a joint, drink our two Hienies then go to the beach with one or more of J & K's boyfriends de jour in their Mini-Mokes, a very small Jeep like vehicle that was lots of fun to drive. The beaches of Tortula were weird though. You could swim in some in those crystal clear warm gulf waters but you couldn't lay on the sand because the sand fleas would instantly bite the hell out of you. Or you could lie on the beach on others but had to stay out of the water due to the jellyfish which stung like fire if you even got close to one. In the afternoon we'd have lunch: Catch of the day with rice and peppers. Then we'd sip gin and tonics until dusk when we'd have a supper the same as

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lunch then switch to rum and cokes and party with a dozen or so of the locals who'd take us all over the island.

Our favorite place to go was to the movies, which were out of doors. The screen was a white wall, there were no seats, they weren't needed. The projector looked like it was as old as the films that were shown which were all from the 30's, 40's and early 50's, most in black and white, some with sound, some not and they were all action films with gladiator ones as the favorites. The best part was the audience's total participation. It was always on its feet so there was lots of action among the crowd. During the love scenes they'd be making kissing sound, swooning into each other's arms and making goo-goo eyes at one another. In the fight scenes there's be a mock battle among the audience with lots of fake fighting and cheering, but it the villains that got the best reaction. They'd boo and hiss, jump up and down shouting at the bad guy. If it looked like he was going to win, they'd throw whatever they had at the screen, food, beer bottles, soda cans or glasses. The movies were horrible old things but it didn't matter, a fine time was had by all.

As long as we stay on the British Virgins I noticed that the black folks were really friendly but the whites totally ignored us. I asked Eddie, now our best friend why this was and he said, "Because Mon, you're with us. If when you first came here and had gone to a white hotel and started hanging out with the white folks then the only thing you get out of us would be a "Yas Suh or No Suh". We don't mix with them and they don't mix with us."

I asked him why that was.

He said, "It's been that way since time began. They own everything and we do all the work, and they pay us nothing. They look down on us as ignorant darkies and we hate them for it. I know it ain't right, but that's how it is."

I said, "Well, if you guys do all of the work why don't you just go on strike and shut the economy down."

Eddie said, "Shit boy, if we done that, there'd be colored folks hanging from every tree, then the government would sent in the troops and make us go back to work at gun point."

I said that I thought that this was part of Britain.

Eddie darkened telling me, "They ain't nothing but a bunch of uppity white folk too."

Later I would get in trouble for talking this kind of talk..

We stayed on Tortula over a month partying our lives away. We stayed at the whorehouse the

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whole time too. We had been offered houses but they always came with strings attached. Finally an older black man from Virgin Gorda said that he had a house that he and his wife would share with us. We'd get two bedrooms, use of the living room, kitchen and have a bathroom of our own for \$100 a month. We all talked it over and decided to try it for a month. We could always come back over to Tortola if things got too dead, it was only a short boat ride away but Virgin Gorda was real nice and we liked it a lot.

It wasn't the party place that Tortola was, but it was beautiful. It's a very small island with a super expensive resort at one end and a bunch of huge granite rocks that form crystal clear pools at the other. It's so small that you can walk everywhere. There was only one bar on the island (not counting the resort) so everyone hung out there though the black and whites did not mix company. Again, since we hung out with the black folks, the white British colonial snobs shunned us, which was fine by us. They were all a bunch of tight assed bastards that didn't know how to party anyway.

After we had been there a few weeks and had gotten to know every one, well, all the blacks and a couple of the white fishermen, I started talking strike to them while drinking at the bar. Since they did 99% of all the work on the island and they were pretty much self sufficient, why didn't they just close down Little Dix until they got a better wage. At the time they were being paid less than a dollar an hour. Since it was just drunk talk anyway, the blacks listened and agreed then forgot about it, but the whites didn't.

One night about a week later, a young white fisherman said "Let me buy you a drink so we can talk."

I said sounded good to me and we went over to a table to be alone. He told me, "There's some people here who don't like the way you've been stirring up the coloreds with that strike talk."

I gave him the evil eye.

He continued, "It ain't me, I'm just a guy with a message for you."

What message?

"I was told to tell you that either you can quit talking that way or you will have to leave the island."

And if I don't?

"Then somebody's" looking me straight in the eye "is going to get hurt. And nobody wants that, now do they? Just leave, and take those whores with you so we can get back to normal around here."

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I told him I'd think about.

He says, "Well, don't think about it too long." got up and left.

When I told the girls about it they said, "Fuck it. Let's just split." so we booked a flight to St. Croix, back in the US Virgins.

We got to St. Croix and it was a real place with a regular city not dependent on resorts. I immediately liked it and why we left there so quickly I really don't know. We all could have gotten jobs and a place to live there, and we still had enough bucks to tied us over until then but we only stayed there two weeks which it was one big drunken debauchery, maybe that's why we left. We got a hotel for the first night but the very next day Joanne and Kerry on a trip around the city met a 17 year old boy named Gary. He told them that his parents had gone to the mainland and wouldn't be back for two weeks, and we all could stay at his house until they got back. We checked out of the hotel and into Gary's. He was living there with his two other brothers, Ted 18, and Dean 15. When we came in the door Gary told his brothers about letting us stay there. Dean was all for it while Ted said he'd see how it went. Well the very first night set up the entire next two weeks, and it went like this.

We went to the store to pick up supplies, which included a gallon jug of gold rum, a case of cokes and a big bag of ice. By supper we were all fairly toasted. Joanne had already fucked Gary. And Kerry and Dean were eyeing one another greedily. After supper Ted's girlfriend Nicole, came over and after a polite chat and a strong rum and coke they retired to Ted's bedroom. We thought this was pretty anti-social so after a few more rum and cokes we joined them, breaking up their make out session, but they didn't seem to mind.

One of the boys said, "let's play strip poker" and everyone agreed.

A deck of cards was found and a hand was dealt. Nicole, Ted, Gary and Dean all bet a sock, Kerry, Joanne, Lindsey and me all bet everything we had. I forget who won but we all lost and so had to forfeit all of our clothes. Nicole and the boys saw this and after a moment's hesitation stripped down to their birthday suits too, then the real fun began because as the old saying goes, "Candy's dandy, liquor's quicker, but rum will make ya cum." I don't remember who did what to whom but I do remember Nicole saying that she would only "do it" with Ted and that he had better only to "do it" with her which he did, until after she went home anyway. Then I believe he "did it" with all the girls, but we were all drunk as skunks by then and rum does cause memory loss.

The next two weeks were about the same, eating, drinking, screwing and sleeping. We saw

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almost nothing of St. Croix. Some nights Nicole came over, some she didn't but I don't think that she ever did "do it" with anybody other than Ted. Although I can't say for sure because she was naked and in bed with the rest of us and sometimes things do get mixed up especially when the rum is flowing. A day before Mom and Dad were to arrive home we helped the boys clean the place up then they took us to the airport and for no reason I can think of we got on a plane to St. Marteen.

St. Marteen is a small island that's half Dutch and half something else. We stayed there a couple weeks partying with the locals, but again I can't remember much about it. We rented out half of someone's house again and I do remember that the black and whites did party there together and that the beaches were beautiful. But by then we had been drinking copious quantities of rum for about three months and it got to be decision time. Because booze like smack you can only play around with so long then it's either: Are you hooked or not? When you get up in the morning and have to take that drink then it's time to quit and none of that tapering off bullshit either, it's cold turkey all the way. We decided Martinique would be a good place to try it at but like all French islands, it's very beautiful but also very expensive. Lindsey and I decided to go back to New Orleans, get jobs and an apartment on the bread we had left, and to dry out. Joanne and Kerry decided to stay on Martinique as they both still had lots of scooties left. We said "See ya in the funnies." and split up Jesus Christ and his 3 Wives.

Lindsey and me flew into New Orleans and immediately found a one bed room apartment that was part of a big old house full of freeks a block off of the St. Charles line near Tulane U for \$60 a month. Lindsey got a job as a secretary and I got one working in a lumberyard. They only paid minimum wage but everything was cheap there and living in New Orleans was pretty bitchen as long as we stayed out of the French Quarter where the cops were true pigs. The only problem I had was with a neighbor, a straight woman with a baby who complained to the cops about everything the freeks did.

One day, right after moving in I was sitting nude in the kitchen listening to the radio when there was a knocking at my door. I opened it and there were two cops. They asked why I was naked and I told them that I was a nudist and never put on clothes unless I had to. They informed me that my neighbor had complained about the music and my being naked. I asked how she knew I was naked since the curtains were pulled and they said that she had peeked in and saw me. I told the cops to go tell her that if she ever complained about me again that I would sign a complaint against her for being a peeping tom. They laughed and said that they would tell her but for me to keep the music down, then left. She never complained about me again. The only other thing negative that happened was that some of the

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restaurants refused to serve hippies but fuck them, we just took our money elsewhere.

About a month later Joanne and Kerry showed up, they too had had enough of the islands. They found an apartment just by asking the mailman where some empty ones were. They both got jobs as Go-Go dancers at a club called Uncle Sam's. It only paid minimum but they got real good tips.

We all partied together with the southern freeks but not as hardy as on the islands and we stayed away from hard liquor. We had learned our lesson. Well, for awhile anyway. We all had a real good time way down south. New Orleans was one happening city.

In the spring Lindsey and I decided to hitch hike back to The City, San FranCheeseCo. Joanne and Kerry who were making good money decide to stay until it got hot before joining us.

We said "See ya later." and one morning Lindsey and me hit the road where we had a generally good time especially in Texas.

For some reason Texas has a bad reputation with freeks, but I have hitched there quite a number of times, all parts of the state too and have always found Texans, both hip and straight, to be friendly and giving. Even the cops were glad to give you a ride out of to the edge of town. I have been hassled a lot more in "liberal" California than in "conservative" Texas.

In fact, while we were hitching through Fort Stockton, two Christian women stopped and asked us if we believed in Jesus Christ. We said that we believed he lived and even said all that neat stuff but that he wasn't any more the Son of God than any of us were. The ladies said that it didn't matter if we believed or not, but that they had a Gift from God for us. It was a free gift and we owed them nothing for it. It was a bus ticket to anywhere we wanted to go. We thanked them but told them that we really didn't need it. We liked to hitch hike. But they were very insistent so we said, "Okay how about Tucson." which wasn't too far but would get us over the mountain and into the desert.

They took us to the depot, bought us the tickets and told us that Jesus Loved us whether we believed in Him or not then left. It was the kindest thing any Christian has ever done for me in my entire life.

We hitched the rest of the way to the City and moved back into 25 St., which coincidentally, had a room about to be open. Pat would become a RN after years of on again, off again schooling and was going to get her own place because she was going to be working graveyard at St. Lukes. She told us that we could stay in her with her until she moved out so we spent over a month together. In the meantime we got to know the new crew that had moved into the commune with TB Sheets while we had been

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gone. In the summer Joanne and Kerry got back to the City and got a flat together that they would share for years. I lived with them on and off whenever I passed through the City, but by the next year Lindsey and I would no longer be together as a couple, and there would never again be Jesus Christ and his 3 Wives.

YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN!

Paul has been our friend for over 15 years and is the most honest person that I know. I could give Paul \$1000, come back a year later and he would still have \$950 to give me back with the other \$50 coming shortly. This may not sound like a big deal to you, but Paul is very poor. He lives mostly off food stamps and collecting cans. He may have a broken down barely running junker of a car and he usually lives in a tent. Almost all the clothes he owns are ones that people gave him. His only real possession is his .22 rifle, for Paul is a hunter. In the desert he shoots and eats rabbits.

However, in the spring he will take his rifle, 500 rounds of ammo, some food plus, a bag of his best pot seeds. Then he'll go up onto the mountain to grow dope and to live off the food he has with him, which he liberally supplements with any game that comes into his sights. He's the only person I've ever known to has eaten an owl and a bobcat. We won't see him until fall when he reappears with some of the finest weed I have ever smoked. Unlike most dope growers, who are rip offs because they keep the best for themselves or to impress their friends with then sell the rest at outrageous prices with the excuse of "Well it is illegal", Paul grows simply because he loves to smoke. He will only sell enough, at a fair price, to support himself in his very modest lifestyle then smoke up all the rest, sharing with anyone who's around.

Paul is the biggest pothead I have ever met. He smokes from the time he gets up in the morning until he falls asleep at night and he is always smoking something, if not pot then it's tobacco. He is famous for his deep hacking cough. Hear someone coughing their lungs out, that's Paul right before he takes another hit. Before Paul started growing he was really poor because given the choice of buying pot and buying anything else, well, there was no contest, but he and our friend George had a deal. If

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Paul supplied the weed then George would supply breakfast and dinner. A good deal for both since George hated spending money on anything other than beer and food but loved smoke grass. The only trouble between them was the amount of food that Paul can eat, he's a big guy 6 foot, 220 pounds. When George had a dinner, everyone else brought a plate or a bowl but Paul would bring his fruit bowl, which he'd fill to the brim, eat then come back for seconds. Paul was known by all his friends as 'The Eager Eater.' There were never any leftovers when Paul was around.

Once Kelly and I had rented a small apartment. Whenever she baked anything, cookies, a cake, a pie, brownies, it didn't matter what or even what time, morning or evening, just as it was coming out of the oven, Paul would pull into our driveway in his current death trap for a visit. It got to be a joke, if we wanted to see him for something, Kelly would just have to do some baking. How he could smell her cooking from 6 miles away is still a mystery

Paul is by far the luckiest person I've ever met when it comes to getting caught by the cops with pot. This is largely due to his being extremely poor because as soon as the cops find out that he, as he tells them, lives off dumpster diving and aluminum cans, they don't want anything to do with him. After all, they would lose money by putting him in jail because he can't pay any fines and since it always involves real small quantities it ain't worth their time and effort. Paul's been caught with roaches in the ashtray of his car, with a loaded pipe on his dashboard and he's even been caught with a quarter ounce in his glovebox. However, they have always let him go after a stern lecture about the evils of marijuana. Sometimes they don't even bother confiscating the grass. Then they tell him to get out of their sight and don't ever let them see him in the area again or he will be going straight to the pokey.

His funniest adventure with getting caught went like this: He and his friend Andy drove to town to do some shopping and have dinner. Of course, after dinner as they were driving home they smoked a fatty to help with the digestion. Since it was December and real cold outside they had all the windows rolled up. What they forgot about was there was a Border Patrol stop on the highway a few miles out of town checking for those insidious American job stealers, the Mexicans.

When Paul pulled up to the stop he rolled down the window to talk with the officers. When the agent leaned down to check Paul out he took one whiff and that was all it took. He told Paul to pull it over because he was under arrest for possession and transportation of the deadly weed. Paul pulled over and got out of his car. Paul then got all indignant with the officer telling him that all he and his friend did was smoke an after dinner joint. And there certainly wasn't anything wrong with that, was there?

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The cop couldn't believe his ears. He told Paul that marijuana was illegal so it was totally wrong for him to be smoking it.

Paul just said, "So what? As far as I know pot ain't never harmed a soul so the law's both wrong and stupid."

According to Andy who told me the story, Paul and the cop argued like this for awhile until the agent got tired of it and told Paul to shut up. Then while one officer guarded Paul and Andy, two other agents tore apart Paul's vehicle looking for more contraband. But of course, Paul is lucky, the hooter they had smoked was the only one Paul had brought with him. The cops then searched Paul and Andy finding nothing incriminating. Since they couldn't bust him simply for smelling like dope they, after a stern lecture, had to let him go.

When I asked Paul about the story, he just shrugged and said, "It was no big deal. They let me go and I certainly ain't gonna stop smoking pot when I want to."

Like I said, Lucky.

Paul is also one of the most moralistic guys I've ever met. He is flatly against sex with "children" which is Paul's definition of any one, boy or girl under the age of 18, and he's against sex with the retarded. If anyone he knows has sex with somebody under 18, even if they were 17, he'll get so indignant that he will not speak to that person for a week. I've asked him if he doesn't think that people under 18 should have sex and he'll say, "Not with adults and they shouldn't even with each other."

Anyone having sex with a retard is just as bad. There's a mildly retarded girl in the desert in her 20's who just loves having sex. Even though she has boyfriends who are always fighting over her and who all hate each other, they just can't keep her satisfied so she'll have sex with anyone who wants to. When Paul finds out that someone had screwed her, he'll go on a rant about the filthy pervert.

I've asked about should the retarded be able to have sex.

He'll say, "Yes, but only with each other or only with a normal person they're married to."

It's not that he's against sex, he has had a few girlfriends, it's just casual sex. He's about the only non gay, non crazy guy I know that will not fuck all the sexually liberate women that will have sex with anyone who wants to. He's even kicked some of them out of his camp if they come onto him and won't take no for an answer because to Paul sex is a scared thing and he doesn't partake of it lightly.

Paul's only vice is cards. He loves playing and winning but he hates losing even though there's never any money involved. If he was losing, he would never cheat but he has been known to bend the

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rules.

Like once when a bunch of us were playing Hearts he accidentally threw down the wrong card. I snatched it up and crowed, "Ha! That's ten points for me!"

He said, "Wait a minute. I didn't mean to throw that card away so give it back and I'll lay down another one."

I laughed and said, "No way."

He says to me "Look, it was an honest mistake, so let's be fair. Just give me the card back and we can go on."

I tell him tough shit, he's not getting it back.

Everyone agrees with me that it was his mistake so he has to pay.

Paul gets really mad, stands up and shouts, "If that's the way you're going to be then I just won't play!" then throws the cards in my face continuing, "Not only that, but I will never play cards with any of you again!"

We all laughed like hell at him as he's glaring at us. Then watch as he stomps out, slamming the door. Of course, we were all playing cards again together by the end of the week. Paul is slow to anger and quick to forget, a good combination, but if he does really get mad then watch out.

He had decked quite a few people since I've known him. He doesn't do it without provocation and he always warning the offending party before hand. He will tell them more that once quite clearly to get out of his face or they are going to get hurt, but some folks just don't listen or don' believe him so they end up on their backs looking at the sky wondering what the hell just happened.

Only one person ever hit him more than once before being decked and that was the Buffalo Dyke, a woman about 40 called that because she was big and she always wore a fringed leather jacket, whether she was a lesbian or not no one knew. She showed up at the springs broke and mean, not only did she mooch food off people but she bitched at them too, "Don't smoke around me, I don't want cancer!" "Don't drink around me, I don't like drunks!" "Don't even think of trying to touch me or you'll really be sorry!" In a very short time no one liked her.

One day Paul got into an argument with her about him smoking a cigarette in the hot pools. She told him to stop. He told her to fuck off. The argument got heated and they stood up yelling at each other. The Buffalo Dyke slapped Paul in the face. He slapped her back. She was stunned, she couldn't believe he had hit her back so she screamed at him, "You coward! You hit me and I'm a girl!" and slaps

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him again.

So he slap her back again.

She's outraged! She bends down, grabs a shovel that's lying there and raises it over her head.

Paul hit her square in the jaw with an upper cut, his favorite punch, and laid her out cold.

A minute later she comes around, looks up, then starts screaming, "How could you! I'm a girl!"

Paul says, "I ain't letting anyone hit me with a shovel, and if you get up then I am going to knock you right back down again."

She screams "I'm going for my gun and I am going to kill you! You Bastard!"

She gets up and sprints for her car.

Paul runs for his gun.

George who has watched all of this goes for his 30-30. When all three of them are armed and back to the pools, George yells out, "If you two don't cut the Shit! And I mean Now! Then I am going to shoot that both of You!" then points his rifle right at them. The Buffalo Dyke stops and looks, two armed males against her and every one knows that you do not fuck with George because you will get hurt.

She cries out one last time "But he hit me and I'm a Girl!"

George looks at her like she's stupid and says, "Did you really think that he would just stand there and let you bean him with that shovel?"

She yells at them, "Well, I am going for the sheriff!" She runs over to her car jumps in and goes roaring down the road. George tells Paul that they should put away their guns because the cops will be there shortly.

The cops and the Buffalo Dyke pull in.

The cops ask George what happened and he gives them the skinny. They ask Paul if that's what happened and Paul tells them, pretty much. The cops ask the Buffalo if she slapped Paul first, she says, "Yes, but he wouldn't put out his cigarette."

They ask if she threatened him with the shovel, "Yes" she answers "But only because he slapped me."

Did she tell him that she was going to shoot him, she says, "Well sure, because he punched me so hard that it knocked me out."

The cops ask Paul if he wants to press charge against her for assault with a deadly weapon.

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Paul says that if she leaves and never comes back that will satisfy him.

The cops ask her if she will leave.

The Buffalo Dyke is aghast and says, "But, I'm a girl!"

The cops say they don't care if she is The Holy Mary Mother of God, that you cannot hit people and threaten their lives and not get hurt. She's lucky Paul don't have her ass thrown in jail. Will she leave or not is all they want to know. She mumbles something about all males being pigs who always stick it to poor defenseless women but says she will pack up and go and not come back. Which she does.

As a sidebar, the same thing happened with Dana the Dyke. She threatened Jeff while they were arguing again about smoking in the pools. She then attacked him, hitting him real good. He told her quit or he would hit her back but she was too mad to listen so after he had had enough, he beat the shit out of her. She went for the cops and Jeff got arrested because they said he beat her more than he had to to stop her. So they took him to jail but told her that she had caused enough trouble out in the desert and it was time for her to leave for good. Dana was mean but not stupid so she packed up and was never seen again. Jeff got out of jail a few weeks later and received a hero's welcome.

It's always amazed me how some people, bully's really, think they can use physical violence on somebody else then cry like babies when it's them who ends up getting hurt. I've seen it a lot from men, women and large children and I think they are nothing but cowards. Anyone, except small children, who hits another person should be hit back and hard so they too can experience the pain and humiliation of being hit and know what it feels like. Anyway...

Paul has a girlfriend Lea. She's in her mid 30's, blond, nice figure and works in Real Estate in LA, is straight, dresses very neatly and drives a hot little red 300Z. They met at the springs and even though they have nothing in common, fell in Love. Paul, being a bachelor isn't the tidiest person and owns nothing while she is immaculate and loaded, but then love is strange. She has been visiting Paul at his camp every weekend for the last month. They hold hands, go for long drives in the desert, kiss, hug and look longingly into each other's eyes. We are amazed. She's even asked Paul to move in with her at her place. Paul says that he will think about it. He loves her but he also loves the free life and anyway, what would he do all day in LA when she was at work.

One day just as we're pulling into George's camp, we see the red Z go roaring out. We hop out and George says "Man, you guys really missed a good one."

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There's a half dozen folks sitting around and Ron, a speed freak who's married to a Jesus freak, says, "I guess you saw Paul and Paulette (What we call Lea) go tearing out of here? Well according to Paul, they ain't never coming back here again because we insulted them so bad."

We ask George for the story, which he is happy to give, "Paulette showed up here last night (Paul always camps next to George) and we had supper together then they went to bed. This morning Paul says that they will be going for a ride later so watch his camp. A couple hours later I notice that the little red car is gone and figure they've left. Ron and the crew come over about an hour ago with a bottle of schnapps and we sit around tasting it and discussing the Paul and Paulette situation."

Ron breaks in "The consensus was; what the hell did she see in him and that she must be insane to want to have him move in with her in LA. Can you imagine The Eager Eater near a grocery store. Man, there'd wouldn't be no food safe from that Hungry Hogan. He'd eat her right out of house and home."

George says "That's right, plus he smokes like a fiend and she don't. We were all sure she wouldn't support that habit, and just forget about the pot he smokes. Anyway, we all talked this way for a hour or so, then Ron says to cool it because here they come."

"As the red car pulls in we see only Paul in it. We ask him where his Honey is?"

"He says, "Lea wasn't feeling well so she took nap and I went for a drive myself."

Ron says, "So I say "You mean she's been in your tent the whole time?"

"And Paul says, "If you ain't seen her, then I guess so." and goes into his tent.

We just sit here and wait to see what happens."

George laughs and continues, "Well, it don't take long. We hear them talking and pretty soon here comes Paul bust bursting out of the tent, his blue eyes flashing, there's smoke pouring out of his ears and he's breathing fire. He's so mad he can barely talk, just kind of snorts, "How Could You! I Thought You Were My Friends! How Could You Talk Like That Behind My Back! I Would Never Think You Could Do Something Like That! And What About Lea! How Do You Think She Liked Hearing You Talk Like That About Her!" So I break in on his ranting and raving and say, "Shit Paul, if she didn't like hearing it, then why the hell did she listen to us?"

"Anyway, you know we all talk about each other and don't says you don't." (Which is true. We don't have TV and all the radio stations out here are either C&W or eazy listening. Our entertainment is drinking, doping, running wild through the desert on our dirt bikes, laying around the hot pools naked in

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the sun and discussing each other's foibles, bad habits and any good or misfortune that we've recently experienced. I myself have heard myself described as, "a belligerent asshole who likes to stir up the shit just for the hell of it." and, "an arrogant son of a bitch who thinks the rest of us are just a bunch of fucking dummies." among other things. However, they always end with, "but Kelly's nice." George told me once when he was mad at me, "Tai, if it wasn't for Kelly, nobody would want you around." Which is probably true, but I say, what the fuck, nobodies perfect.) Back to George, "Paul says that even if he does talk about someone he never says anything bad. We all laugh out loud at him for that one which only makes him madder. He says then that if that's the way we really feel then he is taking Lea up on her offer and moving in with her in LA. We tell him that we bet they won't last a week but hey, Good Luck! He calls Paulette out of the tent and tells her to wait in the car while he packs up his stuff. It don't take him long before he's ready to go. He jumps in the car with her, then as they're leaving, he shouts out the window, "You'll never see me again!" and tears down the road."

We all sit around discussing what has happened, smoking a joint or three.

George says, "He'll be back in a month. That's about how long it will take before Paulette gets tired of his smoking, eating and laying around. He'll be back with his bowl in his hand looking for some chow."

We all pretty much agree.

When Kelly and me get back to our place there's the red Z sitting in our driveway.

Paul gets out and says, "I've just come to get my stash. I am leaving the desert for good with Lea. You wouldn't believe what just happened."

I tell him that we've just come from George's camp and know the whole sordid tale.

Paul asks me, "Can you believe the things they said about me and Lea behind our backs?"

I say, "Paul, why didn't Lea just tell them to shut the fuck up?"

Paul looks at me then says, "You mean you're taking their side!"

I say, "I'm not on any ones side, I am just saying, why did she sit there for a hour and listen to that crap."

Paul says, "I can't believe you're on their side. I thought we was friends?"

I say, "Paul we are friends but..."

But Paul interrupts me, he's on a roll, "Because if that's the way you feel then I'll just collect my stuff and get the hell out of your life! I don't need any of this bullshit! And what do you think, Kelly?"

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he asks her.

Kelly just shrugs and Paul knows what she thinks. His last friend, a traitor!

Paul gets his stuff and is so mad that he doesn't even tell us good bye, just gets in the car and is gone.

Two months later Ron drives up and guess who he has with him. We ask Paul what happened with him and Lea, he tells us "We got tired of each other so I moved out. You know, it just didn't work out." We all harassed him a little but being good natured Paul just laughed it off. Paul, Kelly and I are still good friends to this day.

MY CIVIC DUTY

"Hey hey! Looky what I just got in the mail." I shout to my commune mates. They act mildly interested as I say, "It's a summons to jury duty. Looks like I'm going to be able to meat out some real justice. Unless they were violent then they're innocent."

Pat shakes her head saying, "Man Tai, you are totally deluded if you think they're going to let you decide some case. I mean just look at you. Long hair, beard, tie dyed clothes and you look stoned to the tits." She takes a toke, hands me the joint saying, "Yeah right, they'll choose you all right."

I take a hit then say, "Hey, they got to take me. After all, I am an upstanding citizen whose never been arrested and besides, it's my civic duty."

I pass the doobie to Joanne who laughs and says, "Tai, the straights ain't going to want you but go ahead and waste your time if you want. We'll just stay here and get high"

After finishing the joint I walk down to Mission St. and catch the MUNI to the San Francisco City and Municipal Courthouse. I walk in, check the directory and find out where the Court Clerks office then stroll on over. As soon as I walk in the door one of the clerks see me. He get up and walks over to the counter looks me up and down then asks, "And what can I do for you?"

I hand him my summons and proudly say, "I just got this today and am here to report for jury duty."

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He takes the paper, glances at it, looks at me again then shakes his head saying, “Don’t worry about it. I’ll take care of this. You’re excused.” and starts to walk away.

I call him back saying, “Hey, I don’t want to be excused. I want to serve on a jury and see some justice done.”

The clerk turns back to me and says, “Look, I can’t tell you not to try and get on a jury but I can tell you that even if a defense lawyer picked you there’s no way any DA would let you sit on a jury. So if you want to come down here for the next two week and sit around in the jury room from 8:30 a.m. until 3:30 p.m. for \$5 a day then be my guest.”

I’m get incensed so I say, “That’s discrimination! What about my constitutional right to...”

The clerk interrupts me saying, “Look, you want me to take care of this or you want to come down here and sit on your ass for the next two weeks. I don’t care and I don’t have time for this. So what’s it going to be?”

I stop my rant, smile at the guy and say, “Well, I guess I’ll just be moseying along.”

He nods saying, “Wise choice. Now get out of here”

When I get home I’ll tell everyone about being discriminated against and how unfair our justice system really is. They just shake their heads and look at me like I’m some kind of moron then Pat says, “I don’t know why you even waste your time. You know the straights don’t like us.”

I look back at her saying, “I don’t know why either but sometimes I just have to try.”

PUSSY FOR POT

The longest continuous working weed dealer my love Kelly & I know is Dealer Dan who lives in the desert and has been there dealing pot out of his home for the last 15 years. It's not that he couldn't move up the ganja ladder if he wanted to, he's just happy and satisfied dealing grass to his friends, of which since he's been there so long, he has many. Plus, he's not greedy or dishonest. His weight is always right on which he sell for the usual dope dealer markup. Back in the olden days when Zig-Zags

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were cheap he would buy them by the case at Costco and put a pack in each ounce he sold. Also, if you don't have the bucks right now he'll front you a quarter o.z. Plus he'll always smoke a joint with anyone who drops by even if they're not there to buy but just to visit and then even if they do own him for the last fronted baggie.

About his only quirk is, though he has many friends and always has someone over at his place, he is basically a loner. In all the time we've known him he's never had a girl (or boy) friend. Not even an overnight spend the night with him short time long time fuck buddy. He's simply happy with himself. Something people who are addicted to the pussy or the dick (like everyone else) can't really understand.

When ever we live out here we'll drop by on a regular basis to kick back relax, smoke a "J" or 3 and catch up on the latest gossip. Some of which usually includes a story about how some chick we all know didn't have any scooties, had already been fronted her ounce but had what she thought was something better to trade for an o.z. of grass.

Most the tales are the usual pussy for pot deals that every single male dealer in the whole world has heard many times, "Hey , how about I trade you the ride of your life for a lid? We can go to your bedroom right now and you can do anything you like with me. I'm told I'm real good in the sack." or something along those lines.

For most horny single male dealers if the herb isn't too expensive and the babe is cute enough, it is a good deal. In fact, most dudes who deal pot, and especially coke, do it not only so they can smoke or snort for free but also, for the liberal amount snatch chicks will provide in exchange for a little high.

But not Dan. No matter how much a girl will beg, whine and cajole, or how cute and scrumptious she is Dan always refuses saying he only sells herb for dinero, no checks, no credit cards, no trades, just cold hard cash. But hey, he'll still smoke a fattie with her before sending her on her way empty handed.

Over the years Kelly & I have heard this same old story many time. Below are a couple of the more unusual and entertaining ones.

Crazy Katie, a cute blond vivacious 20 something year old who's married but whose husband works all day leaving her alone to entertain herself and who's been known to get a little on the side every now and then dropped by Dan's one day. As he tells it, it goes something like this;

"So Crazy Katie stopped here yesterday and tells me she has something new to show me and would I like to see it. I tell her sure, why not? Thinking it'll be nothing I ain't seen before. But man,

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was I wrong. She hops off the couch sashays over to my chair, puts one leg up on the arm, lifts up her skirt, she ain't wearin' no panties either, and says, "I just got my clit pierced! Wanna see?"

"Before I can answer she spreads her pussy lips with her fingers then says, "Can you see it?"

"Well, her slit is about 4 inches from my nose so there no way I can not see it. And there it is, a little gold bar with a ball on each end stuck right through her clit. I tell her yeah, I can see it just fine."

"Then she start playing with it with one of her fingers saying, "So what do ya think, do ya like it?"

"I don't know what to say to that, so I just tell her it looks okay to me."

"Then she asks me if I ever had sex with a girl with a pierced pussy before and I tell her nope, never have."

"Then while still fingering it she says, "So Dan, how'd you like to take it for a test drive?"

"Now I look up at her and ask her what she means by that?"

"She says, "Well, I don't have any money right now and I'm out of weed. So I thought that since you ain't never had sex with a pierced pussy before you might like to try one out and after turn me on to a little pot to take home for later"

"Still looking at her I say. "You still owe me for the last quarter I fronted you last week, don't ya?"

"She admits she does. So I tell her that she knows I don't trade herb for anything. I only sell it."

"She asks if I can make this one exception?"

"I tell her that if I did then everyone would want to trade something I don't need for weed. And then instead of dealing for a living I have to find a job and go to work, and that just ain't happenin."

"Well, she lets go her snatch, drops her skirt and says, "Well, I just thought I ask.. No harm it that right Dan?"

"I laugh and tell her yeah, no harm askin'."

"She goes back to the sofa and I fire one up to smoke before sending her on her way."

"But can you believe that shit. A girl would have to be nuts to do something like that!"

Kelly says," Well Dan, her name is Crazy Katie and for good reason too."

Dan agrees then asks, "Have you guys ever seen anything like that before?"

I tell him a few years before he moved out here when the hot pools were really happening there was a couple who came out on a regular basis and the both of them had all kinds of genital piercings.

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The woman had her clit pierced her outer and inner pussy lips as well. The guy had a couple of ball piercings plus the head of his cock had one of them bars through it. They both had their nipples pierced. Not only did they love to show them off but talked about how great their sex life was because of the piercings.

Dan just shakes his head saying, “Man, you can just never tell about some folks, can ya?” And what can we say to that.

Another time he tells us this tale: There's a swinger couple, Gretchen and Skinny Bob, who've been in town for years. Now this is a small town and they are the only couple that acknowledge that they swing. But according to them there's a whole lot of in-the-closet swingers around the area who are too worried about their reputation to come out but who like to party discreetly after dark. Now since Kelly & I know the same is true with Indian Johnny, one of the towns very few open gay's. We have no trouble believing them.

Dan asks us if we've seen Gretchen and Skinny Bob lately?

We say we haven't because they very seldom party out at the hot pools.

Then he say, “Well, they were over here the other day with no cash but wanting some grass. So I told them they stilled owed me for the last quarter and Bob says he knew that. But maybe I'd turn them on to a bit of weed if they had a 3-some with me!”

Now, here I have to break in to this tale so I can describe the swinging couple to you. Skinny Bob is called that because he is really skinny. I've seen him naked and he is one of the thinnest guys I've ever seen who's not a crankster. Plus, he's tall, a good 6'3” or 4”. He's pretty old too, at least in his 50's. Now Gretchen by comparison is fairly young, probably in her 30's. She's tall too, a good 5'10”. But where as Bob is skinny, she has a really good body with long blond hair, nice sized tits and a sweet ass.

Back to Dan. “Man, I started coughing and asks him if he was nuts. I tell him not only do I not trade anything for pot but never in a million years would I have sex with another dude in the same room. Plus I would never fuck another mans wife even behind his back let alone in front of him.”

“Then Gretchen tells me to calm down saying, “We like you Dan so we just thought we 'd ask. It's no biggie so just forget about it.”

“I do relax telling them I guess it's okay but don't ever ask again.”

“They tell me they won't. So things a a little awkward until Bob ask if they can smoke a “J” before they go and they'll see me next week when they get some cash together.”

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“I tell them sure and roll one up. We fire it up and smoke it down so everything's cool and mellow again. After we've finished it they say see ya later and split. Man, I can't believe some of the people out here”

Kelly agrees saying, “But Dan, that's what makes life so interesting here is there's so many freaks among so few people.” And Dan and me have to agree.

This next tale probable blew Dan's mind the most since other than smoking and dealing grass he is fairly straight. In fact, even though the hot ponds were happening when he first moved here he never came out to party with the nudie's.

We arrive and after the first joint has become just a roach in the ash tray Dan say, “Man, you guys ain't gonna believe what happened her last night. Do you know Coleen and Bridget?” he asks us.

We say we don't.

Dan continues, “They are pretty new here. I've only seen around a few months and as far as I know, they keep pretty much to themselves.”

So with this statement I'm thinking lesbo's since they're are quite a few of them out in these here parts. I'm also thinking this should be good.

“Well, in the afternoon Coleen comes over with the usual sad story about havin' no money but needin' some smoke. Now right away she say she knows she owes me for a quarter but could I see my way to frontin' her another one and she promises to pay me this weekend. I tell her sorry but no way or I's have to give everyone the same deal and pretty soon I'd be out of both money and pot. She says she understands but maybe we could adjourn to my bedroom and she could persuade me for the front. I tell sorry but no. So anyway we smoke one and she leaves.”

Here I interrupt him saying, “That ain't much of a story Dan. It sound like the usual pussy for pot to me.”

Dan say, “Just wait, the weird part is yet to come.” and he continues,” An hour later Bridget shows up and after we burn one says, “Mom told me she was here earlier”

Now both Kelly and me interrupt him saying in unison, “Mom!”

Dan says, “Yeah, didn't I tell you they was mother and daughter?”

We tell him, no, he kind of left that juicy bit of info off and by the way, how old are they and what do they look like?.

“Oh, well yeah, they're mother and daughter. I don't know how old Coleen is but probably about

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40. I do know that Bridget is 19 because she told me. And they look okay, you know not beautiful or ugly or anything. Just like a regular mother/daughter.”

“Anyway” Dan goes on, “Bridget says, “Mom told her about what happened and thought you turned her down because she was too old for you. So Dan, I'm only 19, how about you and me head to your bed and after we're done you can front me a quarter?”

“I tell her it had nothing to do with age, it's just my policy not to front anyone more than a quarter at a time. And she should tell her mother that.”

“But,” Bridget says, “My mom owes you so how about just fronting me some weed until the weekend?”

“I tell her that since she lives with her mom then it's the same to me otherwise everybody would send all the members of their household over and the result for me would be the same, no cash, no pot. So sorry, no can do.”

“Bridget smiles at me and asks again if I'm sure about the bedroom?”

“I smile back and tell her yeah, I am. So we smoke another one before she leaves, and can you believe it but on her way out the door she ask me again. I don't get it. What part of no don't she understand.”

Kelly tells him, “Well you know Dan, girls just aren't used to being turned down when it comes to sex. Most guys would've jump at the chance to bang a 19-year old babe and would have given her the quarter. And she was just asking you for a front.”

“I guess I ain't most guys Kelly.” Dan says, and we both agree, he sure ain't.

Now this last tale isn't about pussy for pot but it does involve a girl and a trade.

Kelly & I walk in to Dan's and immediately notice the place is considerably cleaner. Now I don't want to imply that Dan is a slob who very seldom cleans his house but he is a bachelor so his standards are not quite as high as a woman's or couple. He does the dishes once a day, picks up the clutter when there's no more room, empty's ashtrays when full, cleans the bathroom and vacuums once a month. But he never dusts and that's the first thing we notice, no dust. Also, there's a young couple sitting on the sofa who we've never seen before. So of course we want to know what's up?

Don introduces us to Doreen and Phil then says, “They're some friends of mine kids from back east who came west to check it out. I'm letting them crash here for a few days.”

We say “Hi” to them then Kelly says, “Looks like they've been doing a little cleaning for you

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too, Dan.”

“Yeah,, Doreen said as long as there here she'll keep the place tidy.” Dan says, then “They have limited funds so I told them I'd provide the food and smoke.”

Sounds like a good deal to us so we all get onto more important things like, fire up that hooter and pass it around.

A few days later Kelly & I are there for another visit and things seem to be going smoothly. Dan's house is cleaner than we've ever seen it.

But when Doreen and Phil leave the room for get something Dan tell us, “Ya know, it's nice having them here for a while but it's been 3 days and it don't look like their planning to leave anytime soon. I hope they ain't thinkin' about living with me here because I can't afford to keep them in food and smoke for much longer. If they don't leave soon I'm going to ask them for some money to help out with the bills.

Now it sounds like a little trouble is in paradise. They have stayed about as long as Dan likes anyone to stay. Kelly & I have stayed in his extra bedroom a day or 2 now and then, and he's good for 2 or 3 days for any of his friends but then unless you're completely clueless, after that it's time to move along.

Another few days pass before we visit him again and this time no Doreen and Phil are in sight so we ask Dan where they are.

“They're gone,and good riddance to um.” he says. We ask him what happened?

Dan tells us the story, “ Well, yesterday I told them if they were going to stay any longer then they'd have to contribute a little cash for food.”

“Right away Doreen says, “But Dan, I been doing a lot of work for you keepin' yur house clean and all.”

“I stop her right there and say, “First off, I didn't ask to to keep house for me. And, what about Phil? All he does is sit around watchin' TV, smokin' my dope and eatin' my food, what about that Doreen?”

“ So Phil breaks in and says, “So how much you want Dan?”

“I tell him at least half the food cost.”

“He looks at Doreen and says, “That seem fair, don't it Doreen?”

“After some hesitating she says,”Yeah, I guess so.”

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“So Phil says to me, “Okay Dan we'll start paying half the food.”

“Although I hoped they'd have left instead I tell them okay Then I tell them they owe me \$5 for today and they agree.”

“Next morning,” Dan continues, “When I get up there's Doreen standing in the living room with her hands on her hips glaring at me.”

“Before I can even say good morning she starts in on me with,” “Now that we're payin' rent I expect you to help out with the cleanin'. Like doing your own dishes and picking up after yourself. Why just this morning I had to” But I ain't listening to no more of her shit!”

“I start yellin' louder right back at her about who the hell does she think sh is bitchin' at me in my own house when I was good enough to even let them stay for a while. Let alone feed um and smoke with um. And I ain't listening to no more of her crap!”

“So I go into my extra bedroom, see Phil sittin' on my bed lookin' kind of sheepish and say to him, “Pack your shit, grab your bitch and get the fuck out of my house! And I mean right Now!”

“Phil looks up at me and say, “Aw come on Dan....”

“But I don't let him finish either saying, “Either you get out now or I'll throw you out. Start Packin'!”

Here I should tell you that Dan is in his late 30's, 6'3”, 200 lbs with very little fat and although usually really good natured, nobody ever fucks with him mainly because he is a big guy who seldom gets mad.

Back to Dan's tale. “Well now Doreen comes in the room so I tell her the same exact thing and she looks like she wants to argue with me about it some more but Phil knows I serious so he tells her to cool it and start packing so she shuts up. When I see them getting their shit together I leave the room.”

“About 20 minutes later Phil comes in the living room and tells me he's sorry about Doreen's attitude and even thanks me for lettin' them stay.”

“I tell him that's fine and good bye. So I hear them go out the door and that was it.”

So I laugh and say, “Well Dan I guess you learned your lesson.”

Dan says, “Your damn right I did. From now on nobody stays here more than a couple days, and then only as long as they're on their good behavior. And” Dan says looking at Kelly, “no offense Kelly, I like girls and all but especially no more women because they're just too much trouble.”

I don't say anything but I am thinking, 'How right you are. It's just that they have that pussy.'

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Kelly says, "Come on Dan, not all women are trouble. Some of us are pretty nice."

Dan don't answer her and instead says, "Let's just burn burn one and leave it at that."

SNAKEMAN

My girlfriend Kelly had decided to spend the summer on Maui so I thought that I would bicycle the west coast. I took the Dog up to Seattle then the ferry to Kingston. I biked around the Olympic Peninsula then down the coast all the way to San Francisco and for the most part, it sucked! It was July, the hottest month of the year and the weather was cold, wet, cloudy and foggy every single day. When I biked Europe I did about 50 or 60 miles a day and loved every minute of it. Coming down the coast I was doing 100 to 120 miles a day and would have quit after the first week, but since I said I would do it, I toughed it out and did it. Well, that took two weeks so now what? I thought that I would visit some friends of mine in the mountains who lived on a large river in their vans and campers who I had known for years and like to party with every now and then. I strapped my bike to my VW van and took off for the Sierras.

As soon as I got away from the coast the weather turned hot and sunny and beautiful. I must have been nuts to suffer with the cold and rain. I got up to the river and there they were. Most of them had been camped there for years but of course, that wouldn't last. In a few years the Forest Circus Nazis would turn the whole area into a two-week stay limit, proclaiming it a "recreational area" and kick out everyone was camped there. Once more the dark forces of evil fascism triumph over the Free. Thank god we're nomads and the world is a big place.

Anyway, I pulled into Rotten Robby's camp and said, "Hi, what's happening?" to the folks. There was Rotten Robby himself, his woman Sandy, both were in their 40's but looked 65 due to their massive daily consumption of alcohol and their crew for this summer. Big Man and his son Little Man, who was taller but weighted half as much as his father. Johnny the Christian and his wife Lady Di, who were newborn Christians but old time drunks. Boring Bill, his name fit perfectly. Rusty and his girlfriend Suzy Q, a couple in their 20's, who were nice enough even while drunk. And Jake the Snake, who only loved two things in life, booze and diamond back rattlers. He kept six of them in a big terrarium in the back of his station wagon that he lived out of.

His favorite snake was a female named Sara that was de-venonized but the other five were plain

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old poisonous pit vipers that ranged in length from 2 feet to over 5 feet. Jake handled all of them all the time and said "Yeah, I've been bit a couple of times, but not too bad. Just enough to make me real sick for a few days."

Everyone asked him why he kept rattlers?

He'd say, "I don't know, just crazy I guess."

No one would argue with that.

Even though Robby was the leader of this motley crew it was Jake who kept everything together. Every morning everyone would wake up and come over to Robby's camp where Sandy made everybody coffee which everyone would spike with whiskey then light up an unfiltered Camel to start the day. After breakfast Jake would go around and collect money and orders for the town run that he made every day for the rest of us. The orders would be for beer, whiskey, vodka cigarettes, ice and food, in that order. Jake would then hop in his car, drive the 20 miles to town, pick up the supplies then drive back and be back by noon with the goods.

Everybody would be buzzed by then and drunk by supper which Sandy made then handed out "Bring your own bowls and spoons, cuz I don't mind cookin', but I sure as hell ain't washin' yer dishes." she'd tell us.

We would have a roaring fire each night, drinking and bullshitting with one another then go to bed or sleep where ever we fell then get up the next morning and do it again. It was a simple life and Robby and Sandy had been doing it forever. They worked three months in the spring and three months in the fall in the fruit orchards then collected unemployment and food stamps the rest of the time. Most of the crew would only last a year or three before they couldn't take the daily boozing any longer and had to move along, but Robby and Sandy were hard core, they were in for the whole deal and would keep it up until it killed them

This was Jake's first year on the river, he had lost his job in the city and was now on unemployment and food stamps and thought that he would party before going back to the daily grind. When Jake started drinking he would drop his car keys and wallet into the snake pit, then say, "Anyone that wants to use my car or needs money all you gotta do is reach in there and get it."

No one ever did.

Jake was always play playing with his snakes, letting them crawl all over him, which gave all the rest of us the willey's. Everybody told Jake to stay away when he had his snakes out except for Sara,

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who was okay since she didn't have poison fangs. He'd just laugh and call us a bunch of sissies and we'd agree with him. So we spent those summer days drinking, smoking, eating, talking and swimming in the river in the afternoon when it got hot. If you got too tired or drunk in the afternoon and a plunge into that cold water wouldn't wake you up then you could either nap or eat an inch of datura root that grew all over the place. And let me tell you folks, that will really wake you right up.

People came and went. Sometimes folks we knew, sometimes tourist but whenever anyone new showed up especially tourist, Jake, who always wore bib overalls, would grab Sara, unbutton his fly then stick Sara tail first down his pants about halfway. Then he'd walk over to the people with over a foot of rattler sticking out of his crotch saying, "Howdy folks, like to see (pet, handle, touch, hold) my snake?"

Almost everyone would freak right out. Men would jump. Women and children would scream, "Snake! Snake!" Jake and the rest of us would laugh like the drunken idiots we were. Jake would then take Sara out of his pants and put her head first into his mouth then grin like a maniac with 2 feet of rattler dangling down his chin. We always laughed our asses off at that stunt. Most of the people thought it was sick, some even threatened to call the cops but if anyone ever did the cops never came round to check it out.

One day three girls about 20 years old from town pulled in and Jake stuck Sara down his pants then walked over to them. Two of the girls screamed and ran for their car but the other one came right up to Jake and said, "What a lovely diamondback. Has it been de-venomized?"

Jake said, "Yes."

The girl then pulled Sara out of his pants and started playing with Sara.

Jake was instantly In Love.

They talked about what a sweet snake Sara was then Jake ask her if she would like to see the rest of his rattlers. She said, "Yes."

They went over to his car where she even handled some of the poisonous ones. They spent the rest of the afternoon together. Her two friends hung out with us saying they couldn't believe their friend touching those slimy snakes. When they left the girl promised to come back, but much to Jake's sorrow, never did.

I spent 7 days and 7 nights with Robby and the crew, drunk as a skunk the whole time. At first it was a lot of fun too. There is something about drinking that makes the world a lot more interesting place and much more fun to be in, but after a week it just gets old. As I was crawling on all fours

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through the grass, leaves and dirt one day on my way back to my camp to sleep, I realized that it just wasn't fun anymore. For the millionth time in my life vowed, "I will never drink again" knowing that I didn't mean it. I suffered with a vicious hangover for a couple of days with everyone coming by offering me a little hair of the dog that would've made me feel better but I refused, I had been drinking long enough this time. They called me a wimp, a light weight, a pussy. They said I just couldn't take it anymore, and they were right. It was the last time I have ever gotten blind stinking drunk and that's been over ten years ago. But don't get the wrong idea, I still love to drink and to even get a good buzz going, I just don't get really drunk anymore.

I still drink wine with dinner whenever I can, a beer or two or some single malt in the evenings and a touch of cognac, rum or brandy in my coffee on a cold morning, but that's about it. There's just something about the taste and the feeling that alcohol give me that I still love. It's Great! So let's lift our glasses in the company of our friends, take a long swallow and say a hearty "CHEERS!"

DREAMS

Dreams, like masturbation, are something everybody does but no one talks about. Maybe dreaming, like jacking off, is just too personal to disclose to others. The only time that you might hear of one is when someone says, "Man, did I have a weird dream last night." Then sometimes they may elaborate but a lot of times won't, they just switch to another subject.

So I thought I would tell you what my dreams are like and you can compare, maybe they are as different as you and me, or maybe they are pretty much the same for everyone. Choking my chicken I'll just keep to myself for now.

A lot of folks that I've asked about their dreams simply say "Oh I know I dream, but most of the time I just don't remember them."

Well, I remember mine, unless I've been drinking or doping. Each morning I can remember all of them that I've had the previous night, but then I have been practicing being conscience in my dreams for over 20 years and by now I'm getting pretty good at it. I first learned about the possibility of dream

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conscienceness from reading Carlos Castenada's Don Juan's books and have been practicing it ever since. Now in fact, I can pretty much control what is going on in them. If I don't like the way they're going, I use narrative to get them to go the way I want. I tell the dream what story line to follow and it usually does. If it doesn't, I simply wake myself up or switch to a different dream. I, like the Aborigines of Australia, believe that the dream is just another form of reality and that in order to become a whole person we have to get as good at using them as we are in our waking reality. For me it's almost as important about what goes on in my dreams as it is as what goes on when I'm awake so whenever I enter my dream reality I always try to pay attention to what's going on around me.

Most of my dreams are not too much different than my waking reality except that something always fantastic happens to show me that I am not in my waking reality. I lead an ordinary life, doing ordinary things for about 80% of all my dreams, an ordinary dream life that is. In waking reality we have five senses that are pretty much equal. However, in the dream state there's very little smell or taste and except for kissing and sex, there are almost no physical sensations of touch. It's kind of like when a person loses their sight in the waking state and their other senses get more acute in order to compensate, so in the dream state my sight is very good, colors are extremely vivid and my hearing is crystal clear. I don't really need smell or taste because there is no need to eat, drink or smell, because although these things do bring pleasure to the body, they also cause pain and there is no pain in the dream state. Since all bodies are pure energy in the dream reality and all experiences are emotional there is no need for touch either. In our waking reality our physical bodies reign but in the dream reality it's our conscienceness.

The biggest difference between my waking reality and my dream reality is that the waking reality is linear and solid. In the dream reality everything is random and fluid, it's as easy to walk on water or in the air as it is on the earth, it's just a matter of Will, of intent. Also, in the dream reality, time does not exist. In any dream, I can be a prepubescent boy or a very old man, it goes to the context of the dream, or I can be anywhere in time from the ancient past to the present. If I've ever dreamed about the future I haven't realized it. And I can jump my conscienceness from one male to another in any situation to get different points of view. I can pick any male of any race so I've been black, Latino, Asian and white, though I haven't been an American Indian yet. Whenever I try to jump into a female form something seems to stop me. But I'll keep trying until I can, and when I do the first thing I am going to do, after checking myself out, is to find some stud and get laid to see if I can get a clue about female sexuality.

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Since I do have some degree of control over my dream state I usually stick with the same dream all night long unless it gets too boring. I will dream the dream for awhile then sleep, then pick it up where I left it off. Even if I have to get up to pee and get a drink of water, when I go back to sleep I will just pick up the dream again from the last installment. It's kind of like watching a video and using the pause button.

Most of my dreams are mundane everyday stuff. Last night's is a good example. I only had two dreams last night. This is the long one that went on and off for about 3 hours. 'Kelly and I are either owners or managers of a three story hotel/bath house by a large river in some big European city. The hotel is on a corner, not facing the river but perpendicular to it. The building is old but well kept up. It's built out of wood and painted a sandy color. The house next to us is about the same size and is painted gray. The top two stories of our hotel have rooms that we rent out, the bottom story is where we live and where the bathes are located. There's four of them, all tiled. It has a big grassy fenced back yard with umbrella tables, a stone walkway and a flower garden. There are campers tents erected on the grass that belong to some paying guest, two young Spanish couples who are traveling around Europe for the summer. I meet them and we chat about their journey so far, which they're enjoying even though today is overcast and cool. The dream continues with Kelly and me taking care of the daily business of running the hotel; bicycling to the market for food, cleaning rooms and changing the sheets, cleaning the bathes, checking on our guests making sure their needs are met and chatting with them.

All of a sudden, one of the young Spanish girls dies. Her boyfriend is very distraught but we have to take care of the body. We put her into an all white dress then into a dark wood coffin. Everyone in the hotel then forms a procession and we hoist the coffin up onto our shoulders then walk out of town toward the graveyard. As we approach the graveyard all the colors fade out of the scene so that everything now is in black and white. The graveyard is like none on this earth, instead of green grass and white headstones it's just a big deep gray wet looking clay pit. We come up to the edge of the pit and straight down below us is a depression in the clay exactly the same size and shape as the young girls body. We take the body out of the coffin and drop it down into the pit.

As it falls, the dress comes away from the body and is now completely nude. It falls right into the depression. The rest of the graveyard is covered with a thick dark mass of hairy fungus that covers all the rest of the dead bodies that are undulating under it. The dead are crying and moaning in horror and in ecstasy, bewailing and reveling in their Fate. Their cries and moans make up a weird music that

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fills the air with their voices whispering past regrets and past joys. As the girl settles into her depression the death fungus touches her fingers and toes then starts covering her body. She starts withering and moaning with the rest of the dead. Her boyfriend seeing this, breaks down and begins weeping and sobbing. His tears form a little stream that drip down onto the face of his young girlfriend that has now been almost completely covered by the death fungus. Only her nose and mouth are left uncovered.

As the tears hit her face, the death fungus starts retreating from her head then her shoulders and breast until her entire body is free of it. Her boyfriend is crying so hard that he doesn't notice that his girlfriend is now totally free of the fungus and is floating back up out of the grave towards him. As she floats up her dress reassembles itself on her body then she floats up into the arms of her beloved. When he sees her back in his arms and now alive, he stops crying. They embrace and kiss. When they do, the color comes back into the world and the dead's moaning is replaced by birds singing. Everyone is very happy for the young couple and we all return to the hotel where we all take up our normal lives again.'

I could go into exact detail about the rooms, the baths, the guests, even the neighborhood but you get the picture. My dreams are mostly about everyday life with me, and a lot of the times, Kelly, doing something usual, like working, traveling or just hanging out somewhere and living our lives. As far as I know all my dreams take place on this earth. This dream I just described ended with me sitting down in front of the TV and Clinton coming on to explain some bullshit of his and I thought, 'I don't need to hear this crap' and woke myself up. But who knows, maybe I'll pick it up again tonight or maybe a month or year from now.

I do have serial dreams with new episodes showing up every now and I even have they're reruns that sometimes I watch again. Some have been going on for years and most are just everyday situations. I have quite a few reoccurring dreams too. My favorite one involves me and my anima, but the other dream I had last night was a short one I've had many times before. It's one that I'm not even in. I think maybe it's from a movie but if I saw it I don't remember it. The scene goes like this;

We are looking at the inside of an expensive apartment's door. It opens there stands Nick Nolte and Sally Fields. He's in a black tux. She's in a white bare shoulder evening dress, nicely make-up and wearing jewelry.

Sally does not look happy and Nick is saying "Jesus Christ, can't you just forget about it. It happened, it's over with and it's not like you've never had an affair."

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Sally walks in, crosses her arms and says, "I don't think that I should just forget about it, and we are not discussing me. Now are we?"

Nick comes in and closes and locks the door, comes around in front of Sally facing her, starts kissing her neck, then say softly, "Come on, be nice, forget about it. Let's go to bed and make love all night long."

Sally looks stern and says, "I guess seeing your little Alaskan whore again has gotten you all horny. Well you can forget it. The only way we'll have sex tonight is if you rip my clothes off and force me."

While still kissing her neck, Nick rips off her top.

Sally looking really mad now says, "I can't believe you just did that. Are you crazy!"

Nick then rips off her skirt while still kissing her throat and shoulders. Sally is now standing there with only her shoes, stockings, panties and a sheer silky camisole top on. Nick goes around behind her and while still kissing her neck and ears, whispers into one of them, "Come on now honey, be sweet."

Sally says, "That outfit cost \$500!"

Nick whispers "It's nothing. I'll buy you another." and reaches around her and starts to massage her breast.

Her nipples get hard and show through her camisole. Sally then smiles, turns into Nicks arms and says, "You animal." then kisses him on the lips. End of scene.

I have dreamed this scene many times and it's always the same except that sometimes Nick's tux is white and Sally's dress is black. If it is from a movie, I would sure like to know which one. I think I like this scene because it shows human animal passion at it's best. The male is aggressive yet gentle, while the female is passive yet she instigates and controls the whole affair by her verbal taunts and queues.

The other 20% of my dreams are about equally divided between two very different types of dream realities. One is extremely violent, the other is lots of fun. There is one other kind but it's a lot of work and very rare. I don't have these kinds more than a few times a year but it is always exciting. Sometimes, just as I am falling asleep I am able to let my body and brain go all the way to sleep but I keep my conscience awake, then I enter into a true dream reality. I can go anywhere and see anyone just by willing it. My conscienceness will fly directly to the object that I am thinking about. If it is in a

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waking scene then I can only observe it. However, if I know that someone else is also asleep then I can enter into their dream state and interact with them. Except most of the time they do not want me there and will say in effect to me, "Gee Tai, this is my dream so will you leave me alone." I may harass them a little but then I will go and fly to somewhere else. Sometimes I ask the person the next morning about their dreams but they usually just say, "I don't remember them." These dreams are usually very short because it is extremely hard to maintain that state of concentration, but I'm working on it.

The violent dreams, what some folks call nightmares, are like being in a Bruce Lee movie. Every situation is filled with danger and almost everyone including the animals in them are violent. But once you realize that, not only is there no pain in the dream state and that you cannot be killed, then they are actually kind of fun. I have been shot, stabbed, hanged and drowned. I've been disemboweled and had all my limbs chopped off at one time or another. Once when I was walking down a street a big menacing figure stepped out of the shadows and cut off my head with one swipe of his battle axe. This pissed me off so much that I grabbed my head, put it back atop my shoulders then fought the asshole, got the axe away from him and had hacked him into hamburger. Even though I cannot be killed, I can still kill others but it's a lot of work. You just can't shoot them and walk away. Dream people are tough and hard to kill, you've really got to be really violent to do them in.

Although they are a violent nasty bunch, I try not to be. Even if I am provoked, I will walk away, but if anyone attacks me then I will do all I can by any means possible to kill them. My favorite way to kill them is to rip their heads off then kick it like a football. I usually win these fights. The only way I can be beaten is if they have the numbers. If it's only one or two then I always kick ass, but if it's more than five then I will fight as long as I can. There's no way that I can win so when I start losing bad, I just wake myself up or I will simply fly away since it is very seldom that I meet anyone else that can fly in the dream realities. Only twice have I ever lost in single combat. I just couldn't kill the fuckers so I flew away. One didn't follow but the other one hopped on a Harley and chased me until I had had enough and woke myself up. Some of you may ask that if I can control my dream state then why don't I just not go to that reality. The answer is: I do not know. It happens so I participate. I do not judge the situation, I simply enter into it. I know that I could avoid it but it's there, and it is thrilling, so why not?

The last one of my dream realities is a pure Joy. I fly, I party, I have sex, but mostly I just fly. Partying and sex are okay but I can't cum because sex is only emotional and not physical. It still feels

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good but not as good as a kiss. A kiss electrifies me and lights up my entire being. In the dream state there is nothing as pleasurable as a light kiss on the lips from a beautiful female, but flying is my true Joy. There are two types of flying.

One is: I simply relax my entire body and my Will then gently float up off the ground like a hot air balloon which feels nice. But true flying is exactly like Superman. I stretch out my arms over my head and it's up, up and away. If I want to go faster, I stretch out my arm farther, slower then just bring them back. Right, left, up and down are just a matter of Will. I love flying low and as fast as I can. In cities it's just above, or even through the buildings or through the streets around them. In the country it is just above the tree tops. Over the ocean just above the wave tops like a cruise missile. I almost never have anywhere to go, I'm just flying. One of my favorite things to do is fly straight up as high as I can go then let go of my Will and plummet back to earth. What a feeling! If I hit the water it's about the same as hitting the water in the waking reality but if I hit the earth it's like falling into honey. I sink down into the earth then bob back up like a cork to the surface. Sometimes I do this over and over again just for the sheer exuberant joy of it. Sometimes I find other beings to fly with, it is always a kind fun loving soul to have fun with, mostly though I fly alone but I am never lonely.

These then are my dream realities. Mostly they consist of an average life with a bit of fun and excitement thrown in for spice. I think that it does kind of mirror my waking reality, it's just a little more extreme, but then it is the dream.

I do have one more thing in my life that I call waking dreams but I really do not know exactly what they are. They are scenes that I remember, that I have participated in, but even though emotionally I know I done these things, intellectually I know that none of them has really ever happened. I have never been physically to any of these places but I remember them all perfectly. Are they past lives, parallel universes, psychotic breaks, future events, other peoples memories that I have tapped in to? I just do not know. All I do know is that they have never happened to me in this reality but I still remember them clearly. Some are very short, just a scene that I am observing, others are longer that I am participating in. Here's a typical one.

I'm alone driving a green VW bug through a pine forest on a small mountain road. As I crest the hill I can see down into a shallow pine covered valley. As I drive through the valley I pass on my left a little country store/gas station made of old wood. As I continue there's a Y in the road with the main road veering of to the left. I turn right onto the secondary road and immediately the road starts to climb.

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The pine gives way to a mixed forest. When I crest that hill there's a gravel pull off at the top with a great view of the next valley. I pull off to the right onto the gravel, shut off the car then get out and shoulder my pack. I walk down an abandoned looking dirt road. After awhile I get to the bottom of the road with a medium sized stream with crystal clear water flowing over rocks and pebbles comes in from my right. It goes over a 4 foot fall into a 30 foot wide but shallow pool. Next to the pool is a grassy leaf studded area under a big oak tree. It's leaves are turning so I know it's autumn. I believe that I am somewhere in northern California. The stream continues across the road then falls away to my left. I pitch my tent then sit cross legged in the grass under the oak. The memory then ends. I have around a dozen of these and all of them are very vivid. Maybe some day I will find out where they come from, if not it doesn't matter. I'll just file them away with the rest of my dream realities and cherish them like all the rest.

Well, are our dreams the same? If not, it really doesn't matter as long as you enjoy yours as much as I do mine, so sleep with the angels and may all your dreams come true.

I'M SO PRETTY

"I'd like to try some LSD." says Kate.

She lives around the corner from us. We met her and her lover Susan a little over a year ago and they have been partying with us ever since. In fact Kate, other than Pat, has become Lindsey's and mine best friend. We hang out together almost every day and have even made her the Godmother to our daughter, well, Fairy Godmother that is. Susan works but Kate can't seem to find a decent job or keep one long if she does because of her in you face attitude and the way she looks. She's 24, about 5'10" and slim which is okay but she chops her hair off real short and will wear only blue jeans, men's work shirts and sandals. She'll put on a Navy pea coat when it's cold and a big floppy black hat. She also swears a blue streak and let's everyone just what her opinion is on all subjects, as I said, she does not last long at any job but she does like to party and so does Susan even though they use only booze and pot. When

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she told me that she wanted to try some acid I said that I would be glad to turn her on for her first tripp, and that Lindsey and I would even guide her so that she wouldn't get hung up on anything.

We asked her if she wanted to try a day or night tripp. She asked us the difference. We told her that a night tripp was much more majickal but sometimes more frightening while a day tripp was more fun but weird. She picked a day tripp fore the first excursion into the realms of her mind.

The next morning she comes over about 10 a.m. and drops a purple micro-dot. For the first few hour the tripp was the usual "Oh Wow! Look At This." "Every Thing Is So Beautiful." "I Never Knew It Could Be Like This." "I Love You Guys." "I Love Everybody And Everything" etc.

We ask her if she wants to go out to the park or do something else.

She says no, that she would rather just stay in our house and back yard. Everything was going along smoothly when all of a sudden she starts weeping, not an uncommon occurrence. We ask her what's wrong but she won't tell us. We're sitting on the sofa with some of the other members of the house who were hanging out that day so I suggest to her that she, Lindsey and I go downstairs to Kerry's room where she could have some privacy. She can unburden herself then feel better, which was the usual case in this situation. We went down to Kerry's room but instead of telling us what's wrong, she just starts crying harder. We try to comfort her, telling her that it's no big thing, that if she would just let go of it and let it out then she would be okay again.

Finally she blurts out, "I Hate my life so much that sometimes I think I would be better off DEAD!"

We ask her why she feels this way but she wouldn't tell us and just kept sobbing, so we ask her, "Are you and Susan having trouble?"

"No."

"Is it because you can't keep a job?"

"No."

"Are you sick with something bad?"

"No."

We must of ask her a dozen questions to which she answers, "No."

Finally I say, "Come on Kate, just tell us. It can't be that bad."

She looks up at us and screams, "It's Because I'm So Goddamned UGLY!"

Lindsey and I just start laughing. Kate stops crying and looks at us with real hate then says,

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"You think that it's funny that I am ugly?"

Lindsey says, "No Kate, we're laughing because that is one of the stupidest reason to be upset over that I have ever heard of in a long time because you are not ugly."

I agree and tell her so, then say, "It's not like you have a real problem like cancer or even herpes."

Kate looks at us and says, "What do you mean. Look At ME! I Am UGLY!" Then she starts crying again.

I pull her to her feet, and start unbuttoning her shirt. She stops me and asks what the hell I thought I was doing. I laugh and say, "Not what you think, Katie me girl. I am just going to show you that you are not ugly."

She looks scared and says, "I don't want to do this."

Lindsey say, "What's the matter Kate, afraid to let go of your stupid self image?" then takes off all of her clothes "Well, I am not afraid or ashamed to look at myself."

I take off all of my clothes too then we both stand there naked looking at Kate.

Kate says, "No, I'm not afraid." and takes off all of her clothes too.

Kerry has a full length mirror in her room so we all walk over to it and stand in front of it. I say, "Look at your feet Kate, anything wrong with them? They look just like Lindsey's and my feet, don't they?"

"Yes." she admits.

"And what about your legs, they look pretty good, don't they?"

"Well, they are kinda hairy." she says.

Lindsey tells her "If you don't like the hair then just shave it off."

I say, "Look at your bush, hips and stomach, anything wrong with them?"

"No."

"Your titties are small but they do have a cute little shape." says Lindsey.

I continue, "Your arms are fine too, aren't they? Now turn around. Look at you ass and back, nothing deformed back there is there?"

Kate looks over her shoulder and says, "Yeah, they're all right." then turns back around and faces the mirror.

I say, "So, you see anything wrong with your body? Look at Lindsey's, see any real difference between the two?"

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Lindsey says, "All I see is two beautiful females bodies.

Kate looks surprised and says, "I do look okay." but then she looks up, darkens and says, "But My Face Is So UGLY!"

Before she can start crying again I say, "I don't see anything wrong with it. It looks like a nice face to me."

Lindsey says, "The only thing wrong isn't your face, it's your hair. You got beautiful thick black hair but you just chop it up then just let it just hang there."

Kate says, "You guys really think I have a nice face?"

I say, "You have two beautiful brown eyes, a nice nose, a pretty mouth when you smile," which she does, "a strong chin and small ears. So where's the problem?"

Kate looks then says, "But it's so plain."

Lindsey laughs saying, "Then pluck them caterpillars above your eyes, put a little make up and earrings on, and get a decent hair cut, then you will be beautiful!"

We grab Kate and hug her and then all three of us are laughing. Kate lets go of us and looks in the mirror again and says, "I'm not ugly. I am pretty. There is nothing wrong with me. I Do Look GOOD!"

We are all happy and hug and kiss one another. We spend another hour or so in Kerry's room sitting nude and just talking together about nothing or just being silent. Kate then gets up, puts her clothes back on and tells us that she wants to go home. We ask if she wants us to come along with her. She says no, that she wants to be alone and think about what has happened today. Since she's peaked, we say okay and kiss her good bye. She leaves and we do not see her again for a long time.

A few days later Susan comes over and this time she's the one who's crying. She says, "Kate was acting funny for the last couple of days and when I got home from work today she told me that she had to leave, that she had to change her life and was leaving me. She was already packed. She told me that she loved me but couldn't stay. That it had nothing to do with me, then she told me to tell everyone good bye for her, kissed me and then left. I can't believe it, we were so happy together. "

We ask if Kate had told her about her acid tripp.

Susan says, "No. She hardly talked at all the last few days. What acid tripp?"

When we tell her all about it she says, "That must be the reason then."

We tell her that she will be all right. She's young and beautiful and even has a good paying job.

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She laughs a little at that, then says, "I know I'll be okay. It's all just so sudden and now I'll worry about her. What will she do?" and she is crying again. We tell her that Kate's a big girl and can take care of herself and that maybe she will even be back when she sorts everything out. Kate doesn't come back and a month later Susan has a new live in lover who does not like us so we almost never see Susan after that.

Two years later Lindsey and I are walking up in Diamond Heights, a section of the City we never go to because the folks there are totally square. The only reason we are here in because Joanne is working in a house of ill repute servicing straight guys for \$50 to \$100 a whack, which she got to keep half of. She asked us to come by and meet the girls. It's a small two story house with a living room/bar downstairs where the girls hang out all wearing either teddy's, bustier's or baby doll PJ's. The bedrooms were upstairs. After the visit we thought that we would walk back to the commune on 22nd where Lindsey now lives with Spider.

As we're walking Lindsey elbows me saying, "Look who's coming down the street."

I see her and smile.

She hesitates, then walks up to us. Kate has totally changed, her hair is long and nicely cut, she has make up on, is wearing jewelry, perfume and a flower print scoop neck dress and has on nylons and white pumps, she is even carrying a purse.

We say, "Hey, hey! Really good to see ya. What's been shaking with you?" We are really glad to see her and go to hug her.

But she takes a step back and holds out her hand for us to shake saying, "Hi, good to see you again. How have you two been? You both looks about the same."

We give her the skinny then say, "But what about you? You are totally changed."

She tells us, "I am married now."

We cut in, "To a man?"

"Yes." she, says, "To a good Christian man who knows all about my past and we now have a 6 month old beautiful baby boy."

Lindsey and I are floored, we can hardly believe it, it must be a look alike Kate or a pod Kate or even Kate's evil twin.

She continues, "We go to church regularly and I now have a very good life."

After we get over the shock, we are happy for her and say so. Then we ask when can we come

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over to see her baby.

She says, "I hope you understand, but I can't have anyone from my past in my life anymore, so I would rather you didn't ask me where I lived or ever try to see me again. Bill and I have discussed this with our pastor and I have talked about it with my doctor (shrink) and we all feel that it's best that I make a clean break, put the past behind me forever and live my new life. Bill says that he forgives me, and I know that God does, and I am working on forgiving myself for how I use to live. It's hard, but I have Bill's, and Gods Love, and my doctors advice to help me along. So please, just forget about me."

Kate has gone totally nuts and unless we dosed her then and there, there is just no way to cut through that kind of craziness. We tell her that we understand (but we don't) and wish her good luck with her new life. We say good bye to one another and never see her again.

We've seen this kind of shit before and will again, but still it always hurts to lose a friend. As we watch her walk away Lindsey says, "I liked her a lot better as a dyke. She was fun."

Me too, Lindsey, me too.

TRAVELS WITH CHARLIE

I first met Charlene, Charlie to her friends, at a party in Cave Junction. It was early summer and I had gotten a ride there and was staying with some friends of mine who had moved up there from the City. After being there for about a week they told me that they had met this hippie farmer around our age and he had invited us over to his place to party so what the hey, let's go. It was quite a trek to get to his farm. We had to go through a bunch of gates, cross a couple of creeks then follow a really bad rutted dirt road to the end of a valley before we got to his farm. He was the last guy on the road and had a couple hundred acres where he raised every kind of livestock that you can think of. He introduced himself as Brian and his girlfriend as Charlie. Charlie was a petite dusky beauty with olive skin, black hair and hazel eyes, and for some reason we hit it right off. While everyone else was getting high and/or drunk, we just talked and she told me her story.

She was from southern Cal. and had gotten her period when she was just 9 years old. She had

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started having sex when she was only 10 with high school boys who she lied to and told them that she was 13.

When she was really 13, she ran away from home, moved in with her 19 year old boyfriend and lived with him for the next 3 years. When he decided to move to Denver, where he could get a job with a friend of his, Charlie told him that she didn't want to leave the west coast. So he went to Denver she went to San Francisco and lived in a couple of communes until she met Brian who was down visiting some friends. She liked him, he ask her to move in with him on his farm. She said sounded kind of romantic at the time so she said, "Yes." But after spending the winter here and having to work with a bunch of dirty filthy animals, she was ready to go. Especially since she had written her old boyfriend Robert and he had written back saying that he still missed her and would like to see her again. I told her about my life of just hitching around the country and since Denver was as good as place as any to go to, that if she wanted, I would hitch to Denver with her.

She asked if I was kidding.

I told her, "No way. If you want to go, then we can leave when ever you want."

She said that she'd think about it and let me know.

My friends and I got too wasted to drive home that night so spent it there.

Next morning bright and early Charlie comes up to me and says that she's made up her mind, if I'll take her to Denver then she is ready to go right now and shows me her duffel bag with everything she owns in it.

I ask about Brian.

She says, "I told him last night and he said he wasn't surprised. He knew I didn't like it here anymore. He said he was grateful that I stayed as long as I did and wish wished me good luck, so I'm ready to go."

I told her "No problem"

I told my friends that as soon as we got back to their place that Charlie and I would be leaving.

They told me that we mise as well spend the night at their place then get an early start in the morning.

I asked Charlie and she said, "Okay."

That day I told Charlie that we would hitch up to Portland, over to Boise, down to Salt Lake City and from there over the Rocky Mountains to Denver.

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She said that it sounded good to her, then she looked me in the eyes and asked, "Will we be sleeping together on the trip?"

I told her that I sure would like to but that it was totally up to her and that it wouldn't effect whether or not we traveled together.

Still looking me in the eyes she said, "Well, we mise well try it right now and see how it works, then we'll know." She took my hand and led me into a bedroom where we stayed the entire day finding out that we got along great and would be sleeping together on the journey

Next morning it was raining, not unusual for Oregon but hey, a little rain never hurt anybody so we hit the road and made it as far as Covallis by late afternoon. We got picked up by a hippie. He told us that we could spend the night at his house so we crashed on his floor together. Next morning it was raining pretty hard so we since we were enjoying one another and were in no hurry, asked the hippie if we could spend another day there.

He told us, "No problem. You guys can even use my bed today while I'm out."

A really nice guy.

Next day we thanked the guy for the hospitality and started hitching north. We got to Portland by noon and started hitching east, again in the rain. A hippie guy in a white cargo van pulled over and we got in. He asked where we were going?

When we told him he said, "Hey, I ain't got nothing happening for the next few days and my sister who I haven't seen for awhile lives in Salt Lake, so if ya want, you guys can spend the night at my house and tomorrow I'll drive you there. What do ya say?"

I said that it was good of him to offer but did he know that it was like 750 miles to Salt Lake?

He said, "Yeah, I know man, it's not a problem. Hell, I'll even pay for the gas."

Charlie and me told him, "Let's do it."

He drove us to his house, a small white one story out in the country surrounded by a beautiful green lawn. I said that this didn't look like a hippie house. He told me that he was a dope dealer, that this place was a good cover to do business out of especially since there were no close neighbors.

When I asked what he dealt he said, "Whatever." And that right now he had mostly grass and speed, then offered us some, which we took.

The three of us spent the day getting high, listening to the stereo and watching the rain.

That night as Charlie and I went to bed, she said, "Ya know Tai, I kinda like Jerry."

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I ask her if she'd like me to invite him to join us and she said, "Yeah."

I asked Jerry if he'd like to make it a 3-some.

He said, "Sure." He took off his clothes, jumped in bed with us and a fun time was had by all.

Next day, after a couple morning hooters, the three of us got in the van and rolled down the highway. I thought it would take two days to drive to Salt Lake, but Jerry took some speed and we were there by the following morning. He dropped us at an on ramp going east and told us good bye then drove away.

We got a ride to the top of the Rocky's to a small town I don' remember the name of and then spent the whole day standing there freezing in the wind. When it started to get dark I told Charlie that we had better go into the town and seek shelter because it was going to get way to cold to sleep out.

As soon as we walked into town a cop started following us. I went up to the Lutheran Church and knocked on the rectory door. A woman answered and asked what we wanted. I told her that we were stuck there for the night and being low on funds, needed a place to sleep. She said, "Well, you can't sleep here." and closed the door.

With the cop still behind us, we walked down the block to the Catholic Church and knocked on their door. The priest answered, when we told him our story he told us, "Sorry, but I just can't help you." then closed the door in our face.

I looked at Charlie saying, "Now there's your typical Christian attitude. Just think if I was Joseph and you a pregnant Mary."

She just laughed.

As we walked away the cop called us over to his car and asked what we were doing, so we told him our story. He said, "Well you hippies got 3 choices. 1; you can go back to the freeway. Or 2; you can go to the hotel and get a room. Or 3; I can throw your asses in jail for the night and you can explain it to the judge in the morning. So what'll it be?"

Since it was too cold to hitch and I was with an underage girl, I though jail was a bad idea so that left the hotel. I told the cop my decision.

He looked at Charlie and me then said, "Wise choice. Get in the car and I'll drive you over there." which he did.

Luckily, it was only \$10 for the night. It was ratty but it was warm.

Next morning it was back on the road. We stood there most of the day but then a trucker stopped

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and asked where we were going. When we told him Denver he just laughed and said, "Hop in, that's exactly where this load is going." He drove and we chatted.

He told us that he was a Mormon from Salt Lake where he lived with his family. Since all truckers I'd ever met took Bennies to stay awake, I asked him about it. He said, "Yeah, I do take whites, but I don't take any other drugs including coffee, nicotine or alcohol. It's just part of the job. Without them I couldn't be competitive and all the jobs would go to the truckers that do."

Next morning early we were in Denver and Charlie called Robert to come and get us.

Robert came in his old pick up. He was a thin white dude with long blond hair but no beard. Charlie introduced us and we shook hands. We got into the pick up and he drove us to his house, a two bed room that he shared with a buddy of his. It was funny because he didn't seem too happy to see Charlie. He told her that we could stay but he had to go to work, he was a welder and would be home about 6 p.m. He dropped us at his house then left. I mentioned to Charlie his lack of enthusiasm but she said that Robert was real unemotional so it was no big deal. We spent the day together wandering around. We discovered an old wooden abandoned barn about a mile away from Robert's house and spent the afternoon rolling around in the hay. Man, was that fun!

Robert and his friend came home and we all had dinner together then went to see a movie. When we got home, Charlie said to me, "I hope you don't mind Tai, but I want to spend the night with Robert."

I told her to enjoy herself. I slept on the living room floor.

An hour later, Charlie crawls into my sleeping bag with me saying, "Robert is being a shit! He said he was happy to see me but he doesn't like you being here. I told him that if it wasn't for you then I wouldn't be here either. He said he knows that but he still don't like it anyway, so I told him, "Then I'll just sleep with Tai and you won't have to worry about it. I'm still horny so let's fuck" and we did.

In the morning just at dawn Charlie fucked me again and she made a point of making a lot of noise at it. When we were done she said, "Now I'll go and see Robert and see what's what."

She got out of my bag, went into Robert's room, closed the door and stayed in there until the room mate started pounding on Robert's door telling him that they were going to be late for work. Robert came out of his room and without a word to me, left. Charlie then came out of his room, got back into my bag with me and said, "Robert's asked me to stay but he wants you to leave. Is that okay with you? If you want me to go with you I will, but I do still love Robert."

I told her that our trip was over and to make herself happy.

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She hugged me, then said, "Well, he won't be home until later so we can make love all day." Then she got on top of me and screwed the hell out of me.

I left Charlie in the early afternoon, just sticking out my thumb, but she did ask for an address that she could reach me at so I gave her the one on 22d St. I got a ride going east and by night was somewhere in Nebraska sleeping alone in a field of wheat.

A little over a year later I get a letter from Charlie telling me that she left Robert a few months after I dropped her in Denver and now had moved back to southern Cal. She and two of her girl friends had rented a small house in Santa Monica and that she would really like to see me again, so having nothing but fond memories of Charlie and having nothing better to do, I hitched down to LA.

Seeing her was great. She looked about the same except now, as she told me, she was legal. She was going to Jr. Collage studying to be an Occupational Therapist and was really glad to see me again.

I asked her if she had a boyfriend, she laughed and said, "Lots, but don't worry none will be coming over tonight." Then she asked how long I had been on the road.

I told her two days.

She said, "Then you need a bath. Come on, I'll give ya one."

She took my hand and led me into the bathroom where she drew a bath, undressed me, told me to get in then undressed herself and got in with me. We were both squeaky clean by the time we got out of the tub. We spent the day together and she told me, "Ya know Tai, I thought about you a lot this year. I even fantasized about having a baby with you, but then I'd be tied to you for life and really, you're just to wild to stay with for long. So we can spend the night together but it'd probably be best if you left in the morning. I hope you understand? We can be friends and you're welcome in my house. But we can't be lovers because I want a regular life and I just couldn't have that with you."

I told her that as long as she made herself happy then she sure didn't have to explain herself to me. I was happy just to share this short time with her.

She smiled at me and said, "I knew you'd understand."

We spent that night together then I left in the morning and never saw or heard from Charlie again. I just figured that like this life, it was fun while it lasted.

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ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE

I'm living in Paradise with a bunch of other escapees from the mainland. We're at the end of a seven mile dirt road on the south east side of Maui on a beach called Little Makena. It's not easy to get to either. In fact, the rental car companies pamphlets say, "Do not go! You are NOT insured."

After the dirt road, there's a quarter mile dirt track then you have to walk another quarter mile down the big beach, next up and over a 50 foot high lava tongue and Viola, there you are. It's such pain to get here that even though it's illegal to go naked, and everyone here does, that the cops only come a few times a year, mostly in the summer, almost always on a weekend so they can arrest the tourists, taking them to jail. There they book them just to embarrass them then take them before a judge who soaks them \$25 for a fine, so we always wear our cut offs or shorts on Saturdays and Sundays, at least until 4 p.m. About the only bad thing here is no water, you have to haul it in. The closest source is a cattle trough a half a mile away that's not always turned on. The next is a church over two miles away. Sometimes the Christians let us drink from their tap, sometimes not, which ain't very Christian if you ask me. After that the next tap is 8 miles away at a county park that's always on. I've hitched with a five gallon jerry can the 8 miles each way plenty of times and have always gotten rides. But it's still got to be carried that last half mile through the sand then up and over the lava however, it's a small price to pay to be living in Paradise.

Little Makena is a pure white crescent of sand stretched between two black tongues of lava, surrounded by a huge Kiave forest that was planted by the Christians missionaries because it has really long vicious thorns so the natives would have to wear shoes, another very unChristian act. We all have to wear shoes too but it does make excellent firewood. It doesn't rain much on this side of the island so no mosquitoes and you don't need a tent. Just sleep on the beach watching the stars spin around the heavens and when the Navy's bombing the goats on Kawolavi at night, an island about 30 miles from here, it's quite a light show. The ocean is crystal clear with waves just big enough to be fun and good enough form to body surf with a water temp of 80 degrees year round. The tourist come mostly in the winter and summer, the locals only on weekends so on week days especially in the spring and fall, which is actually the best times of year, we have the beach pretty much to ourselves.

There's always a few extra folks here but the long time residents stay pretty much the same. The official leader of this motley crew is Power, a really fun on the go guy whose main mission in life is to

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not work and to drink as much tequila and smoke as many unfiltered Camels and pot as much as he possibly can. He likes the beach crowded so he can meet people, get their story's and make new and interesting friends.

Next is KB as she's known. KB escaped the mid west where she was a wife and mother with a good job. "One morning," she says, "I woke up and knew that I just had to get out of there or die, so I kissed the hubby and the kids good bye, told them that I loved them, but I just couldn't be their mother any more and went to San Francisco. I heard that Maui was really bitchen, so here I am."

KB is lots of fun and the most trouble makingest of the group, she always up for anything. Some days you'll look at the beach and there's KB screwing some guy right at the surf line just like "On the Beach." She's the reason I'm here. We met at a party and she told me that I should check out Makena. I did and here I am. KB likes having lots of boyfriends and she goes through them pretty fast, they just don't understand her brand of fun.

Then there's Annie, she likes to drink, smoke and party. She has a regular boyfriend named Amos who she stays with in Lahina when things are good between them. They're quite a famous pair under the Banyan tree, a park in the center of town. She 5'4", he's 6'2" and they both weigh about 140. They both love booze and when they get enough money together he buys a bottle of Jim Beam and she buys a bottle of gin then they start drinking. Amos always finishes his bottle first then starts bugging Annie for some of hers. She tells him to lay off and pretty soon Amos is trying to take the gin away from her, then a no holds barred brawl begins with yelling, cursing, punching, kicking and rolling around in the dirt, generally making a spectacle of themselves. The dealers, drunks and dopers, including me, always root for Annie. After all, he's already drank his and should let her be so we all shout encouragement to her, "Kick his ass, Annie." "Bite his ear off." "Gouge out his eyes, Annie." and similar expressions of malicious glee. The haole tourist see this and can't get out of there fast enough saying, "Despicable", "Disgusting" "Disgraceful" and other "Dis" words. The Jap tourist whip out their trusty Nikons and start snapping away to show the folks back home. The Hawaiian dudes are the only decent ones.

After a few minutes of watching this shit, one to them will come over, kick and pull them apart telling them, "Cut the crap. Have you no shame? You're in the middle of town in broad daylight. Can't you do this at home?"

Amos will then go and sulk while we congratulate Annie, who still has her bottle and hasn't

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spilled a drop.

Next is Chaz, a 15 year old runaway from where and what he won't say, he won't say even when he's high or drunk. He's got a false ID saying that he's 17 but if the cops ever really card him then he's gone. He's a good kid, though young and dumb, but hey, we all were. At least he's not wasting his time in high school like we all did and wished we hadn't.

Before we get to the last two loony tunes, there's Black Dick, a true escapee and true leader of Makena. He got caught up in the riots of the mid sixties in the course of which he was beaten, shot, stabbed and slashed, and has all the scars to prove it. After a stint in the hospital where he almost died, he saw the light and got off the mainland. He moved to Maui where it's always warm and they're plenty of red hot babes running around half naked. He found Makena and has been here ever since.

We're the semi-sane regulars, for now anyway. We only put our clothes on and leave when we have to, like for food, water, booze, food stamps and checks in the mail, the pakalolo comes to us. Almost everyone brings some and they're always glad to share it. So now we're down to the final two homeboys, both true nut cases, both certifiably insane each in his own quirky way.

Silent Sam's not too bad, at least he's quiet. But if you see Krazy Ken coming, avoid him, ignore him, tell him to shut up and go away. Because Krazy Ken never shuts up, and his rap, like most nuts, is always the same and it's not even interesting to hear once. It goes like this: He's a New York Jew, and he's all fucked up, and it's all his parents fault, his Rabbi's fault, his teachers fault, the city of New York's fault, the Presidents fault, societies fault, etc., etc., etc... In fact, it's everyone's fault, including ours, except it's not his fault, he's just a poor innocent victim.

Now I've known lots of cry baby's in my time, Inner Wounded Children come to mind, with the same rap. They just don't want to accept responsibility for their lives because it's always easier to blame someone else. But this is all Ken talks about and we don't want to hear it. Also, Ken not only doesn't bathe but he only wears one article of clothing, white boxer shorts. He wears them until they're filthy and in shreds never taking them off until it's time for a new pair. Although how he gets a new pair is kind of cool. He walks into Sears, his favorite store, goes to the men's section, open a package of new white boxers, takes off his old pair and drops them on the floor, puts the new pair on then walks out the door. As far as I know he's never been hassled for doing this, but then again, who'd want to touch him. Even the cops leave him alone.

Silent Sam on the other hand almost never talks except occasionally and then mostly to himself,

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and then quietly. If you ask him something, maybe he'll answer, maybe not and then maybe he will but only much later. He's an innocent soul who doesn't understand that you need money to go shopping. He just goes to the store, takes what he needs which isn't a lot, then walks out. It's not really shoplifting because he doesn't try to conceal anything. In a market he'll stand in the aisle and eat what he wants. Sad to say, Sam goes to jail quite often but he likes it. The cops all know him and since he's no trouble, treat him well, and as he says, (sometimes) "The foods real good and they give ya lots."

In fact, Sam will come out of jail 20 pounds heavier than when he went in. But Sam's real claim to fame is the way he watches nude girls sunbathing on the beach.

Sam, like Power, likes crowded days. When Sam sees a cutie he likes, he'll grab a towel, any towel will do, then put it about 10 feet from the babes feet, lay down on his belly and stare up at her hairy crack. Sam likes the babes lying on their backs with their bushes in the air and their legs spread apart. After a few minutes if the girl doesn't notice him, he'll move himself and the towel a bit closer. A few minutes more, a little closer and so on until his head is right between the babe's legs. Then he'll stare right into her hot pink slit until she notices this shaggy fur face looking longingly and lovingly into her grand whazoo. The girl's reaction always varies and we try to predict them. Will she jump up screaming and run away, or jump up screaming and kicking Sam, or lay there screaming kicking Sam, or just quietly get up, pick up her towel and move away shaking her head and silently cursing Sam? We've always wondered what would happen if some girl had smiled at Sam and spread her legs wider. The bet is that Sam would be the one to jump up and run away.

Now you might think that Ken and Sam being so different wouldn't get along at all but in fact, they hang out together a lot. One day while they were buddies Ken comes up to us with great news: His evil parents have sent him \$2,000, something they do twice a year but what Ken does with it is a mystery since he lives on food stamps and shoplifting like the rest of us. He's going to throw us a big party and buy us whatever we want to pay us back for sponging off of us for the last few months. So, what'll it be?

We're not too hopeful knowing Ken, but what's to lose so we tell him, beer, bread, steaks and cake. That'll cover the 4 basic food groups and oh yeah, a bottle of vino to have with dinner with and a carton of Camels for after. Okay, he says and he and Sam are off. About six hours later we see Ken and Sam coming down the beach with two big bags of groceries and we're saying, "All right!" but our joy is short lived.

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Ken starts pulling stuff out of the bags, a carton of Kools. Yuk, no one here smokes menthols, a bag of jawbreakers for desert, two 6 six packs of warm generic root beer and a loaf of squished Wonder bread. The other bag contains a 5 pound box of frozen beef suet and a half gallon jug of warm Sangria. We look at this and ask Ken what happened to the stuff that we ordered and who does he expect to eat this crap? Ken explains this was the cheapest in the store and is as good as anything else. And that not only should we thank him for being so generous, but we should thank Sam for snagging the wine on the way out of the store because he had forgotten all about it. And, if this "Crap!" ain't good enough for us, why then he and Sam would have a great party all by themselves.

We say that even he would not be crazy enough to eat the frozen beef suet. He says that Bar-B-Que'd it'll taste just great.

He and Sam build a fire and put a grill atop of it, chip the frozen fat into chunks and throw them on the grill. It starts popping and crackling with a great deal of black greasy smoke that goes rolling upwards. When the chunks are totally black and crispy, Ken takes them off the fire and he and Sam start eating them, washing them down with warm root beer. Ken says, "Pretty good, huh Sam?"

Sam ain't talking, but he is eating that burned to a crisp beef fat with the squished Wonder bread. Unbelievably they eat the whole 5 pounds. Of course, a lot of it went up in smoke. Then they have desert, jawbreakers, warm Sangria and Kools. When they're done they pat their stomachs then belch and Ken says, "Now that's what I call a meal. Right Sam?"

Sam still ain't talking.

We tell Ken to get the hell away from us and until he goes and gets what he promised us, to stay the hell away! And why is he being so fucking cheap anyway? He's got \$2,000.

Ken says, "Not anymore. Me and Sam spent it all."

We want to know what the hell did he spend \$2,000 on in six hours and has absolutely nothing to show for it.

Ken says that since we're being so rude that he's not going to tell us. He then turns to Sam saying, "Come on Sam, let's go." and walks away.

We ask Sam just where the two grand went, but Sam, he still ain't talking.

THE JOY OF SEX

I've been to more than a few orgy's in my time and let me tell you, there is nothing like the experience of six to twenty or more naked friendly people in a great big pile having pure animalistic orgasmic sex! It's thoughtless, it's mindless, it's one big orgasm, and it's simply wonderful. It doesn't even matter who is doing what to whom. It's a sheer exuberant joyful sensual celebration of sexuality, and of Life itself. The biggest, longest, most funnest one I ever attended was the one that happened at the 22nd St. commune in San Francisco where, except for violence, everything went. They had been there a long time having their weekly party. I partied with them on and off for a good five years. They were going before I ever showed up and continued long after I left. 22nd St. was also the most racially and sexually diverse commune I have ever been in. The main boohoo was a half black, half Spanish bisexual dude called The Mighty Quim. He had lived at the commune from its beginning and lasted to its end. The only other person with that distinction was a white guy named Don who was quiet and strange but loved to party.

One time Don decided to get rid of the mice in the commune. He set his traps and every time he got one, he'd skin it leaving the tails attached. He'd tan it's hide with it's little brains then sew the skin onto his jean jacket until he had a mouse skin coat. The meat he'd cook and feed to the dogs. Waste not, want not.

Lots of other freeks came and went through out the years including me. But some of the more long term members were: Pablo, a Moroccan dude from Boston who played conga all the time. Vinnie and Marie, an Italian couple who fought all the time because Vinnie would have sex with any girl any time and was never discreet while Marie never fucked anyone but Vinnie. Julie, a black bi-sexual from Watts. Bill, an English guy who never took any drugs but loved to drink lots and lots of beer. Rubin, a Filipino guy from LA who ate rice at every meal and loved really young babes. Cathy, a white lesbian from Georgia. Gyro, a white big time druggie and poon hound. Harry, a Lebanese photographer who took pictures of everyone all the time. Mia, a deaf girl who always signed as she spoke. Murices, a French-Canuk and general pain in the ass. Spyder, a 6'8" thin blond dude from Texas. Sofia, a beautiful but schizo Latina. Drew, a Jewish guy from New York with a crippled arm. Lawrence, a flaming queen who never went out without make up. Tonya, a Chinese babe from Seattle.

And well, the list goes on and on including lots of transients and runaways of both sex from all

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over the world. Of those who just visited and partied there the list would fill a book with every kind of doper, drunk, radical, musician, gay, ex-con, nut and just plain weirdo from all walks of life.

The house itself was a full basement and two floors. The commune occupied the basement that was barely used and the first floor. On the second floor were two apartments. One with an old deaf couple from Greece who never complained about the noise unless it got real loud and it was real late. The other apartment was occupied for a long time by the Woolly Bully, a stone junkie and Ann his epileptic wife. They never complained because they were always partying right along with the rest of us. And PAR-TY we did on 22nd St.

Every weekend from sunset Friday until sunrise on Sunday it was a house full of people having Big Time Fun! On weekdays it was pretty quiet. A few of the members worked while some dealt dope. Others just hung out and rested up for the weekend sponging off of one government tit or another: SSI, food stamps, welfare, unemployment or going to school on the GI Bill. But when the weekends came everybody would cut loose and PARTY! Now I have traveled the world a lot and let me tell you, no one can party like American dopers. Hell, the rest of the world doesn't even come close.

In Europe they think going over to a friends house or out to the pub then sitting around drinking, discussing politics and singing a few songs then going home and to bed is a party. Well, maybe it is for them but really, it's just boring. In the rest of the world, including the good old US of A, it's go out, get as drunk as possible, try to pick up a cutie, have a little fun with your mates, puke, then pass out. Better than Europe but...

In order to truly party you've got to have staying power. You've have to pace yourself so you can last for at least two or even three days then you'll really have some Red Hot Fun! You start out slow, get some rest, take a nap the day of the party, eat a good meal, relax. In the evening before you leave your house smoke a joint, drink a beer and maybe take a little speed or a nurdle of acid, or both. Go to the party, see what's available. If someone is passing out downers take a couple but put them in you pocket for later, the same for speed. You have a good 30 hours or more to go so there's no rush to get totally fucked up. Stick with pot, coke, hash, beer, wine and maybe a little opium. Get mellow, talk with your friends, old and new, listen to music, dance with a babe, maybe even get lucky with her. Enjoy yourself. If you start feeling a bit tired, take a little more speed or acid. If you start feeling too fucked up, snap a popper under your nose. That'll clear away the fog.

By sunrise the first morning you should be feeling fine. Now you have a choice, either you can

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go home to crash for a few hours or drop a hit or two of acid and face the new day. If you choose the latter then plan something fun for the day. Go to the park to play Frisbee with your friends, or maybe to a rally where there's free music, or just tramp around the bushes checking out the bugs and flowers. By early evening, the acid will have worn off and you'll be feeling a little tired so take a short nap. After you wake up take some speed because Saturday is The Big Party Night and you won't want to miss anything.

I would usually start off by going to one of the many concerts that were happening in the City in those days. There was The Avalon Ballroom (my personal favorite), The Fillmore (later The Fillmore West), The Straight Theater, California Hall, Winterland, sometimes The Cow Palace or Longshoreman's Hall and later The Family Dog at Playland on the Beach. Plus all the dozens of smaller clubs around the City that had live music. It was only \$2 or \$3 to get in and I went almost every weekend seeing every major and a lot of minor groups there were, and not just one group either. The music started at 8 p.m. with a local band, like Santana, then the two main bands would play. Unless the Dead were playing, they played until dawn or until the plug was pulled, the music would end around 2 a.m. which would then be prime party time.

You'd arrive and the stereo would be playing, the drugs and booze flowing. Since you would be crashing in a few hours anyway, it was time to party flat out, "Try this." "Have a drink." "Hi cutie. What's your name?" And the party would degenerate into total madness, which is why you came in the first place. Because in madness lays not only salvation, but a hell of a lot of fun. By Sunday morning it was time to crash, "Good bye." "See ya later." "We're out of here." Time to go home and to bed.

Now remember those downers you pocketed? Take them and sleep until noon at which time you had to get up for the free Sunday concert in Golden Gate Park at either Hippie Hill or the Polo Grounds. If you're a bit hung over, don't worry or suffer just smoke a little grass while drinking a cup of strong coffee laced with a healthy shot of whiskey.

Anyway, it's Gyro's birthday and he's going to have a private party slash orgy. He's only asked 20 of his closest most sexually liberated friends saying that since half of the invited are female and with a few of the guys being either gay or bi, there will be plenty of red hot babes to go around. He's even set up a new king size waterbed in the front bedroom with two more twin beds right next to it.

Plus he's assembled all the party favors. Let's see; there's a quarter pound of Colombian, an ounce of hash, a quarter ounce of coke, a few grams of Opium, with lots of beer, wine and muchies.

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And, Ladies and Gentleman, presenting for your pleasure and enjoyment the main attraction: A full jar of one hundred Roher 714's. A drug that was so much fun we just knew the government would soon ban it. So we took it every chance we got. All the regular 22nd St. partyers who didn't live there and weren't invited were called earlier in the week and told there would be no party this weekend, as we all had the flu. All is in readiness for Friday.

When Friday night arrives Gyro greets each guests who enters and gives them either a bottle of beer or glass of wine, a big fat hooter to smoke by themselves and two Quaaludes to swallow immediately then he tells them anytime they feel the need for another, just ask. A 33 year old babe who Gyro invited shows up with her hot looking 15 year old daughter. When Gyro reminds Mom as to the nature of this party she tells him, "That's why we came." Oh Boy, there's going to be some fun tonight!

After all the guest have assembled Gyro, who prides himself on his cooking of unusual but tasty dishes, sets out dinner and explains what it is. This time he's made chicken breasts simmered in a bittersweet chocolate chili sauce, yellow saffron rice that he's added green peas and orange carrots to and a red beet and white onion salad with a sweet vinegar dressing. After din-din he hands out more drinks along with another 714 to aid with the digestion. Then out comes the opium. We all smoke just a taste of because a little will not only make you horny but will even give you staying power. But, too much and the guys won't be able to get it up and the girls just won't care. Next it's snort the coke washing it down with some more booze to help soothe the nasal passages. Since we all know why we're here, everyone starts making out as we head for the bedroom. Soon it's off come the clothes and we all become just one gigantic naked undulating sensual pile on the waterbed. Although at first the gay dudes stake out one corner of the bed with us straight guys and girls taking over the rest of it. However, after a couple hours when the drugs have kicked in real good, it just doesn't matter anymore who's doing what to whom and a fine time is had by all (except Marie who stayed faithful to Vinnie even though he was actively in the mix).

The rhythm of the night for most of us went like this: Screw who ever was next to you while fondling anybody else who was within reach. Using not only your fingers and hands but your toes, feet, knees, elbows, lips, tongue and even the top of your head for awhile. Then change positions and partners. Cum as often as possible. Keep doing this until you get tired. Extract yourself from the pile. Do more drugs, especially the Quaaludes, all washed down liberally with wine or beer while scarfing some munchies for quick energy. Go back to the pile and watch until you feel the spirit move you then

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join in. Repeat as often as possible. If you got really exhausted and just couldn't keep up anymore then take a short nap right where you lay but only when absolutely necessary. You certainly didn't want to miss out on too much of the fun.

Saturday morning comes and every body there is still at the peak of sexual frenzy. Since we all have plenty of energy and there's lots of drugs left, except for the coke, it's decided the orgy should go on for another night with even more hot sexy bodies involved. Gyro gets on the phone and starts inviting other free minded folks especially ones who access to yet more dope, telling them to get their asses over here tonight or miss the time of their lives.

As many of us who could, crash out for the day laying nude on the waterbed. The rest crashed either on the twin beds or on some pillows that had been scattered around on the floor. Every time you would wake up you'd see somebody having sex with one or more somebody else's and of course, they would draw you right into the middle of it.

By Saturday evening some of the revelers who couldn't take it anymore had to leave, only to be replaced by the fresh young succulent bodies of the newly invited, who as soon as they entered and saw what was happening, tore off their clothes and jumped into the mix. Until there's so many thrashing moaning squirming screwing sweat slicked juicy bodies on the waterbed, the twin beds and the floor that you couldn't tell which body parts belong to what body. And you didn't care because it's just one big delicious ongoing orgasm. Anyone else who entered the house was either drawn into the pile or they quickly exited, except for Marie who stayed for the whole thing but refused to participate even though she was begged, cajoled, and plied with liquor and drugs. The pile goes on all Saturday night, one orgasmic mass of hot wet sensuous flesh in sexual ecstasy that just would not quit. Sunday morning comes and it's still going strong. Sunday afternoon slowed it down but could not stop it. But as with all good things, so this too must end.

By Sunday evening the dope, the booze and the food are exhausted, and so are we all. Most of us are doing more napping than fucking. Most of the dudes just can not get it up anymore and the babes are either too stoned or too tired to care. People start untangling. Some go home to crash, other's just sleep where they lay. We are all a little sore and most of us will probably sleep for the next 18 hours, but it was so much fun. As I'm getting dressed, I look at the aftermath of the orgy and smile to myself thinking, 'None of us is ever going to forget Gyro's birthday party for a long long time.'

A BIBLE STORY

And so David was born to the tribe of Abraham and he did grow strong on the Faith of his forefathers. Yea as a child he did go to Synagogue on each Sabbath and when his time came became a man in the ancient ways of Bar Mitzvah. He did attend college and did receive high marks for he wanted to make his Mother and Father proud of their only son whom they loved. Yea though David was brought low when he did partake of the acid of knowledge and the ganja of truth. And ever though David wanted to remain strong in his old faith and please his parents he could not for he had tasted the fruit of the new more ancient wisdom. So amid much wailing and gnashing of teeth he said good bye to his Rabbi, his old faith and to his beloved parents and did travel to a new land where he could meet others who had also abandon their homes and families to be together in solace.

And yea they were mightily persecuted by the authorities for partaking in the new sacraments so that they did cry out "What have we done to be treated so!" They had no priest or rabbis to guide them on their journey. Only their music brought them comfort and hope until the musicians became the prophets and joyous they were with strange and exotic name like "Big Brother and The Holding Company", "The Jefferson Airplane" and even "The Grateful Dead." And David loved his new life and friends and told his parents all about it and they did despair but did not give up hope that their only son would return to their ancient faith. And so did they devise a plan to bring their only son back into the fold. Calling upon their son they bestowed a gracious gift upon him.

A charter flight to the Holy Land with 7 days and 7 nights of sightseeing of the old and most holy places, of meetings with wise men in sacred places of worship. An all expense paid journey to the land of his ancestors, the land of his abandoned faith where it would be reawakened and he would leave his new foolishness behind. And David being an obedient and loving son did go into the land of Israel and was immersed in the faith that he had forsaken. And yea I say unto you that David was mightily confused. He had brought none of his new faith's sacrament so he could not consult with them. And he did cry out "Which is right for me Oh Lord? For I feel so strongly for both." And he was torn.

After 6 days and 6 nights of the sights and sounds of his ancient Holyland, David made a decision. He would journey into the desert and seek an answer. And there he wandered into the land of Pharaoh and did meet with some nomadic peoples and he sought their advise. And yea they did give it. In exchange for all of his shekels they blessed him for 3 days and 3 night with the holy sacrament of his

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new religion and David was enlightened. He found that he loved his old faith as he loved his Mother and Father. However, he was no longer bound by its tenants and that his new faith was much more alive and real to behold. And when he did find his answer he did return to Israel with his decision and he was happy.

But yea though he was at peace the authorities were not. They took him away and questioned him "Do you not know that your charter flight left two day ago?" and "Why did you not tell your parents where you were going?" and "What do you plan to do with no money?" And they were mightily pissed off at him.

And David did say unto them "Just send me back home and I will pay you back."

And the authorities did take David to the airport and put him into the belly of the airplane and did take away his passport saying unto him that he could not have back until he paid them back \$1500 for the ticket plus interest and penalties. And David did laugh out loud for he planned never to leave his home again for he had found his answer.

David went into the house of his Mother and Father and told them his answer and they were sorely disappointed at his decision. But yea, they still loved their only son strongly and so accepted his chosen fate. They only asked that he not use his new sacrament when they were near. And David, being a loving and respectful son, did promise them this. And in accepting one another they did live Happy and Joyous lives Loving one another.

FUCKING BRITS

Ahhh... Another hard day of pumping iron behind me so now I can relax with my 10 cent a bottle of Spanish beer and enjoy the rest of the day all by myself in this very pretty campground. I've just finished my first day of bicycling the Coats Brava on the Mediterranean coast in northern Spain and it was a motherfucker. I'd ride about half way up a hill, walk up the rest with people whizzing by honking their horns and yelling at me to ride up. I'd just think, 'easy for them to say from behind the wheel of their cars.' Before here I was in southern France for a week and it was fairly flat but as soon as

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I hit Spain it was one steep hill after another, and I've been told it's like this all the way to Barcelona, my next destination. In France I would do an easy 60 or 70 klicks a day, here on the Costa Brava today I might have done 40. The good part is, as soon as I hit Spain it quit raining and the prices for everything dropped by at least 2/3's but so did the quality. But I'm here now and since it's so early in the season other than the caretaker there's not another soul in the campground. It's on a tree covered grassy plain in a small river valley with the river running right through it flowing down to the sea. I pitched my tent under a tree about 100 yards from the beach, took a hot shower then popped open a beer. I bought enough food in the last village so I got nothing to do the rest of the day but trip around and hang out.

Just around sundown as I'm relaxing in my tent, I hear some voices coming my way. I look out through the mosquito netting and see a young couple headed my way. They stop next to my tent, have a bit of a discussion (I can tell by their voices their English), unstrap their packs then pitch their tent right in front of mine. They're maybe 10 feet from me in this totally empty campground. What a couple of dorks! This pisses me off so much that being instead of coming out, being my usual friendly self and chatting with them, I stay in my tent thinking of about some the other times this has happened to me...

Like the time Kelly and me were camping on a secluded beach in a very untouristic part of Mexico. There was no one and nothing there, just the sea, the beach and the jungle. One day we had to go to the closes big town for supplies (a journey of 45 kilometer's each way). When we got back there was a tent not only right next to us, but it was even using our tent pegs. Outrageous! I yelled to see if these dipshits were around, they weren't so I tore out our tent pegs and move us down the beach a couple hundred yards. This of course collapsed their tent but I couldn't have cared less. A few hours later here comes a couple young German guys down the beach. They see us and come over for a chat. They're nice enough so I ask them why they put their tent right on top of ours. They tell me that they didn't have enough tent pegs and thought we wouldn't mind if they shared ours. I tell them to go and cut some of their own pegs and not to camp so close to us again.

Another time at just about sundown we were camping on a very unpopulated beach on Maui when a woman in her mid 20's comes walking down the beach. She stops for a chat and asks us the trip. We give her the skinny. There's no problem, just enjoy paradise, but instead of continuing on her way, she hangs around us. She's pleasant enough so we don't mind. When it's time to go to sleep I build Kelly and me a sand bed. The girl asks what I'm doing? I tell her that you have to build the sand up a good 6 inches or the crabs will come around in the middle of the night pitching your fingers, toes or

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anything else that happens to be hanging out of your sleeping bag to see if you dead and edible. However, with an elevated bed they'll leave you alone. She thanks me for the info but then unbelievably, builds her sand bed right next to ours.

Since Kelly and I like having sex right on the sun warmed sand underneath the starry night sky, her being right next to us is going to cramp our style. I ask her why doesn't she move down the beach aways.

She tells me that she's afraid to be alone.

I tell her it's okay for this night, but tomorrow she'll have to find someone else to camp by. After all, Maui is just full of nice dudes who'd love to have a pretty lady for company.

As I said, this happens a lot. I can be somewhere in the middle of nowhere all by myself and if someone else comes along, chances are they'll camp right next to me. I myself have never understood this. If you're out in nature and trying to get away from it all, why camp right next to somebody else? Anyway...

After their showers I heard the English couple say they were going to town for dinner and to party so I'm alone again. It's full dark, the sun set about an hour ago and I am a little tired. Think I'll hit the hay, after all, tomorrow promises to be another hard day on the bike. I go peacefully to sleep listening to the sound of moving water.

What the Fuck! All of a sudden I am awoken by the sound of a female voice screaming at the top of her lungs. Is she being beaten? Raped? Murdered? I listen to her shriek..

"FUCK ME! OH FUCK ME! RIDE ME YOU STUD! FUCK ME HARDER! OH HARDER! OH, OH, BE GENTLE NOW, GENTLE! GENTLE! NOW! YES NOW! FUCK ME HARDER, HARDER, HARDER! OH YOU MAGNIFICENT STALLION MAKE ME CUM!"

This really pisses me off. Not only did they camp right next to me and then wake me up, but they're having sex and I'm NOT! So I start yelling, "YEAH, FUCK HER! FUCK HER HARDER! FUCK HER LIMEY TWAT! SOCK IT TO THAT POME PUSSY! FUCK THAT BITCH HARDER YOU BIG COCK! YEAH, FUCK HER!" I don't hear her screaming anymore so I quiet down too. There's dead silence. I wait.

I hear some whispering then the girls voice says, "Well that was certainly rude!"

I holler back, "Rude! You don't know the meaning of the word. You camp right next to me in an otherwise empty campground and then have the balls to wake me up in middle of the night with your

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fucking screeching. Rude! Fuck you!”

Again silence. More whispering. Then the guy’s voice says, “Sorry about that chum. We won’t be bothering you anymore tonight. Good night now.” Silence. I go back to sleep.

Next morning right at dawn I hear them packing up then steeling away. It’s still early and I do have a hard ride ahead of me pumping that iron so I think I’ll catch a few more z’s before getting up and facing the day. As I’m going back to sleep, I smile to myself thinking, ‘those fucking Brits.’

WOOLLY BULLY

The most semi-permanent resident that we had in those years on 25th St. who was there almost as much as we were, who slept on the sofa but never paid a penny in rent was the Woolly Bully. He was an older junkie that Pat and Joanne had known ever since they had gotten out of high school. Bull to his friends, was the most successful junkies that I ever knew. He was also one of the most honest and by far the most fun, which was why we didn't mind him hanging around. He had been doing "H" for 10 years before I met him and did it for another 10 more during the time that we were friends. And if he's still alive he’s probably still doing it today. As long as I knew him he never OD'ed and never went to prison. Quite an accomplishment for a full blown addict because other than Bull, every single one of them that I knew were either dead or in jail within five years of trying to maintain that lifestyle.

In fact, junkies OD'ing was the most common cause of death in the 60's and 70's for our crowd with suicide second, but the Woolly Bully just kept rolling along and he always had a scam going or a theft planned to keep his habit alive. Even though we hated rip offs, we liked Bull because as far as I know he only ripped off rich people and scamed only the straights for their money.

One of his scams involved a 1950 Chevy that he had acquired along with the pink slip. The body and interior was in pretty good shape but the engine was shot, it burned almost as much oil as gas. He told me that he was going to advertise it for \$200. I told him that he wouldn't even get \$50 for it. He bet me \$10 that he would get at least \$100. I said, "You're on." Bull worked on the car for the next couple days cleaning it inside and out, even cleaning all the burned old oil out of the engine compartment then

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he drained out the oil and replace it with 90 weight gear oil and STP. When he started the car it not only hardly smoked but it purred like a kitten. He put an ad in the paper and the first person who saw it bought it for \$150. Bull pocketed that plus my \$10.

To show you how influenced people are by the lies of the media, which always depicts junkies as violent psychopaths when just the opposite is true, there's this tale. I have known a lot of junkies, and all of them are liars and thieves however, they are almost never violent. Shit, they're too stoned most of the time. Bull came into our house laughing with this story about getting caught ripping off a house up in the Berkeley Hills, his favorite hunting ground. "Me and Everett (his main partner) had broken into this nice house and were carrying a big TV out to my van (he drove an old Ford delivery) when the owner drove up and saw us with his TV. He got out of his car leaving his family in it, and said, "Just what the hell do you think you're doing with my TV buster!" I looked at him as crazily as I could then screamed at him, "You'd better watch out! We're drug crazed junkies and we need money!" He looked at us standing there holding his TV then got back in his car and drove away. We loaded up the TV and got the fuck out of there and fast." By the end of the story we were all laughing along with him.

The Woolly Bully was a good thief too. He would go out to the suburbs late at night with just a sharpened oyster knife then rob every candy and soda machine in the area. He'd walk in the morning with over \$100 in nickels, dimes and quarters which he would then sit around all day rolling up, plus we'd have all the candy, peanuts, chips crackers and sodas that we could eat and drink for days.

He was also an expert shoplifter. His favorite thing to steal was filet mignon from Safeway. He'd walk into the store, get a 12 pack of cheap beer, take out all of the cans then fill the carton back up with steaks. Then he'd, tape the end closed, go through the check out and pay \$3 for the carton that was chucked full of about \$25 worth of filets. He'd then give them to us as payment for his crashing on our couch and we'd all eat steak instead of hamburger for a week.

He also loved to break into meat markets at night and fill his entire van with beef. He'd bring it over and fill our whole fridge and freezer, which would last us all month. And he'd still have plenty left to sell to the other freeks he knew.

Also, about once or twice a month Bull would roll up to our house with a van full of clothes and other goodies that he had ripped off somewhere and was looking to sell. We'd pick through the stuff and maybe pick out a couple pieces which Bull always either gave us out right or sold to us for a very good price.

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But Bull was an exception to the junkie rule. All the rest of them that we knew over the years except for Roger Dodger, ripped us off at one time or another. Sometimes just for small shit, other time for a lot more. Except when they were nodding out you had to watch them all the time. Because even the ones that you were friends with for years would rip you off if they got the chance and then either lie or make up really lame excuses when you caught them, "Well, that \$5 was just laying on your dresses, so I thought you didn't want it." Right!

Once while a bunch of us were at a sauna in a cheap hotel we heard someone breaking in to the lockers outside of the sauna room. Bull jumps up shouting, "Some one is ripping us off!" and goes tearing out of there still naked, we, also naked follow him. He is chasing a guy down the hall and up the stair, then he's kicking in a door.

There on the bed is the guy holding our clothes saying, "If ya didn't want to get ripped off then ya shouldn't have left yer clothes in the lockers."

As Bull starts beating the hell out of the guy and we're putting our duds back on, the manager walks in and wants to know what's happening. After we tell him he kicks us out agreeing with the junkie thief!

Also, all junkies are babies, they always blame someone else for they're being addicts, usually their parents, "I was so abused by my Mommy (and/or Daddy) as a child that only smack can make me forget the pain." which is pure bullshit. At least half the junkies I knew came from upper middle class or rich homes.

Abuse to them meant not getting that new red bike for Christmas, or even worse, their parents caught them stealing and whipped their asses. But they all paid their parents back for all that abuse they suffered by ripping them off every chance they got.

Once Bull, Dora the Whora and her new husband Little Dickey came over to shoot up. They had just ripped off Little Dickey's parent's middle class house in Concord. They'd fenced the goods, scored and now needed a place to fix, so why not 25 St. since we, unlike a lot of other communes didn't care. They only had one set of works so first they argued over who'd go first. Bull would be first, Dickey second and Dora last. After Bull had fixed, Dickey was so excited about shooting up that he drop his dropped his balloon on the floor and all the smack spilled out. He then turned to his loving wife and told her that she should share hers with him.

Dora, who was five years older and about the same size as Dickey, laughed saying, "You must

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be kidding. You spilt yours, so tough shit."

Dickey then lunged for Dora's balloon and they fell to the floor fighting over the junk.

Pat screamed at them to cut the crap or get the hell out for good, but Bull was busy elsewhere. They stopped fighting and Bull told them to share that balloon then they could go and get some more which after some whining and crying, they did. What they didn't see was while they were fighting with each other was, Bull had whipped out a card and scooped the spilt smack up, putting it into a little paper then he pocketed it for later. Two for the price of one.

The other bad thing about junkies was, they were bathroom hogs. They would go into the bathroom, lock the door, fix, then nod out for a couple of hours while everyone else in the house was pounding on the door because they had to pee. I solved that problem by taking the entire door knob/lock assembly out of the door. You could still close the door but there was no way you could lock or even latch it shut. The girls at first were against this, they wanted some privacy while in the bath, but I told them that it was either this or wait forever to pee, and if they could think of some other solution then we would do that. The door stayed lockless then when a junkie nodded out in there, we could personally go in and kick their stoned butts out.

We got ripped off on 25th St. about six times in 6 years and it was always by junkies, and always by junkies who were our "friends." Mostly they just ripped off our change and our plants. They were so stupid that even though everybody knew we never locked our front door, they still every time would kick it in. Then they'd try to sell the pot that they had just ripped off us to friends of ours who knew we had just been ripped off. And who, of course, would tell us. One junkie we knew ripped us off twice in a row. Kris, a Vietnam Vet buddy of our asked if we wanted the guy killed. We told him no, it was only stuff, but we did tell the junkie what Kris had said. We never saw him again. We figured that getting ripped off every now and then was part of the price we paid for accepting everyone and living the free life.

I don't want to sound like the house was a heavy place, hell a half dozen incidents in as many years is nothing. Most of the time it was party as usual. The junkies were a pain in the ass along with the speed freaks, who, unlike the junkies, would be awake and active all night long for days at a time. Plus they tended to get paranoid over nothing at all after a long run.

But it was all part of the San Francisco Hippie Lifestyle of accepting everybody's tripp as equal and not judging them, and even joining in when it was fun. The junkies and alkie never understood

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this. For them their drug tripp meant everything, they were hooked. For the rest of us it was a momentary pleasure, a passing high. The junkies and alkie would cry that we just didn't understand, but they were wrong. I've known hundreds of dopers, hell, I've been one of them, and 98% of them used every drug ever invented by man and nature in huge quantities and never got permanently hooked. Sure, there were times we got a little too far into a drug but we knew when we'd had enough, then we'd quit cold turkey when that point was reached.

We faced our addiction, used our Will's saying, "That's all. That's it for now. I quit." and we would. We would feel real bad for a few days but it just the price you paid, it was no big deal. Because you only had to stop using that one drug for awhile and there were so many other to take to take its place. Other's that were not only different but fun in another way, and there was always Mother Marijuana to help smooth out the rough spaces. Getting hooked was like going into a candy store and only eating Hershey bars when there was so much more there to sample.

The junkies and alkie say that it is not there fault. But let's face it folks, it is. Because when it gets right down to the real nitty gritty, we always do have a choice to say Yes or No. And if you let someone or something else make that choice for you, well then, that's still your choice and you can always change your mind right up until the day you die. But the junkies and the alkie are on a suicide tripp anyway, a slow one but a suicide tripp none the less, and that's their choice. Please just don't whine about it to me. The rest of us chose to Live, and to Love, and to Party Together, and most of the time it is Great!

The Woolly Bully was one who never whined about being a junkie and who partied-hardy with us. He's even the only one that I have ever known to have a successful marriage to a non-junkie. He came over to the house one day and told us that he had met a woman and they had really hit it off. He said her name was Ann and that she was an epileptic. A few weeks later he moved in with her, and even tried to clean up for her. He went into detox for a few weeks. While he was in, Ann hung out with us and we became friends. When it was time to go and get him I went along. As soon as Bull got in the car he told Anne to drive to Everette's so he could get high. Ann was pissed and disappointed but took him anyway. Bull never tried to clean up again and Ann accepted that. They lived together fairly happily. The Mighty Quinn told them that one of the upstairs half flats were opening up and since the rent was cheap they took it and lived there until Ann died from the epilepsy about five years later. Bull then moved out and resumed his junkie life, which as far as I know is still doing it.

A LEZBO'S REVENGE

Margret not Maggie or Marge, or Margie but Margret, is the dyke half of a lesbian couple Kelly and I have known for quite some time. When they're either not tweakin' or on a man-hating rap they're a fun couple to be around. Plus they really like to party so most of the time we're good friends.

The only really weird thing about Margret is; she loves to be pregnant and she loves babies but once the kid reaches about 3 she loses interest in raising the little person and hands them off to her femme' life partner to raise. Who thankfully does like kids and does a good job at it. In fact Margret now has 5 kids and is planning for a 6th. This is how she goes about it.

When her fertile day are coming up Margret will take off for the closest large city and gets a motel room for a night or two because that's all she'll need it for because Margret cleans up real nice. She's only in her early 30's with a good body. She'll slap a little make up on, get her hair done, buy some sexy clothes and the sucker will never have a chance. She'll get dressed up, go to a decent bar and wait. Sooner or later some poor young dude is going to ask to buy her a drink and have a chat with her. Does he work? Check. Is it a good and steady job? Check. Is he really single? Check. How would he like to take her home? And that's all she wrote because Margret will stay with the poor guy telling him he's the one while fucking him senseless until she gets pregnant. Then it's adios amigo and back home she'll go.

Next it's off to the doctor's to get a confirmation that she really is p.g. With that in her hands it's a quick trip to the welfare office not only to get a bump in her welfare check and food stamps but to give the welfare officer all the particulars as to just where the guy lives and his place of employment. The welfare is really grateful to her for providing this info because they will, as soon as possible, send an enforcement officer to the unfortunate dudes home with a court order telling him he is now the lucky man soon to be a father, and by the way, here's the bill from the state of California for the next 19 years!

The guy is royally fucked for the little bit of pussy he got. Oh, he'll contest it, and he'll lose. He'll ask for visitation rights and be granted them but after just a few visits he'll never return because of the unwelcome he'll receive at Margret's home. At least Margret will be happy during her pregnancy and the baby's infancy. Then the kid will have a good life as part of a large loving though fatherless family with all his other brothers and sisters.

KA-BOOM!

My own true love, Kelly and I had rented a little one bedroom house in a small cowboy/biker town up in the foothills outside of San Diego. Since it was being gentrified we wouldn't be there long before the yuppies would drive up the prices and force us out, but for now it was great. Our shack is only four blocks from the center of town but its surrounded on two sides by open fields, on one of the other sides is a Caltrans yard. Our only real neighbor was a Hell's Angel couple who never bothered us because they were way too busy partying with all their friends.

Across the street from them was a meth lab operated by some other bikers, and next to them is one of the towns two banks. There's a few other houses scattered around here and there with an assortment of outlaws and rednecks living in them, but all in all, it's pretty peaceful around here.

So peaceful in fact, that even though we were in town I decided to grow some marihoochie right in my own backyard. There's a small old board shed that I tore the roof off of and replaced with plastic corrugated translucent sheets. I then rotortilled and fertilized the ground inside and planted the crop. Within a few months we had all the pot we could smoke, we wouldn't have to buy any the whole time here. Since it was grown inside it wasn't the greatest. But hey, it was plenty good enough for us and our friends, who of course, we shared with but never told them where it came from.

"Where'd ya get the grass in the middle of summer when it's so dry now?" they'd ask.

We'd answer, "Oh, we bought enough last winter to last us."

After we moved out we turned the house over to a friend of ours and I showed him the grow room. He of course told all his friends and never did harvest a mature crop before it was ripped off. We were there for almost two years and never had any problem.

Since it was an outlaw town there were always a lot of all different kind of cops around but they mostly hassled the bikers and left the cowboys and hippies alone. About the only excitement we ever had while living there involved the cops but thankfully not us.

The first incident was when the cops busted the meth lab. It had been producing crank for about a year before it got found out. The cops came en mass, County Sheriff, CHP, DEA and an assortment of other unmarked vehicles. They busted in the door one day just before sundown, hauled the few folks that were there out in handcuffs then called the HAZMAT team to clean up the mess. The moon suits

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closed off the street and were there all night taking away all of those vile chemicals and collecting a lot of overtime. We didn't do speed anymore so the closing of the lab didn't bother us a bit. The bikers were a little saddened to see it go but had no problem finding a new source and were back partying on cringe within a week.

The other incident involved not only the cops but the bomb squad too. One morning bright and early I was awakened by a lot of sirens so I got up and looked out our living room window. There at the bank was a whole shitload of cop cars, paramedics and fire trucks with a lot of frantic activity. The cops were taping off the street, the firemen were crawling around the parking lot and of course, the paramedics were just standing around waiting for something bad to happen. I got dressed and went outside to see the show better. After awhile the cops and firemen joined the paramedics and they all seemed to relax. They broke out the coffee and stood around discussing the situation. I sauntered over to them and asked the haps. At first they were annoyed that there was this hippie bothering them while they were busy doing police work but I told them that I lived right across the street and wanted to know what this was all about.

They told me that as the bank manager came to work this morning he saw on the back steps a large cardboard box. He thought he'd better call the police before he looked inside or moved it, after all it might be a bomb. So they had come over to check it out and since it might be a bomb, after careful deliberation had called the bomb squad. I asked them how long the street would be closed. The cop told me he had no idea but it would be at least a couple of hours. Now would I please return to my home as this was "Official Police Business" and I would just be in their way. I went back to my house leaving the cops to their official business i.e., drinking coffee, bullshitting with each other and keeping away the curious.

About half an hour later the TV and newspaper reporters showed up with their news vans and the place became a real circus so I went back out to join the fun. Shortly after bomb squad arrived up and got all dressed up in their armor. First, one of them belly crawled up to the box with some kind of sniffing device that was supposed to smell explosives. He crawled back and gave his report, Negative.

Next, the guy belly crawled again to the box this time with a small portable X-ray machine to X-ray the box. After a few minutes he crawled back and reported, Negative. The device could not clearly identify anything in the box. For the next hour different guys crawled to the box and back and they all reported, Negative. They just couldn't get a clear picture of what was in the box. After another hour of

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discussing the possibilities and what they should do, they decided just to be safe that they would blow up the box and it's contents, if any. The cops went around the crowd and told everyone to get back and warned everybody of the impending explosion then we were all told to stay back or we would be arrested.

The bomb guy crawled to the box and placed the explosive then wrapped the box in a big thick blanket. He crawled back and gave the thumbs up. The cops, the firemen, the paramedics and the bomb squad all sounded off their sirens for a good thirty seconds, then **KA-BOOM!** They waited another ten minutes or so just to be safe then the bomb guy slowly crawled to the box and unwrapped the blanket. He carefully opened the box, peered inside and saw... DEAD KITTENS!

Oh no, what a tragedy!

But wait, one of the kittens is moving. The bomb guy grabs the kitten and rushes it over to the paramedics where they heroically save it's life. The reporters have all flocked around the paramedic and the kitten. What a heart warming sight! This will make the 5 o'clock news for sure. After they are sure the kitten will live they want an interview from the head cop. The head cop tells the reporters how proud he is of not only his men but of all the dedicated professionals who participated here today blah, blah, blah...

I can't believe it, the reporters are eating it up. Those brave boys in blue have just blown up a box of vicious and dangerous kittens and not only is everybody congratulating them but they're blaming the whole mess on the heartless bastard who left a box of kittens on the bank steps. I go up to one of the bomb guys and ask, "Why didn't you just look inside the box since all the reports about explosives being in the box were negative?"

He looks at me like I'm the stupidest person on earth saying, "We couldn't endanger any of our lives just to see what's in a box. This was standard operating procedure."

I say, "But you blew up kittens."

He just shakes his head at my ignorance and walks away from me.

Well, it did make the news. It was the feel good story of the day. Why, the bomb guy who blew the kittens up even took the live one home and named it Lucky.

THE KISS

Here's a little Tantric exercise you might like to do. It's my favorite.

Go into your room, light some incense, a couple candles and put on some of your favorite soft music on low. You and your lover then strip and face each other and grasp one another's hands. Stand there for awhile just staring into one another's eyes trying not to think of anything in particular. If you have a mantra then quietly hum it. After you and your lover feel relaxed, close your eyes and lightly put your lips together so that now the only things you are touching of each other is your hands and your lips.

Now concentrate only on the exact spot that your lips are touching. Banish all thoughts from your conscience. If any thoughts intrude upon your conscience, turn them into this thought; male-'I am the God'; female-'I am the Goddess'. If you have to think, then think nothing but this one thought while using all your powers of concentration on that one small spot where your lips meet your lovers, but it's better not to think at all, just concentrate and silently observe the dance that will ensue. What ever your body does, do not pay it any attention. Your whole world is that one small spot on your lover's lips until you no longer exist as an individual.

What ever your dance will entail I can not tell you. It's not only different for everyone but different every time that you do it. Sometimes I have become the God in union with the Goddess until we devolve into Nothing or explode into Light. Other times I have become a simple gold ball chasing a silver ball until they met and became a universe made up of stars. Sometimes nothing happens, it's was just a nice exercise, and of course, other times I just couldn't keep my focus on the kiss. I started thinking about what our bodies were doing together and it became great sex, which is okay too. In any event, it's always fun and sometimes even enlightening.

After it's over, meditate on the experience, and above all, ENJOY!

SHALL WE LET THE BABY OUT OF HIS COFFIN?

Hey, hey, I am back united with my true love Kelly. She spent the summer in Cave Junction and I had spent it just hitching around the US of A. I'd been staying at a cabin of some friends up in the woods by myself, a pretty little place surrounded by oak, madrone and mazanita with a good sized stream running through it and one of the largest valley oaks I have ever seen. It's huge and always full of birds. I'd decided to hitch to the City for the Mighty Quim's birthday party and there she was. We were really happy to see each other again and spent most of the party hanging out together just talking. When it came time to crash she said she'd like it if I would sleep with her and man, I sure did. I told her that the next morning I'd be hitching back to the country and if she didn't have anything better to do why not join me. She said that sounded good to her and we spent the entire night together rolling around on the living room floor.

Next morning around 10 a.m., bright and early for us anyway, we hit the road and made good time too. By noon we were out of the bay area and in the country. Another hour and we were going over the mountain pass. When we did something truly majickal happened, Kelly and I became totally telepathic with each other. We'd look into each other's eyes and hear the same voice. It wasn't mine and it wasn't hers. It was like listening to a radio station that only we could hear. I would look at her, she would look at me and we would hear the same thing then just nod. The freek who picked us up was an instructor for a yoga retreat a couples miles from where we were going. If he knew what was happening he didn't let on. He just talked about teaching yoga to straight folks the whole ride while Kelly and I marveled at our new ability. He dropped us at our road and we walked the last few miles hand in hand not saying a word and not needing to.

When we got to the cabin, we stashed our packs and I showed her around, sometimes talking, sometimes just listening. When we got back to the yard something even more majickal happened. My reality split into two separate and distinct planes, which I could perceive equally and concurrently. I could see and hear Kelly in the yard of the cabin but could also see and hear the Priestess in her realm of space at the same time, and I could communicate with them equally.

At first I was dazzled by this, but soon settled down and paid attention, as I knew that both of these happenings were very important to me. On one level, Kelly was saying how much she liked me, and liked being with me, and how much she would like it if we could stay together for awhile. I was

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saying that I felt the same about her and thought it would be really nice to spend some time with her. The Priestess, known as Durga in the east, Athena in the west and to primitive peoples simply as the Warrior Goddess, was asking me if I would like to be Her champion, if I would join Her in her battle against the demons of the world. I said I would be and that it be an honor to join Her in her quest.

Kelly smiled and said how happy she was to hear that and gave me a kiss. I reached into my pocket and pulled out a small green stone that I'd found and had been carrying around for sometime then handed it to her saying that it was a symbol of my Love for her. She accepted it, looked at it, thanked me, kissed me again then put it in her pocket.

At the same time The Priestess asked if I was sure, the fight would be dangerous and being mortal I could easily be killed so I should be positive before I pledged my life to Her cause. She had had many champions through out the ages and they had all died eventually. I then pledged my life to Her saying that I was sure and did not fear death because being mortal, I knew that I would die someday anyway, so if it was for as worthy of cause as Hers, ridding the world of demons, then it would be a privilege.

Kelly asked me what should we do now that we were together. I told her that I didn't know but would think about it. The Priestess told me to prepare myself for the coming battle. It would begin at sunset then continue through out the night until either I or the demons were vanquished or until dawn came when I could rest until the next sunset then the whole thing would start again until there was a victor.

I told Kelly and The Priestess that I had to go and meditate on what to do next. Kelly said fine, that she wanted to think about what was next for us too. The Priestess told me to go and prepare myself. I walked over to the giant oak, sat on the grassy knoll by the stream and felt ecstatic. Not only did I now have a girl who loved me, who wanted to be with me and share my life, but I was the champion of The Priestess and together tonight we would kick some demon ass. I might die but so what, that only added spice to the whole shebang, and if we were victorious the world would be once again safe for democracy. What more could one guy ask for. Yes sir, I had never been happier in my whole life.

Sitting on the grass I gave the oak and the stream salutations then started to meditate. As I was going into the meditative state I felt something crawling on my legs. I cracked my eyes open enough to see what it was and saw a big fat diamond back rattler curl up in my lap. I looked around and there were more coming my way and soon I was covered in snakes. I knew that I couldn't move, that I had to go

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into a very deep meditative state until I became a stone, a part of the earth itself because the snake who lives and moves across the land would never harm the earth that Loves it and gives it Life. Also, I knew that this was the first test to see if I were champion material, so I meditated hard and deep, letting go of everything until I became nothing, just another component of the universe.

When I did, I found that I had only one single thought, one single emotion, and that was Love. Pure Compassionate Abiding Love For Everyone And Everything That Has, Or Ever, Or Ever Will Exist. Not only did I Love Kelly and The Priestess, but the snakes too. And even though I hadn't met them yet, I Loved the demons. I stayed in this state of Bliss until The Priestess came to me and asked if I were ready to do battle. I told Her that I was but that I would use no other weapon than Love. The Priestess said not to be a fool, if I persisted in that course the demons would kill me on their first attack.

I looked at The Priestess with Love and accepted my Fate, then said, "Then I will die, but I will not fight."

The Priestess looked at me for awhile then she smiled sadly and said that I was not her champion. She needed a warrior and since there was no use in me dying that She would release me from my pledge but I must be gone by sunset, for the demons would still be coming and if I were here they would kill me. She then bade me to go in Peace.

With that she vanished and I was left alone floating in space. Soon I saw a light and as I approached it I could see 3 figures. They were dressed in black robes, a tall woman with long blond hair standing between two men who had short black hair and beards and looked like brothers. I was lying on my back looking up like I was in a box. They were staring down at me with expressionless faces then woman looked at each of the men then said, "Shall we let the baby out of his coffin?" The men looked at her and nodded.

Instantly I was back sitting on the grassy knoll under the oak by the stream. The snakes were gone. I look at the sun, not much time so I get up go in search of Kelly and find her by the cabin.

She can tell the minute she sees me that something's up and asks what's happening. I ask if she still has that green stone. She says, "Yeah." then reaches into her pocket and hands it to me.

I take it, look at it, hold it for a moment then hand it back to her telling her that this is my gift to her. She doesn't know what's happening but takes it back and pockets it. I notice that we are no longer telepathic so I tell her that I have to leave right away. She doesn't even ask why, she just says "Well, let's go then."

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Man, what a woman! We grab our packs and head for the road.

As soon as we get there we hear a big powerful engine rumbling our way. Around the corner come a big black Olds Toranado and I know that I won't even have to stick out my thumb and it'll stop but what the hell. I stick out my thumb and the Toranado stops. I open the door and look in.

Yup, it's Death all right, with His gleaming white skull and his bony hands on the steering wheel. He's wearing a black leather jacket and He's smiling at me saying, "Need a lift."

I look back smiling and say, "Sure. Thanks for stopping. We're on our way to the City."

Death says, "Hop in, I'm going as far as Santa Rosa. You can catch a bus from there."

I tell Kelly to get in back with the packs. I'll ride up front with Death.

As we get going, Death says, "I hope my driving doesn't scare you, but I like to drive without using the brakes, especially on mountain roads. I like to think of it as a test of skill, and of faith." He looks over at me and smiles that wicked grin of His again.

I just smile back and say, "Whatever."

He asks if I want to use my seat belt.

I tell Him, "Naw, I trust your driving." I settle back into the seat.

Death asks if I like the car.

"Fine." I say.

He tells me that it's confiscated and that He's a under cover Narc that's just finished a job up here where He busted a whole shitload of dopers and their dealers.

I tell Him that this doesn't look like a dooper's car to me.

He says that I'd be surprised at what some dopers are into. And by the way, I wouldn't happen to have any drugs on me now would I?

I look Death right in the eye sockets and truthfully say, "No, not on me." It's all in my pack, but he don't ask about that so I don't volunteer that info.

As we go over that twisting turning mountain road Death comes close to the edge more that a few times. When He does, he looks over at me and grins His savage grin. I smile right back. We chat about this and that and pretty soon we're in Santa Rosa. Death, as good as his word, drops us at the bus stand.

As we get out Death leans over, shakes my hand, ruthlessly grins at me one last time, then looking me right in the eyes says, "See ya later, Son."

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I smile back at Him saying, "I know that you will. Later dude!" and slam the door.

As Kelly and I are sitting on the bench waiting for the bus to San Francisco, Kelly asks me, "What was that all about?"

I say "Don't you know?"

She shakes her head then says "Not all of it I don't."

I smile at her saying, "Don't worry about it, some day you will."

We sit there as it gets dark holding hands not saying anything but thinking about what's next for us in this marvelous life.

THE ROAD TO SIRINAGAR

This is for all you rock climbing white water hang gliding base jumping death-defying wimps.

Now, I'm not saying what you do ain't dangerous but, except for the weather, you are in control of the entire situation. You have your own state of the art equipment and you know your own strengths and weaknesses. Plus, you choose the time and place for your feat. For a real gut wrenching scrotum tightening thrill, put your life in someone else's hands. Someone you don't know. Someone who really doesn't even care whether you live or die. Also, instead of using your own new equipment, let's use some stuff that's not only really old but is extremely well used, and not too properly maintained either. If you want some real excitement forget about shooting the rapids, jumping out of an airplane, or climbing the sheer face of a rock wall. Instead, take a third class bus from Jammu Tawi to Sirinagar in the heights of the monsoon or the dead of winter. I swear it will be an experience you will never forget. It's less than 200 miles between the two cities and if you're lucky it will only take around 18 hours. If you're not, then.....

And it's not too dangerous. Why usually not more than 30 people a month die en route. Although a few years ago in January during a snowstorm 58 people died in one day due to either being caught in avalanches or just plain freezing to death while stranded in their cars. For the most part those who do die experience quite spectacular deaths too. Usually it's over cliffs that are anywhere from fifty to a

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couple hundred feet high then, after a short but very exciting plunge straight down, they are smashed on the boulders below or swept away in a raging torrent. The locals say the lucky ones die, the unlucky go to the hospital. So, let's start our little adventure shall we?

Our journey begins in New Delhi, India where you'll get the overnight second class sleeper train to Jammu Tawi. You may think that this will be just your usual dangerous and uncomfortable Indian train ride, but you are mistaken. This is one of the two most famous trains in India for its luggage lifters, pickpockets, and other outright thieves. They'll be your friend. They'll chat with you for hours. They will share their cigarettes and biddies with you. If you get hungry or thirsty, they'll offer you food and chai. And, being ever so thoughtful, they will even generously lace your food and drink with sleeping potions to help you snooze the night away undisturbed. Then they will steal every thing they can. Everything you've got if possible.

Even though I've traveled a lot in India and know the trip, once on the Jammu-Tawi Express I got my pocket picked and didn't even know it until later when I reached into my then empty pocket.

Another time while I was travelling on that train two Swedish girls in the next compartment went to sleep for the night. In the morning they awoke to find that all they owned except the clothes on their backs had been stolen. Everything was simply gone, including their passports and all of their money. They had to borrow enough money from all of us other passengers just to get back to New Delhi where they could go to their embassy and get an airplane ticket back to Sweden thus cutting their dream vacation to India short.

Of course, sometimes the thieves do get caught and when they do, justice is swift. Everyone whose around, including the police, gang up on the thief and beat the living hell out of the guy then, if he's able, they let him crawl away. Hey, it's better than going to jail.

Well, you've made it to Jammu Tawi where you'll buy your ticket for the bus ride to Sirinagar that starts tomorrow morning at 6 a.m. Get a real good rest tonight because you are going to need it.

Up at 5 a.m. so you can be at the bus station by 6. You'll be assigned a bus number. Let's find it in the mass of other ancient beaters and check it out. First thing you'll notice is that the bus is old, really old, probably way older than you are. Look at the tires, the front ones are not too bad. At least they have some tread left on them, but the rear ones are almost bald and they have large chunks of rubber missing out of them. There's a flat or two waiting for you up the road. Check the hubs. See the grease

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and brake fluid leaking out of them? That's to let you know the brakes are well soaked with oil. The driver's going to have to stand on them pretty hard to get this puppy to stop. Look at the under carriage; leaf springs cracked and broken, steering rods shot, steering box leaking oil, master fluid dripping brake fluid, muffler and tail pipe full of holes. Uh huh, all looks pretty normal. Let's board our chariot for a look at the driver's compartment. Holes in the engine cover and floor boards, cracked windshield with no wipers, steering wheel cracked and broken, brake pedal worn and shiny and his seat has totally had it. Oh, and of course, there are loose wires hanging out everywhere. Looks good. Now find yourself a seat.

Let's see, absolutely no padding and vinyl's torn. You'd better not be too tall because there is almost no leg room, something that will guarantee you some nicely bruised knees from banging against the wooden seatback in front of you. If there's glass in the window, try it. Maybe it'll work, maybe it won't. Also, make sure you take the ordinary bus where you can experience the joy 3 X 3-six across seating. That way you'll really get to know your neighbors. Why one of them may even sit in your lap for part of the journey. Pick one of the far back seats so when the bus hits a bump or pothole, and they'll be plenty of them, you'll get airborne. Watch your head on the ceiling.

Also, don't forget to you carry a hanky. You'll need it to breathe through for when the inside of the bus gets too dusty or smoggy. Plus, since the bus will definitely not be heated you'd better have something handy to keep you warm and dry during the trip. And remember; take this ride at the height of the monsoon (June) or depths of winter (January) so the road will be at it's very worst. Then you'll be able to fully experience the bridges being out, the mud slides, the ice or snowed covered roads. All this accompanied by other vehicles being broken down in the middle of the mostly one lane sometimes paved, sometimes dirt road. There will be plenty of breakdowns, wash-outs and flooding where you'll sit in your bus for hours on end waiting for your bus or the road to be repaired just enough for you going again for another few miles. Ready to roll? Then let's go!

Our driver boards. He's at least 50 years old and he's not wearing glasses. Look at his eyes. Yup, he's on speed. However, don't worry, he probably got at least an hour or two of sleep after last night's return journey and he does know the road. Hell, he drives it 6 days a week and at least 300 days a year.

The first 30 miles are quite pleasant when it's not pouring rain or blowing snow and you can see out. Rolling hills and gentle turns. Yes, very pretty indeed. Then you enter the first valley, which leads

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to the Himalayan foothills that are not more than 9,000 feet high. The road is cut right into the rock; it's straight up above you and straight down below you. When it's raining real hard you'll be driving through a waterfall with the water being accompanied by rocks of various size cascading down upon the roof of your bus. Look out the front window. Can't see the road? Well, neither can your driver but again, don't fret, remember he knows this road by heart.

Whenever you cross a bridge look down into the raging torrent below you and just think; these bridges were probably built by the British, so they're even older than your bus. Some bridges will even have large holes or big chunks missing out of them where huge boulders from above have crashed down and through them. You know that just has to have weakened the superstructure. It's a real thrill when your bus, one of many in a string of other vehicles, stops in the middle of one of these broken bridges with the boulders crashing from above and the water raging below. Hope it holds the weight because you'll be sitting there for awhile with no place to go. However, even dubious bridges are far better than no bridges. There your driver will simply wait until he thinks the current's not too strong or the river's not too deep then he'll gun the motor and ford the river. The water will come into the bus right up to the top of the floorboards. You'd better pray the engine doesn't die or the bus doesn't get stuck because if it does then everyone is going to get very wet and very cold. There's even a good chance some might drown in that frigid coursing snowmelt. And if that's not exciting enough for you then there's the driving through mud slides or avalanches. I guarantee those events will really get your heart pumping.

There will be no road either; just a muddy or icy snow track going up or down hill that your driver will have to negotiate. Remember the bald tires and those oil soaked brakes? Look out the window. See the track washing away or the snow and ice on that hairpin turn? Look down over the edge. It'll be more that a hundred feet straight down to the rocks and river below. The driver will hesitate and say a little prayer. Then he'll punch the gas and, OH, OH, what's that?

There's a broken down truck right in the middle of the road that your driver will have to squeeze by on the outside curve. Look at the rear wheels? Are they still on the edge of the road? They'd better be because there is no shoulder on this route. It's either you're on the road or you're over the edge.

Are we having fun yet? Remember there's over a hundred miles yet to go of sheer cliffs, steep grades, tight turns, up one side of the mountain then down the other, only to do it again and again and again. On the outside of each hair pin turn you'll see memorials that friends and relatives have erected to commemorate a loved ones death. Some plaques have only a half dozen names on them; a car went over

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here. Others have 50 or 60 names; a lot of cars or a couple buses went down there. While almost all the turns have a few plaques some of the really bad ones have a lot. But you will probably make it through, most people do.

You've made it to the tunnel. A narrow one-way carbon monoxide filled hole about two miles long. You'll have to wait your turn for a couple hours at the most before you can cruise on through. Now got that hanky? You're really going to need it in the tunnel because if you thought LA was bad on a summer's day just wait until you get a taste of this smog. Aww, sweet relief, you made it through. You can breath again. However, on the other side of the tunnel you'll be greeted either by soldiers of the Indian Army who will get on the bus looking for Jammu and Kashmir Liberation Force terrorists or by freedom fighters for the J&KLF looking for Indian Army thugs. They better not find any either because gun battles have been known to ensue and wipe out an entire busload of innocent folks.

Still alive? Then Welcome To Kashmir, one of the truly most beautiful places on the face of the earth. But you're not quite home yet.

You'll have only about 50 more miles of either flooded or icy roads to go. If you go off the road here you probably won't be badly injured or killed but you will get miserably wet and/or cold while you're delayed even longer.

Well, you've made it to Sirinagar. It'll be cold and dark somewhere between midnight and dawn but a friendly tout will greet your bus and he'll be happy to guide you to a hotel or houseboat where you can rest up. Enjoy Sirinagar, Lake Dal and the surrounding countryside with its magnificent view of the Hindu Kush. Like I said, this is one of the most beautiful valleys you will ever see. Plus, there's lot's of other exciting bus trips you can take if you're so inclined. Why there's a tortuous two-day journey up and over the mighty Himalayas down into the valley of Ladahk where traditional Tibetan Buddhist still live as they have for thousands of years. Or you can simply relax, kick back, smoke some of the justly famous truly stoney Kashmirree hash and enjoy all that beauty surrounding you in Sirinagar while trying not to think about the ride back.

JOHN HOLM'S DICK

Since my girlfriend Kelly's spending the summer in Hawaii with some of her friends there I decided to hang out with George up at the river for a time because George is always fun and never boring. A great combination.

One day we after burning a couple "J's" and washing them down with a beer or 2 we decide to go to a really out of the way fairly vigorous hike to hot tub that's right on the river. Because it is remote there's almost never anyone there, from the land side anyway. One of the reasons we do like it is because we go naked and this river in the summer has lots of river rafters on it. Since it's pretty expensive to partake of this sport it's almost all straight folks, we like to stand up a wave at them as they go by thus insuring that they don't land. When they see us they just float on by with expression that run the gauntlet from delight to disgust. Either of which always delights us.

The tub itself is like a large cement bath tub big enough for 4 good friends. The hot water comes right out of a rock and pours into the tub. Since the tub has a drain you can plug it up and it will fill in a very short time. When you leave you unplug the drain so the tub stays clean for the next people who use it by the hot water running through it.

So after a long hard hike George and me are sitting in the tub just enjoying life when we hear someone else coming down the trail. As they round the corner we see it's a couple of babes in their mid 30's who look fairly straight. George does what he always dose in these situations, he stands up welcoming the ladies.

To our surprise and delight after saying "Hi" they do not turn around and leave. Instead they simply strip down and ask if they can join us.

It'll be our pleasure. George lights a fattie and passes it around, the babes partake. George offers them a brewski, the ladies decline. We all chat with the usual inanities, where ya from, what do ya do, married, single got any kids, When I decide I got to pee so I excuse myself and stand up.

When I do one of the girls says, "My God, that's the biggest dick I've ever seen. Jesus that's a John Holm's dick!"

I'm slightly embarrassed but my good buddie George says, "You got that right. Tai here has a regular donkey dick." then starts laughing.

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Now here's the thing about sitting in hot water as opposed to cold. While cold water will shrink your cock and balls right down to almost nothing, hot water has the exact opposite effect. Getting out of really hot water your cock even though still soft will be quite a bit larger than it usually is when it just resides in your pants. In fact it'll be almost as big soft as it would be hard, plus I had to pee which even enlarges it a little more. Even your balls will never be hanging lower which makes them look bigger too.

And I ain't going to lie to you here folks. Every man in the entire world with any kind of measuring device knows exactly to the millimeter how big his dick is when fully erect. Mine is just at the upper end of normal for a white guy. But I surely ain't going to miss that opportunity by admitting that to this babe.

She turns to her friend and says, "Isn't that the biggest dick you've ever seen? I mean, come on, it's huge!"

Her friend admits it is big but then she adds, "It only looks huge to you because you've only had sex with your ex and he has a pretty small one."

I now see my chance and ask her if she'd like to try it on for size. After all she should not pass up a once in a lifetime chance like this to fuck a giant dick.

George is backing me up telling her she should take the opportunity while she can. Even her friend is saying to her that she mourned her divorce long enough and it's time, she should do it.

So after a bit more peer pressure she says, "Why not. I deserve it." then turns to me saying, "Are you ready?" I sure am. She says, "Then lets go."

She stands up, grabs her towel, takes my hand and it's off into the wild we go for a very pleasant afternoon interlude. And I must say it fit her just fine and it seemed to me that she really enjoyed it.

When we got back to the tub her friend says, "It took you long enough." then dreamily (sarcastically?) "Was it everything you hoped for?"

The babe assures it it was.

The friend then tells her it's time to go so they get dressed and grab their stuff. But before leaving the babe give me a good bye kiss telling me what a wonderful time she had and she was really glad to have met me and.....

Before she can say any more her friend takes her by the arm saying, "Come on, let's go already." and with a final wave bye-bye their gone.

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After they're out of ear shot I ask George if he got any from the friend?

He says, "No, but it wasn't for lack of tryin'. She said she just wasn't into it and no matter what argument I used on her she wouldn't bulge."

I get back in the water and say to George, "You know George, we' sure would like to fuck them all. Every single one of them."

George laughs saying, "You got that right Tai, you surely do"

JUST LIKE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

"Crazy Jenny has gone totally nuts this time! She's over the edge, out of control, completely insane! She not only sic'ed the cops on us, but the DEA and child protection too! And what did we ever do? We fed her, we let her hang out and we even defended her when other's talked bad about her. Man, I tell you, that BITCH had better never show her fuckin' face around here anymore! No one will ever have anything to do with her ever again!" Bus Bob tells me.

Crazy Jenny has been coming out to bus village for 3 years now. She hangs around mooching food for a couple weeks at a time then goes loony tunes and splits for awhile but she always comes back. Well, maybe not this time.

Bus village is a collection of Rainbow People who spend their summers in Washington and Oregon then winter out here in the desert at the hot springs. There's a core of about 30 people living in an assortment of old school buses, vans and campers. A few of the buses are old and plain looking but most of them are real works of art both inside and out. There's always extra folks hanging around them too. Sometimes just a few but sometimes, like at winter solstice, a thousand or more. Some, like the core group are true Rainbows who share everything they have and try not to judge those that don't.

However some who hang around are pure Drainbow. When they see you the first words out of their mouths are, "Hey brother (or sister) can you spare a _____?" Fill in the blank yourself; "dollar?" "joint?" "beer?" "cigarette?" "food?" "ride?" "blanket?" "your old lady?" etc. etc. etc... Some are truly crazy like Jenny but most are just too lazy to wipe their own ass which in my opinion, is where their

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brains are located, that is if they have any. I myself dislike these leeches since I've been really poor for my entire life and have never begged for anything from anyone so I almost never give them anything. In fact, I tell them quite bluntly to get away and to stay away from me, but the Rainbows are much more understanding and tolerant than I am.

Jenny's a real downer though, being crazy she has only one rap and it goes like this, "Men are all scum sucking assholes. Real rat bastards whose only real pleasure in life is beating, raping and killing poor defenseless women and children. Men are nothing but a bunch of lying thieving heartless murdering motherfuckers who should all be castrated, killed and then cremated with their ashes scattered to the wind so they can't hurt any more innocents souls. I mean just look what they've done to ME!" she'll shriek.

There are variations on this theme but it's always the same old tired song. The folks I hang out with will not listen to this bullshit. As soon as we see her coming, we tell her that we do not want to hear her crap so if she can't shut up then to get to the hell away from us. She always goes away yelling about how horrible we (MEN!) are. I don't know how bus village put up with her as long as they did especially since she's a Drainbow too. Well, after this last incident they won't.

It all started when bus village was having a party to which my friends and I were invited. All of us were sitting under a tarp that Bus Bob had rigged up for shade sharing a joint, talking and waiting for the food to be ready. Crazy Jenny drives up in her beat up old white window van, parks then comes over to the circle. She's not even there one minute before she starts in on her man hating rap. The Rainbows just listen and nod their heads in sympathy. She is after all, totally nuts.

After a couple minutes of this, my friend Paul says to her, "Ya know Jenny, we were having a real nice time until you came along and opened your yap. So why don't you just shut up with all that crazy talk cuz we don't want to hear it."

Jenny is incensed, "Can you believe what that insensitive son of a bitch just said to ME? Only a man would be so heartless not to see how much pain I'm in! Can you believe that shit?" she asks Sarah, one of the Rainbow women.

Sarah then makes a fatal mistake, she sides with a man saying, "Well Jenny, we were all having a really mellow time and we'd rather not hear your negative talk right now."

Jenny cannot believe it! A woman siding with a man, and against her! She starts screaming at Sarah about the murdered and the raped and the oppressed women and children of the world blab, blah,

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blah...

Paul's had enough. He tells her to get the fuck out of here. That nobody likes her, wants her or needs to hear her bullshit! And if she never came around again then everyone here would be real happy!

This gets her even madder. She screams to the other women, "Is This TRUE? Is This TRUE?"

The other women don't say anything. They just look at her with pity.

And Jenny knows it is TRUE.

Jenny starts crying then runs over to her van. The women follow her trying to soothe her but she won't hear it. Screaming and crying she says we will never see her again and that we'll all be sorry because she's going get even with all of us. She punches the gas and is gone. Well, that sure put the kibosh on this happy gathering.

Except my friends and I are all laughing and saying, "Fuck her!" "Good riddance to that bitch." "She's nothing but a downer anyway."

The Rainbows however, are all bummed out so after the meal my friends and me go back to our camp to drink beer and smoke pot. The Rainbows form a drum circle to drum away the bad vibes.

Three days later bus village is besieged. There are a couple of sheriff cars, a CHP and half a dozen unmarked cars containing a whole shitload of county Narc's and DEA. There's even a County Welfare Child Endangerment worker. They've received a complaint of sexual child abuse and drug dealing to minors. The Rainbows minds are blown! They can't believe their eyes. Jesus H. Christ! They're just a peaceful little tribe out in the middle of nowhere not bothering a soul. Who are all these cops and why are they here? After a moment of stunned disbelief they get pissed.

Bob wants to know who's in charge.

One of the Narc's says that he is.

Bob wants to know if they have a warrant.

No, they just have a complaint.

Bob wants to know who signed the complaint.

The cop tells him it was a woman named Jennifer Roberts.

Bob thinks, 'Who is...? Oh yeah!' He describes Crazy Jenny to the cop.

The cop says yeah, that sounds like her.

Now Bob is really pissed and starts ragging on the cop, "You mean to tell me that you're here because of what some crazy woman told you?"

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The cop tells Bob that they have to check out all complaints.

Bob tells him unless they have a warrant that no one will cooperate with them. This is private property (a good lie, it's BLM land) and without a warrant they will have to leave.

The cop says they're not leaving until they check out the complaint. Plus, he'd like their permission to search all of their vehicles and of course, the social worker will have to talk with all of the children.

Bob tells the cop there is no way anyone will give permission for a search. Bob then calls all the children together and tells them that under no circumstances are they to talk with the cops or the social worker. That no matter what these people say it will be a lie. If anyone tells the cops anything then the cops will take us all including you kids right to jail. Do not say even one single word to them.

The kids are all hip and will not talk.

The social worker tries to speak with them but the kids won't utter a word. The older ones just glare at her while the younger ones cry saying they want their Mommy.

The head Narc tells Bob that if the Rainbow's do not consent to a search then he'll call for a dope sniffing dog. If the dog gives him the sign then he will have probable cause and won't need a warrant to search.

Bob tells him, "Go ahead and get your dog."

The cops radio for the dog and are told it will take an hour to get there so what can they do but stand around and wait.

The social worker tells Bob since everyone there is nude, including the children, that if Bob doesn't tell the kids to talk to her, she'll take them away anyway.

Bob tells her that if being naked around your own kids is a crime then she'd better go and arrest every single adult in all the nudist camps in all of California.

She wants to talk to him more trying to reason with him but he just walks away.

Bob tells all the Rainbows to form a drum circle, which they do. They start the drumming ignoring the cops.

The cops having nothing better to do wander around Bus village to check it out.

As I said, some of the vehicles are real works of art. All brightly painted, some with full murals on their sides. There are strange structures on top of some of them and arcane symbols on all of them. Hanging off them some have wind chimes ringing or flags flapping or mobiles twisting in the wind.

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Almost everybody is in the nude. Most of the men have big beards, some with things braided into them. All of them, men, women and children, have long hair and most are totally dreadlocked. They all sit naked in a big circle under the blazing desert sun each with his or her own homemade drum. They don't say a single word. They're just start drumming.

They go on drumming for over an hour until the K-9 unit shows up. The dog goes to work. Still they don't stop drumming even with the dog sniffing around them, their children and their vehicles. They just keep drumming, and it's not only driving the cops nuts but the dog as well. He can't concentrate on the job with all this drumming and all these strange new sights and smells. The cops tell the freeks to stop but the Rainbows just keep drumming.

The dog refuses to work. The cops yell at the dog then try to cajole it, but it's way too distracted. The cops now have no warrant and no probable cause. The kids are obviously not being abused. They may be naked and dirty but they're also healthy and well fed with no marks or bruises on any of them.

And they won't stop that fucking drumming! The cops are frustrated. They know that there's dope in them thar vehicles but they now have no legal excuse to search them. They've wasted an entire afternoon with a bunch of nuts and all because they listened to what some crazy woman had told them. There's nothing they can do except make one more threat before they leave empty handed.

The head cop walks over to the drum circle and shouts at them for silence. The drummers don't even pause. They just keep drumming. The cop tells them at the top of his voice that he knows they have dope on them and he will be back shortly with a warrant.

The Rainbows don't listen, they just keep drumming, ignoring him.

As the cops walk away one of them was overheard to say, "Man, I've heard about shit like this, but I ain't never seen nothing like it before. It's like being in some kind of third world country."

His buddy nods saying, "Yeah, it's just like being in the fucking National Geographic."

The Rainbow drum circle keeps on drumming.

The cops never did come back.

WON'T YOU LET ME TAKE YOU ON A SEA CRUISE?

Kerry, Joanne, Lindsey and I are all sitting in the kitchen of Lindsey and my apartment in New Orleans just off of Saint Charles St. Kerry and Joanne have just returned from Martinique so we're all reminiscing about our trip to the islands, which was just one big drunken debauchery. Lindsey and I had left them in Martinique to dry out back in the states. Now that Kerry and Joanne had had enough too, they were back telling us of their adventures in that tropical paradise.

Joanne says, "The funniest incident that happened to us there was when we met these two well off black guys about 30 years old."

Kerry says, "Yeah they saw us and just had to have us, so Joanna and me thought, what the hell, they look all right so let's see what they have to offer."

Joanne continues, "We met them in the bar of a fancy hotel that we had gone to to listen to a band that was playing there. Anyway, they came up to us and asked if they could buy us dinner and a drink. After we had looked them over said sure."

Kerry says, "They showed us a good time too, bought us anything we wanted without even a glance at the prices."

Joanne says, "Yeah, we thought they were pretty cool. Then one of them tells us that he has a big 40 foot cabin cruiser and how would we like to go with them on an overnight cruise to a fancy resort on another island. I asked Kerry and she said, "Why not" so we told the guys that would meet them the next day. We could tell that they were disappointed. I'm sure they thought that we would spend the night with them then, but we wanted to make sure they weren't just bullshitters."

Kerry says, "So they told us where to meet them, and bright and early next morning there they are standing on this really nice boat waving at us and telling us to come aboard. We cast off and set course. They ask us if we want food and drinks and we say, of course."

Joanne continues the story, "As soon as we'd eaten and had a couple drinks, the guy who liked me comes over and asks if I'd like to see his stateroom. I say all right and we leave Kerry and her new beau in the salon."

Kerry says, "Soon as they're out of the room my guy come over and starts hugging and kissing me, and he was so excited that he cums right in his pants. What a geek!"

Joanne says, "Yeah, my guy tried putting the make on me as soon as we entered his room and I

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had to fight him off by telling him that it would be better later. He looked sad but said okay."

Kerry says, "So the rest of the cruise we spent sunning topless up on deck just to keep them interested, but afterwards we talked it over decided that they were just a couple of maroons."

Joanne's says, "I told Kerry, "Let's take these assholes for a real ride." When we got to the restaurant we told the guys that we wanted lunch and they said they'd fix it for us in the galley but we said no, we wanted to go to the restaurant. They tried to talk us out of it but we remained firm so they said okay."

Kerry picks it up, "We walked into the place and it was real nice. We could tell right away that it was expensive, so we sat down and ordered the most expensive things on the menu, lobster salad and a bottle of French wine."

Joanne lick her lips and says, "It was really good too. Then the guys wanted to go back to the boat for some afternoon fun, but we told them that we wanted to go swimming in the resorts pool then use the Jacuzzi instead. They pouted, but what could they do. We spent the whole afternoon by the pool sipping high priced drinks. When evening came we told them we wanted supper then after that we would be very nice them so they stopped pouting and we all had dinner, a whole boiled lobster apiece. God it was good!"

Kerry then says, "The boys said, "All right now your fed, so let's go to bed." We smiled prettily at them and said, "That sounds good to us so let's get a room." The guys said that there was plenty of room on the boat and we wouldn't need a room at the resort. Now we pouted and said, well all right, if you just want to sleep then that's fine by us, but if you want to play then get us a room."

Joanne laughs and says, "They bitched a little, but they got us a room, a real nice one too. It had two big beds and a really pretty bathroom. We then told them that we wanted a good bottle of champagne to get in the mood and celebrate, so they bought that too. Finally, we let them take us to bed and man o man, they were quick to cum they were so horny for a white chick. After we balled a second time, my guy calls over to his buddy "What do you say, let's switch."

"When I hear that I jump out of bed, run over to Kerry and say, "That sounds good to me. How about you Kerry, shall we have some fun together?" and as I crawl into bed with her, she kicks her guy out of bed."

Kerry's laughing, "So here's me and Joanne going at it while these dorks have their dicks in their hands starring at us like a couple of walleyed fish."

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"Joanne's guy whines, "That's not what I meant!"

"But Joanne says, "Well, we like it this way, so tough titty. Why don't you boys have some fun with each other. Hell, you might even like it."

"Then we start going at it with one another again."

"Now my guy is getting hot watching us so he turns to his friend saying, "Maybe we should try it."

"But the other guy gets all indignant, "What are you, some kind of Queer?"

"Then he whines at us, "Come on now girls, let's just back to the way it was." but we just ignore him and enjoy each other."

Joanne finishes the story, "Just for meanness, me and Kerry stayed together all night. In the morning they were so mad at us that they wouldn't even speak to us at all, they just took back to the boat then brought us back to Martinique."

Kerry says, "Yeah, maybe next time they'll show a little class instead of acting like horny teenage boys. It must have cost them a couple hundred dollars for 15 minutes of fucking. What a couple of loser!"

We all had a good laugh and I could just picture these two poor dummies who just didn't know how to handle these two sexually liberate hippie chicks but then again, they certainly wouldn't be the only ones to pay for not being hip.

JILL ANN'S DEAMON

I got a letter from Jill Ann today. It's only been five days since last saw her as she got on a bus bound for San Berdoo. All the letter had in it was a full length picture of her clothed with a star drawn on her pussy and a note that said "Remember your promise. See you soon. Love, Jill Ann"

I dropped those extra mariwanee pounds off, got my money back and still had three pounds to party with. And since I can take a hint, I stick out my thumb the very next morning headed for Riverside. I hitch all day and night and by 4 a.m. am on the Interstate 10 east standing on the freeway

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just outside of LA. It's real late so I figure no cop will bother me. Wrong! A CHP pulls over.

The cop gets out of his car and asks if I know it's illegal to hitch hike on the freeways in California.

I tell him yeah, but it's so late who cares.

Well, he does for one. And what's that he smells?

Do I have any marijuana on me?

I truthfully answer no (it's all in my backpack).

He says that he smells something funny. Do I have any patchouli oil or incense on me?

Why yes sir, I sure do. Then I take a package of patchouli incense out of the side pocket of my pack.

He looks at it, sniffs it, nods his head then says how glad he is that didn't have to search me, tear my pack apart and take me to jail.

And think, 'not as glad as I am'.

He hands me back the incense and asks if I have any weapons. Just a Buck Knife.

He tells me to give it to him then to get in the front seat of the cruiser and he'll take me to the edge of his beat, which is only a few miles from San Bernadino.

He gives me back the buck knife, drops me at an all night gas station and tells the attendant to let me stay there until dawn.

The attendant says okay. Then he goes back to watching the all night movie channel.

As soon as the cop is gone so am I. I go back to the freeway, crawl in some bushes and sleep for a few hours. Have to be well rested for Jill Ann.

I get up around 10 a.m. and take a bus to Riverside and am knocking on Jill Ann's door by 11 a.m. She answers the door. She sees me and jumps right into me arms saying she knew I'd come and how happy she is to see me. Come on in and she'll fix me something to eat. She takes my hand and leads me into the house, a typical suburban home, telling me that since it's Saturday her mom and little sister are home so I mise as well meet them now. Mom and little sister? She never said that she still lived at home but then I didn't ask, oh well.

We go into the kitchen and Mom wants to know who I am.

Jill Ann tells her that I am good friend from San Francisco and that I've come to spend the night with her.

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Mom, a good looking woman in her early 40's. She eyes me like a porterhouse steak in a butcher shop, smiles then says, "Pleased to meet you. Call me Joan. Would you like something to eat?"

First the daughter then the mother want to feed me, this could be interesting.

After lunch Jill Ann tells me to wait in the living room while she gets ready for the day. She has plans for us, and I can hardly wait.

As I'm sitting on the couch, a younger version of Jill Ann walks in and says, "Hi, you must be Tai. I'm Jill Ann's sister, Jennifer but you can call me Jenny." then sits down right next to me and says, "Jill Ann says you're spending the night. I bet she didn't tell you that this is just a two bedroom house and that me and her share a bedroom. Come on, I'll show you."

She takes my hand and leads me to the bedroom door. I look in and there are 2 twin beds in a very girly looking room. Jenny says, "If you sleep with Jill Ann tonight, I hope you two don't make too much noise and keep me awake all night. I just hate that." then she giggles.

My Oh My, what have you gotten yourself into this time Tai? It looks like trouble for sure. A hot mom, a horny babe and a pervo sister. It's going to be heaven or hell, or both if I'm lucky!

Just then Jill Ann comes out of the bathroom, see her sister holding my hand and grabs it away from her with a dark look then tells me let's go. She tells Mom that she is taking the car for the day.

Mom says to be back by 4 p.m. and out the door we go.

Jill Ann says that the plan is to go over to her boyfriend Dave's house where we'll sit and make out in the car to make him jealous. I tell her that this does not sound like a good idea to me. She answers that even though she loves him, Dave is a wimp and all he'll do is sit in his house and watch, and maybe if she's lucky, he'll give her hell the next time they're alone.

I ask her if isn't there something better that she'd like to do with me.

She tells me that there's plenty of time for that later and to quit whining because we're almost there.

We pull in front of a small house and park then sit there doing nothing for a while so I ask her what's up. She says, "Dave's not home, so we'll just have to wait awhile." but after only a couple minutes she drives away, circling the block a few times cursing Dave for being so thoughtless as not to be there.

I am beginning to think that maybe Jill Ann is not all there either.

As we drive one minute she's happy and gay, telling me how happy she is that I am with her, then

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the next she's scowling and squinting, saying that it's all my fault, that if I wasn't there then she could be with Dave. She's schizing out right in front of me and as far as I can tell, she is not on drugs.

It doesn't bother me though, I've dealt with lots of schizo's in my time, and in fact, I have myself been diagnosed as an epileptic schizophrenic by more than one shrink both as an out patient and in the loony bin so I understand where she is coming from. I prefer the company of schizo's over maniac's and much more over neurotic's. They're a lot more fun and always interesting. The day just keeps getting curiosier and curiosier.

Jill Ann is tired of circling the block and suggests that we go over to one of her girlfriend's house and visit her for awhile then come back and try Dave again later. I tell her that whatever she wants to do is okay with me. She gives me a big smile, squeezes my knee and again tells me how happy she is to be with me.

We go over to the girlfriend's house, who is home. Jill Ann introduces me to Sherry, a girl who is a total mess. She looks a mess, her house is a mess and her mental state is the messiest of all. She's glad to see Jill Ann and ignores me while they chat together. It seems they met in a nut house and since they were both in for a protracted stay became friends. Sherry's a neurotic so she sings the same old tired song over and over again of just how fucked up her life is and how she would like to get it together but she just can't because her life is so fucked up and so on and so on, etc.

I tune her out because as she's whining about her fucked up life, Jill Ann has a small notebook out writing furiously then passing me notes that say, "Fuck, I want to!" "Fuck, it feel so good!" "Fuck, let's do it!" and so on. As I said, schizo's are a lot more fun. After a half hour of Sherry's crying even Jill Ann can't stand it any more and tells Sherry that she has to go see if Dave's home yet. Of course, Dave's not home so it's back to her house.

When we come in and as we walk past mom's room, Mom says, "Tai, why don't you come in, and sit and talk with me." while she pats the bed.

I look in and see that she's only wearing her bra and panties. Jill Ann holding my hand jerks me away saying, "Just ignore her. She doesn't have a date tonight so she's depressed. I just hope she don't start drinking."

I think, 'me too'.

Jill Ann looks into my eyes and says she has to get fixed up for me. Then we'll go for a short walk and she'll show me something special under her favorite tree where we'll be hidden and it'll be cool

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and shady. I'm thinking, 'I can hardly wait.'

As soon as she shuts the bathroom door, the sister is sitting right next to me saying, "I heard Jill Ann say that she's going to show you her special spot, maybe I'll ask if I can come along and watch."

I tell her that it'd probably be a good idea if she stayed here but she just giggles and says, "We'll see." then goes back into her bedroom.

This is one nutty family. Earlier when I had asked Jill Ann about her father, she snapped at me, "That is none of your business! He's gone and that is all that matters."

I say, "Sorry."

She relaxed saying, "Never mind."

Jill Ann is out of the bathroom, she's not only changed her clothes but her hair style and she is wearing quite a lot of make up. She looks like she's going on a date and it's only 4 p.m. She walks up to me, takes my hand, looks into my eyes and says sweetly, "Come on, let's go." and leads me out the back door.

We go through a hole in the fence, through a field of wild grass and into a grove of eucalyptus trees. She sits down on the leaves and tells me to sit next to her. I ask if she has a blanket or something to lay on but she says that we don't need anything, the leaves are soft enough. I ask her if she'd like to smoke a joint since sex is always better when you're high. She says that sounds like a good idea so I fire one up. But before we even finish the doobie, Jill Ann starts talking, and not to me, but to some one behind me.

I look knowing there's no one there and there isn't, not anyone I can see anyway.

Jill Ann says, "Yes, I'm going to be with him." (pause) "Because I like him, that's why" (pause) "Oh I see, he knows, he's been there."

I stare right into Jill Ann's eyes and think, 'That's right Jill Ann, I've been there lots of times. Right up on the razors edge between infinity and eternity, and I've look into that deep blackness and thought, 'How easy it would be just to let go and freefall into Nothing. Yeah Jill Ann, I've been there.'

Jill Ann looks at me, takes my hand saying, "We could go there together right now."

I say, "Jill Ann, before I do anything else with you, you have to introduce me to your friend and tell me his name."

Jill Ann darkens saying, "That is not possible. He doesn't want anybody to know his name but me."

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I let go of Jill Ann's hand and say, "Then I have to go because if I can't know your friend then I can't know you." and get up.

Jill Ann says, "Wait a second." (pause) "My friend says that if we get married then I can tell you his name, and he will even show himself to you."

I ask, "What do you mean, get married?"

She looks at me saying, "You know, married, forever."

I look at Jill Ann saying sadly, "I can't marry you forever Jill Ann. I am already committed to this path for my life."

She looks back at me and says, "Then I can't tell you his name."

I bend down and softly kiss Jill Ann on the cheek then I say, "Good bye Jill Ann, I will always remember you." But she no longer sees me, she's talking to her daemon.

I go back across the field, through the hole in the fence and into the house. Mom, who's still in just her bra and panties, sees me come in and asks where Jill Ann is.

I tell her that Jill Ann is sitting under her favorite tree talking to her friend and that I am just there to pick up my pack and leave.

Mom says, "Oh that Jill Ann is crazy, but you don't have to go, you can still spend the night here." and smiles her special smile at me.

The sister comes up and asks what's going on. Mom tells her.

Jenny says, "Yeah, don't let Jill Ann's craziness spoil all your fun, she's just moody. She'll be all right in a little while. You should stay."

I look at these two and know that this is one of those situations where I have to be out of town by sundown or I ain't making it out alive, or sane anyway. I thank them politely then tell them that it was nice to meet them but I really do have to go. The look on their faces is one of pure disappointment. I tell them good bye and out the door I go. I walk to the nearest big street, stick out my thumb and the first car that comes by stops and gives me a ride.

It's a car load of young Christian dudes on their way to Big Bear for a weekend Christian retreat and would I like to join them.

Well, why not, it couldn't be any weirder that the last 5 hours. Good bye Jill Ann, and Good Luck to you and to your Mom and to your Sis. I will always wonder what would have happened had I stayed the night.

A MOMENT OF CLARITY

Gyro's come over to the commune I've been crashing at for a few days resting up between my journeys and says to me "Well Tai, I am going out of the business."

Gyro and I have been the best of friends for a long time and have shared many adventures together, some women and a ton of drugs. When I first met him he was selling encyclopedias dressed in a suit and tie, driving an orange BMW. He stopped by the house on 25th street one day, got stoned and within three months was living the hip life and dealing dope. He had been dealing ever since, first ounces out of his room in the City to now, pounds out of his house in San Rafael.

He made quite a bit of money at it too but only spent it on a few things. The best dope for him and his friends consumption which he was never stingy with: Women; especially big titted red heads. Music; he had the best and biggest stereo system that I have ever seen or heard. And his pride and joy, his vintage 65 mustang; that looked ordinary from the outside but was mechanically perfect with a killer sound system on the inside.

So when he told me that he was getting out of the biz and giving up dealing forever, I wanted to know why and here's the story he told me.

"I was sitting in my house with just my Levi's on smoking some killer buds last Tuesday morning about 10 o'clock when someone knocks at the door. I look out the peephole and see a spade I know who I'd been dealing with named James. He had been buying ounces of coke from me for the last month, so no problem. I open the door and as soon as I do the motherfucker puts a .45 right between my eyes and yells, "Where's the dope!"

"Man, I about shit my pants. At first I thought he was joking, but then I could see by the look in his eyes that he was not especially with that .45 pressed into my forehead so I say, "Easy man, no need to get excited. I'll give you all the dope I got, just be cool."

"James relaxes a little then says, "Okay where is it?"

"I tell him that I have a quarter pound of coke and a couple ounce of MDA in my holdall over on the table."

"He tells me to get it."

"We go over to the table and I unlock and unzip the bag. James looks inside sees the dope and

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my triple beam. He also sees the OZ of grass that I was smoking sitting on the table then tells me to put that into the holdall too. I do. James puts the gun back up to my head and says, "This ain't much.

Where's the rest?"

"I tell him that all there is, that I sold every thing else and am waiting on my next shipment."

"James thinks it over then says, "Okay, then where's the bread?"

"I tell him that it's in my day pack hanging in my hall closet."

"He tells me to get it but then says, "Don't try anything funny, or you'll be one dead honky."

"I assure James that I will be very cool. I get the day pack and hand it to him. He looks inside and smiles. There's close to eight grand in there. He hands it back to me and tells me to put it in the holdall with the other stuff."

"James then says, "You sure you ain't got nothing else around here cuz if I find out yer lying I will blow your mutherfucking brains out!" and presses the gun back into my face."

"I tell James that I have some pills and a few other loose drugs laying around but that's it, and I told him the truth. All the rest of my stash and cash were at my safe house."

"James asks about the pills."

"I tell him there's about 30 Ludes on the nightstand."

"He want them too, so we go and get them, these he puts in his pocket then says to me, "You're a good lil cracker, so now as long as you don't try nuthin' stupid, you'll end up alive. I am leaving now, you just be cool. Understand!"

I tell him that I understand perfectly and that he is welcome to the stuff, just put that gun away and go."

"He smiles and says, "I knew you wasn't no dummy." He grabs the holdall, looks inside one last time zips it shut then locks it. He then sticks the .45 in his waist and is out the front door."

"When all this started I was scarred shitless but by now I am mad as hell! How dare that chickenshit motherfucker who I had always dealt with fairly, come into my own house and threaten my life. As soon as he left, I ran into my bedroom and got my .357 from under my pillow then was out the door after him. I was going to run that nigger down and kill that son of a bitch."

"As soon as I saw that rat bastard I started running towards him screaming, "Nigger with a Gun! Nigger with a Gun!" (San Rafeal was almost all white)

"He sees me coming with my .357 and takes off running down the street. So there we are at 10

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a.m., a half naked long haired white guy with a gun chasing a black dude with a gun running down the middle of the street flat out with me screaming, "Nigger with a Gun!"

"After a block I am starting to gain on him and he knows it. He drops the holdall right in the middle of the street so he can run faster. I am so pissed off and out of it by now that I run right pass the bag with all the dope and money in it and keep chasing him because I have only 1 thought and that is to empty my .357 right into his rotten thieving stinking body. I can even see me shooting him and his blood soaked bullet ridden body laying in a pool of his own blood, and as he lays there dying he's looking up at me and I am kicking him, saying "That will teach you to mess with me cocksucker!" Then I experience a moment of true clarity.

"I am outside of my body and I can see the whole scene. A half naked maniac waving a gun and screaming while chasing a black dude. I stop right there and think, 'Jesus Fucking Christ Gyro, this is totally nuts. What the hell are you doing?' "

"I look around and see the duffel laying in the street a block back. There is no one else in the street that I can see but that don't mean nothing. I think the first thing I got to do is get rid of the piece, then retrieve the holdall, and then get the hell out of there and FAST! I walk over to a house with a big hedge around it and stash the .357 in the bushes. I'll come back for it later. I start walking toward the holdall and just when I get to it here come two cop cars around the corner with their bubblegums going but no sirens. Somebody has called the cops! Before they are out of their car I pick the holdall up cradling it in my arms."

"They pull right up to me and ask what is going on."

"I tell them that I was just robbed at gun point in broad daylight by a spade that went that a way, pointing in the wrong direction because I do not want them to catch James."

"One of the cop cars takes off in the direction I pointed, the other cops get out of their car and asks me for a description."

"I give them a false one hopping James is well away. I do not want the cops knowing what he stole."

"The cops ask what was stole."

"I tell them everything I had, my wallet with all my money and ID in it, and my bag."

"They ask how it happened and I give them a song and dance about how I was just walking down the street on my way to a friend's when this black dude jumped out, pulled a gun and demanded my

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wallet and bag, which I gave him. Then he just took off running. I told them that I was so mad that I without thinking chased him. I had almost caught up with him but he saw me he dropped my holdall and ran even faster. I kept chasing him but he was just too fast for me. So I walked back to where my bag was and picked it up . Then you guys showed up"

"One of the cops, while reaching for the bag now in my arms says, "We might need that for evidence."

"My heart stops until the other one says, "What for? He only stole the guy's wallet and besides, we'll never catch him. You know how fast them niggers can run."

"The other says, "Yeah, you're right about that. But the jig stole it too so that makes it evidence."

The cop shrugs then takes my holdall out of my arms with all the dope, money and the triple beam in it.

I ask the cops when I can get it back?

"The cop with my bag tells me that if they ain't caught the guy in a week then I can come and claim it at the station. He asks me for my name and address which I have to give them if I want to see my holdall again."

Here I break in, "Are you completely nuts Gyro? Giving your name and address to the cops with them holding 5 years in prison in their arms for you. Plus you really are not insane enough to go claim it in a week, are ya?"

Gyro shrugs and smiles saying, "The way I figure it is, first, it's locked and unless they catch James, which they won't, they got no reason to open it. Second, they already got my name and address so if they don't come for me in a week then I'm safe. I mean, I sure ain't giving up all that product and cash unless I have to."

Anyway," Gyro continues, "They ask me to come down to the station with them to fill out a report."

"I tell them that I am just to shook up right now but will be glad to come down later."

"They say okay and give me their card, wish me luck then leave."

"After they're gone I retrieve the .357 and hot foot it out of there as fast as I can. Back at my place I get the shakes real bad then puke up all my breakfast. After a Lude and a few joints I feel a lot better, but I know that my dealing days are now over.

I ask what is he going to do now.

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"Well,," he says, "First I got to go down to the station to fill out a report then wait a week before I can retrieve my bag After that I'm going to call Larry (another mid level dealer we knew) and asked him if he wants to buy my business for 10 grand and 10% of the first years profits."

"I'm sure he'll say yes, so then I'll introduce him around to my clientele this week because as of now, I am out of the biz except for you and a few other of my closes friends. If anyone wants anything they can go see Larry."

I ask him, "Then what?"

"I don't know." Gyro tells me, "I'm selling most of my stash to Larry at cost, so I got over 20 grand in my pocket with Larry giving me another 10 grand as soon as he can get it together. Plus a monthly income of 10% of his sales for the next year, so I guess I will just hang out and party."

I ask him about James.

"Shit! That nigger had better not ever show his face around here again. The word is out on his ass and Kris (a Vietnam vet we know) had already said that if I ever see him to point him out and Kris will do his ass in. He said that he's already going to hell for all the innocent people he killed in the Nam and that one more rip off spade won' matter one little bit. I'm also giving up my house at the end of the month and moving back into the City. Easier to party from there anyway."

Then he looks at me and says, "By the way Tai, what are you doing a week from now because I'm going to need a driver just in case the cops did open my holdall in which case I won't be leaving there anytime soon. There would be no risk to you. Just sit there and if I'm not out in a hour then just drive away and drop the Cuda off at Larry's"

I laugh and clap Gyro on the back telling him, "Man if you are crazy enough to try that stunt then I would be happy to drive you."

A week later we pull into the cop shop. Gyro shakes my hand, smiles, says, "No guts, no glory." then gets out of the car walks to the front door and disappears into the station.

Fifteen minutes later the cop shop door open and out come Gyro, a free man with one of the biggest grins on his face I've ever seen. He hops in the Cuda and says, "Home James." As we pull out of the parking lot Gyro reaches in to the glove box, withdraws a giant hooter and fires that puppy up.

I ask him how it went?

He replies, "Man, it was sweet. I walk in, tell them why I'm there and the cop behind the counter tell me to take a chair. A few minutes later one of the cops shows up with my holdall in his

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arms. He hands it to me apologizing they didn't catch the thief and for all the hassle I had to go through. I tell him it okay, they was only doing there job. He has me sign a paper and after a hand shake it's out the door I go back to freedom." He takes another toke and says again, "Yeah, it was sooo sweet."

When we got to his place he opens the bag and everything is there. He hands me an ounce for driving him then thanks me.

I tell him it was no biggie but after all that excitement we'd better smoke another one. Which is what we do.

I am still friends with Gyro though he changed his name. He never did go back to dealing. He met his True Love, got married and now has a nice life living in the East Bay working as a carpenter for a living. Just goes to show, some folks can learn and change from their mistakes and even prosper.

FIGHT THE POWER

"Hey Tai, the cops got two car loads of your friends pulled over just this side of town." says Sparrow, a local for the summer, as he walks into the tipi field.

It was Friday evening just before sundown and I had been waiting on these folks to show up to party with all day. I had smoked a joint or three of some grass I had grown, a quart of home brew that I had brewed and was feeling good enough that this just pissed me off. "What are they hassling them over?" I asked Sparrow.

"Shit man," he says, "I sure the fuck didn't stop to see."

I tell everyone that I'm going to check this out and will be back shortly. I jump in my '47' Chevy school bus, get it going and head for town 15 miles away. I drive until I see my friends and a couple cop cars pulled to the side of the road. Everyone just seems to be standing around. I pull up and hop out.

I go right up to the oldest looking cop and say, "Who's in charge here?"

He looks at me then says, "Who are you?"

I tell him my name and that I'm a local resident. I see one of the cops that I've had dealings with

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before and tell the older cop that the younger one has checked me out before and knows who I am.

He walks over to the younger cop and point at me and the younger cop says, "Yeah, I know him." not very friendly either.

But I don't care and say again, "So, what's happening? These are friends of mine up from the City to visit me for the weekend and I want to know why you pulled them over."

The older cop says "If it was any of your business then I'd tell you but..."

I brake in with, "Okay, what's your name, rank, badge number and the name of your superior." whipping out a pen and small notebook that I always carry.

The younger cop says "Look, this is just a routine traffic stop and there's no need for you to get involved."

I look him straight in the eyes and say, "I already am involved. And unless you can give me a good reason as to why you are harassing my friends then I guess I'll just have to go see the Chief bright and early Monday morning." Something I had done before when the younger cop had stopped me for no reason.

The older cop says, "The one driving the Dodge does not have a valid California drivers license." He points to New York Mike. "He only has a New York license and we're checking it out."

"So" I say, "Why is the other car stopped?"

"Well" he says, "It's was obvious they're together and we wanted to make sure that they aren't doing anything illegal."

I yell over to the group of freeks asking, "How long have they kept you guys here?"

"Almost an hour." they holler back.

I turn back to the cops and say, "That's plenty of time for you to check them out. If you're going to ticket them then do it otherwise you've got no legal right to keep them here so we're leaving."

The older cop says, "You don't tell us what to do, boy!" He stares at me.

I stare right back then I say, "Then arrest me and take me to jail right now."

The younger cop says, "Wait a minute." and takes the older cop aside and talks to him for a few minutes. The older one look disgusted then walks away.

The younger one comes back over to me and says, "Okay, you and your friends can leave, but I don't want you bothering the Chief about this, you understand?"

I say that I understand perfectly.

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My friends and me get into our vehicles and leave. We drive to the tipi field and party the night away.

MAUI NO KA OI

I've been living on Maui in my pup man tent for the last five months when I decided that I need a little bigger more permanent place. It wasn't that I didn't like living in my tent, after all I'd been in some really wonderful places. When I first got to Maui I spent the first month in an abandoned guava and macadamia nut orchard filled with lilikoi vines, with a pineapple field across the street and an abandon mango orchard next to that. Even though I was dirt poor, I ate like a king. The only thing I lacked was beer, I had brought my own stash from the mainland.

The next month I moved into the mango orchard because it was in full production and didn't have cows wandering around like the guava orchard did. I ate my fill of mangos everyday, as many as I could and to tell the truth, I feel sorry for anyone that has never tasted or eaten a lot of mangos. Because mango, in my opinion, is the best tasting fruit on earth and I've tasted a lot of different kinds. The only other one that comes close is the durian from southeast Asia. It smells like shit and looks just like yellow baby turds but it tastes like creamy butterscotch from heaven. Anyway, when the mangos were done I moved into an ironwood forest and stared looking for a place to build a tree house. I looked in the jungle on Hana side; too hard to get to. I looked in the kiave forest on the Makena side; too thorny and too many other freeks. I looked in the uplands of Kulu; too cool. Then I found a nice little 200 foot high pua (cinder cone) on the Haiku side. It was perfect.

At its base it had pineapple fields on two sides, an ironwood forest on one and a 500 foot deep ravine on the other. It's sides were covered with a mixed jungle and it's top had ankle to thigh high grass covering it with a great view of the ocean about five miles away looking north. Looking south you could see the mighty Haleakala, a 10,000+ foot extinct volcano. At the foot of the pua in the ironwoods was an old unkempt Japanese graveyard, an auspicious omen I thought. I cleaned off the headstones, offered the ancestors some food and water then asked their permission to build my tree house on their

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pua. They did not say no, so I went looking for a place. I looked mostly on the ravine side. It was so steep that I was sure that no one would bother me there. I found a couple trees close enough together to put a platform up between them. They were about a hundred feet from the top of the pua with a great view of the cane fields and the ocean but the spot couldn't be seen unless you were right on top of it.

I walked three miles to a bamboo grove and cut a bunch of supports for the roof, floor and sides, waited until it got dark then hauled them back to the pua. I built the floor 4 feet high off the ground with an 8'X8' platform, 4 foot high walls and the roof to the same specification as the great pyramid of Giza and oriented it to the North Star. After the frame was finished I went to town and bought two 4'X8' sheets of plywood for the floor, 40 feet of 4 foot fiberglass screen for the walls and door and a big roll of clear visquene for the roof so it'd be bug and waterproof. It rained every day in Haiku and there were plenty of mosquitoes and other creepy-crawlies. I then hired a freck who had a car to take me in the dead of night to the pua and drop me off at its base with all of my supplies. I didn't want anyone knowing where I was. I humped all of this stuff up the pua and in the next few days finished the tree house. I put a camouflaged trap over the top of the plastic sheets on the roof for shade and concealment then a rug on the floor and 'Viola', Home Sweet Home.

I had a little stove to cook on and even a perfect place to shit. About 30 feet from the tree house was a rock overhang with around 40 feet of clear air to the bottom. I'd just hang my ass over the edge and let loose. The only thing it lacked was water, which I had to carry a mile from the Haiku store. About the only problem I ever had was when it rained a lot. The ravine was so steep and slippery that I couldn't make it up to the top for a day or two so I'd just sit in my tree house, do yoga, watch the rain and be grateful just for being there

Only five people that I know of ever visited my tree house. There were two different tourist babes that I picked up and who wanted to see the sights of Maui. After hiking the crater or hitching to Hana and back, I'd show them the tree house and let them spend the night. The third I don't know exactly who it was. I came back to Haiku after spending a couple days with my friends on Makena beach, all of whom wanted to know where my tree house was at but no way that I'd show them because that would have been the end of it. When I got back there was a note on the floor that read, "To the owner of the tree house. I was hiking around Haiku and saw this pua and thought it'd be a good place to hike when I found this beautiful little tree house and decided to wait for you. I even spent the night. I hope you don't mind. I had to leave today (today's date) or would have waited longer because I

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really wanted to meet you. Thank-you so much for building it. I'll always remember it. Love, Terry." Whether Terry was male or female I'll never know. The fourth person didn't leave a note but he did leave something else. One morning I got up and there about 30 feet from my door was a 6 foot high marijuana plant, of course all of the buds had been taken off of it but there was still plenty of tiny buds and bud leaf left to be enjoyed. BOM SHIVA!

The last was definitely the weirdest. In fact, he may have been the strangest guest that I've ever entertained in my entire life. Nate was a freek who lived a mile down the road from me. He was the caretaker of this really beautiful 5 acre meadow surrounded by guava trees over looking the ocean. He had a pretty nice shack with one wall removed then covered with screen so he could look out over the meadow and all the way to the ocean. Since we lived in the same area we'd met and he'd showed me his place then asked about mine, which I told him about but not where it was located. He gave me his rap, which was totally bananas.

He'd been raised a strict Catholic; Catholic schools, alter boy and all that crap. He wanted to become a priest and entered a seminary. One night just for fun near the end of his schooling, he and some of his buds wanted to see what this LSD was all about so they dropped some. He lost his Faith, quit the seminary then moved to Maui and has been fucked up ever since. He still wanted to be a Catholic, even going to the Haiku church every Sunday, going to Confession and taking Communion but he just couldn't believe it anymore. He told me that even the priest was getting tired of his rap, giving him the same old song and dance that priest basically told him to either shit or get off the pot. I told him the same thing.

Anyway, one day he's following me around crying about his predicament, begging me to show him where I live and promising never to tell a soul. I tell him to fuck off, but he says that he'll just follow me from now on until either I show him where it is or he finds it for himself. That I don't want so I show him.

He sits in the tree house for a long time not saying a thing, just looking over the cane fields to the ocean, then he says, "Would you please do me a favor?"

I ask him what?

"Would you please slit my throat for me right now."

I know that he's nuts, but he's got to be kidding.

"No" he says, "I'm not joking. I feel at peace right now and would like to die, so if you could

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just cut my throat for me, I'd be grateful."

I hand him my knife and tell him to do it himself. I've been around quite a few suicidal maniacs before and I've found the best way to deal with them is to give them the means to do themselves in and tell them to go ahead and do it. I'll even watch. Not one ever has, instead they get mad at me for being such a heartless and uncaring bastard.

Anyway, the dude hands me the knife back telling me, "I can't do it or I'll go to Hell for Eternity for committing suicide."

I remind him that he no longer believes in Hell, that it's just a Catholic fantasy.

"But" he says, "it might be true and I just can't risk it, so if you'd be so kind as to kill me, I'd appreciate it."

I tell him that I'd like to oblige him but then I would go to Hell for murder.

That stops him, after all it is a mortal sin to kill someone so he shut up and leaves.

I don't see him for awhile and when I do he's all happy and smiles. He's found a solution to his problem, he's joined the Navy! He's just come to collect his things and say good bye.

Well, good bye. I am, and I bet the priest is happy to see him go. Let the Navy deal with him, after all, it's already full of nuts and idiots, and it might even do him some good.

A few months after that I get a letter from Kelly, which my Mom forwarded to me. She's been living in Amsterdam and had gotten herself deported back to the USA. She was staying with her mother in Illinois and said would that she'd like to see me again so I decide to say good bye to my tree house and Maui and head for Kelly.

She took the train to California and we meet in Sacramento. After talking it over we decide to go to Mexico and live together. I'd hitched around Mexico before and knew this small town right on the beach where life was easy and cheap with hardly any other tourist to bother either us or the locals. We took a bus from Tijuana down the coast to La Barre De Navidad, a three day bus/train trip, rented a fully furnished house a block from the beach for \$50 a month and moved in. At first life was great, the weather, the food, the people, \$25 kilos of mota but something's were just too cheap, like tequila \$2 a litre and beer \$2 a case delivered, and we liked to drink a lot, almost as much as doing drugs.

After a couple months we knew that we had to get out of there or become full fledged alkie. I told Kelly about my tree house on Maui and we decided to go there. So it's bus back to the USA then plane to Maui. The tree house is still there and after a bit of tidying up we move in. The next few

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months are wonderful. We're young and in love and have just enough money to stay high without getting totally fucked up. Of course, it can't last.

One night we were sleeping on Makena beach when a jeep load of young drunk angry Hawaiian mokes try to run us over with their Jeep. They miss the first time so they come around for another try. They miss again and this pisses them off so bad that they stop the jeep, jump out and while two of them hold me, the other five or six break my face. One of the even slaps Kelly around a little just for fun, all the while telling us not to mess with the locals. It takes a week for me to heal up and in that time we decide that it's time to leave Maui. Also, the treehouse is discovered by the pua's owner.

One day two boys about age 9 and 10 come up to the tree house and say, "Our Dad owns this land and he'd like to see you. He's waiting down below."

We follow the boys down and see their dad, a Hawaiian guy around 40. He says, "Hi, are you the people living on my pua?"

I say, "I guess not any more."

He looks at me kind of funny, then asks, "And are you the ones who've been taking care of the graveyard and leaving the food and water?"

I admit that it was me.

He asks me why I did that.

I say, "I don't know, it just seemed right that's all."

He says, "I've known that someone was up here for the last year but I could never find you, that's why I sent my boys. They say that you got a real nice little tree house up there, no trash around it either. So I'm not here to kick you off. You can stay as long as you like. There's just two things I want you to do. One is; don't let anyone else move onto my pua. And the second is; if my boys come around, chase them off. I don't want them hanging around with hippies, you understand."

We tell him, "Thanks" but we're leaving Maui. Getting beat up real bad just takes all the fun out of a place and anyway, now that Kelly and I are together, there's a whole world to see and experience.

Why, we can hear Alaska calling us right now and for just a \$99 airfare. We left the tree house and Maui and have never returned, but I'll always remember that tree house on the pua as one of the finest homes I have ever lived in.

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SPECIALTE' DE LA MAISON

Back in the late 70's and early 80's there were 3 famous hotels in Bangkok. The Malaysia for dope and The Atlanta and The Grace for hookers. Of the latter, the Grace was the more famous because of its specialty of the house, called, "The Double Clit Massage."

It started with 2 cute young Thai girls coming up to your room. Once inside they would strip down to their birthday suits then they would take all your clothes off of you. They would take you into the bathroom and give you a hot bath sometimes even joining you in the tub. After the bath and drying you off they would lay you down on the bed on your stomach putting your arms above your head. The massage would then commence. Each girl would start with a foot brushing her pussy up the back of one of your legs. When they reached you ass one of the girls would continue rubbing her crack on your butt, back and shoulders while the other would start caressing the back of you hands and arms with her soft slit. She'd end with her snatch grinding the back of you head. They would then flip you over and again start with their lovely pink twats massaging your feet and legs. This time when they reached your crotch one girl facing you, would rub her pussy all over your stomach and chest while the other again would stroke her beaver on your hands and arms. When you just couldn't stand the pleasure any longer the lower babe would slip your now hard and throbbing cock deep inside of her hot wet poon then start pumping. The other cutie would straddle your head then lightly brush her spicy fragrant gash all over your face. It didn't take long to cum.

Sad to say these hotels are now all legitimate. But I'd bet if you ask around Patpong or Sukumvit you'll still be able to find some hotel offering Bangkok's famous double clit massage.

ONE HUNDRED HITS

I'm walking up Haight St. when I see coming my way Cowboy Bob, a guy I met in the country last summer and who I turned onto drugs at that time. He was looking about the same too, like a straight young redneck. We greet each other with the standard "Hi ya, Bro. Howzit hangin'?" while doing the hippie-dippie handshake.

I ask him what's up?

He tells me he's got a place over on Clayton St. and is dealing grass and acid. He invites me over to check it out and burn one.

"Nice place you've got here Bob." I say as he twist one up, fires it up, takes a toke.

Passing it to me says, "Yeah, and it's good to be back, too."

I ask him where he's been and he says, "I don't rightly know."

I asked him what does he means, and he tells me this tale.

"Even though I didn't know the date it all started on April 1st. I was sitting here, kicking back listening to some records when someone starts pounding on my door yelling, "Police! Open up!" which kind of scars me, so I think, 'Okay, what have I got here. Not too much, only a half ounce of grass and 100 hits of Clearlight. The pounding and yelling gets worse, "Open up! Sergeant Nelson SFPD Narco Squad! Open up or we'll break it in!"

"I grab the pot and the acid and head for the toilet. I flush the grass but instead of flushing the acid, I say, "Fuck it!" and swallow the whole hundred hits. I think that even if I do go to jail at least I will have a high old time. But when I open the door there stands Jack Sprat."

"You know him?" he asks me.

I shake my head no.

He continues, "Well anyway, he says, "April Fools! I bet I had you going good."

"I am really pissed saying, "You fucking asshole, I just flushed a half ounce of pot!"

"He smiles and says, "Don't worry about it." then flips me a baggie."

"This calms me down as I check out the dope but then I remember the acid and say, "And I ate a hundred hit of Window Pane."

"He looks at me saying, "No shit? A hundred hits."

"I tell him, "Yeah, no shit."

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"He asks what am I planning to do about it and I tell him that I have no idea. "Maybe we should go down to the Free Clinic." he suggest.'

"This sounds good to me."

"When we get there there's a line so it takes almost an hour before we get to see the Doc and by then I'm starting to get some real good body rushes. The Doc asks what's the problem so I tell him."

"He asks how long ago and I tell him that too."

"Well" he says, "we can do one of two things."

"I ask him what they are, and he tells me, "We can send you to SF General's mental ward where they'll give you Thorazine and keep you for at least three days, or you can just ride it out."

"I ask him what will happen to a person who ate one hundred hits."

"He says, "I don't know, but it probably won't kill you."

"Then he asks Jack if he can watch me until I come down.'

"Jack asks him how long that'll be and the Doc tells him, "Not more than a couple of days."

"Jack tells him no sweat so the Doc asks me if I want to go with Jack or to SF General. I pick Jack and we back to my flat we go."

"By now I rushing like hell and the last thing I remember is Jack promising to take real good care of me and for me not to worry."

"The next thing I see is: I am sitting is a tall tree somewhere in the woods and it's just getting either dark or light. I sit there until I see the sun is coming up then I climb down. There's a path so I follow it for awhile until it comes to a road. I check myself and see that I not in too bad of condition. My clothes are all right, not torn or too dirty and I have about a three days growth of beard. I hitch a ride and some hippie stops."

"I ask him just where I'm at but he just laughs saying, "Are you shitting me, man?"

"I tell no, and he says, "Look around you dude, you're in Yosemite!"

"I look, oh yeah, there's El Capitan and Half Dome."

"When he asks where I've been I tell him about the hundred hits. He says, "Wow man, you ain't going to believe this shit, but it ain't April first either. It's April 16th." Then he shows me yesterday's newspaper."

"Man, I think, 'I am going to kick Jack Sprats ass but good next time I see him.' I'm still kind of spaced out so I hang with the dude and his people for a couple days then hitch back to the City."

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"I looked Jack up and boy, and man, is he glad to see me. He says that I was totally out of it, tripping hard for two days and going real psychotic. Rolling around on the floor laughing while crying at the same time but then by the third day I seemed to come down and was coherent and normal like. I then told him that I was okay and didn't need him any more. He told me I said I was feeling fine so he left. He said checked up on me later that day but I was gone so he didn't know what to do but wait. He said he thought I'd died I was gone for so long so he was real happy when I turned up."

"That happened over a month ago and I still get real spacey sometimes."

I asked him if he'll ever take acid again.

He smiled and said, "Why not, it won't kill me."

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG

I'm standing on a deserted 2 lane road in rural north San Diego county hitching over the mountains to the desert town of Borrego Springs for the annual spring wild flower bloom. I've heard this is supposed to be a good year. When it is, the desert is transformed from a place of sand and rock with some cactus scattered about to a paradise of wild flowers. The whole valley is carpeted with blooms of every color and size. Whichever way you look only flowers meet the eye from tiny ones close to the ground the size of a pinhead to large cactus blooms 10 feet in the air. The flowers range in color from deep reds and delicate pinks to bright yellows, oranges, purples and whites. It is truly a beautiful experience and I go every time I hear it's happening.

It takes a while to hitch there. Even though it's only about 100 miles from San Diego unless you go on a weekend, a time I avoid, there's not much traffic. But it's a pleasant spring day and hey, what else have I got to do. Here comes a car now and it's one I don't recognize. Since I hitch a lot I can usually spot the year, make and model of any automobile pretty easily. But what's this? Could it be an old Rolls Royce? It is. Not much of a possibility of it stopping but I stand up and stick out my thumb to give them a chance.

Hey, it's slowing down. It stops right in front of me. I look in and inside in the front seat is a

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young couple. The guy asks me, "Where ya going?"

"Anywhere you are." I answer.

He tells me to hop in back.

As I do I say, "Man, what a bitchen car. I can't believe you stopped."

He smiles saying, "We thought it'd blow your mind. This is a 1936 fully restored Rolls Royce Silver Phaeton. Pretty cool, huh?"

I have to admit it sure is.

He and his girlfriend introduce themselves then tell me that they're going to the top of Palomar Mountain for the day. Would I like to join them.

I tell them, "I don't care where you're going. I'm along for the ride until you kick me out."

They laugh as we pull away. I can hardly believe it. Here I am in the back seat of a classic Rolls just cursing down the highway, life just don't get much better, but then it does. The girl turns to me saying, "Would you like to get high?"

I assure her I do.

She lights a king size J, takes a toke, gives her boyfriend a hit then passes the doobie to me saying, "This is some killer bud." I take a hit and try to pass it back. The girl tells me, "Keep it. We just finished one right before we picked you up." then turns back.

The guy laughs and says, "Knock your socks off, dude."

Life is strange and wonderful. I settle back into that plush leather upholstery, take a toke, look out at the passing scenery and enjoy the ride.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF A VIOLENT KIND

As long as I lived at the 25th St. commune there was only one near violent incident, but it was a doozie. Joanne had been fucking a really mentally fucked up Vietnam Vet named Dale the Male who was eaten up with guilt over all the real bad shit that he had done while across the pond. When he got high he'd want to confess all his crimes to us but we did not want to hear about that madness and told him so which would then piss him off. We all told Joanne to get rid of him, not only was he scary but he was a major bummer too. She told us that she was afraid of him too but since he was such a good lay that she would try to let him down easy. Well, whatever she said to him didn't work because we heard him ranting and raving in her room just before he burst out and flew into the living room. He screamed at us about being nothing but bunch of uncaring hippycrit motherfuckers. That he was going home but that he'd be back with his guns then he was going to kill us all. He then ran out the door still ranting about killing us.

I immediately called Kris and told him what had just happened. Kris knew Dale and told me that he'd be right over. Ten minutes later Kris walks in our front door, hands me a 12 gauge and says, "If Dale comes back over here we are going to have to kill him."

The girls and me are aghast. We ask him, "Don't you think that's a little extreme?"

He says, "No way. Dale's crazy. He would think no more of killing you guys than swatting a fly. If he comes back through that door today, he'll be armed and out for blood. It'll either be him or us."

Lindsey says, "What if we just leave for the day?"

Kris says, "Maybe he'd leave if you guys weren't here, but then again maybe not. Maybe he'd just wait until you came home then do you all in."

I told Kris that I did not think that I could shotgun Dale just like that.

Kris pulled a .45 out of his pants saying, "You're just my back up. If Dale comes through the door, I'll wait until he's in the middle of the hall then put him down with my .45. One shot should kill him, if it don't I'll just have to shoot him again. You and the shotgun are for just in case."

"Just in case of what?" I ask.

"Just in case he kills me first. If he does then you can kill him while he's busy killing me." he answers. Then he smiles at me saying, "Don't worry about it, it's no big thing. Just point at his belly and squeeze the trigger." then smiles bigger, "And repeat if necessary."

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Pat says, "Yeah right! And what about the body?"

Kris says, "No biggie. Bodies are easy to get rid of. As long as no one hears the shots and calls the cops, we'll be all right."

Lindsey says, "Why don't we just call the cops right now and report him."

We all look at her like she's stupid.

I say, "Lindsey, the house is full of dope and the cops don't do anything to people until after they murder you."

Joanne says, "Let's all go down to Kerry's room to wait."

Pat says, "Okay, but I don't want to know about it until it's all over."

Lindsey says, "I think we all should just leave the house and come back tomorrow."

We all look at her again, then I say, "You girls go down to Kerry's and do not come back up here until I tell you to."

Kris tells them, "Good idea." The girls leave and we wait.

As Kris and I sit there. I'm real scared, I'm sweating and I feel like I am going to puke then both shit and piss my pants.

I tell Kris, who says, "It's normal, don't worry about it."

I ask him how he can be so calm and he tells me, "I've been in a hundred firefights. You either live or you die, it's no big deal and it doesn't matter either way."

I tell him that it sure does matter to me.

He says, "That's why you're scared, if it didn't matter to you then you wouldn't be afraid."

I ask if it matters to him if he lives or dies and he says, "Not in the slightest, and neither does it to Dale. Hell drying's easy, it's the living that's hard man."

We were silent for awhile then I ask him why he was helping us. After all, it wasn't his fight.

He smiles saying, "Shit man, this is the most fun I've had since Nam." Then he told me some of his war stories from the two tours he pulled over there as an army grunt sergeant. I sat listening. He talked in a normal voice showing no emotion at what he had done, some of which were really horrifying. When he finished he says, "So ya see, it don't matter even a little bit whether I live or die because I am already damned to Hell."

We sat there for the rest of the day, smoking joints but saying little more. When it starts getting dark Kris says, "Call up the girls. He's not coming or he'd have been here by now. Looks like he's

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cooled his jets and changed his mind. Oh well."

Just as he said that the front door opens and in walks Kerry just home from a hard days work. I really did about shit my pants I was so scared when that door opened. She takes one look at us and at the guns pointing her way and yells, "Jesus Christ! What the fucking hell is going on here! Have you guys gone totally fucking nuts!"

I tell her the story and she got really pissed saying, "Fuck! Can't you guys ever grow up!"

I tell her that it was all Joanne's fault for fucking that crazy asshole in the first place. She knew he was a psycho and she still brought him home to screw so go holler at her.

Kerry asks where she was and I told her so she headed for the basement to bitch at Joanne.

The girls came back up stairs and we made din-din. Kris tells us he'll spend the night just in case and who does he spend it with, why who else but Joanne of course. Next day Kris says he was sure that Dan would not be back. But he leaves the shotgun with me for the next week, again just in case.

We never did, Thank God, see Dale the Male ever again but after that we did see Kris a lot. In fact, he and Kerry became an item for awhile, even living together. Kris got heavily into Bio-feed back and started going to school on the GI Bill and seemed really happy for a few years.

One day years later he came over to Kerry and Joanne's place they were now living at on Mirapoas St. telling us that he had some really great news. He told us that he had been meditating 6 to 8 hours a day using his Bio-feed back machine and he had now realized enlightenment. He had now found true happiness, had come to terms with his past and had left all the guilt and shame behind him. He was now ready to start a new life.

We all told him how great that was to hear that, that he deserved to be happy and that we were all happy for him. He smiled and thanked us all for putting up with all of his bullshit for the last few years.

We told him, "No sweat" that he was always one of the good guys and hardly any trouble at all.

He told us, "See ya later." and left. We never saw him again.

That night he went home, locked himself in his room then ate approximately 30 Turinols and was dead by morning. We were all shocked when we found out the next day that he had gone to all of his friend's homes and had even called his parents with his great news. Everyone had been happy for him and couldn't believe what he had done.

We also learned that right before he had gone home that day that he had stopped at a pharmacy, put his .45 to the pharmacist's head and asked him if 50 Turinols was enough to kill himself with. The

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pharmacist told him that he'd never get that many down before he would be dead, so Kris told the guy to give him the 50 and not to bother calling the cops because he would be long dead before they would catch him. And he was.

His note said, "I am feeling better now than I have in a long time, so I am checking out before it gets bad again. It doesn't really matter anyway, so here goes nothing..."

But it did matter Kris, it mattered to us, your friends and your family. I hope you have found your Peace and Contentment. Good bye my friend.

A HORSE TALE

Harry the Horse was a friend and associate of John D's. During the racing season at Del Mar they played the ponies together. John D had been betting on the horses for the last couple years and had been making a good living at it. He had met Harry the year before and they had become good friends with Harry staying over at John's on nights that he was too tired to drive back to LA where he owned a house and had a wife. Harry was a few years older than us and was a second generation horse player and stupor. His parents had taught him all the tricks of the trade, which he had taught to John D.

Stuping involves using your feet to flip over betting tickets laying on the floor and seeing if any of them are winners. Harry and John both told Kelly and me that we'd be surprised at how many winning tickets are mistakenly thrown away. They said that on some days they make more money stuping that on their betting. Harry and John D. were friends because they both had the same betting philosophy: Always handicap the night before playing the odds, never play hunches or hot tips. Never lose more than half your seed money on any one day and don't watch the races with the crowds because it's too easy to get caught up in the frenzy. The object of betting on the horses was to make a good living without having to work. They considered \$300 a good day and losing more than \$50 a bad one.

Harry was called the Horse not because he played them but because he looked like one. He was big and chunky with a square face and a curly black mane of hair. Harry had met and married a horse trainer a couple years previously and as he told us, the honeymoon was now over. His main complaint

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was that now since his wife had quit following the horses and had gotten a regular job they didn't see that much of each other any more and when they did, his wife complained about his not being home instead of having sex with him. Harry said "Before we were married we lived in a little trailer at the track and had sex four or five times a night. Now when I am home I'm lucky to get it four times a week and man, that just ain't fair."

We all consoled him but told him that's just the way it is with marriage.

One morning before the races, Kelly and I were hanging out at John D's and in walks Harry the Horse with a big smile on his face.

We ask him what's so funny and he tells us this twisted little tale: "Last night me and Sherry were having our usual argument. You know, me complainin' about our lack of screwing and her wanting me to get a "real" jobs and be staying home when I see that I'm out of cigarettes. So I tell her I'm going down to the store to pick some up. I jump in the Caddy and cruise over to the 7-11. As I'm walking in there's this cute little chick standing by the door. When she sees me she says, "Hey, like to party?"

"Since I know that I ain't getting any from Sherry tonight, I think, 'why not' and ask her "How much?"

"She tells me, "\$50 and I'll make all your dreams come true."

"I tell her that I don't have that much for a quickie so how much for just a blow job. She looks me over then says, "\$20 and we can do it in the back of your car."

"I tell her okay and that we can do it as soon as I get some butts."

"When I come out she's still there so I tell her to come on. She gets in the car and tells me to pull around behind the store into the alley, which I do. She points to a dark spot and I pull into it. I slide over and she leans over, unbuckles, unzips and pulls my pants down the starts sucking. She was good too so I closed my eyes, leaned back and started enjoying it. All of a sudden I feel something hard pressed against my head. I open my eyes and look, and there's this hippie looking dude with a gun pointed at my face telling me to hand over my wallet or he's going to blow my head off. The girl straightens up and is smiling at me saying that I'd better do it too cuz he means it. Now I'm thinking that I should be scared but instead I am really pissed. I was just about to cum when this shithead interrupted me and there's no way that I am going to give him anything. So I grab the top of my pants and jump over the girl and out the passenger window, hit the ground, roll then come up running. Now there I am running down the ally with my pants all undone and my dick flopping around."

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"I get back to the 7-11 and leap behind the dumpster. I tuck in my cock and fix my pants then peek over the dumpster back toward the Caddy. I watch for a few minutes but don't see any movement. I walk real careful back to my car but don't see anyone around. I look in the back seat to make sure no one's hiding in there. I don't see anyone so I get in, start the car, roll up the windows and lock the doors. Everything seems okay so I check the glove and even my .38 is still there. I am still really mad, I mean the dude could of let the girl finish. Hell, I might have been so mellow I might of even gave him the wallet but he didn't, so I think that I should find the bastard and shoot the cock sucker for trying to rip me off, but then I think, 'what would I tell Sherry.' Man, she'd really be pissed if she had to bail me out for capping some pimp, so instead I drive back home."

I ask him what he said to his wife.

Harry says, "When I walked in Sherry was reading a book. She looked up and asked me what took me, so long."

"I looked her in the eye and said, "There was a long line."

"She just said, "Oh" and went back to reading."

Kelly looked at Harry saying, "But Harry, what were you thinking about cheating on your wife like that. Don't you feel the least bit guilty?"

Harry looks at Kelly like she was crazy then says, "Guilty! What the hell for? It's all Sherry's fault that I got to go out looking for some strange anyway. I mean, if she was giving it to me at home regularly I wouldn't have to get any on the side."

Harry looks at John D and me saying, "Am I right guys, or am I right?"

John D and me both have to agree.

Kelly just shakes her head, rolls her eye's and says, "Men."

A PREVIOUS INCARNATION

I neither believe nor disbelieve in either reincarnation or past lives especially since most of the people who do always remember themselves as kings, princesses, magicians, or some other equally important persons. They never remember themselves as slaves, farmers or merchants, which is what most people were in the past. However, I do have a past memory that I've had as long as I can remember. Whether it's a genuine past memory, something I picked up from the collective unconscious or a dream I had, I don't know. But since it does exist I accept it.

In it I am a haberdasher in my mid-30's living with my buxom blond wife and my two healthy children, a boy 8 and a girl 6. We live in an apartment above my shop in a large city in northern Germany. It takes place right after the beginning of World War II.

On evening there's a loud knock at our door. When I answer a German officer and a half dozen armed soldiers enter. The officer informs us that we are to be relocated, forcibly if necessary, immediately. I start to protest but my wife tells me that we'd just better do what we are told. We are allowed to pack one bag for each of us. When we're finished we're taken out side to a waiting army truck and told to get in back. As we do we see that there are other people already in sitting on the benches. I ask them what is going on but no one answer's so we take our place besides them. After a couple more stops where more people get in, the truck stops and we are told to get out. The officer tells us to line up on the train platform. He then informs us to mark our possessions because they will be transported to our relocation camp later. After we're finished the officer tells us to march down the platform and board the waiting train.

As we're walking towards the train I can see the cars are just cattle wagons and that the soldiers are making the people board them. When it comes to my turn I stop and tell the guards that I'm certainly not going to travel in any filthy cattle wagon. They look at me for a second then call an Officer over and tell him that I am refusing to board the car. He turns to me and asks why I'm not boarding. I tell him I am a loyal German and that my family and I shouldn't be treated so shabbily. The officer then calmly pulls his knife out of its scabbard and stabs me in the stomach. In disbelief I fall to the platform holding my belly. As I look up I see my wife and children now looking down at me are crying in horror.

As I lay there dying I turn my head towards the officer and say, "Why have you done this to me?"

I am a good German.”

The officer simply says, “No, you are a Jew.”

AN ISLAND ROMANCE

I had been working the fruit sheds for the last couple of years and in one of them had been on the loading dock with a bunch of other young dudes. It's hard work, the boxes of fruit come down the conveyor belt and we have to sort them according to size then stack them on pallets about 5 feet high. They come out at a pretty good rate too so you are always moving but the time does go by fast, and it's a much better job than being inside with all the noise. Being agricultural workers we have different rules too: 10 hour days, 6 days a week before overtime kicks in and we're only paid a little more than minimum wage. But hey, it's better than working in the fields where you're only paid for what you pick, and unless you're real good then it's just a big waste of time. Plus, at end of season we get laid off and that means unemployment for 6 months.

While we're working there, the sheds usually have a place for us all to camp that includes toilets and showers so its not too bad. Every night most of us get together, drink, smoke, play music, do some light weight dope and just bullshit until it's time to turn in. Anyway, there's four other young dudes from the loading dock who told me that this spring they had gone to Jamaica for a two week excursion. Since I have always wanted to go there, it is one of the main fabled ganja areas in the world, I asked them how they liked it and what it was like. Here's the story they told me.

Jason starts, "We went down there in May before it got too hot to check out the weed and the black pussy since none of us had ever had any of that poontang before and we'd heard it was cheap there. We all fly there and land in Kingston which did have lots of pot and whores but was way too much of a hassle and the hotels were expensive, so we asked around and were told to go to Cockpit Country up in the mountains. The black dudes told us that was the place to go for the best ganj and the cheapest snatch. We took a really old bus up the mountain then when we got there told a taxi driver to

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take us to the best whore house around there.'

"He smiled telling us, "No problem, Man." and drove us up to this big shack out in the middle of nowhere. He drops us off and at first we just stand around waiting to see what's happening and nothing is, so Robert goes up and bangs on the door."

Robert smiles and says, "Yeah, I knocked and after awhile a big fat black woman comes out and asks us what us white boys want? We tell her, "The best grass and the hottest pussy that you got."

"She laughs at us then looks us over. She tells us that it is way too early for pussy. That her girls ain't even awake yet cuz it's only early after noon and she don't even open until sundown but she'll see what she can do for us in a few hours when the girls do start getting up. Then she says, "You boys do got money, don't ya?"

"We say, "Yes Mam, we got plenty."

"She smiles and says she'll see what she can do about getting us some ganja in the meantime."

Jason breaks back in, "So she calls her boy and tells him what we want. Well I think that's what she said, because we could barely understand her. She tells us to sit on the couch that's on her front porch and gives us some rum and cokes but with no ice, then goes back inside of the house."

Now it's Jerry's turn at the story, he laughs saying, "An hour later this Rasta looking dude shows up and asks us if we want to smoke split. We do. He tells us the price and we give him the cash. He rolls up a couple of giant hooters then lights one up. We smoke just one and within a few minutes are totally wasted dude. I mean we are zonked. Then the Rasta dude lights up the other one and after that we are petrified. The Rasta dude then asks us if we want to smoke another one but we are all too stoned to even talk."

Robert takes over again, "I ain't never been that high in my whole fucking life. I mean, I couldn't talk, couldn't move and couldn't hardly see. Man, I was Chinese eyed. I was so high it was a little scary. I mean, they could of done anything they wanted to us and there wasn't a thing I could've to stop them."

Jason says, "Me either. Man, we were stoned. Anyway, the Rasta dude calls out the madam, tells her something and they both star laughing at us for being so stoned. Then she calls out a couple of the girls. They ask us if we're ready for some red hot black pussy, but all we can do is stare at them like idiots. So they start teasing and jiving us about not being able to get it up, or even get up off of the sofa."

Robert says, "Man, we must have sat there for hours before any of us could move or talk. That

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was the best dope I'd ever smoked. The madam then came out and gave us some more rum and coke with a big plate of fried chicken, beans and rice. After that we started feeling pretty good and told the madam to get those girls ready cuz we were going to fuck the hell out of them."

"She just laughed saying, "Come on in boys and we'll see what you white boys can do cuz my girls are waitin' on ya."

"Man, we spent the whole night there raising hell and having fun. Man, and let me tell you, them black girl were hot and wild!"

Jason says, "And the whole thing cost us only a little over \$100 for everything. Man, what a night."

Robert continues, "After that we hung out on the beach for the rest of the trip until it was time to fly back, then we went up there for one last party and spent all the rest of our money. It was the best time I've ever had."

Don who hadn't yet spoken, smiles and finishes up the story, "But after that first night we only smoke joints cuz them spliff's were killers, dude."

SANTA CLAUSE AND ONE EAR

The Santa Clause Queer and the One Eared Queer are a couple of old queens who use to come out to the hot springs on a regular basis. They liked it so much that Santa Clause bought a small apartment house out here with four units. They were from somewhere in LA so they would spend all week in the city cruising the streets for young boys who'd they'd bring out to the desert then dress up to party with. They both fit their names too, the Santa Clause Queer was short, round and bald on top with a fringe of long pure white hair and a bread to match, and he always wore red suspenders. The One Eared Queer was tall and thin whose skin looked like a patch work quilt. He had spent so much time in the sun on Venice beach checking out the action that his he skin cancer real bad. He had to have one of his ears cut off, then the doctors took strips of skin from his thighs and stuck them all over his face, neck, chest and shoulders. What a pair. I think the only reason they ever able to pick up young dudes

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was because Santa was rich

They loved to party too. Almost every weekend they were out at the pools and mostly with different boys. Santa like to tart his up with lots of garish make up dressed in Frederick's of Hollywood attire. One Ear liked his in black leather especially big spiky cock rings that kept the boys with what looked like a perpetual hard on. They'd be at the pools having a gay old time. Something that upset most of the residents who did not like that faggot stuff going on around them. However, I'd remind them that this was a free place and a lot of people did not like what they were into either so, as long as they weren't violent... They all grumbled but agreed.

I myself didn't care since I had tried the bi life while living in San Francisco during my hippie years. It was pretty hard not to have gay sex then. At least a quarter of all my friends and party mates were gay. Also, in an orgy sex was sex and with all orgasm being created equal, any orgasm is a good orgasm. But I failed at the bi life because having sex with males wasn't, to me anyway, as exciting or as much fun as sex with females. It was just okay, kind of like jacking off and I could hardly bring myself to kissing other men. Trying to make out with one gave me the willys especially ones with beards. I don't see how women can do it. Anyway...

After a couple years Santa and One Ear quit coming out to the desert plus no one had lived in their apartments for a long time, then one day here's comes One Ear down the road in his jeep with a boy toy but no Santa. I ask him where he's been for the last few years and where's Santa. He tells me this tale: "Ronnie's in prison for trying to murder his wife."

I say, "No shit. You mean he was married?"

One Ear nods saying, "Yeah, he was married for over 20 years to a very wealthy woman, and they got along fine until he came out of the closet. That's why his wife bought him the place out here. She wouldn't divorce him and she told him that as long as he acted like her husband while in LA then he could do whatever he wanted out here. We had a real good time for those years too, but then Ronnie got tired of playing the straight and started screwing around in the city. His wife gave him the ultimatum: Either quit his perverted ways around her and confine them to the desert, or she would divorce him and leave him without a penny. Ronnie told her he'd straighten up, but it really pissed him off. Somehow or other Ronnie met a guy who said he was a hitman, so Ronnie told him that he'd give him ten thousand dollars to kill his wife and the guy agreed. Ronnie gave the guy the keys to the house and told him he wouldn't be home that weekend."

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"Ronnie and me went to Vegas for the weekend where he told me all about it. I told him he was totally nuts, but he said he was too old to be broke and to start over. Well, the guy broke into the house but forgot to turn off the burglar alarm and the wife wasn't at home anyway, so the guy figures that he'll just wait around until she gets home but of course, the cops show up first and arrest the guy for burglary. He tells the cops he wasn't a burglar. No, he's a hit man, and if they cut him loose he'll testify against Ronnie in court. The cops figure a murder conviction is a lot better than a burglary conviction so they say okay. Just about then the wife walks in and the cops have the hitman tell her the story, which really pisses her off, so she tells the cops to throw the book at her husband. When we get back from Vegas, there's the cops waiting for Ronnie. They cuff him, read him his rights and take him away. He goes to trial with just a public defender since his wife is divorcing him and he now has no money. He's found guilty and gets 15 years in Soledad. I saw him right before they took him away and he tried to be up beat by telling me that at least he's gay so prison shouldn't be too bad."

I ask if he still hears from Santa.

"He tells me, "Yeah we write, but Ronnie is not having a good time. Prison is way too rough for the poor old dear and now he's saying that he'll probably die in there."

I remind One Ear that Santa did try to off his wife.

"One Ear nods saying, "Yeah I know, but still..."

After that One Ear quit coming out to the desert too. The apartment is still abandoned, a home for the homeless that is slowly sinking back into the sand.

A SIMPLE WISH

I'm standing on the Pacific Coast Highway in the early afternoon hitching south. Hitching the PCH is usually pretty good, the rides don't take you as far as freeway ones do but they do come faster. Today it's been the usual mix of LA people, religious nuts, young dudes and regular guys going to work so here I am in Huntington Beach when I see this hippie couple walking towards me. The guy looks like your regular generic hippie with long hair, a colorful shirt and blue jeans. The girl is decked out just like a

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gypsy and is covered with jewelry.

They come right up to me and the dude says, "Hi. I'm Sunny Sunshine and this is my Goddess, White Rainbow. I see ya got a guitar. Can ya play?"

I tell him I can.

Then he sees my shield that I have on the outside of my case and says,, "Is that your mandela?"

I say, "Yup."

He bends down and examines it then starts interpreting it and he's right on. He straightens up saying, "Play me a tune, will ya?"

So I whip out the Gibson and run through a couple numbers.

Sunny strokes his beard, turns to White Rainbow and says, "What do ya think?"

She just smiles and nods.

Sunny turns back to me saying, "We're forming a band and are out looking for musicians. How would you like to play rhythm?"

Having nothing better to do today and this does look like an interesting situation, I say, "You're on. Now what?"

Sunny tells me, "We search out the rest of the band." He walks over to the road and sticks out his thumb.

White Rainbow and I join him.

I try to talk to White Rainbow but she just smiles at me. Like I said, this should prove to be quite an adventure.

Within a few minutes a car stops and we get in. The driver wants to know where we're going and Sunny says, "Are you a musician, man?"

The guy says that he's not, so Sunny says, "Then where ever you are. Ya see we're forming a band and are looking for other musicians to join us. I play lead, White Rainbow plays drums and Tai plays rhythm, so we need a base player and maybe a keyboard."

I thought the guy might just kick us out but he just laughs and wishes us good luck. Sunny keeps talking to him about the band until he tells us this is as far as he goes. We thank him and start hitching again and soon another car stops and we get in.

Sunny gives this guy the same rap with the same results. We spend the next couple of hours just hitching around west LA with Sunny rapping about the band and looking for a base player. A couple of

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the driver's give Sunny a name of a friend of theirs who might be interested but Sunny tells them that he has to meet them like he found me or the band would lose it's magic. Sunny does all the talking. White Rainbow and me are just along for the ride.

By now it's starting to get late so I tell Sunny that I do not want to get stuck in LA after dark. He tells me, "No sweat man. You're with us now so don't worry about it, you can crash at our house."

Okay with me. Plus I am interested to see White Rainbow play the drums.

After three hours of hitching we've made a big circle and are now standing on the PCH in Laguna Beach. While we're standing there White Rainbow does a little hoochie-coo dance in front of me and I think, 'man, I sure wish I could get me some of that pussy.'

The second I think it, White Rainbow stops, frowns at me then walks over to Sunny and stares into his eyes for minute.

Sunny walks over to me, looks me in the eyes then says, "See ya later man. Just wait here a minute, you'll get what ya want. Bye."

Then he walks over to White Rainbow, takes her hand and they walk across the street. Sonny sticks his thumb out and a car stops, they get in and are gone.

I stand there stunned watching them go and thinking, 'oh well, fucked up again. Now I'll never know what could have been.'

While I'm standing there a big new looking car stops and a real straight looking woman in her early 30's, dressed in a suit, rolls down the passengers window, looks at me, smiles and says to me, "I see you have a guitar. Are you a musician?"

I smile back at her saying, "Yes I am." at the same time I'm thinking, 'Man, this is really weird, but what the hell'.

She says, "Well, I'd really like to hear you play. Are you any good?"

I tell her, "Oh, I'm sure that I can please you. I do have quite a repertoire and can play for hours."

She eyes me then says, "Well, then, will you play for me?" I say to her,

"I'd love to play for you but not out here on the street, it's just too noisy and busy."

She thinks for a moment, smiles real big at me then says, "Well, we could go over to my place. We'd have lots of privacy there."

I leaned down into the window, smiled right into her face saying, "That sounds real good to me.

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Shall we go?"

She opened the door for me then slid back over to the driver seat. I put my stuff in the back seat, got in then sat right next to her, put my arm around her whispering in her ear, "I think you'll like my music. I can play in any style."

She looked at me, licked her lips, puts her hand on my thigh squeezing then says, "I am sure I will."

As we drive away with her hand on my leg I'm thinking, 'man, this is one crazy life'.

PUSSY WHIPPED

"Who's that creep?" A Boy Named Sue wants to know pointing at a straight looking guy standing over by the garden.

"I've never seen him. Why?" I ask.

"Because," she says "he just came up to me and ask if I wanted to fuck."

I grin and say, "Well, do ya?"

She gives me a fuck you look then says, "It's not just me. He's asked some of the other girls too and he keeps following us around staring at us."

"So what do you want me to do about it." I ask.

Sue says, " Tell him to cut the crap."

I say okay and go over to the dude and introduce myself asking who he is. He say that his name is Joe and that he found out about us from a junkie I know named Keith whose been here a few times.

Joe says, "Man, you got more naked pussy around here than I've ever seen outside of Devils Slide." (A nude beach south of San Francisco.)

"Well," I say, "we have a problem. The girls here don't want you following them around asking if they want to fuck. These are liberated hippie babes and if they want to fuck you, don't worry, they'll let you know so either you're going to have to cool it or leave."

Now it's Joe that gives me the fuck you look but after a moment he relaxes and says, "Okay man,

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I can dig it. I'll cool my ways."

I tell him that's good and to enjoy then walk away. I watch him for awhile and he does cool it. He's still staring at any naked chick within 100 feet but he's keeping to himself.

It's getting onto evening so the local freeks head for home, leaving about a dozen of us including Joe to spend the night in the tipi field. When it gets dark we build a fire and have dinner. Joe is sitting next to Niaomi who still hasn't put her clothes on. Joe's trying to talk to her but she's ignoring him. After dinner we brake out the guitars and drums and play some music while passing around joints and home brew.

Niaomi gets up and leaves the fire, Joe follows. A minute later she's back and squats down between Janice and Mary Lou. She talks to them for a minute and they nod. Niaomi gets up, calls Joe over, says something to him then takes his hand and leads him over to her sleeping bag about 50 feet away. She spreads it out on the ground then lays down while Joe whips off his clothes. Then they go at it. As soon as Niaomi's done singing her birthday song, Mary Lou gets up, goes over to the happy couple, takes off her clothes and gets in bed with them. Joe is delighted and pretty soon it's Mary Lou that's doing the singing. When they finish, Janice gets up, goes over, gets naked and jumps in bed. Joe is in heaven. He's a healthy young dude so he's ready to rock. When Janice finished with him I though a forth girl would join them because we've all been watching what's been going on and know the tripp. The girls are going to fuck Joe to Death. Well, he asked for it so now he's going to get it, and it does make a fine evening's entertainment.

No forth girl, instead Niaomi crawls back up on top of Joe and they're soon going at it again with Mary Lou and Janice giving Joe encouragement. When Niaomi's done for the second time it's Mary Lou's turn again but we can see that Joe's starting to flag, it won't be long now. Mary Lou gets off of him and Janice takes her place.

Joe says something so we all quiet down to listen in, "Jesus, don't you girls ever quit?" Joe asks.

"But Joe, I'm still horny, come on, just one more time. Come on, you can do it, get it up for me." Janice says sweetly and Joe does but not for long. Janice, still sitting on top of him says, "You're not done already are you Joe? I'm just getting started."

Now Joe makes a fatal mistake, he admits weakness, "Jesus, I've already done you twice. I need to rest awhile. I tired."

That's just what the girls are waiting for and they attack with viciousness "I thought you were a

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real stud."

"Gee Joe, are you a man or not?"

"Come on Joe. I'm still hot and you said you were good, so get it up."

Joe says, "Just give me a chance to rest up then..." but they cut him off,

"But I'm horny now."

"Maybe we wouldn't be if you had a bigger cock."

"Or if you kept it up longer."

"Hell, I don't think he even came. I'm barely wet."

"Oh, he came all right, it was just so fast."

Joe says, "Hey, I ain't never had no complaints before." and tries to get out from under Janice but the girls aren't letting him up.

They're pulling him down and pulling on his cock saying, "I don't think he can get it up. Maybe he needs a boy."

And Niaomi who speaks a little Spanish says, "Esta un pinche puto Jose?"

"Or maybe he needs his Mommy."

"Or his Daddy."

Joe's mad now saying, "Hey, I ain't no queer and if you bitches don't let me up then you're all going to sorry. And don't say nothing about my Mother either!"

John D, a mountain of a man who looks like a biker, says, "I'll take care of this." and walks over to Joe and the girls, puts his paw on Joe's shoulder and says, "What's the problem?"

Joe says, "These bitches are insulting my manhood and they won't let me up."

John D squeezes Joe's shoulder hard and tells him, "First of all, these ain't bitches. These are ladies." and squeeze harder. Joe who's maybe 5'7" and 150 pounds looks up at John D, 6'4" and around 250 pounds and knows that he'd better mind his manners.

He says, "Look, I've already done these 'ladies' twice and..."

The girls break in "What a lie. I don't think he even got it up once."

"I didn't feel a thing it was so little and quick."

"AND," Joe continues, "I told them that if I could just rest awhile then I'd do the all again, but I'm too tired right now."

"What a wimp!"

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"Poor little baby."

"Provicito Jose. Que lastima."

John D says, "Look Joe, you're just gonna have to finish what you've started. We can't have unhappy women around. It'll spoil the party."

"Listen man," Joe says as John D crushes his shoulder, "I just can't do it right now."

John D says, "Well girls, I guess you're going to have to let this poor little boy go home and let us men finish up."

The girls say, "That's okay John D, he wasn't any good anyway."

"Yeah, that's the smallest dick I've ever seen, my baby brothers is bigger."

"Probably queer anyway. Like it up the ass, Joe?"

John D lets go of Joe and says, menacingly, "Get the fuck out of here and don't ever come back, compendo amigo?"

Joe just nods and the girls let him up. Joe puts on his clothes and walks to the edge of the tipi field while the girls call after him, "Run home to your mama little boy."

"Puto."

"Pussy."

But he has one more humiliation to face "I don't know my way out of here in the dark." he calls out.

I walk over to him and say, "Follow me."

As we walk through the chaparral Joe says, "Man, that's the worst experience I've ever had. I've never met such mean bitches. And I ain't queer either, those were just whores from hell."

I tell Joe, "Yeah, you have to be careful with hippie chicks. They'll eat you up, spit you out and have you begging for mercy in nothing flat."

Joe says, "No shit man. I ain't never messing with them again. I'm sticking to nice girls."

We get to the orchard where the cars are parked and I ask Joe if he has a ride. He says, "Yeah, see ya." and walks away.

When I get back to the fire and tell everyone about the 'whores from hell' and "nice girls" bit they all crack up.

Janice says, "He was a pretty good fuck too. To bad he was such an asshole." and the other girls agree.

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We congratulate the ladies, and while we all have a good laugh over the nights events I think to myself that anytime the women wanted to, they could take over the world. They could simply screw every male into submission, because I don't care how big a stud you are, there's no way you can out fuck a female. I should know, they've had me begging for mercy plenty of times, but then again, begging for mercy from a beautiful woman is one of the finest positions that I've ever been in. Mercy, Oh, Mercy Me!

RAVEN-OUS

My lover Kelly and I were living on the roof of a small hotel off of a little ally in the city of Chaing Mai, Thailand. Even though it was really just your basic \$4 a day room we like to call it our penthouse since, other than the big hotels about a mile away we were in the highest building around and had a fantastic view of the city. Whenever we rent a room in any hotel we always ask for the top floor because although you have to climb a lot of stairs, you are usually above the noise and pollution. And this room was really special. On each side of the hotel there's low wooden Thai style houses. In the back which is where our room was, is one of Chaing Mai's many temple complexes, which has a huge temple cover in gold with lots of golden bells hanging off of it's spires that tinkle in the wind. Also, there are Buddhist monks chanting and banging gongs most of the daylight hours but who sleep quietly all night so Kelly and I had a very pleasant stay there.

In fact it was so nice that we stayed an entire month with only a few side trips up into the Golden Triangle to score some Thai weed and smoke a little O. The other great thing about where we were staying was the aviary in front of the hotel. It's pretty big too, probably 100 feet long, 50' wide and 30' high. It's filled with tropical birds of all kinds and not just ones from Thailand either. Not only are there common birds like fantail pigeons and colorful little finches but there are ringed neck parakeets from India, parrots and lorikeets from Australia, grain hornbills from Indonesia, lovebirds from Africa. And those are just for color because there's also songbirds like butcherbirds and magpies, plus ones we've

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never seen or heard before but whose songs are complex and beautiful. Then there were the talkers like myna's and our favorite, the big jet blacker than black raven.

Even though Kelly and I had been there nearly a month and had fed the birds little treats almost every time we passed them most of them ignored us unless we were feeding them, however the raven was a totally different case. First of all he's the alpha bird in the aviary. Only the hornbills are bigger than him but since they're fruit eaters and he's eats anything including meat well, there's no contest of as to who is king of the cage. He was always not only first in line but he got all the choice morsels and he ate until he was full. His favorite thing is chicken bones and skin with his second being boiled peanuts. The peanuts and chicken skin he ate right away, the bones he buried in the dirt of the cage floor for later. He doesn't care for fruit very much so that's mostly what the other birds get.

Whenever we went out we'd buy some cheap fruit plus we would bring back any leftover's from our meals for the birds. As soon as the raven saw us he would start cawing loudly and hopping from foot to foot on his favorite perch. This would alert the other birds who will also start making noise or singing and flying around the cage. We'd feed the raven first. Usually we would give him a little skin then a bone. While he was busy burying this it gave us a chance to feed the other birds. The hornbills are next, then the parrots, then the parakeets and so on down the line according to size and aggressiveness until we were out of grub. Of course, in between time whenever the raven hopped back onto his perch we had to give him something or he'd chase away all the other birds then caw at us.

After a while he became used to us feeding him so we even had to save a little something for when we left the hotel because god help us if we pass by the aviary with empty hands. Even if it was real late at night we still better have a treat for the raven or we'd hear about it. If we forget then his caws would change from a friendly welcoming sound to a raucous strident noise accompanied with a lot of wing flapping. Plus, if any other of the birds got too close to him then they received a vicious peck on their head from him. Kelly and I would talk soothingly to him telling him that we simply forgot and that we'll bring him something next time but he wouldn't listen, he was pissed. He even held a grudge.

The next time we'd pass we would make sure to bring him a treat but when he saw us he'd hop to his perch then turn his back on us. We would apologize but even if we'd offer him some chicken skin he'd just ignore us. The other birds didn't care, they were happy to take whatever we brought when ever we'd bring it but then again, they didn't act like they knew us at all or cared who gave them something. It was completely different with the raven. He knew us and cared about how we treated him.

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Sometimes he'd sulk for a day or even two before he became friendly with us again and would take food from us. He was always a delight because he was both intelligent and personable.

Kelly and I traveled to Chaing Mai many times over the years. If it was possible we always stayed in one of the rooms on the top of that hotel and every time we entered or left the place we would stop for a chat with our friend the raven and give him a small treat. He was always there and, as long as we fed him a little something, he was happy to see us.

A NEW AGE BOB, CAROL, TED, & ALICE

I've know Bob for over 20 years, back in the time he was known as Dirty Bob and not because he wasn't clean but because he was crazy and nasty. About a dozen years ago he met Carol and they moved in together, cleaned up their acts, got good jobs, had two kids and bought a house out in the east bay, in other words, became yuppies. I hadn't seen them for a few years due to Kelly and me constantly traveling but the next time we passed through the bay area we stopped in for a visit. I called Bob and he said to come on over. We did and when we walked in, instead of Carol and their two kids, there was a woman that we had never met and two more kids.

I asked Bob where's Carol.

All he said was, "We're not together any more. I'm with Alice now." Then he asked how we were and where we had all been, effectively changing the subject.

We all had supper together then Bob said that he was the horn player in a jazz band and had gig tonight so he had to get ready. He told us to come over to the bar he was playing around 10 p.m. then we could party after.

After he was gone we got to know Alice. We sat around chatting and smoked grass. We asked her what had happened to Carol?

She said, "It's a long story."

We told her we had nothing better to do for the next couple hours so she said okay then started: "I used to be married to a guy named Ted. He and I were High Priest and Priestess of a New Age church

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that had about 30 full time members. Around two years ago, Bob and Carol started coming and soon after joined our church. After that we became real good friends, hanging out and doing things together a lot. One day Carol and I were in the kitchen and she saw some bruises on my arms and asked how I had gotten them. I told her that sometimes Ted like rough sex and gets a little wild, but that he didn't mean to hurt me."

"Carol looks at me and says, "Oh really!" Then she tells me that she wouldn't mind a little rough sex herself because Bob and her, due to their jobs and the kids, now only have sex a couple times a month and even then it's not very exciting.

I tell her that I really don't care for the rough part and would like a more gentle lover. We're quiet for a moment then she changes the subject."

"A year later I come home early from work and when I walk into our bedroom there's Ted and Carol fucking right on our bed. Carol jumps up and comes over to me. She asks if I want to join them, but I am too stunned to speak."

"Then Ted comes over and tells me that he and Carol have been having sex for the last 6 months and that he's actually glad that I caught them."

"I am so embarrassed and mad that I can't even speak, and they're not even ashamed standing there naked talking to me."

"They tell me it's their plan, that after the holidays that Carol is going to get a lawyer and sue Bob for palimony taking him for everything's he worth. And that I can either join them or else Ted will divorce me and try to get every thing that we have. And if I tell Bob anything then they will get me real good."

"I don't know what to say or do, they just laugh then go back to the bed and start making out right in front of me saying, "Sure you won't join us?"

"After that Ted was always threatening me. I was so scared that I didn't say anything to Bob."

"Three weeks later, a week before Christmas, Carol tells her shrink of the plan and even records it, then accidentally leaves it on her dresser. Bob comes home, sees the tape and thinks it's one of his bands, so he plays it. After he hears it he's so mad that he leaves the house, goes straight over to see his lawyer and play the tape for him."

"His lawyer tells him to make sure that everything's in his name, to close out all of his bank accounts and to cancel all the credit cards before he confronts Carol. He does it the next day, then

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confronts Carol with the tape that night.

"She just laughs at him, telling him that he was a lousy lay and that she is going to screw him good."

"He orders her out of the house so she splits and comes over to our house and tells Ted what's happened. They then confront me, saying I now have to choose. I can either join them or get the hell out. Since there's no way I'd stay with them and having no other place to go, I come over here and ask Bob if I can stay here for a while until I can figure out just what I want to do. Bob being a real gentleman, says that I can. After a couple days we start sleeping together and have been together ever since."

"A few days later Carol comes over and is really pissed off about the closed bank accounts and canceled credit cards. She tells Bob that she's taking the kids and if he ever wants to see them again then he had better not fuck with her anymore. What she doesn't know is that this time it's Bob who's recording the conversation which he turns over to his, and now my, lawyer. Anyway, he lets her take the kids who after hearing Carol's tape now hate her and blame her for everything."

I break in saying, "Well, it was 100% her fault. What a bitch! Couldn't she have at least waited until after Christmas."

Alice looks at me, shrugs then continues, "Anyway, both her kids (a girl 10 and a boy 8) and my kids (two boys 6 and 8) are now sharing a bedroom at my old house. Our lawyer gets an order granting us visiting rights for our kids so Carol brings them all over for a visit. The kids tell us that all Ted and Carol do, is have sex all over the house, and that they even have it in front of them not even bothering to try and hide it. They tell us that Ted and Carol don't even close their bedroom and the bathroom door while their busy in there. The kids hate it there and ask us to get them out. Bob is really upset and has the kids tell their story to the tape recorder then tells them that Monday he will take the tape to the judge and get custody of them, and not to tell either Carol or Ted about it. The kids say all right."

"Bob takes the tape to our lawyer and the lawyer takes it to the judge. After the judge hears not only the kid's tape but Carol's shrink tape, he sets a hearing for a couple days later. We all got to court and the judge plays both tapes, then asks the kids to be brought in and asks them about living with Ted and Carol. After that he asks Ted and Carol if they have anything to say. They don't, so he gives Bob and me full custody of the kids, but still grants Ted and Carol visitation rights telling them that they had better behave themselves in front of the kids or he'll revoke it."

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“After that things go pretty smoothly for us. With the tapes in our possession Ted and Carol do not contest the divorce. Bob gets full custody of his kids, gets to keep the house and doesn't have to pay Carol any alimony. I get full custody of my kids, Ted's and my old house which I am letting them live in, and Ted has to pay me both child support and alimony.”

I ask if Carol has to pay Bob anything.

She says, "No, Bob told her that as long as she's good to the kids and doesn't bother him then he won't seek any since he makes plenty of money and doesn't need it."

Wow! What a twisted tale.

I tell Alice, at least it had kind of a happy ending with the bad guys getting the shaft which is real unusual in California courts then I say, "And whatever happened to you guy's church?"

Alice says, "Well, Bob and I quit, that's for sure, and so did about half the other people when they heard the story, but the rest are still going and they even have some new members. Carol is High Priestess now."

I say, "How could anyone still go after hearing how rotten their High Priest and Priestess are?"

Alice says, "I asked a few of them that, and they told me that they forgive Ted and Carol because they're only human and it has nothing to do with the message."

I say "Just like Jimmy Swaggert. Man, people are such fools."

Alice just shrugs and says, "Yeah, I guess." It's getting late so Alice says, "You guys want to go see Bob play?"

Kelly and I say, "Sure."

We have a really good time listening to Bob and the band get down.

Kelly and I stopped in on Bob and Alice a year later and I am happy to report that all is well between them, and that all the kids seem happy and well adjusted, they even enjoy visiting Ted and Carol who are also still together and running their church. Life is just too funny to believe sometimes, but it's all we have and it is always interesting.

POKER ANYONE?

Neville and Cynthia were an English couple that hung out with us at the house on 25th St. who really liked to party. They didn't do to many drugs, only pot and a bit of speed to help them stay awake but they loved to drink. Both of them had long blond hair. Neville was clean shaven and they were both about the same size, medium height but Neville was portly while Cynthia was built. They were the same age as we were and they were a lot of fun until Neville got really drunk then he turned into a raging asshole that got kicked out of more places faster than anyone I knew. When Cynthia got drunk she'd just sit around and laugh so she was much more liked than Neville.

I had personally kicked Neville out of our house on a number of occasions and he had never fought it. I'd just grab him and tell him that it was time for him to leave then escort him to the door with him all the while cussing me in English and with Cynthia behind us laughing all the way to the door and out onto the street. Sometime Cynthia would help Neville home but some times she'd just leave him on the sidewalk saying he could come home whenever he was able. He always made it because when I'd next look out he'd be gone though he did spend a few nights in the drunk tank when the cops nabbed him before he got to his door. They only lived two blocks from us on 23rd St. in a one bedroom half flat so we partied a lot together for a couple of years.

One night they came over and said that they had just gotten a big check from somewhere or other and how would we like to go out and help them celebrate. The others at the commune all had something better to do, mainly stay in and do dope, but I said that I'd be glad to help them waste their money at the bars so off we go, Neville, Cynthia and me.

For the first few hours everything was all right. We drank, shot pool and bullshitted but then Neville reached his civilized threshold and became a foul obnoxious drunk insulting everyone in the place so we were kick out. We went to another bar and lasted maybe 15 minutes before Neville started throwing pool balls on the floor so we got thrown out. We went to a third bar and were in and out of it in less than 5 minutes. Cynthia then suggested that we buy some scotch and gin and take it to their house to finish off the night. Neville and I said that sounded like a good idea so it was off to the liquor store for supplies.

We got to their place and continued drinking into the night. Neville liked to listen to old music from the 50's, so he put some of that on. It was so bad that if I hadn't been drunk I would of left.

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We're all sitting around talking when Neville says to me, "Say, are you a betting man?"

I ask what he has in mind?

He says, "Poker" then turns to Cynthia and asks her, "Hey luv, you up for a little poker?"

Cynthia just giggles and nods her head yes.

I say, "Sure, I could play a hand or two."

"Neville says, "The kind we play doesn't involve the use of cards, only the chips. Right babe."

Cynthia gets up, laughs and says, "Right you are, me bucko." then walks into the bedroom.

A few minutes later she's back with a poker chip caddy in her hands but she is not wearing anything below her waist except her thick blond bush.

I look and ask what kind of poker they do play. Neville explains it to me, "We each get an equal number of chips. Cynthia will sit on the kitchen floor with her legs spread apart as far as she can. Then we each roll the chip and see who can get closes to her snatch. If it sticks between her pussy lips so that it doesn't fall then it's double the bet you have to pay."

Being drunk this all made perfect sense to me so I told him let's do it.

He asked what I wanted to bet as he divided up the chips and Cynthia sat down on the linoleum and spread her leg laughing the whole time and telling us to hurry up.

I said "How bout a quarter a chip."

Neville goes "Oh big spender. How about a dollar a chip?"

I agree.

"All right, I'll go first." he says. He set his chip on its edge and rolls it towards Cindy's open pink slit. The chip hits her thigh, bounces off and falls a good four inches from the goal.

I roll mine and actually hit her pussy and my chip falls right next to it. Ho, ho I win.

Neville mutters, "Beginners luck. My turn."

We play like this for maybe a half hour. And at first I'll tell you, it was pretty exciting and I really got into it, but after awhile it became just another game so I started to lose interest. Or maybe it was just all the scotch I was drinking but anyway, I started losing and I thought that Neville and Cynthia might even be cheating. It seemed to me that when Neville's chip got close to Cindy's slit, she would actually try to snatch it up while when my chip got close she would pinch her pussy shut. Anyway, by the time we quit I owed Neville \$10. No biggie, I told him that I'd pay him in pot.

Cynthia got up off the floor rubbing her ass saying that it had gotten numb.

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Neville helped her up saying that he would warm it up for her. He turned to me and told me to find my own way out, and to be sure the door locked behind me then he took Cynthia into their bedroom and closed the door.

I left thinking that in my whole life I never would have thought that looking at a naked pussy would be boring. Gee, life was just full of surprises.

MICKEY MOUSE ACID

I've given a hit of acid to a lot of people in my life. In fact, up until I was about 35, I always carried some with me where ever I went. So when somebody asked me if I knew where they could get some, why I'd just hand them a tab or barrel or micro-dot or windowpane or whatever form it was in and say to them, "If you take it right now then it's free." I don't think anyone ever turned me down. A lot of them even came back for more. I gave it to anyone who asked whether they were first timers or long time users it didn't matter, if you asked you got it.

So this is my favorite turn on tale and it goes like this: Kelly and I had been traveling throughout India and Nepal. We had spent a month in Pokhara high in the Himalayas where every morning I went out to the mushroom fields and picked as many shrooms as I could find then I would bring them back to the hotel and dry all the ones we didn't eat. By the time we left Pokhara we had a big baggie full. From there we traveled by bus to Kathmandu then on to Varanasi where we switched to second class train for the journey to Calcutta, Madras, Mysore, Trivandrum and finally to the southern most point in India, Kanya Kumuri.

By the time we had gotten there we didn't have many shrooms left, maybe a quarter ounce. We were standing on the beach watching the sun set when a hippie looking dude approaches us and says, "Beautiful, isn't it?"

We agree and start chatting with him. And what do you know? He's from San FranCheeseCo so we spend the evening together swapping stories about the City and it's people then we talk about where we each had been on this journey. When he found out that we'd been to Pokhara he asks if the stories

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are true about the mushrooms. I tell him not only are they true but that I have some dried one in my pack.

He says, "Far out man. Would you be interested in trading them for some acid?"

I say sure.

We go to Kelly's and my room where I hand him the shrooms. He checks them out then gives me little piece of paper with four Mickey Mouse Sorcerer's Apprentice printed on them. He tells me that each hit is a 4-way. I tell him to eat at least 12 shrooms to get off. I stash the LSD and we're both happy with the trade.

Five months later Kelly and I are living on a beach in a coconut wood bungalow on an island in the Philippines. There's only a few other honky's around so most of the time we have the beach pretty much to ourselves, but then one days we're invaded by about 30 older teenagers both white and native. They're on vacation from their private school in Manila. They decided to get away for a week and come down to the island and hang on the beach, get tan in the day and drink San Mig at night. They have lots of energy and are a lot of fun so we fall in with them drinking and partying.

The night before they have to go back to Manila we're all sitting around a fire drinking and talking when one of the Filipino dudes says that he'd sure like to try some of that LSD that he's heard talk of. And I remember, there's one hit left in with my traveler's checks. So I take him aside and say, "I have a hit that I'll give you but you have to take it right now."

He smiles saying "Okay."

I get him the hit and he drops. He hangs around the fire for a while then he disappears into the night but everyone is having such a good time that they don't miss him.

Next morning one of the girls who we've become friends with, comes over to our bungalow and asks if we've seen Julio. I tell her not since last night. She tells us that he's missing and she hopes he makes it back here by noon or else he'll miss the boat back.

About 11 a.m. here comes Julio walking up the beach. He comes over to me then says, "Man, that was the best thing that's ever happen to me in my whole life! Thank you so much. I would have never believed it could be like that. It was so wonderful. Thank you man, thank you."

I tell him he didn't have to thank me, after all someone had turned me on. It was all just part of the tripp and that I was very happy for him that he had a good one.

He says, "I couldn't believe it could be like that." then shakes my hand and walks away. His

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friends asked him where he had been all night but he just brushed them off and went to pack his things. When it was time to go he told us good bye and that he would always remember us. And I'm sure that he still does because I can still remember my first acid tripp as if it just happened yesterday.

I SWEAR

The other day Paul, a long time friend of ours came over to our house and was telling us about some people at the hot pools who had whipped their kid for being bad in full view of the hot springs. Paul, who is against any form of child abuse, was outraged and said, "Can you believe it. The kid was only 5 years old and they spanked him just for running around and bothering folks. They're lucky that I didn't whip their asses."

So I started telling Paul about some of the ways that other peoples of the world disciplined their children. When I got to Thailand I told him that the Thai's corrected their kids by a member of the same sex pinching the genitals of the offending child. It's usually done by the oldest family member who's present but once I even saw a restaurant manager call over a couple of kids who were left in the restaurant and were running wild. She told them to come over to her then told them to behave, which they did for about five minutes. Soon they were running around again so the manager called them over again. When the kids came up to her, she reached out and pinched the oldest boy through his pants right on his penis. The other Thai's in the restaurant started laughing and pointing at the boy who was immediately ashamed of his behavior, straightened up, took his sisters hand and sat down at a table until his parents came back. Kelly and I have seen this kind of punishment lots of times and it always worked, and with either sex.

Paul, like most Americans, was very upset at what he considered to be sexual child abuse says, "Those perverts should be arrested, thrown in prison where they could suffer a little abuse themselves for doing something like that."

I say, "But Paul, that's not any worse than spanking, slapping or beating a kid. Or even screaming at them and calling them names, and the whole time that we have traveled in Thailand we've

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never seen any of those happen to a child. Since the object of disciplining a child is to get their attention and to alter their behavior, then pinching their genitals and laughing at them is better than actually hurting or belittling them."

Paul looked at me saying, "I don't believe you. You know how I feel about child abuse so I think that you're just telling me this to get a rise out of me, because no one is going to touch a kids genitals in public and get away with it."

We then go through period of "I tell you it's true." "No it's not." Until finally Paul says, "Well, if it's true, will you swear to it on the Bible?"

I say, "Sure, I'll swear on it, but since I am not a Christian then swearing on the Bible would mean nothing to me."

Paul's quiet for a moment then says, "Well then, what does have meaning to you that you will swear on?"

I think then say, "Kelly's panties have meaning to me, so I'll swear by them." I turned to Kelly saying, "Hey Kelly, take your panties off and kick them over to me so I can swear on them that what I said is true."

Kelly just shrugs and starts to take her panties down, but Paul stops her by saying, "That's okay Kelly, you don't have to take them off. If Tai's willing to swear by them then I guess I have to believe him even though I still thinks it's sick! And anybody who does it is just a filthy pervert."

I try to tell him that different culture's handle different things differently and that there is no one correct way to do anything, but Paul wouldn't listen. He just shook his head at my stupidity.

OH FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS

This is for all of you cry babies out there that I meet traveling who sing this tired song, "It's nice here, but I can't believe how touristy it is. It must have been really fine before "they" got here and ruined everything." Or worse "I hated it. I will never go back. There was nothing there but tourist."

Well my friends, you are the ones who "ruined" it. You are the tourist who demand and can pay

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for your western style comforts. Me? I love what tourism has done for the third world. I love the more modern convinces that tourism has brought. I love the privileges that are bestowed upon me as a tourist, but then maybe I am just getting old and soft. Maybe you are right, maybe it was better before you and your Lonely Planet guide showed up. So let us join Mr. Peabody and his boy Sherman in the way back machine and travel back to pre 1985. To the fairly untouristic third world before the Shoestring Guide appeared and see how good the good old days were...

First of all, you are going to have to learn some of the native language because once you leave the big cities almost no one is going to speak English. There is only one hitch, unless you're going to some where that speaks Spanish, German, Italian or French, there are no phrase books or even English/Foreign dictionaries, plus there are no guide books except maybe Fodors and unless you're planning to stay at only 5 star hotels, they're useless. So what to do?

Well, as soon as you get to the first major city you find a friendly native who speaks passable English. Ask him to have lunch with you then for the next couple hours ask him, "How do you count to 100?" "How do you say "How much?" "How many?" "Where is the..." "Please and thank you?" Write everything down in your little notebook until you have your very own phrase book, which you can add to as you go along. Of course, there will be regional variations and pronunciation may vary but hopefully it will be good enough to get you by. Thank the guy and pay the bill.

Or maybe you want to go to an "English" speaking third world country. The only problem here is that your English and their English is not the same English. In fact, it will take you week or more before you will even be able to understand what they're saying and then it will be like Spanish-Portuguese, close but still lots of room for lots of misunderstandings. Also, third world countries have totally different concepts of space and time than you do. Close to them might be 10 miles away while far away could be on the next block. Or you could ask someone if something is close by and they'll answer you "No, I think it's open now." so dust off your pantomime skills because you're going to need them and if you're the type that gets easily frustrated then just stay home. But you say, "No big deal. I can handle it." so let's go.

Okay. But unless you're going to Mexico (from the US) or North Africa (from Europe) there are no direct or even cheap flights. It's going to cost you a lot and take a long time to get there. Any flight there is today between you and your favored destination, double the flight time and triple the number of stopovers. Your ticket price won't cost much more than today's price but remember 1975 dollars were

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worth a lot more than 1995 dollars, however it will be cheap once you get there, that I can guarantee you. It will be real cheap, but just remember the old adage, "You get what you pay for".

Unlike now days there are no overnight luxury coaches or superfast express trains, they are all locals. That 500 miles you have to go that would take 8 or 10 hours in the west is going to take you, if you're lucky and depending on what country your traveling in, anywhere from two to five days. Kelly and I once took a local mini bus from Lumbini, India to Pokhara, Nepal, a distance of around 100 miles. It took a mere 13 hours, and we were lucky because the bus had no brake downs or flat tires and there were no road washouts, all of which are very common occurrences. Also, once you get out of the cities the pavement ends and all the roads become a one lane so it'll be dirt, dust and danger all the way. Your bus is going to be very old and very uncomfortable. The interior will be so short to stand up in, the seats will be wooden planks some with backs and there will be absolutely no leg room. Seating will be 6 across, 3X3. If it gets really crowded there will be someone sitting on your lap. Since it is a local you'll also be riding with chickens, goats, dogs, pigs and calves on board, though they usually ride in back but it will be cheap!

"Well" you say, "If there's a train going there it has to be better." and it might be.

Of course, in the good old days all the trains were steam trains, romantic no? But steam trains burn coal and if the wind isn't blowing the right way then by the end of your journey you will be covered with soot from head to foot and your clothing will be full of holes from where the burning embers hit them. It might not even be faster, local trains can average only 15 mph. But even before boarding you have to buy your ticket which will involve at least three to four hours of standing in line. No tourist windows, no tourist offices and no tourist quotas. You'll get the very next available seat anywhere from three days to three weeks away but again, it will be very cheap, even cheaper than the bus. There have been plenty of times that we've ridden over 500 miles for as little as a dollar. Now all you have to do is to get on the train, which is easier said than done.

Busses run all the time so seating isn't too much of a problem once you get on, but trains run only once a day or even once a week. See all those folks standing on the platform with all that luggage? About half of them are waiting on the same train as you so sharpen your elbows. Your train is pulling in, quick rush the door if you want a seat for the next 24 to 72 hours and show no mercy. See that granny, give her a knee to the groin, the lady with the baby, a shot to the ribs. There's a guy whose taking the very seat that you've got your eye on. And it's the last empty one, step on his foot, shove him out of the

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way then slip into the seat, smile and say, "Sorry."

The seat will be a wooden slat bench but it's all yours. If you don't get a seat, don't worry you can always sit on the floor, on the luggage or on someone else lap, after all, they are going to do it to you so no harm no foul. It's your stop, now all you have to do is get off. Remember how you rushed the door to get on? Well, you are going to have to fight your way through that to get off. Good luck, hope you make it off, if not, don't worry you can try again at the next stop. You made it except where you want to go is another 50 miles with no bus going there

No problem, just flag down a passing truck, hope your language skills are good enough to tell him where you're going, and that he's going your way. Negotiate a price then hop in front if there's room otherwise it's either in back or on top the load for you. Four or five hours later there you are unless it's an island you're going to. If it is then it's stand on the dock until a fishing boat is going your way. Settle on a price and you are home free.

You are in that really bitchen place and if you're lucky there will be a hotel. In the day it will be quiet enough but at night it will double as a warehouse so take a nice long nap. Plus, at night is when all the bugs come out and you'll want to be well rested for that action. Check out your room. A small square made out of either wood or concrete cinderblock with short rope beds covered with a rough cotton spread and maybe a rock hard pillow. Depending on where you are you may or may not have; a table, a fan, a light or a mosquito net. The bathroom, if there is one, will be outside.

If there isn't then just use any bush and hope that you won't be the natives entertainment. For washing up there may be a bucket and hand pump or just a bucket on a long rope for the well. To take a bath you have to wrap a sarong around your body and wash out of that bucket as best you can. Forget about toilet paper, there won't be any and anyway, it's better to use soap and water.

Hungry? It's supertime, no restaurant though. You eat what they eat; yak, water buffalo, chicken, dog, monkey, pig, goat, whatever. Plus it's all either barely cooked or burned to a crisp and all served with rice and watch out for small rocks. I've broken more than one tooth while eating rice. If you're in veg country like trekking in Nepal, it's rice, dal and chilies with tea to drink for breakfast, lunch and dinner. No bottled purified water either, it's drink right out of the well, stream, river or lake but hopefully, you brought your halazon tablets so no problem.

Back to your room, let's check out the ceiling. Chances are it's made of palm fronds, hope you have a mosquito net because there are all kinds of nasty creatures living up there, like snakes, scorpions,

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rats and the dreaded centipede. If one falls on you at night you will get stung and it's going to swell up and hurt like hell for days. If there is no hotel or bungalow then you are going to have to stay with the headman of the village and his family. Maybe he has a separate hut for you but if not, don't worry, you can sleep on his floor with him, his wife, his kids and some of his animals. Of course, there is no TV or radio so you get to be the center of attention. The whole village will simply sit around and stare at you. Got to go to the toilet? Hope you enjoy the audience. Your only saving factor will be that you don't speak the lingo so you won't be able to share in their delight and laughter at your expense.

Well, it's bedtime. Don't let the bed bugs bite because they will. It doesn't hurt when they do but you can feel them crawling all over your body sucking out your blood from below in competition with the mosquitoes who are buzzing in your ears also sucking out your blood from above. In the morning you'll look like you have the pox and will itch like crazy. Did you remember to bring the Caladryl? Because if you scratch them bites open then you will get a Staph infection in them which is a motherfucker to clear up and until you do you'll have big open running sores that only get bigger and really really hurt if you even touch them.

Other things you can expect if you travel a lot in third world countries are: Scabies, which are mites under your skin that itch really bad and are almost impossible to get rid of. Also, there are lice, fleas, ringworm and intestinal worms. Maybe you'll get giardia or amoebic dysentery. You don't know the meaning of the verb "to shit" until you catch one of these. Then there's just plain old diarrhea, or constipation, gastritis, bronchitis along with a host of others. Most of which are easily cured IF you are near a chemist. Kelly and I have suffered from all of these and more many times, it's just part of your third world adventure.

And we consider ourselves lucky because there is some really bad shit out there: Real killers. There's AIDS, rabies, hepatitis, malaria, cholera, tetanus, typhus, yellow fever, dengue fever, typhoid, plague, **DEATH!** Kelly caught typhoid once and it took her over six months of taking some really powerful antibiotics to get well. Besides these bad boys, there's other more exotic stuff, some of which are real bad like Tuberculosis. Some just plain painful like furniture bugs. In some countries everyone carries a newspaper but not to read. Instead you sit on them because if you forget to, then the furniture bugs will go through your pants and gently bite your butt and thighs. You won't feel a thing until you get up, then your butt's on fire. The pain only lasts a few minutes but the itch will last you for days.

But again, your lucky. The locals catch much worse things like: Leprosy, where all your

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appendages simply rot then drop off. Or elephantiasis, where your limbs swell up to five times their usual size and get all scaly then you go insane and die. Or goiter, which is like having a grapefruit hanging off of your neck from lack of iodine. Or blindness caused by a simple lack of vitamin A or by birth. Or rickets, again a disease caused by lack of vitamin C. Then there's something I don't know the name of that causes babies to be born with their knees backwards so the kid's leg's bend the wrong way. They have to spend their whole live scooting around on their butts. Or pinheads who have some weird disease where a persons body grows regularly but where the head stays small. Then there are the regular cripples and amputees on skateboards or just crawling through the dirt. Or there's the ones born with birth defects who look like monkeys or space aliens. And let's not forget the true basket cases. People who have either lost both their arms and legs or simply weren't born with them. Someone puts them out on the street each morning so the healthy can throw coins at them all day then picks them up at night. Lastly there's all the people who have minor lingering diseases who simply can't afford the medicine because they're too poor so they just suffer with what ever it is.

The biggest killer in the third world in the good old days was simple dysentery, plain old diarrhea. Since everyone was sick and starving to one degree of another, if they got the shits for as little as three days they could die from it. So tell me all of you who hate tourism now days, how would you like to experience watching somebody suffer and die right before your very eyes because they were just too poor to afford the medicine? Now that what I call real entertainment!

Beggars are another thing that tourist always complain about. Hell, now days there are hardly any because the folks working in the tourist areas are all fairly well off. Less poverty equals less beggars, less disease, less birth defects, better medical treatment, better food and better hygiene. Back in the good old days there were thousands of beggars where ever you went and they would pester you, sometimes in large groups for blocks for just one stinking penny because that penny meant whether they and their family ate or not that day.

Are we having fun yet all of you whiners and complainers. How's the glorious past sound to you now?

I am so happy to see the native population doing better these days. Most are now better dressed, better fed and are prospering because even though traveling was hard in the good old days seeing the poor people sick and hungry and wearing nothing but rags, especially the children, was a lot harder. Just think all you cry babies what you are spending on you're little vacation could feed, house and clothe an

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entire family for a year or more! So next time you're sitting in a restaurant eating a big meal, drinking your expensive beer or wine and some poor beggar asks you for a lousy penny. Instead of being annoyed and arrogantly shooing them away, smile, give them a coin and wish them good luck because except for an accident of birth. It just as easily could have been you!

But I won't lie to you either, it was extremely bitchen going to places that almost no other westerners had been to and seeing all of the beautiful and strange people in their native costume with their totally alien ways. It made all the hardships of travel well worth while, but to go back to it. Never! And anyway, those places still do exist. All you traveling tourist haters got to do is: First, throw that fucking guidebook away. Pick a spot on the globe that no ones goes to, one you have never even heard of. Then go there and walk off into the countryside because it is still all there waiting for you. All you have to do is have Faith and Go.

SHIT HAPPENS

Kelly and I are driving up a pretty little river valley in the Sierra's on our way to one of our favorite free Forest Circus campgrounds. It's about 20 miles from the nearest town on a narrow winding but paved road. The river's big enough and warm enough to swim in and there are springs to get pure mountain water from, waterfalls you can hike to and even a warm soda spring to bathe in. When you sit in it, your body hairs trap all the little bubbles so it's just like bathing in warm Perrier. We got enough supplies for a week so we're set. As we're going up the road an ambulance then a fire truck pass us going the other way, then a CHP, some Sheriff cars and a bunch of Forest Circus Nazi's. Oh, oh, looks like big doings up ahead, hope it doesn't affect us.

We pull into the campground and sure enough there's still some Forest Circus trucks and a Sheriff's car. We see some folks that we know and have camped next to before so we pull into the space next to theirs. They're an older Christian couple who, after their own children grew up and moved away from home decided that they still wanted to have some kids in their lives so they adopted two Korean orphans to raise and call their own. The kids are great, they've had them since they were babies and the

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boys, now 6 and 7 years old are your typical American boys.

We hop out of the van and say, "Hi, how are you doing?" Then, "And what's with all the cops."

They tell us a tale that is truly weird and being Christian, I'm sure they left a lot of the gory details out but it's still one of the strangest tales that I've ever heard.

"There was a man down in the toilet!" they both say at once.

We say, "What?"

"He was down in the pit trying to kill himself." they say.

This is considered a primitive campground, no electric, no tap water and no sewer, which is why it's free. The shitter is a big cinderblock house with two doors, one marked 'Men', the other 'Women'. The toilets are outhouse style with plastic seats. Everything falls into a common pit, which is pumped out by a "Lil" Stinker once a week. We pull up a chair and listen to this bit of strangeness.

The wife Bev says, "You go ahead and tell it Phil."

So Phil does, "When we were eating breakfast this morning we heard a woman screaming, so we went outside to see if someone need help. There is a woman standing outside the toilet yelling, "There's a man in the toilet!"

"We think that she probably just forgot to lock the door and some man walked in the wrong side by mistake and scared her. Some people go over to her and try to calm her down, but she keeps yelling, "Don't you understand, there's a man in the toilet!"

"A couple men go into the ladies side to look around but they come back out and say that there's nothing in there."

"The woman says, "Did you look down into the toilet? He's inside of there."

"By now the whole campground is standing around the woman and she's still insisting about what she's seen so some of the men go and get their flashlights then go back into the bathroom. Pretty soon we all hear someone cry out, "Go away! Leave me alone!"

"One of the men come out and says, "Sure enough, there's a man down in the pit."

"At first no one wants to believe it. What would somebody be doing down in the pit? A lot of the folks go to get their flashlights and go in to see for themselves. Then we hear that poor soul crying, "Go away! Leave me alone! This is all I deserve, so please just go away!"

I ask them if they went to look.

Bev says, "No sir, and I kept the kids away from there too."

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Phil continues, "Someone said that we should call the police and a guy says that he's already alerted React on his CB. Another says that we should leave the man alone or he may try to hurt himself. Most folks do so we all stand around waiting for the police to show up. Twenty minutes later the first of the Ranger's come along and asks what's the problem. After we tell him he goes into the toilet to see for himself. He comes back out shaking his head saying, "Why would anyone want to be down in the SH-T." then tells everyone to stay out until he can get some help and figure out just what to do about it. Someone asks him about using the toilets. He tells them that there are a couple Port-A-Potties a quarter mile up the road and to use them or the bushes. Then he goes to his car and radios in."

"About half an hour later there's every kind of policeman here, plus a fire truck and an ambulance. The Forest Service guys have removed the toilet and the police are trying to talk the man out of the pit, but the man just keeps crying at them to leave him alone and to just let him die down there because it's all that he deserves. The police tell him that's not going to happen so he might as well come out of there. The police and firemen standing around are all saying that there's no way that any of them are going to go down into that pit and bring him out and as far as they're concerned, he can die down there. The ambulance attendants are even saying that if he does come out, they do not want him in their ambulance so they are leaving. The police tell them to stay, they grumble but they do. After an hour or so the police have finally talked the man into coming out. They promise not to hurt him and that he'll go to the hospital, not to jail because as far as they know he hasn't broken any laws, but he does need to be checked out by a doctor."

"The man comes out and is dressed but he's covered in SH-T. You can smell him from a mile away so every one gives him plenty of room. The police tell him to go down to the river, take his clothes off and get in. They ask if anybody's got some spare clothes and some soap that they're willing to part with, and a bunch of people go and get some. When he gets to the river a ranger tells him to put his clothes into a big plastic bag, which he does. He seems to be all right now, at least he's not crying anymore and he does what the police tell him to do. After he washes up, he puts on the donated clothes. The police handcuff him and lead him over to the ambulance. He and a policeman get in back and leave. We asked a policeman just what's going to happen to him."

"He told us, "That one's going straight to the nut house." Then all the rest of the police and rangers leave except for a few who stay to take statements." Phil finishes.

Wow, what can we say except that it's unbelievable that anyone would actually try to drown

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themselves in shit. I asked Phil did anyone know why he did it and how long he was down there?

Phil says, "The police asked him when he came out why he did it. He said that he was down there for since yesterday and since his life was SH-T that he though he mise as well die in it."

Well, what can you say to that?

SIZE DON'T MATTER

The other night Joanne went to a party, found herself a new boyfriend and brought him home. He called himself Daring Dave, but who, for obvious reasons, everyone else called Donkey Dick Dave. Dave's a tall young skinny white dude who sports, he says, a real from balls to head, 12 inch cock, and I believe it. Since Dave's not shy about either telling everyone about it, especially the ladies, or showing it to anyone who asks to see it, we've all seen it. Also, whenever he walks through the house naked, there it is, swinging between his legs hanging half way down to his knees. It doesn't look too thick but that puppy is long.

In fact, he picked up Joanne by asking her if she ever rode a genuine foot long dog. Joanne, who has fucked a lot of doinks, informed us that when she told Dave to show her the goods, he didn't even hesitate. He whipped that long dong out and put it right in her hand. She said she looked at his crank and gave it a squeeze. When it jumped in her hand she was 'in love. Well, for a couple days anyway. She brought Dave home, took him into her room and didn't let him out until the next day. Of course, all the girls in the commune wanted to know if Dave really packed a whole foot of meat and if so, what it was like to get boned by a wang that big? Joanne was happy to give them all the gory details. Joanne, a girl who really knows her shlongs, said she hadn't measured it but Dave's rod when erect sure looked like a full 12 inches to her. And at first when he stuck it all the way in up inside of her, it had hurt but once her pussy adjusted to it's monster size, she was in heaven. She never felt so fulfilled. Plus, as a bonus, Dave had staying power. Joanne went back into her room for some more of the horizontal bop with Dave's handle while the other girls made plans of their own for his johnson once Joanne was finished with it.

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A day later Joanne had had enough, there were just too many other great lays waiting for her out there to get hung up on this one. Kerry then plied Dave with pot and compliments until he was ready to sock his big cock to her. She took him into her room and kept him for the night. Then she turned him over to Pat who later told us, “He was getting pretty fagged out after 3 days and nights of solid fucking but to his credit,” she smiled, “he did last long enough to satisfy my curiosity.”

I sure my wife Lindsey would have liked to try out that giant python too but at that time we were being monogamous so she only listened longingly to these lustful tales of lust.

After Dave had rode off into the sunset, the girls spent an hour talking about how great it was to have been banged by such a large member. So I ragged on the girls about how I always heard females say how it’s not the meat that matters, it’s the motion, and how superficial they were being for fucking a guy simply because he had such a big tool. After all, I’d certainly never heard of any woman extolling the virtues of a 3 inch dick even if the dude was virtuoso with it

They all rolled their eyes then looked at me like I was stupid. Pat said, “Geeze Tai, you don’t have no room to talk. All men care about is: “How big are her tits?” “Does she have a nice ass?” “Look at those legs!” So don’t give us any shit just because we acted like you guys for once.”

“At least” I said, “we don’t lie to ourselves pretending to be all sensitive and caring when all we really do care about is: Are we gonna get laid or ain’t we? In fact, we may talk about big boobs and nice butts but all we want to know is if she’s going to let us touch, squeeze, suck, fondle and fuck her body. Because if she is, then we don’t give a good goddamn in hell how she looks. We would much rather be with a short plump plain Jane who is free with her favors than some tall leggy beautiful ice princess who puts her pussy on a pedestal. All you girls got to do to satisfy us is act like you like us and give us a little pussy. We men may be shallow but at least we’re honest.”

The girls looked at me for a second, then at each other. They shook their heads and started laughing like I didn’t have a clue. Then ignoring me went back to discussing Donkey Dick Dave.

PARTY HARDY!

From 1970 to 1980 Cave Junction, Oregon and its sister area Takilma were party central for the planet. Sure, there were more parties going on in the big cities like San Francisco, LA or New York City but those are big cities with big populations where most of the people not partying. In Cave Jct. 50% of the folks partied all the time and 90% of the entire towns population partied on weekends, and a whopping 90% of everybody in Takilma partied every night of the week and it didn't matter who, young, old, hip and straight and in every combination. Hell, you couldn't even go to town without someone accosting you who was looking for some fun.

Once I was doing my wash at 10 a.m. and some freek sticks his head into the Laundromat and says, "Hey man, you got any grass?"

I told him sorry but I was out.

So he says, "Oh well, I guess we'll just have to smoke some of mine." then whips out a hooter, fires it up and we smoke it as we watch the clothes go round.

Another time I as I was bicycling through I had stopped at the corned market for some Gator Aid, it was about noon. I was hot and I was thirsty. As I came out of the store two girls maybe 16, asked me "Hey mister, would you buy us some beer?"

I said that I'd be glad to if they would share one with me.

They said "Sure" and gave me enough cash for two 6 packs of Bud. I bought it then we walked down to the river then up it a little ways where we spent a very pleasant couple hours sipping cold brew, skinny dipping and laying on the hot rocks under the summer sun.

But it was at night that the real fun begun. If you wanted to booze then you'd head for Cave Jct. especially on a Friday or Saturday night. The bars would be jammed with people, the rednecks and hippies drinking together. It was so crowded that you could hardly walk in and buy yourself a brew before some friendly soul would strike up a conversation, invite you over to his table and introduce you to all of his friends. When it got to be closing time or it everyone just got bored, the party would then head over to somebody's house.

One time I was drinking in the Sportsman with a combo of rednecks and hippies that I had just met when one of the guys, a straight looking dude about 50 says, "Let's go over to my house and do some serious drinking."

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Since we were all already drunk, this sounded like a good idea. Everyone, about 20 of us, got in their vehicles and followed him and his wife to their house. It was a big ranch style house on a few acres of tall pine with a fenced lawn. When we got out of our cars he says, "Okay you hippies, listen up. I don't wanna see no fucking. But if ya gotta do it then do it in the bushes outside out of sight, and if you brake anything then you had better be able to pay for it, or by God, I will brake your ass. Understand!"

We all understood and the party continued throughout the night with the heads smoking weed and drinking beer and the rednecks just drinking whiskey mostly. By morning we had all passed out in the living room.

Next day the party continued. When we had run out of booze the owner said that he would go to town for more supplies. The guy, after collecting all our money says, "Okay, I'm goin' ta town now, but I'll be back soon and when I do get back if anything, and I mean anything, is missing or broken, I will kill the whole lot of ya. Understand!"

Again everything was cool when he returned and we partied the entire day. On Sunday evening after a drunken supper of cold cuts on white bread, chips and dip, the guy says, "Okay, I have to work tomorrow, so everyone, get the fuck out. Understand!"

We all thanked him for his hospitality and us hippies left and went to Takilma to continue the festivities. It was a good party too, no fighting and except for the fact that our host hated rock and roll and all we had to listen to was Buck, Hoyt, Merle, Waylon and Willie the whole time, a fun time was had by all.

Fighting was about the only thing that you really had to watch out for especially when partying with the rednecks, but sometimes even those peace loving hippies liked to duke it out when they got real fucked up on booze. Sometimes when I was partying with the rednecks a fight would brake out with most of the men joining in and the women either shouting encouragement or cussing the stupidity of their men. When this happened I would head for the nearest exit if possible or if not, like the hippie coward I was, hide under a table or behind the women joining them in the shouting encouragement and cussing. If it was a couple of freeks going at it then everyone else would stand around watching and tisk-tisking, saying things like "Disgusting" "Shameful" or "Why don't you two just grow up." When it was over everybody would just go back to doing what they did best, partying. And partying was the name of the game in Takilma. Kelly loved it there so much that she spent two summers there and has many good memories of the place.

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To party in Takilma all you had to do was go over to any friends or acquaintances shack or old trailer, as that's about all there was at the time, around sundown and the party would start. After an hour or two there you would visit the neighbors to see what they were up to and they'd be up to the same as you, partying. After visiting them for a while you'd go to the neighbors next, then the to next one, and so on all night long until either you got to fucked up to visit any more or the sun came up. Then it would be time to find some shade to crash in so you could start again the next night.

There was no real town of Takilma, it was just a very large area where hippies and freeks had bought a few acres for themselves among the scrub and lived and partied with folks of like mind. One of the most famous incidents that occurred there exemplifies the spirit of the place best and is still talked about to this day by the old time freeks who still live there, was when one of the long time more flamboyant residents for her 50th birthday decided to be Lady Godiva on LSD. She got up at dawn, combed out her long gray hair, stripped down to her birthday suit, dropped a hit of acid then spent the day riding up and down the main road of Takilma on a white horse, partying and spreading delight where ever she went. Sadly these days are now no more.

We visited Cave Jct./Takilma in 1994 for the first time since the late 70's. Everybody we knew from the old day had moved away. We saw some old freeks sitting drinking beer in the City Park. I went up to them and ask if they wanted to smoke a J, they did. I asked them what had happened to the place.

They said that the 80's happened, and that the freeks had just gotten old or had moved away. They had sold their plot of land to the yuppies and New Ager's from California. Those who had stayed partied less and less until now it was pretty dead except on weekends and then the parties were not the wild joyous celebrations of times past in which the whole area joined in but sedate private affairs among friends.

When I asked about Cave Jct. they told me that, yeah you could still get drunk at the bars on Friday or Saturday nights. But now you had to watch out for the cops, something that was never a problem before because even if they caught you out drunk they would either just ticket you or tell you to follow them to your home. Now they took your ass straight to jail. The dudes told me that most of the dope dried up about five years ago. That was when a new sheriff got elected, and along with the rest of the "Just Say No" 80's, got tough and busted a lot of people whose only crime was feeling good with their friends and getting high. So now Cave Jct. is just another small southern Oregon town and Takilma

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a small enclave of old hippies from the south (meaning Calif.).

Too bad, but nothing lasts and I even understand the changes myself. I stopped getting totally fucked up in 1984. I quit getting really drunk, taking LSD and hard drugs. I even stopped smoking cigarettes and I loved those, and not because I felt I had to either, it was I just didn't need them anymore. Life is good enough for me all by itself to feel great. I still smoke grass, eat shrooms or Peyote whenever they present themselves to me. And I drink beer and wine, have a shot of liquor now and then, especially in a cup of hot coffee on a cold winter's morn. But other than taking a few pharmaceuticals occasionally that I still like, that's about it. So here's some free advice to those of you between 15 and 35 - PARTY ALL YOU CAN! - At your age it should be nothing but Big Time FUN with lots of sex, drugs and rock and roll because after about 45, there's still sex, though not as often, but then it's a good meal and a nice nap. So... Party On Wayne! Party On Garth!

I SMELL POT

My friend George is in the hospital. It's a small one that serves the desert community. They don't have many patients so he has his own room. Now as you know George is a pothead of the first magnitude so after a few days there he wants some smoke and tells me to tell everyone who comes to visit him to bring some which after that we all do. Usually we get him a wheel chair, wheel him outside so he can toke up without the authorities any the wiser. But there was this one time.

Kelly and I walk into George's room and he tells us to sit down because he has a good one to tell us.

It seems that Indian Johnny was there to visit George right before we showed up and brought George a hooter to smoke. George says, "I didn't feel real good and the weather is kind of cold today so I told Johnny just to fire it up here. He asks if it's okay and I tell him sure. The nurses never come around this time of day. So Johnny opens the window and we stand next to it and suck that puppy down."

"A few minutes Johnny says he has to go so..."

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“Anyway, he's not gone more than 5 minutes when my nurse comes in and says loudly, “I smell pot!” and gives me the evil eye.

“So I gotta think fast saying, “You smell what?”

“She says someone has been smoking weed in this room and she want to know if it was me.”

“I look her in the eye and lie like a motherfucker saying, “Sorry, but you know I don't have no sense of smell anymore so I didn't know my last visitor was smoking reefer I thought he was smoking a cigarette.”

“My nurse tells me she does remember I lost my sense of smell but it's illegal to smoke anything in a hospital and I should know that. I tell her I just forgot.”

“Then she wants to know who it was and I give her some phoney name. But she knows what Johnny looks like so tell him not to visit anymore.”

Kelly and me are laughing like crazy and congratulating George on his quick thinking.

He looks real proud of himself then say to us, “I know you brought me a joint, Tai, so go get me a wheelchair.” And I did.

PATTI P ON THE LOOSE

Patti P's long time boyfriend came home early from work one day to find Patti fucking another dude right on his couch so he immediately through both Patti and all her stuff out into the street and told her never to return. So now Patti's out at the hot springs with a vow to fuck every guy in town who's willing. And I hear she's doing a pretty good job at it.

I'm at the pool by myself for a week because Kelly's visiting her Mom for 2 weeks back east. Since it's getting late in the season there's not a lot of folks left here but there's enough to party with and to make life interesting.

Late one night the Pollack and me are standing around a fire drinking some Scotch I had straight from the bottle when a very drunken Patti sidles up too me, starts rubbing her fine little body against mine then says, “Hey Tai, why ain't you fucked me yet?”

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Now Patti's a native American, a race I haven't ever had sex with so since I'm fairly drunk too I answer her back, "Well hell Patti, how about right now." She grabs my hand and it's off into the night we go.

When we get to where it's nice and dark Patti asks, "You got a blanket or towel we can lay on?"

I just shrug, she can see I don't so she then say, "Well then fuck me doggie style so I don't get any sand in my pussy." Off come her clothes followed quickly by mine. She gets down on her hands and knees and I get behind her.

After we're finished she tells me that she's had enough fun for tonight and is going back to her camp so she can get some sleep.

I tell her it sounds like a good idea to me too and off we go in separate directions except instead of going to my van I remember the Scotch and instead go back to the fire where the Pollack and me finish that bottle off.

Next morning I'm sitting in the hot pool nursing a hangover when I see Patti coming my way and a little part of me cringes.

But Patti just slip into the pool, smiles and says, "Good morning, Tai." and that's it. I can tell by looking at her that she don't remember a thing about what happened last night.

I smile back at her saying, "Good morning to you too, Patti." never being happier about the black out effects of booze.

MY ANIMA

I've seen her a lot and have actually met her quite a few times. Even though she appears as a different woman, she always looks the same and we recognize each other instantly every time. She's in her mid 20's to early 30's, is tall, between 5'7" and 5'10". She has long straight blond hair and blue eyes. She's slim and sometimes small breasted but sometimes a little more voluptuous with larger breasts and hips. Since she's tall she has long arms and legs. And she's always smiling. The funny thing is even though I have

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been with her on numerous occasions I've never had sex with her. When ever I have been with her it hardly even crosses my mind because I feel complete just being around her.

The first time I met I was on a ferry between Bremmerton and Seattle. I'd been roaming around the Olympic Peninsula hitching the roads and hiking the forests. Talk about green and lush, it is a true rain forest, the only one not in the tropics that I've ever been in and I was very impressed. There's nothing quite like worshipping in the Green Cathedral. We saw each other right after we boarded. I walked over to her and we looked into each other's eyes and just knew. We sat together and chatted on our way across the sound. She was from Port Orchard, married with two kids, on her way to Seattle to go shopping for the day since I had nothing better to do I asked her if I could join her. Of course, she said yes. We spent the next 4 hours together mostly just being with one another then it was time for her to catch the ferry back. I walked her to the terminal and we kissed good bye. She got on the ferry and sailed away.

The next time we met it was in a health food store on Maui. Again we see one another and it's instant. We start talking, she's been on Maui for a couple years living with her boyfriend. They have a small house on the other side of Haiku just a few miles from my tree house. We have lunch together then she off back to home. She offers me a ride and I accept. She drops me at my trail and drove away. I saw her and her boyfriend a dozen times after that and she always had the time to stop and chat or to offer me a ride. She told me once that her boyfriend was jealous of me because he knew that something was going on between us and even if it was innocent, he didn't like it. He didn't like the way we looked into each other's eyes as we talked. She said that she told him that he was just being paranoid and to cut the crap. She said that he wouldn't understand anyway.

The time after that I met her on an airplane, San Diego-San Francisco. Fate had seated us together. As soon as I sat down next her she looked into my eyes and said how she was to have me with her because she had never flown before and was really nervous. I told her I had flown thousands of mile with nary a mishap (which was lie) and that she'd be fine. During the flight she held one of my hands the entire way and put the other one down the front of her jeans Al Bundy style. We talked and she told me that she was on her way to join her boyfriend who she'd Been living with in San Diego. He had been

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transferred to San Francisco and had found an apartment for them. She said that if it had been up to her she would've taken the train but he had sent her the air ticket so she thought she'd try flying. She said she didn't think she would try it again. On landing she asked me to hold her then buried her face in my shoulder and kept it there until the plane stopped. When we de-planed there was her boyfriend waiting to meet her. When she saw him, she ran up to him, threw her arms around him and gave him a big kiss then told him how if it wasn't for me she didn't know if she'd have made it. We shook hands, he then thanked me and offered me a ride into the City which I gladly accepted.

The next time was the best. I was high up in the Rocky's in Colorado camping in the woods a little ways away from a small two lane county road. It was early morning and I was meditating in my tent, the mosquitoes being too bad to do it outside, when a voice said to me, "It's time to go". I immediately pack up and left. As soon as I stepped out onto the road a car came down the road, pulled over and stopped. I went up to it and looked in and we saw each other.

She got out of the car, came around the front, hugged me then looked into my eyes and said, "I knew there was a reason for me to take this back road and here you are." She told me that she was on her way from Denver on her way to get married to her fiancée' who'd just move out to LA and would I like to join her on the drive to California.

I said I'd be happy to and got in. There wasn't much room, she had it packed to the gills. After that she drove to the nearest freeway now that she had found me there was no reason for her to dawdle. We spent the next two days and nights together, talking, driving, sleeping on the side of the road in the trees side by side in our sleeping bags and just enjoying being together for this short time. On the third day we reached LA. She told me that she wanted me to meet her fiancée but I said no. It'd be better just to part company now, our time together was over. She drove me to the bus station to drop me off. When we got there we hugged, kissed and said good bye. She started crying and said she would never forget me, got in her car and drove away into her new life.

The time after that was on a Greyhound bus. I was riding from Seattle to Eugene, a city I liked to visit before hitching south to the City. I got on about half way through

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Washington when she boarded and she saw me, walked down the aisle then sat right next to me saying, "Glad you're here. I thought I would have to ride alone." She had been on a one week Yoga/meditation retreat, which she found boring and pretentious mainly because she said, she felt that the instructors attitudes was, "Hey, I'm enlightened and you are not. And I could not care less if you were." She said even the food was skimpy and served cold. She said she guessed it was suppose to help you overcome the material plane, but it just made her nervous and hungry. She was from Portland, married with no kids. She said that she had a good job and was basically happy enough but felt that something was missing in her life so she had tried the yoga retreat.

I told her to keep the yoga and meditation up because they would work sooner or later. We talked until the bus reached Portland then she kissed me on the cheek, said good bye and got off the bus. I waved bye-bye from the window as she walked away.

The last time I saw her I was in Germany. I'd spent the summer bicycling around Europe, which was really great. I'd bicycled Southern England, the west coast of France, Northern Spain, the Riviera up the Rhone Valley, over to Paris, up to Brussels. Then to Amsterdam, the hippest city in the world, up to Groenig, then over into Germany. Bicycling is the best and cheapest way to see Europe. Everybody bicycles there so everyone is real helpful and friendly, even the French. There are campgrounds in even the smallest villages and if you're not in a town, any field or woods will do. In three months of traveling I only got yelled at once. In Lyon I was riding through a freeway tunnel and the cops told me to get the hell out of there. The biggest bonus was the food. When you are doing 60 to 100 klicks a day, you eat and drink whatever you want all day long and still stay slim and trim. If I found a bakery with extra good chocolate eclairs (my favorite pastry) I would eat a half dozen or more and never think twice about the calories. My usual diet was fresh fruit, yogurt and coffee with cognac for breakfast; fresh fruit, yogurt, bread and cheese, a chocolate bar and beer for lunch; and fresh fruit, yogurt, bread, cheese and sausage and a full bottle of wine for supper with a lot of snacks in between. Yes sir, bicycling in a mighty fine way to go.

I tried it in the US once, bicycling from Bremmerton around the Olympic peninsula, down the coast to Eureka in California then inland down to the City one summer

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but it wasn't a 10th as much fun, way too many hassles with "the authorities". Anyway...

I am sitting outside of a really small market at a crossroads enjoying the morning sun, eating a mint cream filled dark chocolate bar when she peddles up on her bike, sees me, gets off, parks then comes right over to me and sits down next to me saying, "Would you like to share your chocolate with me?"

I smile into her eyes and give her half of what's left then we eat together in silence.

After we're finished she says that after she does her shopping, she would like it if I came over to her house, see her garden and drink some tea but we have to hurry because she left her year old son asleep in his bed. We bike back to her place, an old German farm house in the country sitting amid the fields by itself. She checks on her baby then makes us tea. We sit around chatting until her son wakes up.

He take an instant liking to me so I hold and play with him awhile then we all go out to sit in the garden. She tells me that her husband will working late so I can hang out with her and the kid all day if I like then spend the night. I ask if her hubby will mind us spending the day together.

She blows air out of her lips the way Germans do, and says "Und vhy should he?" so she, her son and I spend a very pleasant day with one another. She makes us supper then puts the baby to bed. We just talk until her husband comes home at 11 p.m.

She introduces us but he says he's tired and says he will see me in the morning then goes to bed. She shows me where I can sleep in the attic then gets me some bedding and says good night. Next morning we all have breakfast together. They say that they have to go to town that day and that I can either go with them or hang out there. I tell them that I have to pump at 60 K's of iron by sundown that day or I just won't feel right. They tell me to stop by again if I ever pass by. I say thanks for the hospitality, she kisses me on the cheek and says good bye and good luck. I get on my bike and peddle away.

I have met my anima other times too but not always in my waking reality. I'm pretty conscience in my dreams now and can remember most all of them upon waking. My anima in my dream reality is always the same woman and I've dreamed of her many times. In fact, I have only dreamed of Kelly more. My dream anima is nothing like my waking anima. She too is in her late 20's but is short with a very womanly figure. She has long black full bodied hair and Mediterranean skin with dark eyes and

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full lips like a southern Italian. She is always wears an embroidered white peasant dress and is always in the same place when I visit her. She is in a bare room with white walls and a polished dark wooden floor covered by a multicolored rug. The only furniture is a couch made of wood with brightly colored cushions and a wooden rocking chair. When I enter the room she is sitting in the rocking chair, she then gets up, takes my hand and leads me over to the couch where we sit together. She smiles and looks deeply into my eyes. We just sit there in one another's company never saying a word, at peace and in communion. After awhile I kiss her on her cheek then get up and leave. Perhaps one day she will speak to me. I wonder what she will say?

A GIRL CAN CHANGE HER MIND, CAN'T SHE?

I got a letter from Joanne saying she's coming for a visit. Sounds like fun to me. For the last eight months I've been living on the island of Maui, half the time alone in a tree house that I built myself on the top of a pua and the other half on Makena Beach with an assortment of real nuts. In her letter she says that since she's busy she'll only come for one week. She wants to spend 2 days with yours truly in my treehouse. Then 2 days with Claire, a friend of hers and an ex-lover of mine. A girl that I brought to the island from San Francisco with me, who after a couple months with me, found her own true love then moved in with him and promptly got preggars. And then 2 days with Leo The Libra, an ex-lover of hers who also now lives here. I really don't understand the part about her being busy seeing as all she does is deal dope and vitamins but hey, 2 days with the ever fun loving anything goes party till ya puke Joanne is worth a week with anyone else. I start planning for the 2 days of outrageous fun.

On the day she's flying in I get to the airport with a plumaria lei that I made for her and await her arrival. There she is! She runs up to me, jumps into my arms and gives me a giant hug telling me how happy she is to be here in Hawaii and to see me. I say, "Aloha" placing the lei around her neck and she gives me a big wet one.

As we're waiting for her bag, Claire and her boyfriend come up to us and say hi. Joanne gives them the same treatment she gave me. They tell her their van is waiting outside ready to take her up to

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their A-frame in Haiku. Joanne turns to me saying she hopes I don't mind if she spends the first 2 days with Claire.

I tell her no problem.

Joanne retrieves her bags and we all head to Claire's van. I ride with them part of the way until we get to the turn off for my pua. On the ride Joanne and I make plans to meet in 2 days. They drop me off. See ya then.

In the morning on the appointed day, Joanne and I meet at the juice bar in Pahia. She tells me that after the first evening she was bored out of her mind. All Claire and her boyfriend wanted to do was hang out and bask in the glow of Claire's pregnancy. They did have some grass to smoke but there wasn't anybody around to fuck. She tried calling Leo but he wasn't home, and since I didn't have a phone, she was stuck.

I tell her all that's over now. Because, first were going to Little Makena for some nude ocean swimming/sunbathing that will include a whole bunch of tequila drinking and pakalolo smoking with a pack of stone crazies. Then tomorrow we'll hitch over to Hana side for some naked waterfall swimming/sunbathing which will include eating a shitload of majick mushrooms and be all by ourselves. I tell her that in the next 2 days she is going to not only get fucked good, but she'll get really fucked up as well. Joanne's ready for it. We hit the road hitching toward Makena Beach.

Makena goes as planned. We party all day under the sun on the sand and in the surf with the other loony's, drinking and smoking. Then we party most of the night under the stars on the beach with a bonfire blazing away. Next morning we're a bit hung over but we're young, and we're pro's, so it's a little hair of the dog and we're ready to roll. Joanne and I walk out to the dirt road and stand there waiting for a ride. And here's one now.

It's a Latino looking guy driving a Jeep. He stops, we get in and introduce ourselves. He asks if we know the island very well. I certainly do and ask him what he wants to know. Can he drive all the way around Maui? With a 4-wheel drive we can, I tell him. So it's off we go around the backside of the island on a dirt road that's sometimes there and sometimes not. We take our time and stop when anything catches our fancy. As we're driving we chat. He tells us he's an Indian agent in Amazonia in Brazil. It's his job to search out indigenous peoples in areas that are going to be developed by timber, farming and mining interest, then he tells them their choice; It's either vacate their land and relocate to a reservation or die. Because they will be killed on sight by the immigrants. I ask if he isn't horrified by

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his job. He tells me no, somebody's got to do it and besides, he is giving the Indians a chance to relocate. If it was up to the newly arrived, why they'd just kill all the Indians off with no warning at all.

A couple hours later we reach The 7 Sacred Pools just west of Hana. This is the place; waterfalls and majick mushrooms. We depart the Jeep and set up my tent. Then we go in search of the wild shrooms. Finding some we scarf them down. After, we head over to the Sacred Pools, feeling the shrooms take hold on our walk there. We spend the day swimming nude in the cool water under a hot sun. When it gets dark we mosey over to my tent. It was a fun day but we're tired so after a little screwing around, we crash out.

Next morning we hitch to Hana for some breakfast then onward to Pahia, where Joanne tells me, she is suppose to meet Leo. He's not there. She's a little irritated. She wrote him with instructions of when and where to meet her. She calls. No answer. We wait. She tries again, and later, again. By 3 o'clock she's ready to hang it up. Joanne turns to me and says, "Well Tai, it looks like it's just you and me. So what's next?"

I tell her; The Mighty Haleakala. A 10,000+ foot extinct volcano that we can hitch up to the rim then hike down into its extinct caldera. A day in, spend the night, a day out. Then a day to rest up at my tree house and she'll be ready to fly home. Sounds good to her, let's go! As we're hitching to Haleakala I ask her if she's so hot to see Leo then why don't she just change her plane ticket and stay longer, maybe she can contact him later. She tells me she has too much going on in the City and besides, if Leo can't make time to see her, then fuck him!

We get to the top of Haleakala, check out the magnificent view then descend into the crater. We hike to the southeast end where there's a bunkhouse to crash in. After we're there awhile 3 Hawaiian cowboys, who've been hunting goats, ride up. They dismount telling me they've reserved the bunkhouse for the night. However, one look at Joanne, who is sunning topless, and they say they'll be happy to share not only the bunkhouse but their food, booze and weed as well. Everyone is happy. The cowboys break out the liquor and pot then set to cooking. By sundown the food is ready so we smoke a pre-dinner joint then scarf down the grub.

After a post dinner doobie Joanne says she has a surprise. She's been saving a gram of coke for a special occasion and this looks like it. She chops it up, makes some real fat lines and every body commences to snorting. A couple hours later the coke, grass and booze is finito, and so are we all. All we can do is crawl into our bunks and fall into a deep drug induced sleep.

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Very early the next morning the cowboys are awake and making breakfast. Joanne and I would prefer to spend more time in the sack but the cowboys are just too noisy and anyway, the cooking fumes are making us feel queasy so it's get up and shake out the cobwebs. After breakfast the cowboys bid us adios and go in search of some game. Joanne and I start hiking northwest to the lower rim to get out of the crater. By early afternoon we are on the road that leads back down the volcano and by then we're feeling pretty good. Within a few minutes a car stops. Inside is a nice looking Hawaiian couple who look to be in their late 20's. They offer us a ride. They tell us they're here on vacation from Oahu then ask if we'd like to party with them. Well, why not! Our hangovers have abated so once more we are ready to rock.

We stop at the first restaurant/bar we come to and order drinks all a round. When you're drinking in Hawaii, the pupu's are free. It's not just pretzels and peanuts either, it's real cooked dishes, plus the more you drink the more you get. The proprietors are smart, they know the more you eat, the more alcohol you can consume. Anyway, after a few rounds we get back in the car and head down the mountain. We stop at a store for some beer and muchies then drive to the State Park on the beach at Pahia for a bit of outdoor drinking. By late afternoon we are all getting fairly toasted.

I tell the Hawaiians that Joanne and I are going to have to leave. We have to hitch up to Haiku before it gets much later or else it's too hard to climb up the pua to my tree house in the dark.

They tell me we can't leave yet, the party's just beginning. So how about this; we go back to their hotel in Wailuku with them, have dinner then drink the night away. And when it's time to crash, well, we can all sleep in their hotel room in the same bed, it's king size!

I agree. Not only is it a brilliant idea but it sounds like a hell of a lot of fun. Why, who knows what might transpire in that big bed? I ask Joanne if she's up for it.

She says she really wants to see Leo, so she'll try to call him one last time. She had been calling Leo's number every time we passed a phone, and if he doesn't answer this time then it sounds like a plan to her. She calls.

No answer. We're on. Let the games begin!

We eat. We drink. We party. By around 9 o'clock we're still in the restaurant we had dinner in but we are getting real friendly with one another. There are games of footsie going on under the table with arrant touches above. The talk becomes about how late it's getting. Must be about time to hit the sheets. Joanne excuses herself to go to the toilet. When she comes back she tells me she has to talk to

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me. I get up and follow her into the hall. There she tells me that she's finally gotten hold of Leo and he wants to see her just as bad as she wants to see him. In fact, he's coming to get her right now so she's splitting. She's going to wait outside under the portico.

I ask her what about tonight with the Hawaiians?

She's sorry but she wants to see Leo. I get pissed telling her that in the park she said she had made up her mind! She was going to forget all about Leo and spend the night partying with the Hawaiians and me.

She gives me a little pout saying, "Well Tai, this is my last night on Maui and I want to spend it with Leo. And anyway, a girl can change her mind, can't she?"

I want to argue with her but I know it's useless so I just say, "Whatever." Then I ask, "What about the Hawaiians?"

Joanne says she going out to the portico, I can do what ever I want.

I think, 'that's pretty chickenshit of you Joanne to at least not to tell the Hawaiians 'thanks for the nice time, but I got to go' as I turn and go back into the restaurant to inform the Hawaiians that Joanne has punked out and is leaving.

They look real disappointed. They tell me that they might as well finish their drinks and go to bed. I walk away leaving them alone at the table. I walk out onto the portico just as Leo pulls up. Joanne gets in and kisses Leo. He says hi to me then asks if he can drop me anywhere.

I tell him Haiku and get in the back seat.

Three days later I'm in Pahia doing some shopping when I see Joanne and Leo coming out of a restaurant. I walk up to them and ask Joanne what the hell is she doing here.

She tells me she's changed her plane ticket to a week later so she could spend some time with Leo.

I ask her, what about being way too busy in the City selling pot to stay for another week. What will all her poor customers do without her?

She says, "I decided to stay longer, that's all. The biz can wait." She smiles, then she has the balls to say, "Maybe we can get together once more before I leave?"

I just shake my head in disgust as I turn and walk away thinking, 'what a bitch!'

Joanne and I stayed friends for years after that, what had happen on Maui was, after all, no big deal. We had been very close friends for years and years. Whenever I passed through the City I usually

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stayed at Joanne's place and we would party. Then for a few years due to my constant traveling in far away places I didn't see her, through we did keep in touch by phone and letter.

The next time I saw her she had just found her newest true love, this time a woman, so Joanne became a lesbian. They live together in an apartment and the first time I visited every thing seemed fine, just like old times. We had a great time together. The second time I visited, a year later, everything changed. Together they'd purchased a house and had gotten 2 dogs. I called her telling her I would be in the City in a couple of days. She told me that she was way too busy to see me the coming weekend but to give her a call Monday morning and we'd get together. I called on Monday. She told me she was still too busy to see me in the A.M. but to come by around 4 in the afternoon. I arrived. Joanne let me in and took me directly to the back yard. There we chatted for all of a half hour before she told me that I had to leave. Joanne now had her gay lover, her gay life and her gay friends and well, she'd rather I not come around anymore. I left and have never seen or heard from her since.

This is something I do not understand: What is it with queers and Christians? Why do they feel they have to dump all their old long time friends when they convert to their new life. I swear, every single one of them that I've ever known before they turned are no longer my friends. I do have plenty of friends who happen to be gay but all of them I met and became friends with after they had already gay for awhile. I have no Christian friends, they all think I'm either a lost cause at best or just plain evil at worst. Can the newly gay and Christian feel so vulnerable and be so insecure in their new lifestyle that they actually fear we might be turn them back into a hetro or a heathen if they associate with any of us? I don't know. All I know is that I've lost another friend. Oh well, c'est la vie.

MISS POPULARITY

My love Kelly and I had come to Georgetown to renew our visa's for Thailand. They have a consulate on the island of Penang in Malaysia. Even though it's part of a very strict Muslim country, it's owned by the Chinese and run by the Indians so it's kind of like Las Vegas. A vacation mecca for drinking, gambling and sex. Kelly and I rented a room in a whorehouse because all the hotels are way too expensive and the hostels are always filled to the brim with eurotrash. Our only other option would be to stay with a local family but they're all out of town and we wanted to stay in the city because Georgetown is one of the most bitchenest cities in Asia.

Georgetown's half modern city with all the conveniences and half colonial town with all the charm. There are temples of all of the major religions in the world. There's even one dedicated to pit vipers. The whole place is crawling with poisonous snakes that, if you have the balls, you can pick up and handle. Another is dedicated to the Goddess Loki. It's on top a hill that you have to walk up one hundred steps to get to. On another hill overlooking the entire city is a park that you have to take a trolley car up a very steep hill to get to. The city has movie theaters where they play English speaking flicks with 3 subtitles, Malay, Chinese and Hindu. Also, it has the best restaurants and street food vendors in all of Asia where you can eat delicious cuisine from all over the world for pennies a plate. About the only thing it lack is cheap beer, and there is no dope. If you get caught with over 4 ounces of anything you can get the death penalty. It has a great bus system so it's easy to get around. Outside of the city there's white sandy beaches to lay around on and the warm blue sea to swim in. There's a botanical gardens that's filled with monkeys who, when you feed them, stuff peanuts in one side of their cheeks and banana in the other. Plus, there's Butterfly farm you can walk through and marvel at their beauty.

Whenever we visit Georgetown we will always try to stay at one of the whorehouses. Staying in a whorehouse is nice too. It's kept clean and it's always quiet in the daytime. This time we have a wood paneled room with 2 bay windows. There's 4 other rooms on this floor, all rented by "the girls" with 3 toilets/showers that we all share. In the day the place looks like any other house with the girls sleeping until noon then doing their daily chores dressing and acting just like any other young women. It's after dark the whole scene changes.

The house is all lit up with colored lights with a big blinking neon sign out front. There is no

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grass, the place is surrounded with asphalt with a few large trees planted here and there. The girls are all wearing their prom dresses and have put on lots and lots of make up then they sit in the foyer waiting for the males to arrived to make their choice. During the day when the girls see Kelly and me they simply smile and nod. At night when Kelly and I have to pass by them to go out or come in, they smile lasciviasly at me making kissing sounds then asking me if I want to make love to them. Kelly they just ignore. Now here's a funny thing, there's about 8 girls who work in this house with a steady stream of customers, but the most popular girl by far is the one who looks to be at least 7 month pregnant with her big belly sticking way out there. All the slim and trim girls will sometimes just be sitting around but the preggars babe is constantly going up and down the stairs with a guy. I was amazed by this so one morning asked the madam why this was.

“Ah,” she nodded and said, “The men who go upstairs with Radha aren't having sex with her only to fuck her. They are men who either are in childless marriage's or who have a wife that's having trouble conceiving and wants another child. They believe by sticking their penis's into Radha's fruitful vagina that maybe some of her fertility will stay on their penis's until they get home where they will have sex with their wife and with luck, make her pregnant.”

“Oh, it's sympathetic magic.” I said.

“Yes,” the madam answered, “They believe that good luck can be transferred from one person to another. Of course, the men go to temple first to pray asking the gods intervention before coming here. Then if their wife does conceive they go back to the temple to thank the gods, and to ask that the baby be born male.” She pauses then, “Yes, I'll be sorry when Radha delivers. We will lose a lot of clients, but then maybe, with luck, one of the other girls will become pregnant.”

I asked her what will happen to Radha when she delivers.

The madam told me, “When it gets close to her time she will go home to her parents and have the baby. After a few months after she healed and rested, she will come back to work here. Her baby will stay with her parent and be raised by them until she either gets a man to marry her or she just decides to stops working here and goes home.”

On that visit Kelly and I spent a month in that whorehouse in Georgetown on the island of Penang in the country of Malaysia. We had a great time too and it's now become one of our favorite cities in all of Asia.

MY LAST STRAIGHT CHANCE

Right before I got out of the army an old friend Alan called me and told me that he had gotten married and had moved to Chicago where he was now making big money as a Pepsi delivery driver. He told me that as soon as I got out he wanted to see me so how about coming out?

I told him that I was now married too and just couldn't afford it.

He said "No sweat man, if you can pay your way here then I'll be happy to pay your way back."

I told him that I'd talk it over with Lindsey. Lindsey who was working as a file clerk for slave wages at the time and hated it said, "Why not?" so I called Alan back and told him we'd see him in about a month.

He said, "Great!" A month later I called Alan and asked if we were still on. He said, "Come on down." so we flew to Chi-town.

Alan and Lois meet Lindsey and me at O'Hare. Alan acted real glad to see us but Lois was reserve, which was understandable seeing as she had never met us before and she was real pregnant. We congratulated her and Alan on her condition then walked to their car, a new Chevy Malibu. On the drive Alan tells us that he was making well over a thousand dollars a week, sometimes as much as \$1500 selling Pepsi's but he said that in the winter it would drop to only around \$500 or less a week. Wow, we were impressed because this was big money (1968). When we got to their house Alan says, "How do ya like the new house we just bought? It's small, only two bedrooms, but it's all ours." Again we congratulated Alan on his good fortune.

Lindsey, Alan and me partied, smoking dope and drinking booze until midnight then Alan tells us that he had to get up at 5 a.m. to go to work so good night and goes to bed. Lois had gone to bed hours before. Lindsey and I sleep on the living room floor because the other bedroom was for the new baby went it got here. Next morning Alan wakes us and tells us he would be home by 5 p.m. so we can just hang out for the day. We go back to sleep. Around 10 Lois gets up so we do too. She tells us she's spending the day with her mother and should be home by 4 p.m. and to make ourselves at home then she leaves. Lindsey and I do just that, hanging out smoking grass, screwing and watching the tube.

At 4 p.m. Lois comes home and starts dinner. We tell her we'd be happy to cook but she says, that's okay, we're guests. Alan comes home a little after 5 p.m. We have supper then we brake out the

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weed while he get the booze and we again party till midnight. Lois spends the evening in her bedroom. During the evening Alan says, "You know what? You guys should move here. You could stay with us until you found a place of your own and jobs. In fact, I know of a job that starts at \$15,000 a year that you both could apply for."

Being buzzed I say, "That sounds good to me. Where's the job and what is it."

Alan tells me, "It's as a drug chemist for Abbots Laboratories."

I laugh and say, "Yeah, like they're going to hire me."

But Alan says, "Yeah man, they will if you pass their test. They're looking for high school graduates who they can train themselves."

We talk about it a bit more. I say I'll think about it then go onto other subjects.

Next morning after Lindsey and I get up we decide that yesterday was a little boring so we drop some LSD and by the time that Lois gets up we are flying high. Lois doesn't say much to us then around noon says she's going to her mother's and leaves. Lindsey and I spend the day trippin'. Again Lois comes home just before Alan and makes supper. When Alan comes home he asks if we went to Abbots and we tell him that we forgot. Alan says that since tomorrow's Friday to make sure that we go tomorrow. We promise we will so now let's party.

Next day I ask Lindsey if she wants to go to Abbots and check out the job situation. She just shrugs and says, "I don't care, whatever you want is all right with me."

So I say, "Well, we might well check it out." and down to Abbots we go.

They gave us two tests, one for dexterity and one written that's a lot of math. The personal director calls Lindsey in and tells her that she scored high on the dexterity test but not high enough on the written so he can offer her a job on the assembly line that starts at \$12,000 a year with full benefits in three months.

Then he calls me in and tells me that he wants me to take another test, which I do. He calls me in again and tells me he can offer me the chemist program. He says it's like a four year university course in three years and after I finish I would have the equivalent of a bachelors degree in chemistry. That the job starts at \$15,000 a year with full benefits and a \$5,000 a year raise each year and a \$5,000 raise on the completion of the program. He tells me, "You could be making \$30,000 a year in just three years. And if you keep up your studies, you could be making \$60,000 a year in less than ten years. Well, what do you think about it?"

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I say, "Wow, that's a lot of money. I will think about it and let you know on Monday."

He says, "All right, but I don't want to kid you, it'll be a lot of hard work but I doubt seriously if you'll ever get another opportunity like this. Call me Monday."

We shake hands and I leave.

I tell Lindsey all about it on the bus ride back to Alan and Lois's. Lindsey is quiet so I ask what she thought. She said, "Tai, I really don't think I want to live in Chicago, but if you really wanted to then it'd be all right with me, after all I've come this far with you and I love you."

I hug Lindsey hard, tell her I loved her too and was very happy that we were married.

We got back to the house and Lois was there but when we come in she goes into her bedroom, which we just chalked up to her being pregnant. Alan comes home and I tell him all about Abbots. He asks if we were taking the jobs and I tell him that I was seriously thinking about it. He says, "Good. Let's celebrate." We partied the night away. Alan tells us that he has to work on Saturday but would be off all day Sunday and we'll all do something together then told us that we were welcome there until we found our own place. We thank him then we all go to bed.

Next morning bright and early we hear Lois leave so we go back to sleep. About an hour later this older woman walked in and says to us, "Okay get up, get your things together and get out!"

We look at her then I ask, who the hell does she think she is?

She says, "I am Lois's Mother and she's told me all about you and you're filthy ways. My daughter is pregnant and we are not going to put this baby at risk by having you two dirty dope addicts here perverting Alan."

I remind her that it was Alan who asked us here.

But she says, "I don't care if God ask you here. I am telling you to get out, NOW!"

I say, "Does Alan know you're doing this?"

She says, "Alan doesn't know his ass from a hole in the ground. Now, either you leave or I am calling the police and turning you in."

I try to reason with her saying that we have almost no money, that we don't know anyone here or where to go, but she tells us, "I don't care what you do as long as you get out of here in the next 15 minutes."

I ask if she'll give us a ride into the city?

She says, "I am not going to do anything except call the police. Now are you leaving or do I call

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the cops."

I say that we'll leave.

Lindsey and I get up, pack up and get out with mother glaring at us the entire time. We get a bus down town. Lindsey asks me, "Now what?"

I tell her that we've got 50 bucks and that should last us until Alan buys us a return ticket to San Francisco.

We get a cheap hotel. In the evening I call Alan. He answers and says how sorry he is that all this happened, that he knew Lois didn't like us there but he just thought it was her being pregnant, and we were having such a good time together.

I say, that's nice, we understand but now what about that return ticket.

Alan's real quiet so I ask again, then he says "I'm really sorry man, but I just can't afford it right now with the house and the car and the insurance payments, and with Lois's doctor bills, we're pretty broke right now."

Now I'm pissed and do not understand even one little bit and say, "What the hell do you mean broke, you showed me your pay stub for last week and you cleared almost a thousand dollars. What kind of crap is this! You promised to pay our way back."

He says, "Sorry man, but I just can't do it."

I say, "And what are we suppose to do? We have less than \$40, and that won't last long."

He says, "Sorry, I just can't swing it right now."

I say, "You ain't broke, you are pussy whipped!"

Now Alan gets a little hot telling me, "No I'm not. I am not pussy whipped!"

I say, "Then honor your promise to us and buy us the ticket back." Alan's not saying anything so I yell into the phone, "You chickenshit pussywhipped motherfucker! You know I'm going to tell everyone we know about this, and no one will ever believe another word you say again. You pussywhipped cocksucker!" Then I slam the phone down. Lindsey just looks at me and says, "Now what?" I look back at her, calm myself down then tell her, "Well, I guess that we are hitch hiking back to the City."

Lindsey kisses me then says, "Great! I told you I didn't want to live in Chicago anyway." We make love then go to sleep.

Next morning we hit the road and once we got out of the city we get lucky, a salesman picks us

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up going to St. Louis, he even let us sleep on the floor of his motel room that night. The next day we make Denver and spend the night with some college kids in a fraternity house. The next we are in Salt Lake staying with a Mormon family who has given us a ride. Then next day we make Reno where we have to spend the last of our money on a cheap hotel and by the next day we are back in the City vowing never to leave the bay area again. We stay with some friends for a few days until we moved into our first commune. What a trip! Looking back on it I can see that Lois actually did me a huge favor. Not only did it help me to once and for all choose the hip life but it also brought Lindsey and me much closer together because if we had stayed and I had taken that job then what would have my life been like. Thank God I will never know.

GRAND CANYON SWEET

I had arrived at the Grand Canyon, my very favorite spot on earth, yesterday afternoon and had watched the sunset then walked into the woods, put up my tent and spent the night. This morning I was up at dawn so I wouldn't miss sunrise service. I sat on the rim, did my meditation and listened to the universe. I sat there about an hour then thought that I would hitch over to the north rim and check out some of the beauty there. I walk out to the road but there wasn't much traffic because it was still early in the season, the best time to visit. I never come here in the summer because of all the tourists and anyway, the spring and fall are fantastic. Here comes a little white Jap car and as it passes by I can see a girl driving. She looks me over then pulls over.

I run up to the passenger's side. She rolls down the window and asks, where I'm going.

I tell her the North Rim and she says that she's only going to the Tower and will give me a ride that far. I throw my pack in back than get in front. We chat and she tells me she works here at the market and that today is her day off so she thought she'd take a ride. I ask how long she had worked at the Canyon and she tells me that this was her third year. I ask if she ever got tired of the view.

She looks at me like I was crazy, but just says, "Never. It always amazes me." Then she tells me that she worked in Death Valley in the winter, which was really an astounding place too, but that the Grand Canyon was still the most magnificent thing she'd ever seen. I tell her that I totally agreed with

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her. By the time we had gotten to the Tower we were quite comfortable with one another.

When we got out of the car I ask her what her plans were for the rest of the day and she says, "Well, nothing really. I was just going to hang out here for awhile then drive back to the village and maybe read a book or something. Why?"

I say, "How about we spend the day together hanging out?"

She says, "But what about the North Rim?"

I smile and say, "I think it will still be there tomorrow and you're here today."

She smiles back and says, "I think I might like that." so I take her hand.

At first she pulls back a bit but then she relaxes and we walk to the Tower hand in hand. We didn't talk a lot after that. Mostly we just watch the Canyon and each other. I put my arm around her and really look at her. She was a nice looking girl probably in her mid 20's with an average build and height, she had dark brown hair and brown eyes. I feel real calm being with her and tell her so. She smiles at me then leans into me saying, "Even though we just met, I feel close to you too." then she looks up at me so I kiss her. Afterwards she says, "That was nice. Let's go."

I asked her where and she said, "I don't care, just someplace private." I tell her that I had a tent and know a spot where we could spend the day in the woods with no one around but the birds and animals.

She says, "That sounds nice but first let's go back to the village. I want to get a few things from my room."

I tell her that while she did that I would go to the store and pick us up something to eat. She kisses me again and tells me that sounded nice. We walk back to her car, kiss once more then get in.

When we did I say, "I feel kind of funny. Here we are planning to spend the day together and I don't even know your name." She tells me, "My name is Candy."

I laugh and say, "What?"

She says, "I know. My parents must have been drunk when they thought up that one, but when I was a little girl I loved it. Then as a teenager I hated it, now I accept it though I don't think it fits me very well."

I say, "Well, maybe you are like candy, best when unwrapped."

She laughs saying, "We'll see about that." We smile at each other, kiss then drive back to Grand Canyon Village, again mostly in silence just looking at all that beauty surrounding us.

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At the village she drops me at the store and says that she'd be back in a few minutes. I bought some bread, cheese, salami, a bottle of water and one of red wine. When she got back there was a small bag in the back seat sitting next to my pack. I got in her car, we kiss, then she says, "Where to?"

We drive out of the park then turn onto a dirt road, drive a couple miles, turn onto a dirt track then into a grove of pines. We get out, look around and she says, "I'm a little nervous. I've never done something like this before with someone I'd just met. Sorry."

I say, "Don't be. We don't have to do anything you don't want to. Just being with you is good enough for me." With that she relaxes. I say, "Let's eat, then we can do what ever you like." We spread out my ground tarp then the food and drink and had a nice little picnic, sometime talking, sometimes not.

After awhile she looks at me then says quietly, "I think I'd like you to make love to me now."

I smile saying, "Should I put up my tent?"

She says, "Maybe later. Right now I want you to make love to me under the sky and the trees." I get out my sleeping bag and we lay down on it. At first she was a bit tense but soon got into it and we had a wonderful time together.

When it starts getting late I put up my tent. We finish off the food and drink then fall asleep in one another arms right after it got dark. We wake up a few time during the night which got quite cool with two people and only one sleeping bag, but then the body friction would warm us up again.

We got up just before dawn and she drove us to the rim to see the sunrise. After it was over she turns to me and says, "I have to leave now. I have to work today and have to get ready. What do you want to do?"

I tell her that today looked like a good day to hitch to the North Rim.

She smiles at me saying, "I guess I'll never see you again, will I?"

I say, "If you really want to, I can meet you after work and we could spend tonight together again, otherwise, probably not."

She looks into my eyes a long time, then reaches up and kisses me one last time and says simply, "Good bye." Then she turns around and walks back to her car, gets in, starts the car, smiles at me and drives away. I wave bye-bye but didn't see her wave back. Like I said, The Grand Canyon is my very favorite spot on earth.

NIGHT OVER WATER

After hitching from San Francisco to New York. Then flying to Europe via Iceland then hitching through France and Germany, then down to Greece via train and over to Turkey, I had run out of money in Istanbul. So I went to the US embassy to see what they could do for me. I was told that they would send a telegram to my parents (collect) requesting funds for me and that they would lend me 10 whole US dollars to tied me over until an answer came back. Of course, I would have to pay them \$11 back and if the answer came back “No” then tough shit, you're on your own. Luckily my folks sent me enough money to get back home.

I took the Orient Express to France then hitched to Luxembourg to get the \$99 flight on Icelandic Air to NYC. The flight was 12 hours of cramped uncomfortable hell but it was cheap and you didn't need a reservation, just show up on the day you wanted to leave. At the airport I met another American freek named Dale who was being deported from Deutschland for 6 months because of a hash violation. As we talked he told me that he had some hash and a few Mandrax on him and did I think it would be okay for him to take them through US customs. I told him that I wouldn't do it. He said he'd think it over.

Since we were both freeks we thought we'd sit together. After a couple hours of flying he told me that after thinking it over he'd decided to get rid of the dope before entering the US and asked if I'd like half.

I said "Why sure. Always willing to help out a fellow traveler."

He split the dope and I took my half. He took part of his saying he'd take the rest later. The flight was boring except for the two hour stopover in Rikavik.

As we got airborne again Dale took the other half of his stash. I slept most of the way, stoned, and by the time we reached New York I was straight enough to motivate. Dale on the other hand was still so wasted that I couldn't wake him up. As the rest of the passengers de-planed I shook him, yelled at him, even punched him a few times, telling him to wake up. By the time I got him roused enough to stand we were the only people left on board. I got him to his feet and as we started walking forward the plane started moving.

When we got to the forward section a stewardess saw us, and said, "What are you two still doing on the plane?"

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I told her that we'd been asleep and had just woken up.

She said, "Well, we're on our way back to Iceland, and unless we can get you off right away you'll be going back with us." She told us to wait right there while she went to inform the captain. All this time the plane is still moving.

Finally the plane stops and the stew came back to tell us that even though we were already on the runway and were cleared for take off, that we would pull off to the side and a car would come out and get us. About 10 minutes later a station wagon with a ladder on top pulled along side of the plane, the door was opened and the ladder was placed against the side so we could climb down. The stew waved bye- bye to us as we entered the car and drove away.

The driver asked us what happened and when we told him he laughed and said, "Too bad you woke up. If you'd stayed on the plane Icelandic would have had to pay for your entire stay in Iceland and given you a free flight home. You guys could've had a free vacation."

Oh well. He dropped us at the customs entrance and I asked Dale if he was straight enough to make it on his own. He assured me that he was now fine so we said good bye and got into one of the many long lines.

Even though almost every country in the entire world had Green Channels by that time, the US wouldn't have them for another 20 years. They search everybody, which takes hours. It was worst than going into the most authoritarian communist country. After clearing customs I took a bus into New York City then a train to somewhere in Pennsylvania where I slept in the snow. Next morning I started hitching toward sunnier climes. A week later I was back in San Francisco where I had started out three months earlier. All in all quite a tripp.

WHEN PETER MET PATTY

Pete's come over and told us that it's finally quits between Patty and him and for good this time, which isn't at all surprising. The only real surprise is that it didn't happen sooner, a lot sooner. You see, we've known Pete and Patty a lot longer than they've known each other, way before they became an item.

Pete's been coming out to the springs for years. He was a young single guy with a real good paying job. He had plenty of money because he lived in a converted garage behind his parent's house. His philosophy was: Why spend money on rent or anything else when you could spend it all on beer and pot. He'd come out to the desert every Friday night after work and bring a bag of weed, a cooler full of steaks with enough wood to Bar-B-Que them and a bigger cooler full of Budweiser which he'd share with everyone who'd listen to his jokes. Not just regular jokes mind you, but the most sexist racist dirtiest jokes in the world, of which he has a never ending supply, and some of which were even funny. He'd sit atop his cooler, drink Bud and tell jokes whether anyone was listening or not. When he told himself a particularly amusing one he'd bark like a dog instead of laughing. If you wanted to smoke a joint or drink a beer or eat a steak then you had to listen to his jokes. After awhile only the hard core drinkers, smokers and hungries would hang around him because by Saturday night he'd be so drunk that he'd start mixing up the punch lines making the jokes even worse and making no sense at all. On Sunday, being out of food, pot and beer, he'd pack up and tells everyone, "See ya next week." then leaves.

Patty on the other hand lived in the desert with her boyfriend Dan, a clean shaven guy but with a pony tail down to his ass and her 7 year old son Jimmy. Patty was an Indian from back east somewhere who had gotten herself pregnant at a very young age. She said that her father had given her hell for it so she hitched a ride to California, had Jimmy, met Dan, had moved in with him and had lived with him ever since.

Patty and Dan would come out to the springs about once a month in their van on a Friday night and start drinking tequila and beer, a deadly combination. Now this is kind of funny, although they would be at the springs the same time as Pete, I never remember seeing them together. Maybe even drunk they couldn't stands Pete's jokes. A lot of us were like that. They'd drink all Friday night, all day Saturday and by Saturday night Patty was no longer Patty, she was Patty P! Now, Patty was a nice girl,

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always congenial and never troublesome, but Patty P! was as wild as a tornado and as mean as a snake, a real she devil.

One night a guy camcorded Patty P! in all her glory. He played the tape for a sober Patty the next day and even she couldn't believe it was her. When she got drunk enough, she'd start in on Dan, bitching at and belittling him. When he didn't respond, this would proceed to name calling and insults. Sometimes she'd get physically abusive, hitting Dan, but Dan couldn't be bothered. He had come to get drunk and to party so he'd just ignore her, but what he wouldn't ignore was when she started putting the make on some other dude who was either too drunk and/or too stupid, the smart ones ran away fast. Patty P! would come up to some guy and right in front of Dan, tell the guy how much she loved him then start rubbing her lovely little body all up and down him. If he rejected her then he'd have hell to pay in the form of Patty P! who'd give the poor sap the same treatment she'd already given Dan.

Once she even pushed a guy into the fire. If he accepted her advances then Dan would have had enough. He'd walk over to the happy couple and tell Patty that that was enough. She would tell Dan to fuck-off, that she'd found herself a real man. Dan would grab her, she'd hit him and he'd drag her away hitting, kicking, scratching and cursing him. When he'd had enough of that action he'd punch her once or twice and if that didn't cool her down, it usually it did, then he'd hit her a couple more times, always body blows, never in the face. He'd then drag her into the van for the night. Sunday they'd be all hung over suffering real bad together. They'd pack up and go and unless you went and visited them you wouldn't see them for another month.

Except for that monthly craziness they had a good life together. Dan worked and Patty took care of Jimmy and the house, but then Patty started taking speed, and not good speed either but crapo crank which is pure poison to the mind and body. Patty took crank and drank while Dan was at work then she started fucking other guys right in her own home. It was only a matter of time before Dan would come home early and catch Patty in the arms of another. When he finally did, he threw out Patty, Jimmy and all their stuff into the street and told her never to come back again. Patty moved to the springs and celebrated by screwing every male there who wanted to. This was not an uncommon occurrence out there. Every now and then some woman will either leave or get kicked out of her home and will come out to the springs, fuck every male out there who's willing, and most men were.

One time these two women in their late 30's who'd been friends since high school, both decided to leave their husbands of over 15 years at the same time. To celebrate they decided to have sex with

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every single guy, both young and old, in the entire town. They called themselves "The Desert Whores". After a couple years they claimed to have had fucked all the single males but four, who, they were sure, were either its or closet cases. This might even be true because we have a gay friend who says that he gets all kinds of midnight visitors from macho ladies men to straight family guys.

Anyway, after a couple of weeks at the springs Patty meets a couple of lesbians who have a commune and they invite her to come and live with them for as long as she likes. She moves in knowing she'll be safe because these lezi's have lots of guns and know how to use them so that even the most vicious lesbo hating males in the desert leave them alone. They're also into speed, something Patty sees as a plus. I've told them that they're welcome at my place anytime they're not on crank because when they're not, they are lots of fun but when they are, they become both vicious and dangerous.

Patty stays with them a few months until one day at the springs she sees Pete who's not too drunk yet. She's heard that he has a good job and sees he is clean shaven, has a pony tail down to his ass and is 10 years younger than Dan. She goes up to him and introduces herself and it's Love at first sight for both of them. They spend the night together and leave for Pete's place the very next day after picking up Jimmy and her stuff from the lesbian commune.

About this time Kelly and I heard of a really cheap but nice little house for rent in the same town that Pete, and now Patty lived in. We checked it out and it was a real deal so we took it. After moving in we go over to Pete and Patty's to say, "Howdy neighbor." When we get there we see two pick up trucks with most of their glass busted out and their head and taillights smashed sitting in the driveway. As we walk around back to the garage/home we see five, count them, five TV's with smashed screens plus a couple stereo's, a sink, a toilet and an assortment of other broken and destroyed things. The TV antenna is laying in the yard looking scorched. The front door has plywood where the glass used to be. We knock. Pete answers, "Hi, hey how are you guys? Hey Patty, look who's here. Like a beer?"

We enter, not too bad, the walls have some holes in them but there's glass in all of the windows. "Jesus Pete, what happened?" I ask. "

Oh," he says, "the aerial was struck by lightning one night. Scared the hell out of us too. We thought the whole damn house was exploding." He doesn't mention the rest of the broken stuff so we don't either. After a couple doobies and a few beers we leave telling them to drop over to our place anytime.

Next day Pete shows up at our house alone and tells us Patty is driving him nuts and that it was

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him who smashed all of the stuff because he gets so pissed off that he has to hit something, and he can't hit Patty. We ask if he knew about her and Dan and how it was with them. He says yes, but he thought he could change her, a foolish notion at best. I ask him why don't he just beat her a little, like when she becomes Patty P!, after all it's what she wants.

He then tells us this story: "The guy my Mother lives with is not my Father. My Father is an Indian who lives on the Res. We lived with him until I was 14, then my Mother left him and took us kids with her because of on one day what happened when my Dad and me were hunting together which we did all the time. My Father told me that he was going to show me what it meant to be a man. He told me to go over and stand by this fence. When I got there and turned around, he shot me right in my shoulder." Here he opens his shirt to show us the scar. "I've never spoken to him since, and since then I've never been able to do violence to another person, so I can't hit her."

I say, "Okay Pete, you can't hit her, but you sure can't live with her either because one of you is going to end up bad hurt or worse."

He says, "I know, but I can't leave her. I Love Her." And what can you say to that except, Good Luck!

In a years time Pete had broken his hand twice, an arm once and a foot once. We don't know how many TV's, stereos, vehicles, etc. there were, but he so completely destroyed the garage that he had to buy a trailer to live in.

One day he comes over to tell us that he's had enough, that next Saturday he's turning 30 and wants a new and better life. He's going to give Patty \$500 and a bus ticket to anywhere she wants. We tell him that it's probably for the best. Sunday night here's Pete's at our door and with him are Patty and Jimmy. " Congratulate us." he says. "We just got married in TJ."

We congratulate the happy couple. Pete continues, "When I told Patty that she had to leave, she said that the only reason she got so mean was because she was insecure, but if we got married then she wouldn't feel that way anymore and we could be happy together." Patty agrees. We wish them luck, but of course things get worse, much worse in a very short time.

Patty finds a speed connection. Usually Patty's a very nice looking girl, a pretty face with a good shape, but on speed she loses her shape and her face is covered with speed bumps. The crank not only changes her personality to Patty T! it also destroys her body as well.

Well, we've had enough of this town living so it's time to move on and since Pete and Patty's

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trailer is now almost completely destroyed, they ask if they can move into our house. I tell Pete that our neighbors are Hells Angels heavily into cringe and that there's probably a new meth lab right down the street from us so it might not be a real good idea, but they need a place to live so they take it. A year later they're evicted and the house is in such a shambles that the landlord has it bulldozed. They buy another trailer and move it onto some friend's land. Again within a year it becomes unlivable, completely destroyed.

Pete thinks that if they move into the desert where we now live that he can get Patty off the speed. However, there's as much around here as there is in town and Patty already has a connection here; the lesbians. They rent a house and move in. Within a month things start to get broken.

One day we visit them and the doors and windows have all been replaced with plywood and there's something new; blood on the walls. We ask Pete what happened and he tells us, "Me, Patty, Jake, Bud and Nick were drinking the other night, getting a good buzz on when we run out of beer. Patty tells the guys that they have to buy the next case. They give her the money and she gives it to me and tells me to go to the store and get it, so I jump in the car, go to the market and get the beer then drive back (a 10 minute trip at the most). When I walk in the door there's Jake fucking Patty, and Bud and Nick are watching with their dicks in their hands waiting their turns. When they see me they drop their cocks and attack me. They start beating on me so I pick up Nick and throw him head first against the wall."

He points at one of the blood stains. "Bud's still beating on me so I bash his head against this wall" and points at the other blood stain. "All the while Jake is still fucking Patty like nothing is happening, so I go over to them, pick up Jake and throw him right through the plate glass window. Now Nick's back up and he has my baseball bat so I have to take it away from him and slug him with it a couple times. All the while Patty's screaming at me about how I'm always spoiling her fun. It was the first time that I almost hit her. I still had that bat in my hands, but I just told her to get out. I don't know where she is now."

A week later Patty's back. A week after that the landlord sees the house and throws them out. Now no one will rent to Pete and Patty, and only the hard core drunks and dopers will hang out with them. I've known them for years and it's been bad before but now it's getting real bad, crazy bad. They're living out in the desert in the back of Pete's pick up truck, camping here for awhile then there. We hear about their fights from Pete. Now finally, he's telling us that it quits for good this time. He tells us that they were camping up in the high desert and he caught Patty fucking some guy in the back

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of their pick up. He says "I saw that and just walked away. I walked all night until I came to the freeway then hitched a ride here. I just came to get some stuff I got stashed here and to say good bye. I'm going somewhere Patty can't ever find me." We shook hands, we wished him luck and he left.

Pete still comes out to the desert every once in awhile. He always asks if Patty's been around. We tell him no, no ones has ever seen her again. He then relaxes, smokes some pot, drinks beer but he don't tell no more jokes and he don't stay long. Good Luck Pete.

About two years later we were passing through Las Vegas and stopped at a U-Bag-It to pick up some supplies. On our way out to the store we see standing there in a U-Bag-It uniform, Patty smoking a cigarette. "Hey, hey, how are you doing?" we ask each other.

"Well," Patty says, "I'm off the speed and booze. I've had this job for almost a year. Jimmy's in school doing good and we have a little apartment not far from here, so I guess that I'm doing pretty good."

"You sure are." we say.

We chat a little then she says that her breaks over and that she has to get back to work. "Nice to see ya again." we say to each other. We've never seen her again. Good Luck to you Patty.

Now some of you reading this are going to see this as a pretty sad little tale. But consider this: Through all the years of insanity a lot of property got destroyed but no one was really hurt or jailed or killed. And maybe, just maybe, they even learned something about themselves. It seems to me that is something and to me anyway, that is a happy ending.

FRINGE BENEFITS

Jerry's a semi straight dude who's been seeing that wild girl, KB lately. He's been hanging around Beach with the rest of us for the last couple of weeks. He even owns a car. Today he has great news, "Hey everybody," he says "I just got a job at the Maui Fish house as a busboy."

We all congratulate him on his good fortune and tell him how lucky he is. We are not being sarcastic either, working at the Fish House even as a dishwasher, is a coveted position. Any of us would

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take a job there in a minute. We ask him how he got it.

He smiles saying, "One of the waitresses there is a friend of mine. When one of the busboys quit and went back to the mainland, she recommended me." That's about the only way you can get on there, know somebody.

The Fish House is famous among all of us locals, even though it only pays minimum wage, any of us would like to work there, but because of employee loyalty it is almost impossible to get on. It's a dinner house so it's only open from 4:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. on weekdays and to 11 p.m. on Friday and Saturdays. Sundays they serve brunch so it's open 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. It's closed on Mondays when the owner has a volley ball game against other employee teams from around the island at the Fish House. Afterwards, win or lose, he treats his team and any other of his employees who show up to lunch. The owner, who I have met because sometimes he comes out to Makena, is a real nice guy. According to his workers he never gets mad or raises his voice, but then he doesn't have to because no one wants to lose their job there. The reason for this employee loyalty is not the pay or even the tips, which I hear are pretty good, it's all because of the fringe benefits.

Every day before they start work and each night after all the customers have gone, the owner fires up a couple of prime numbers of Maui-Wowie just to get everyone into and out of the mood for work. During dinner about once an hour depending on how busy they are, he rings a bell and all of the employees no matter what they are doing, says to their customers, "Excuse me a second will you. I'll be right back." Then they go into the kitchen where the owner has chopped up and spread out 2 thin lines of primo coke for each one of them. After a quick toot it's back to work, a much more happier and efficient worker. They also get a toot before each volley ball game and a couple hooters afterwards before lunch. Now that is what I call a job, short hours, good pay, delicious food, an enlightened Boss and a great high.

I have never eaten there, it's way too expensive for my meager funds but the food and service must be good because the place is packed every night. The workers say that no matter how rushed it gets that bell always rings for their pick me up. Yup, that Jerry is one lucky dude.

PIGS IN GOA

Here's a little tale of recycling that all you Save The Earthers might appreciate and maybe even imitate. My lover, Kelly and I were renting a small house in Goa, the only Christian state in India, from a family. They had a couple small cinder block shacks that they'd built behind their house to rent to the longer stay tourist. They were primitive but well kept up. Behind the houses was the outhouse, but instead of having a pit for your turds to fall into, there was simply a large pipe that directed the shit from the squat toilet to the back of the outhouse. Each morning as you walked towards the outhouse the family pigs would see you headed that way and would rush to the back of the shitter just waiting for their breakfast. As you squat there you could hear the pigs squealing and jostling for position then grunting with delight as you dropped them a treat. Umm boy, hot and fresh, a pigs ambrosia. The pigs also got any garbage that the family or their guest threw out so they were kept fat and sassy.

We happened to be there for Easter, one of the biggest celebrations in all of Goa. The day before Easter the wife comes out with a basket of garbage then calls the hogs and they come a running. She throws the refuse on the ground and while the pigs are happily chowing down she reaches down and grabs the fattest one by his hoof. The porker immediately starts squealing trying to get away. The other pigs quickly split leaving all that tasty garbage behind. They know the trip. The wife then drags the screaming pig over to the kitchen where her husband is waiting with a large knife. While the wife and kids hold the pig, the husband slits its throat and the scream dies out in a gargle as the blood rushes out of the pigs now open throat. The pig is dead, let the feasting begin!

The next day the wife asked if we'd like to have Easter dinner with her and her family. We accept telling her though that we are vegetarians. She tells us that's no problem, there's plenty to eat other than meat so we all have a very nice Easter together. We in the west have truly no idea of how recycling really works. In a poor country nothing, as the above tale illustrates, is wasted.

WATCH THE BIRDIES

My Lover Kelly and I have been camping in the desert off by ourselves under a huge tamerisk tree with no one else around for a half mile. During our stay here we noticed a family of 3 road runners which look like a mated pair with one of their chicks from last year hanging around our camp. When we told one of the old desert rats this he told us that if we bought some hamburger and if we were patient enough then the road runners would be bold enough to eat it out of our hand. We bought a pound, went back to camp and waited for the road runners to show up. They did.

At first they wouldn't come closer than 6 feet from us so we would toss them the meat which they would immediately eat. After only a week they would come right up to us and wait for us to drop the meat in front of us before they would take. After just another week we had the birds eating right out of our hands, something we really enjoyed doing. After awhile the birds if they didn't see us would peck on our van's side door telling us it was feeding time. Every now and then they would peck at the rear door in which case Kelly would say, "Go to the side door if you want some food." and they would.

One day just after we finished feeding the road runners one of them was sunning its self with its wings stretched out when all of a sudden a Coopers hawk swooped down on it. The road runner immediately turned over and a vicious life or death fight ensued with the hawk on top and the road runner on the bottom. Then almost as suddenly as it began it was over with the hawk flying away with empty talons. The road runner picked itself up and split. Kelly and I were mightily impressed that a road runner could defeat a large hawk especially in a surprise attack. Man, them is some tough birds.

As we were feeding the road runners we noticed two smaller gray and black birds watching us and if the road runners missed a piece of meat they would swoop in and grab it flying away before the road runners could get at them. We thought we might try hand feeding them too so while hand feeding the road runners we would also, toss the smaller birds a piece of meat which they would immediately fly in and take up.

One day when the road runner didn't show up Kelly said she was going to try and hand feed the smaller birds so she put a ball of hamburger in the palm of her hand and stretched it out. At first the birds were hesitant but finally one of them swooped in and while still in flight snatched the meat right out of her hand. It wasn't long before either of us could stand with a hand outstretched with a piece of meat in it and the birds would fly in, perch on one of our fingers then eat the meat at it's leisure. Since there

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were 2 of them we'd have to do it twice because they would never feed at the same time but would only take turns.

Since we camped there all season we were feeding both the road runners and the as we found out later, the shrikes, on almost a daily basis. One day we got a very pleasant surprise. The pair of shrikes brought two fledglings with them, their babies, then proceed to show the babies how to get the giant monsters to give them food. Soon we were feeding 3 road runners and 4 shrikes. Since we bought only the cheapest hamburger it didn't cost us too much and anyway, the pleasure we got from hand feeding the wild birds far out weighted the price.

DEADBEAT DADS

Here's a few stories of some of the deadbeat dads I've know and I've know many of them hiding out in the desert. These tales are typical of how most of these dad's were treated by their ex's and how they feel about their children.

1) Paul who used to be a straight guy with a really good paying job in L.A. with a wife, two young kids, a girl and a boy, that he dearly loved and a home he bought will never hold another “real” job again. After ten years of marriage his wife told him she was bored with their sex life and wanted to try swinging. Paul told us he reluctantly agreed just to keep his wife happy. At first it was really exciting for the both of them meeting and fucking new people. But then his wife found a partner she like a lot and told Paul she only wanted to swap with this one other couple. Since Paul like the other guys wife he again agreed.

However, after a few months wife announced she was divorcing Paul her swinger boyfriend was also divorcing his wife so they could be married. Paul was devastated. He wanted save their marriage and go to consulting. Wifie said no. She wanted him out of the house, now. So after a lot of arguing and crying he left and moved into a small apartment. Wifie and her dude both divorced their spouses with Paul's now ex-wife getting full custody of their kids plus alimony and child support.

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Paul said after getting over the shock of the divorce at first it wasn't too bad. He had full visitation rights and used them to the fullest. But then one day ex-wifie tells Paul that her new hubby got a promotion at work and it involves them moving to Vancouver B.C. Canada, and she's taking the kids.. Paul immediately went to court and got a restraining order against his ex from removing his kids from the L.A. area until a hearing could be heard before a judge. The order was duly presented to his ex and she just as duly ignored it and left with new hubby to Canada.

Paul was outraged! He went back to court and saw the judge who issued an arrest warrant for violating his restraining order. Paul also wanted to file kidnapping charges against his ex but was told since she had full custody he could swear out charges but no law enforcement agency would honor it. So Paul went back to his apartment and his job to restart his life. He also, quit paying both alimony and child support. His reasoning being since he could no longer be involved in his childrens lives why should he pay. Let the new hubby with his big promotion support his kidnapping ex and the kids.

A few months later Paul get a letter from the Canadian courts reminding him of his of his money commitments to his ex and kids or face charges. Paul goes back to court in L.A. asking what's this crap! His ex is not only violating the restraining order but is technically a kidnapper. The judge tells him that even though it's true he still has to pay or face jail time here because even though the Canadian authorities won't enforce his order and warrant the American authorities will enforce Canada's request. Since the divorce decree was made in L.A. Paul is still bound by it even if his ex is a criminal. Paul is outraged once more and vows never to pay his ex another penny!

Paul quit his job, sold all his stuff that didn't fit in his car, moved out of his apartment and is now one of the many deadbeat dads living out in the desert. How does Paul feel about it?

Paul says, "Ya know, I'd much rather be a working guy paying the alimony and child support and be a part of my kids lives. It really hurts me never to see them and know they're being raised by another guy. But I sure as hell ain't payin' that kidnapping bitch a penny if I can't see my kids."

Paul never saw his kids again until they were 18 and wanted to re-connect with him. They found him and are in contact with him.

2) Dwayne was a logger in his a native Alaskan. When Alaska had a lottery for all it's native born for homestead sites Dwayne really lucked out. He drew 160 acres right on the beach about 10 miles out of his town. All he had to do was built a house on it and live there and the land would be his for free. For the next 5 years Dwayne when he wasn't logging built his house and cleared the land

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around it. Fulfilling his obligation to the state the land became his. After that all he had to do was pay his yearly land tax to keep it.

A couple years after that he met, fell in love with and married a woman lawyer who happened to work in the Districts Attorney's Office.. He told us he was really surprised that a woman like her would actually go for a guy like him but she told him she like the real he-man types. They moved into Dwayne house and for the first few years of their marriage they got along fine.

Then a happy event, she got pregnant. She worked until she 7 months preggers then took a years leave of absence so she could have then raise their child for at least the first six months of it's life then she would go back to work. They had a baby girl and all were very happy.

After her leave of absence wifie went back to work not because she had to, Dwayne made plenty of money to support the three of them, but because she loved her work. Dwayne supported her decision even though he said he'd rather have had her stay home a little while longer to take care of their daughter. So they found a nanny and off to work wifie went. However, once his wife went back to work everything change between them.

She was always tired, she was always bitchy, the baby took so much of her home time that she no longer wanted or would have sex. Dwayne said he helped out as much as possible and the nanny did most of the work relating to the care of their baby girl during the day so he couldn't see what she was complaining about. Soon they were arguing especially about the no sex. Then it escalated into verbal fighting, name calling and screaming at each other. They tried consoling but when the consular told Dwayne that he'd just have to wait until wifie felt like having sex that he couldn't force her to. When they got home Dwayne told wifie that it was either start having sex again or get a divorce. Wifie picked divorce.

So they go a divorce with the wife getting full custody of their daughter plus child support. Dwayne got full visitation rights and didn't have to pay alimony because his now ex made way more money than him. However, wifie wanted the house and land but the judge told her that since he had the house before they were married and hadn't put it in both their names the house and land was Dwayne's. Dwayne said when wifie heard that she had a shit fit but what could she do.

So for the next year or so thing went fairly smoothly. His ex moved into a big apartment in town and was even quite civil to him when he came to pick up his daughter. Dwayne made sure to send his ex the child support payment every month. He told us the only funny part was his ex wanted the support

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payment sent to her office instead of her home. Dwayne thought the checks was probably easier to cash from work.

One day there's a knock on Dwayne's door. It a process server telling him he has to be in court in a week to explain to a judge why he hasn't been paying any of the ordered support payments. He tells the guy he has but the dude tells him to tell it to the judge because it ain't his job to listen to excuses.

Dwayne goes to court. In there are his ex and another lawyer. The judge asks his ex about what's happened. The ex's lawyer tells the judge that ever since the divorce ex wifie hasn't received even one support payment from Dwayne. The judge reads a bunch of legal papers the ex's lawyer has given him then turns to Dwayne to explain himself.

Dwayne assure the judge he's made every single one and on time too. The judge ask for proof. Dwayne show him his check register. The judge says they are self serving therefore useless. Can Dwayne produce any canceled checks or bank statements showing these checks were cashed.. Dwayne don't have any of those with him. The judge tells him to bring them in tomorrow then adjourn until then.

Dwayne goes home to look for proof. When he does find his old bank statement he finds none of the checks he sent were cashed! He has absolutely no proof he ever sent the checks. He knows he is royally screwed.

Next day the judge ask him for his proof. He has none but tries to explain that he really did send them and how he didn't notice they weren't being cashed because he never looks at his bank statements. He just figured they were right.

The judge very sternly tells Dwayne that he doesn't believe him. And he's not going to listen to such a lame excuse so he's taking a recess to figure out just how to meet of justice. An hour later they are all back in court. The judge tell Dwayne that with the missed payments plus interest Dwayne owes his ex some mighty big bucks. Does Dwayne have access to such a sum?

Dwayne says, 'no'.

Can he borrow these funds?

Dwayne says 'no'.

The judge asks if Dwayne would like to go to jail instead of paying even though when he go out he'd owe his ex even more money.

Dwayne says, 'no'.

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Here the ex's lawyer jumps up and says to the judge that perhaps a settlement of some kind could be worked out. The judge say let's hear it.

The lawyer say his client would be willing to drop all charges against Dwayne if he would sign over his house and land to her plus relinquish all visitation rights to see his daughter.

The judge says that sound fair and what does Dwayne think about it.

Dwayne is outraged! He see's the whole plot now. All this legal bullshit was just to steal his house and land from him. He tells the judge about his ex wife wanting the house and land during the divorce and how mad she was when she didn't get it.

The judge stops him telling him even if it was true he has no proof. Dwayne's choice is either pay up now. Or go to jail where he would lose the house anyway and when he got out owe the ex even more and if he didn't pay again could be put back into jail again. Or, give up his house and land.

Dwayne want to know about his visitation rights.

The judge tells him if he makes restitution and then continues to make his child support payments on time, this time to the court, then maybe he can start seeing his daughter again.

Dwayne knows he's beaten and beaten bad. He agrees to everything telling the judge he'll need a few days to get everything ready. The judge says that's fine and set a date a week hence for Dwayne to sign over his place to the ex.

Dwayne goes home and gets stinking drunk. Next day after he sobers up he thinks about what he can do. Anything he does though he is still rat fucked to the max for he will lose everything he has so he gets drunk again. After another day of this he comes up with his own plan.

He packed everything that he owns that will fit into his pick up then goes through the entire house breaking every that can be broken. He gets out his chainsaw and has a go at the wall, floors and ceilings. Lastly he douses the whole with gasoline, starts his truck then tosses a book of lit matches into the house. He said it immediately became a raging inferno. The he jumped in his truck and got the hell out of there before the cops and firefighters got there. He made it to the highway turned south and even though he was crying like a baby over all he had lost, never once looked back.

Dwayne now lives around in the desert in a shorty school bus. When he tells this story he says Dwayne's not his real name and he won't say where in Alaska this took place since there are numerous arrest warrants out for his capture. Plus, he don't stay in one place too long, just in case.

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He always ends the story with, “Ya know, I'm really sorry about what I done. Burning down the house was just stupid because now I'll never see my daughter again and that is by far is the worst part.

3) Kelvin and Alicia a couple in their mid 30's lived a happy life together for 12 years in unwedded bliss and had agreed not only was getting married a waste of energy but not to have any kids either since life was so great just as it was. They both had good jobs so they had plenty of money to indulge in anything their hearts desired. A big expensive apartment filled with neat stuff, a high end car each and an exotic vacation every year.

One day, according to Kevin who now lived in the desert in his van, told us that Alicia asked what he thought about having a baby?

He asked her why.

She said they were getting older and she'd just like to have one.

Kelvin told her why mess up a good thing.

For the next year Alicia would ask Kelvin every so often if he'd changed his mind about having a baby yet?

Kelvin said his answer was always the same, no, he did not want any kids.

They even discussed splitting up so Alicia could have a baby and Kelvin could go on with his life. But they loved each other so the year passed with this issue between them unresolved.

Kelvin came home one day and saw Alicia sitting on the sofa looking very happy. He went up to her, sat next to her, kissed her then asked her what was up?

Alicia smiled at him and told him that she was pregnant and they were having a baby in about seven months.

Kelvin said he felt very mixed emotions. On one hand he was happy because he saw how happy this was making the woman he loved. But on the other he was kind of angry because the last conversation he remembered having with Alicia about this subject was they weren't having any babies. So he asked her how this could have happened? Was she still on the pill.

Alicia smiled at him telling him well maybe she might have forgot to take one every now and then but she certainly hadn't planned this. It must be a miracle.

Kelvin smiled back but he said he was thinking, 'yeah right.' and knew there was no use bringing up the subject of getting an abortion. So he accepted it because he loved her and wanted her to be happy. Maybe things would change that much. Boy was he wrong.

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Alicia had been raised a strict Catholic who had been the disgrace of her family for living “in sin” for the last 13 years and had never mentioned religion ever since she and Kelvin had moved in together. She called her parents with the good news.

They told her if she wasn't married before the baby was born then not only would she excommunicated but the kid would be a bastard. They begged her to get married and come back to the church.

She then brought that subject up to Kelvin who as he told us was totally against it. Not only had she gotten pregnant without his consent but now she wanted to go all religious, no way. After a huge argument where he said he'd leave rather than start going to church. Alicia seemed to give in.

However, “the discussion” became more and more frequent. Finally a compromise was reached between them. He would marry her in a Catholic church but he would never go again himself. Plus Alicia could not take the kid to church until it was old enough to make up his own mind about religion.

Alicia reluctantly, agreed and peace reigned again in their home. And a few weeks later they got married in a Catholic church with all the trimmings.

The baby was born, a little girl they named Sofia. Kelvin said at this time he really was happy. He couldn't believe all the joy he felt holding his child. He said he even thanked Alicia for having this beautiful baby. Things were wonderful for about 6 months then everything changed.

Alicia who had been on P.G. leave from work was supposed to return after the 6 months or lose her job, but Alicia didn't want to go back to work. She wanted to stay home with her baby and that's what she told Kelvin. Kelvin told her that would be okay with him but they would have to make some major changes in their lifestyle. With only his income coming they'd have to not only move to a smaller, cheaper apartment but get rid of a lot of their toys and maybe even lose one of the cars. Alicia was not happy with this info. But Kelvin told her with only one income it was the only way. If she wanted to maintain this life style then she had to go back to work. After some discussion Alicia decided she rather stay with little Sofia and live a simpler life than miss out on being a full time mother. So again even after the downsizing things were pretty good, for a while.

It started slowly at first, why couldn't Kelvin get a better higher paying job? Or maybe even a second job so they could live a nicer life?

Kelvin told her he liked his job plus if he quit he'd lose all his benefits and pension. Also, a second job was out of the question because then when would he see Sofia.

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But Alicia kept at him. She argued with him more and more frequently, telling him he really didn't love her or Sofia, calling him lazy, a bum, worthless as a husband and father.

Kelvin kept telling her to go get a job if the material things mattered so much to her.

Alicia told him he's the man, he's the provider so provide!

After months of this constant battle they tried consulting. Kelvin said the consular was sympathetic to Alicia but basically to either be satisfied with what she had or to get a job. Alicia did not want to hear that so the fighting and arguing continued.

One day when Kelvin came home from work he saw his suitcases and a bunch of boxes on his front porch. When he tried his key it wouldn't open the door. He knock on the door and rang the doorbell and finally Alicia came to the other side of the door. Through the door she told him she was divorcing him and to get his stuff off her porch or she'd call the cops. Kelvin told her to go ahead.

The cops were called. They listened to the torrid tale then told Alicia to open the door because she had no right to lock her husband out. They had to tell her a couple times before she complied. After Kelvin got inside and the cops left Alicia raged at him. She wanted him out, now! He stayed the night on the couch but it was apparent to him he couldn't stay. So he packed up his stuff and moved into a really cheap place.

The divorce was not amicable. In the end Alicia got all the household stuff, the car and of course, alimony, child support and full custody of Sofia with Kelvin getting full visitation rights. But right away Alicia started making up excuses as to why Kelvin couldn't have Sofia on his days. She was sick, she was invited to a birthday party, she was visiting grandma, etc. etc etc..... Until Kelvin was lucky to get her even once a month instead of every other weekend. Plus Alicia threatened him, if he was one minute late then she was calling the cops.

Kelvin went to court and the judge ordered Alicia to keep to the agreement. But she didn't. So he went to court again. However this time the judge told him that unless he could prove either Alicia was deliberately withholding Sofia from him or was an unfit mother there was really nothing he could do. She was the mother and she had full custody.

After another year of this with things getting uglier and uglier between them Kelvin decided to call it quits. So like so many dads before him one day he quit his job, sold his stuff got in his car and left his ex wife and child in the wind. He told us he saw no other way, Alicia wouldn't abide by the custody terms, the court wouldn't do anything to her for not obeying and worst of all, it hurt him so

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much to have Sofia see mommy and daddy fighting for her right in front of her. Plus he was sure Alicia was telling Sofia all kinds of terrible things about him because with each visit Sofia became less and less friendly towards him.

However, like Paul in the first story he too says, “Ya know, I'd much rather be a working guy paying the alimony and child support and be a part of my kids lives then livin' out here alone. It really hurts me never to see Sofia again.” But maybe, Kelvin, just maybe like Paul, Sofia will come into your life again after she turns 18.

Of all the deadbeat dad stories I've been told this last one is by far and away the most typical. I'd say the great majority of men who run out on their familial financial responsibilities are because the ex makes it almost impossible for them to see their their children without involving a major hassle which the kids as witness. Since there's nothing they can do to remedy the situation because the cops, then lawyers, and the courts will do absolutely nothing to help the fathers, they find it just easier to disappear. In fact, that was one of the reasons I became a deadbeat dad. And yes, I did see my daughter again and now we are friends.

Also, the reason there are only deadbeat dads is even now in the late 20th century women still 85% of the time gain full custody of the children in a divorce even though every recent study ever done show that it doesn't matter which single parent raises a child over 2 years old. Single dads do as well as single moms. While most crimes are committed by men, when it comes to both physical and mental child abuse studies show men and women are just about equal. In fact it's one of the very few crimes that women are as good(?) at as men are.

Finally the reason there are no deadbeat moms is; the few mothers who lose custody of their kids in a divorce, and they have to be found pretty much incompetent to do so, are never ordered to pay child support. I personally know of at least six fathers who have full custody of their children and not one of them collect a penny of either child support or alimony even though in one of those cases the mom makes more money than the dad. Therefore you will never hear any stories about deadbeat moms.

Now a tale of a loving mature couple who handled their separation with wisdom, dignity and grace.

Erick and Abigail with their son and daughter have been coming out to the hot pools for years. They're hippie snowbirds. In the summer they live on some land they rent up in Washington making and selling crafts at different crafts fairs in the pacific northwest. Erick does leather work and Abigail

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makes pottery. They also grow a little herb which they sell in the winter to us hot poolers to supplement their meager income. I say meager because year round they live in a school bus that they fixed up into a pretty nice home. They and their kids seem to be just your regular happy hippie family.

One fall Erick shows up in the bus but he's alone so of course we all want to know where are Abigail and the kids. "Well," Erick says, "Abbie told me this summer we needed a break from each other this winter. Because she says she was tired of livin' in the bus, so she rented a little place up there for her and the kids to spend the next few months in. But I'll be goin' back early this year to see what's the what."

Oh well, these thing happen to couples who are always together so probably no biggie because most do get back together. By the way, how was your pot season this year? He tell us it was good as usual. Well then let's all fire on up just to test it. And, ahhh..... it was good.

Erick only stays until lat January then splits for the cold white north.

In March we see a van coming down the road. It parks by the pool and out hops Abigail and now she's alone. Now we all want to know the haps with their family.

After all the 'Hi's' and "How ya doin's' we as her for the latest update. Abigail tells us, "I'm sorry to say it but it's over between Erick and me."

We want to know why.

"Well," Abigail continues, "I just couldn't take Erick's cheap penny pinching way any more. I know you guys don't know this about him but man, is he a tightwad. In the summer we couldn't have an air con , it was fans only. We have a hot water heater in the bus but we couldn't turn it on so it we had to use cold water for everything because Erick didn't want to pay an electric bill. It was lucky we spent the winter here since it's fairly warm but even on the coldest days we could only use the stove for cooking never heating because Erick didn't want to waste wood. What we couldn't barter for and had to buy it was always either used or the cheapest they had. Erick's really a good guy and a great dad but I just couldn't take it his cheapness any more so we're no longer a couple.

When we asked about the kids she said, "Since we're not legally married there's no hassle in the break up. We decided to share the responsibility and raising of the children. I'll have them from August to the end January and Erick will take them from February to end of August. That way they can stay in the same school with all their friends."

School! We all thought they were home schooled like almost all the hippie kids were.

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Abigail smiles and says, “ Well they were, but now that they're older they want to go see what it's like to to a real school like regular kids. So this works out good for them too.”

Being nosy we ask about the money situation and Abigail answers, “That one was easy. When I have the kids then I take care of them and all their needs and when Erick has them then he does. Except for the grass which we'll split, we make about the same amount of money on our crafts so no problem. And if one of us has a problem then we'll just ask the other of a little extra.”

We all congratulate her and Erick for being so reasonable and sensible in dealing with a difficult situation but Abigail just waves it off with, “We still love each other and both of us want what's best for our kids so this just seemed like the best solution. Even the kids, after they got over the shock of us breaking up, now like it because they still have both parents who they love taking care of them, get to have a stable home and they can even try to play me and Erick to get what they want.” she laughs adding, “But me and Erick have already discussed that so they can try but it ain't gonna happen.”

I am happy to report that it's now been four years since Abigail and Erick broke up. We still see them each separately for a month or so each winter and according to each of them everything is going really good for the whole family. They are each getting along with their lives and their kids are still happy to be going to school and having friends their own age. They still have the same six month on/off with their kids deal and money set up. About the only complaint we've heard is, Erick even though he has a new girlfriend still misses being with Abigail. And that sad to say, no one or nothing can help him with that except maybe time.

Of all the divorces I've ever heard of, and I've heard of hundreds, this is the only one that has made sense to me. Even when the split couple remain 'friends' there's always some tension due to who has the main custody (the power) of the children and there's always, and I mean always, money issues. It's either he's not paying on time/enough and/or she's not spending it all on the kids. It's really both so sad and too bad every divorce can't be handled as well and as fairly as Abigail's and Erick's not only for the adults but for the children as well.

THE HEART OF ALL MATTER

Kerry had asked if she could go hitch hiking with me. Being a hippie chick she had hitch hiked a fair bit but always with a destination in mind so she wanted to see what it was like just to go and to see where she would end up. I had been following my Fate for a solid two years now with my only full time companion the I Ching. And I've had generally had a good time although I was extremely poor (in 1973 I kept track of all of my earnings including food stamps. It came to a grand total of \$552.00 with Sept. being the lowest month when I lived on just \$27 for the whole month). Sometimes I'd meet other hitchhikers and we'd hook up together for a short time but this was the first time that anyone I knew well had asked to go along. Most of my friends thought I was crazy, stupid or just plain weird. They all just wanted to stay in the City and Party! Some had even told me that they did not want me around anymore until I "got my shit together" so when Kerry asked, I said it would be a pleasure.

To start we simply flipped a coin, north or south, south it was. We walked to an on ramp, stood and waved at the passing cars (I didn't stick out my thumb anymore). By the end of the first day we were sleeping on the beach in Pismo. The next day we ended up in San Diego where we slept at my parent's house. The next night we were in Borrego Springs, the next, Palm Springs where we were stuck on the freeway for three hours and didn't get a ride until Kerry started hitching topless then we got a lift in five minutes. The following night we were just north of Flagstaff, gateway to The Grand Canyon, one of my very favorite places on earth. That night as we went to sleep in the pine forest that surrounds Flag, I told Kerry that tomorrow would be really bitchen. Little did I know or expect that it would be the hinge of my entire life and that nothing would ever be the same for me again.

We woke up and it was a beautiful morning. I did yoga and meditation then spoke with my friend and advisor, the I Ching. It told me about dissolution, which I understood immediately to mean that I should take a light dose of acid, just a nurdle to set up the day. I didn't bother telling Kerry, it was no big deal. We packed up and started walking toward the Canyon. There was some traffic but no one stopped. We came to the Flagstaff Museum and I said to Kerry that we should check it out as it was still early and we had all day to get to the Canyon. I figured we would spend the night on the rim then hike down into it the following day. I had done it before and it was a motherfucker of a hike with the going down as bad as the coming back up but it was so incredibly awesome that it was well worth the effort.

As soon as we walked into the Museum I felt the acid kick in. They had just opened so there was

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no body inside except for the receptionist, a young woman with extremely garish make up on. She had so much on and in such bright colors that it looked like a mask but she was pleasant to us and bid us welcome. We spent an hour inside looking at the exhibits. The ones that impressed me most were: The Amanita Muscaria display. A diorama depicting the original inhabitants of the area that described them as a nomadic people who lived off of the land then disappeared leaving almost no trace of their passing, which sounded like the kind of life that I wanted to live. A room full of crayon drawing's done by Indian children from a local elementary school. And the petrified skeleton of some huge armadillo type creature.

When I saw the skeleton I was immediately drawn to it. I saw a small hole in the middle of its forehead and knew that was where all the nerves went through the face into the brain. I knew that was the center of where all its consciencesness was concentrated so I put my forehead right against that pinhole and was instantly electrified. For a split second in eternity I became that animal digging in the ground looking for food four million years ago. Kerry who was standing right next to me said, "Wow! What just happened? I just got a big flash of energy off you."

I told her, then said that we should leave now. I had to get into the trees and digest this experience.

We said good bye to the receptionist who seemed glad to see us go even though we had caused no trouble and had been the only ones in there the entire time. We walked up the road until I saw a field with a large pine grove in it then told Kerry that this was the place.

We went into the trees and I told to Kerry that I had to be alone of a few moments to meditate. However, instead of assuming the lotus position as I usually would, I lay down on my stomach stretched out on the grass with my forehead pressed against a black rock that was jutting up out of the ground. As soon as I closed my eyes and stopped my thoughts, my forehead opened up and I went through the hole down into the blackness. There was no light but I could still see, and what I saw was The Black God whose material form in the west anyway, is the Minotar. He stood there all black in the blackness. His stylized bull's head sitting atop His perfectly muscled mans body.

He said to me, "Congratulations! You have made it through the maze. Welcome to The Heart of All Matter!"

I was amazed and said, "Thank you, but why am I here?"

He replied, "Why, to receive your prize of course. Here it is, take it." He held out both His

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hands in a cup shape. I put out my hands in the same position and He placed The Power into them and said, "You can now do or be anything you wish. Again, congratulations! Not many make it this far."

I looked into my hands at the Power gloriously glowing, twisting and turning in on itself in constant motion and I was dazzled by it, but I also knew that I could not control it. Well, maybe at first but sooner or later it would eat me alive and I thought 'absolute power corrupts absolutely' so I handed I back the Minotar and said, "Thanx for the honor, but I don't need it. You keep it."

The Minotar grinned and asked me, "Are you sure?"

When I said that I was, He took The Power back and said, "Thank you. Since our business is now finished you may return to your world." and in a flash I was back laying on my stomach with my forehead against that black rock in the pine forest.

I sat up and felt really great but also a bit empty and disappointed. I had really wanted that Power and now it was gone for good. When I went and told Kerry what had happened she said, "Well, you made I through the maze once, so why can't you do it again? Let's smoke a joint because I am getting a real good contact high off you and that should really improve it."

As we smoked that number I thought 'yeah, I know the steps now so when I become strong enough, and perfect enough, I can go back to The Heart Of All Matter and get that Power back from The Minotar'. After we finished the doobie I held the roach up in the air and said, "This roach is a symbol of my life, which I pledge to make perfect or die trying. I will not smoke marijuana again until I accomplish this goal." Then I picked up a rock and put the roach under it and said, "So be it!" I felt wonderful, my life now had a purpose, a point.

Kerry shook her head and said, "I don't know if you should've done that Tai."

But I said, "You gotta give up something you love in order to get something you want." I told her that it was time to go. We shouldered our packs and walked away, but the farther I walked away from that spot the weirder things got.

The world started breaking apart, a strong wind blowing against me came up and there was laughter in the air all around me. I suddenly knew that unless I got that roach back that I would die. That roach really was my Life! I looked back towards that spot but the entire scene had shifted and changed. It was now a field of exactly the same size and shape black rocks, and I saw myself as a crazy old man muttering to himself, "no, not this one" as I turned over another rock. I knew that I was forever lost. Soon as I realized this, the Minotar laughing came in on the wind hitting me full in the chest and

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knocking me backwards through the air about 10 feet, roaring as He passed over me.

Kerry ran up to me, looked down at me, and said, "Jesus Christ Tai! What the Fuck in going on!"

I looked up at her and told her in a voice that was no longer my own, to get away from me as quickly as possible, that I was entering another, more powerful world that she could never understand, a world of Chaos and Death and Destruction. A world in which I would soon be crushed like an insect. It would then split open and swallowed me whole. I was beyond thought and beyond time, there was nothing but the wind roaring through me. I jumped up and started running down the road away from Kerry.

She called to me "TY!"

I turned around and shouted back to her, "GO NOW! For the next time you see me I Will Be DEAD!" Then I turned and ran back into that field to await my Death.

The world was fragmenting at a tremendous rate, braking down into it's most basic components. The wind was a fierce blowing gale against me. Everything was becoming pure energy that would soon annihilate me. I could see through the sky into the blackness of space and down into the earth itself, all the way down into The Heart Of All Matter where there was nothing but The Power. I barely made it back to the pine trees before the universe exploded, leaving me to await my Fate, my Death.

How long I was there I do not know, but when I opened my eyes again it was late afternoon. I was surprised to still be alive but knew that it was just a brief respite, Death would be coming soon enough. And if He didn't, then I would have to kill myself and go to Him. I knew that my Life on this beautiful earth was over. While waiting I got out my friend and advisor and threw Breakthrough with all of the lines moving so that it became Splitting Apart. I then knew that I was not to die here, that I would have to seek out the right spot, then Death would come. I would have to follow my Fate one last time.

I walked back into Flag staying off of the main streets, keeping unseen whenever possible. Soon though, I came into the down town area and had to use the sidewalks. As I was passing the Greyhound depot I felt thirsty and went inside. I asked the manager if I could have some water, use the toilet then sit inside and rest awhile. He looked at me and said, "As long as you don't cause any trouble then you're welcome here."

I thanked him and after I'd finished using the men's room I sat down to try and figure out what I should do. At sunset I left the station and walked to the south end of town where I had planned to spend

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the night in the pines. I would then have a fresh look at things in the morning, not that I had any hope about the future, I just didn't know what else to do and it felt right. Just as I was about to walk into the woods a car stopped on the freeway, honked it's horn and blinked its lights at me. I thought, 'it's starting already, well here goes...' I walked up to the car and looked in.

The driver, a straight looking guy about my age said, "I'm going to Gila Bend. Need a lift?"

I said, "Sure" and got in.

As we drove along the driver said I looked troubled and asked what was bothering me, so I thought 'what the hell' and told him the whole story and of my plans to seek out my Death. I thought the dude would kick me out of the car for being crazy, it had happened numerous times to me before when I'd talked to straight folks, but he just looked concerned, like I was telling him about an operation I had to have. He listened and when I finished he told me not to worry, that God's Love can heal anything. I told him not this time. I had fucked up big time.

He said, "You will see. If you believe in God's Compassionate Love and His Power to Forgive, then everything will turn out fine for you."

We then rode in silence most of the way. When we got to Gila Bend he dropped me at the west edge of town. I was so tired that I just walked a hundred feet off the freeway into a field of freshly plowed dirt and went to sleep and didn't dream once all night.

At dawn I got up and walked to the on ramp. As soon as I did a cop pulled up. He got out and told me I was standing in the wrong place. He said, "See that last light stanchion? Go stand by that."

I walked up to the stanchion as the cop roared past me and even before I could unstrap my pack, an old man in a pick up stopped and said that he was going to Alpine. I thanked him and got in. He too, asked why I looked so down in the mouth. I told him the story. He just laughed and said, "Shit, you young people make a big deal out of everything. Don't worry about it boy, it'll pass."

He dropped me at Alpine and told me to stand by the freeway sign and said, "You'll get a ride soon enough." and soon enough was right. As soon as I got to the sign the first car with a young dude driving stopped and told me he was going to Mission beach to spend the day. This sounded good to me too so when we got to the beach I decided to hang out there all day myself.

However, even though I wanted to be alone people kept coming up to me chat a bit then give me food or drinks. One young couple started talking to me and after hearing my story, even invited me to spend the night at their house, which I did. When we got to their place we had supper together. Then

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they said that they were going out to a party and that I could stay there and rest if I wanted, me a total stranger with a crazy story left all alone in their home with all of their stuff. I could hardly believe their Faith and Kindness. They left and I showered then consulted the I Ching. It told me to quit fighting it, just to go with it but I thought, 'easy for you to say. You've been around for 5000 years and are in no danger of disappearing forever from this wonderful Earth'. I then went to bed but just before I got to sleep, the room filled with a deep blackness and a voice whispered, "SOON!"

Then the blackness contracted to a single point and disappeared. I fell asleep and slept so soundly that I didn't even wake when they came home. Next morning after breakfast I thank them for their kindness and left.

As soon as I got to the street and started walking down the sidewalk a white van pulled over and honked. A freckle hung his head out the window and asked, "Hey man, I'm on my way to Ramona. Like to join me?"

I said okay and got in.

Soon as I did, the hippie said, "Okay man, what's the problem?"

So I told him the story, adding what had happened yesterday.

He smiled and said, "Man, you ain't got no problem. You just ain't figured out yet that God's Love is what's Perfect. Once you realize that and put your Faith in that Power then you'll be all right. I know that it seems serious to you now, but really, it's quite a funny story if ya think about it."

I said that it didn't seem funny to me that I was going to die pretty soon.

But the freckle just waved his hand and said, "No you ain't. You just think you are. Well, maybe part of you is, but it's no biggie. Here, let's smoke a joint. It won't kill ya. Hell, it might even make ya feel better."

I thought, 'well, not yet it won't' so we toked up but I didn't feel any better.

He dropped me in Romona. As I got out he said "Walk to the edge of town, you'll get a ride."

I walked to the east edge of town and as soon as I got there a car stopped with an old couple in it. They were going to Julian, but when we got there they drove through town then south, they said that they wanted to show me something. They took me to a hilltop overlooking the desert below, it had a fantastic view and on top of the hill was a giant white wooden cross. They told me to put my trust in the Cross then dropped me on the road to Cuyamaca. The first car went by and it didn't stop. I couldn't believe it! Something was amiss. Then I heard a car coming from the other direction so I crossed the

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road and stood, the car came to a stop. Inside was a middle aged couple who said they were going to Onterio and they would take me that far.

On the ride I asked them why they stopped for me since straight couples almost never did. They told me that I reminded them of their son who they had just lost. They bought me lunch and we rode mostly in silence. It was late by the time we got to their home in Onterio they made me supper then said, "You can stay and sleep in our camper if you want to, but we think it would be better if you go."

I thanked them and left. As I was walking down the street a car stopped and the driver asked if I need a ride.

I said, "Sure."

A young guy said that he was going to the foot of Mr. Baldy where he dropped me off.

It was now about midnight with no one around, but then here comes a black car. I just stood there in the road and it stopped. A kid rolled down the window and said, "I'd like to give you a ride, but my girlfriend is too scared to let you inside, so if ya want to ride on the hood, I'll take ya half way up the mountain to a place you can sleep."

I got on the hood and hung on. Where he dropped me I crawled into the bushes and crashed, and again did not dream. I awoke at dawn and got up to leave but when I did I found that I had slept in a field of Poison Oak. I thought, 'oh well, I'll be dead long before it starts to itch'.

Even though it was only 5 a.m. as soon as I got to the road a car comes down it. I stand there and it stops. The guy is going to Riverside to go to work. He drops me on the outskirts of the city and tells me that there is an on ramp a quarter mile south of there. I walk to the ramp and notice that I am covered with teeny tiny red spiders crawling all over me but I just wish them luck then ignore them. I have much more important things on my mind. I get to the ramp and the first car stops, the guy is going to West Covina to work. He drops me off on a corner and as soon as he does another car pulls over, it's a young dude on his way to Big Bear for the day. As we're driving along the driver and I chat and as we're getting to the foot of Big Bear Mountain I tell him the story. The driver listens to maybe half of it before pulling over and telling me to get my crazy ass out of his car. Finally I think, 'a normal reaction.'

The next car is coming from the opposite direction so I cross the road and the car stops, and here is where it starts getting really weird, the guy, a gay dude, is going where? Why, to West Covina of course. On the way back I tell him the story. It's his opinion that I am suffering from a drug induced hallucination, a schizophrenic break with reality.

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I ask him what he does for a living, psychologist he tells me, so I ask him, what about the last three days of getting a ride with first car that comes by?

He says that it is probably just a delusion but even if it is true then it's just a coincidence. But get this, he drops me on the same exact corner that the last ride picked me up at. Now that's what I call a real coincidence. He tells me that there is freeway ramp about a quarter mile south of there (another coincidence) and that I can get a ride from there. My delusion and I thank him and head for the freeway.

There's only one on ramp and it's on the same side of the street that I'm already on. I walk up it and here comes a car, whoosh, it cruises right by, whoosh a second one goes right by me, whoosh, a third, a fourth. Something is not right, whoosh, there goes another. This must not be the right spot so I turn back and walk down the ramp. When I get to the street I start following my Fate, watching cars, people, animals and lights for my cues. When I get to a stoplight, I go the way it says. An hour later I have circled back to the exact same corner my previous two rides to West Covina had dropped me at. I follow my Fate again and again following the same route as before I end up on that same corner. I follow my Fate once more and again the same exact route back to the same exact corner. So now I know that somewhere on that route that I have just walked three times in a row with no variation is the place that I will find my Death. Now all I have to do is find it. I shift my vision to look for energy spots and start walking. I keep an eye on my Fate too just to be sure that it will take me on that same route, it does.

About half way around I see the spot. There's a bridge over a small dry canal with a path running besides it and some eucalyptus that have been planted along the path. This is the place, I know it. This is where I will die, next to a drainage ditch in West Covina on a Sunday afternoon by myself. I scan the ground for the exact spot and see it. I take off my pack and sit down in the lotus. I look around for the last time saying a prayer of thanks to this marvelous Earth for my wonderful Life and to all the people and things who have helped me on this, my incredible journey. Then I close my eyes and start shutting down my body and my consciencness. I am almost entirely all shut off now. I am floating in the pure blackness of the Void. I just have to let go of just one more little part of myself and I will be gone forever, the blackness will engulf me totally, and I will cease to Exist. Good bye, Thank You All. I Love You. I turn off that last thought.

But just as I do a bright light comes rushing out of the Void. It is a white robed Angel who is holding a flaming sword. He comes up to me then He kisses me on my forehead right between my eyes,

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and I am filled with Love, Compassion and Understanding. He passes right through me and I shiver with delight. I open my eyes and laugh. I look out at this beautiful Earth and shout, "I AM AWAKE!" and laugh again. I no longer have need for thought, only for joyous action.

I get up, put on my pack and walk away never looking back. I come to a stoplight, which is directing me back to that freeway on ramp. I know if I go there now I will get a ride, and that ride will be with my Death. And this time He won't be playing around. Instead I reach out my hand and press the walk button. Instantly it changes to WALK. A large flock of ravens start circling me over my head and they're cawing to me, "Go baaack. Go baaack."

I thank them for their advice then cross the street. They follow me for a block circling me and cawing out to me to, "Go baaack. Go baaack."

I ignore them.

I am walking right into the setting Sun. I'm on the wrong side of the street, the traffic is against me and there is too much traffic to cross to the Other Side. When I look at the ground all the ants, beetles and other insects are crawling in the direction I just came from. I walk past a house, the music is turned up real loud and the song playing in the theme from the movie "The Exorcist". I come to a corner where the stoplight tells me to go back. Time to change Fate. Again I push the walk button and again it instantly changes to WALK and I cross the street. As I cross I see a strawberry stand on the corner, the fruit looks good too. I walk up to it, there's a young Mexican couple running the stand. They see me and hand me a box of strawberries saying, "Take this please. It is our gift to you. Go in Peace."

I thank them and take the berries. I pop one in my mouth, nothing has ever tasted so good in my entire life.

I thirst, and there's a 7-11 up ahead. I go in and ask the kid behind the counter for a 7 up. He hands my a large one and when I try to pay, he says, "That's okay man, my treat."

Thank you my friend.

As I walk out of the store a carload of young dudes pull in, they see me then say to me, "Are you hitch hiking?"

I am.

"Well, if you can wait a minute while we pick up some eats, we'll be going to LA. You can ride along if ya want."

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I smile, thank them then get in the car. Just as we leave the 7-11 the sun sets.

When we get to LA the boys drop me at an on ramp going south, but I have had enough fun for one day and decide to ride the Dog down to San Diego. As I'm walking away from the ramp two robed figures come up to me and asked, "Where ya goin?"

They're both dressed like priests. The tall skinny one is in all black robes from head to toe, he has short black hair and beard. The short fat one who does all the talking, is dressed completely in blood red robes, is bald and clean shaven.

"I'm on my way to San Diego." I tell them pleasantly.

Red smiles at me and says, "Well my man, you're going the wrong way. There's an on ramp you just passed that'll take you there. Go ahead, I know you'll get a ride, easy."

I know I would too but it wouldn't be going to San Diego. I smile back at them, thank them for the info then tell them that I am too tired and it's just too late to hitch. They shrug, I shake their hands and they walk away. I get to the downtown LA Greyhound and buy my ticket.

The clerk smiles then says, "Gate number 13 at midnight. Hope you're not superstitious."

I smile back, no not anymore.

At midnight the bus is called and I board. A kid sits next to me and tells me that he is on his way to San Diego to report in for basic training. He has just joined the Navy and he's really excited about his new life. I smile at him as he talks away and think, 'you're not the only one brother'.

X RATED

My girlfriend Kelly and I got this letter from her Mother Vera, who live in a small town in Illinois. This is how it began:

Dear Kelly and Tai,

How are you doing? I am doing fine except you're not going to believe what happened to me. June, a friend of mine came over last week and told me she had heard there was a movie house in

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Chicago that actually showed people ‘doing it’. I didn’t believe it so I asked her if she’d seen it for herself. She said no, but now days anything was possible. A couple days later Martin (her boyfriend) came over so I asked him if what June had told me was true. He said yes. I asked if he’d seen any of them movies himself. He seemed kind of embarrassed but then admitted that he had. I told him I didn’t believe there were such movies that he was just joshing me. He said there was so. I told him then if there really was, then I wanted to see one for myself. He said I wouldn’t like it, but if I really wanted to see one then he would drive me to Chicago and we could see one together. Since I thought he had to be kidding I told him I wanted to go.

A week later we went to the city. Martin drove us to this real seedy part of town and asked me again if I really wanted to see one of these ‘blue movies’. I told him yes. He parked then we walked to the theater named “The Pussycat” with a movie called “Behind The Green Door” playing. Martin bought us the ticket’s that cost \$5 each. I thought this had better be a good picture for that price. When we walked in I asked the ticket guy when the movie started. He just laughed. Martin told me with these kind of picture’s it didn’t matter when they started and stopped. Before going in I bought us some popcorn, 2 soda’s and some Junior Mints.

Then we entered the theater and I froze because I could not believe my eyes. At first I thought they were playing tricks on me because there on the screen was a man’s giant thing going in and out of a woman’s private parts! Why, you couldn’t even see their faces. Only private parts doing it! Then I heard the sound and that made it even worse! A woman’s voice was telling the man to do all sorts of nasty things to her and using real bad language too! Plus, there was a lot of just plain moaning and groaning! I don’t know how long I stood there when Martin bumped me and said we should find a seat.

Well let me tell you, there was no way I was staying and watching that filth a minute longer so I told Martin right then and there that I’d seen enough and I was leaving. But, he said, Vera we just got here. Don’t you want to stay for the whole movie? I told him I was leaving and if he wanted to stay then I would meet him in the car. Martin laughed and said he was just kidding me so we turned around and left. On the way out, the ticket guy asked why we were leaving so soon. I told him that I couldn’t believe anyone would make a movie like that. And where did they get people to star in them anyway? He just laughed then he even offered to return out money. I told him no, it was worth the \$5 to just to see something like that. We drove back home with Martin Joshing me about, how did I like that picture? I felt kind of foolish for being so naïve.

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When I got home I called June and told her about the whole thing. She said she was glad that went and not her because she would have been too embarrassed to talk about it. Can you believe it? Have you guys ever seen such a thing? No, don't tell me, I don't want to know. (Here the letter turned more to regular family matters.)

Kelly and I got a real kick out of that letter. We could just picture this totally straight 65 year old Midwestern woman walking into a pron flick for the first time. The shock on her face must have been classic.

LA CUMBRE

After an afternoon of hot sex my new love Kelly and I are on our way to La Cumbre for some much needed sustenance in the form of one of the best burritos in the whole City. I hadn't seen her for a couple weeks so she gave me a real work out and now we are both famished. Since it's a pleasant evening and only a mile or so from her place on Poterro Hill to 16th and Valencia St. we decide to walk it. That way we can have a little social intercourse and catch up on what's happening with each other. We gossip about our friends and the San Francisco scene as we walk holding hands and bumping one another just to keep the heat going.

We have arrived. As I said, La Cumbre in the Mission District is the best taco and burrito palace in the City. Why for only two bucks they give you a giant steamed flour tortilla filled with your choice of 6 different meats, beans, rice, onions, cheese, avocado, hot sauce, and if you ain't a wimp, 2 or 3 HOT jalapinos. Have just one of those delicious mouth watering puppies and you won't need anything else to eat for hours. And they taste so good that when you first bite into one you just got to stop, savor the flavor and smile. I order a Carnitas with the works. Kelly gets the chicken sin jalapinos. We each get glass of agua con hielo, find a table then dig in. Sitting there with a beautiful babe and enjoying a tasty treat I am content. Life is good!

Right after we start eating a Spanish looking dude comes in the place, looks around, see us then comes over. I ask him what's up?

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Standing there looking down at me he says, "Would you mind buying me a taco, man? I ain't got no money and I sure am hungry."

I tell him no problem and hand him a couple dollars then tell him to join us after he gets his food.

He thanks me then walks over to the counter and places an order. He comes back to our table, sits down, takes a big bite of his taco, chews, swallows, smiles, looks at Kelly and me then says, "Man, that's good. By the way, my name is Jamie and I just got out of San Quentin this morning."

When we congratulate him on his good fortune he shakes his head saying, "I tell ya man, I don't like it here on the outside. Maybe I'm institutionalized but life's just too confusing out here. I mean, in prison everyone knows exactly who they are and where they stand. You know your friends and your enemies. Everybody has their place, knows what's expected and what's happening when. Outside everything is always going on all the time. Nobody knows anything. It's way too chaotic for me out here. I need the orderly life on the inside where you look at the clock and just know."

I tell him, "Well dude, you just got out. Give it some time. Once you adjust I'm sure you will love it and never want to go back to prison again."

Jamie says, "No man, I went in when I was only 18 and now I'm 32. I don't wanna learn no other way. I'm going back inside just as soon as I finish this taco. The reason I ain't got no money is because I spent all of it they gave me when I got out this morning on a whore, and now that I've been laid and fed I plan to be back in jail by tonight."

Kelly and I try to talk him out of it as he finishes his food but he ain't hearing us.

When Jamie's done eating he says, "Thanks again for the taco and for the company but, you know the liquor store on the corner?"

I say I do.

Well," he continues, "I'm going to go rob it now then wait for the cops to come and haul me away. I just hope they send me back to Quentin so I can be with all of my friends there." Then he smiles saying, "But any prison will do. I know the trip." Jamie gets up shakes Kelly's then my hand saying, "Well, wish me luck." and walks out the door.

Kelly and I just look at one another. What can we say to that? As we're finishing our burritos we hear a siren coming down the street then stopping about a half a block away. We don't bother to get up and look; we know what's happening. And anyway, we have to save our strength. We have all night and each other's body to look forward to.

HOMELESS IN AMERICA

It's the beginning of summer, my lover Kelly and I are camping way out in the woods in our VW van on a spur of an abandoned logging road miles from the nearest town on some BLM land. We've been here for over a month and except for when a car passes by on the logging road, a quarter mile away which only happens a couple times a week, we haven't seen one other single soul. We go to town a few times a week for ice, supplies and to visit our friends but other than that we just hang out enjoying the beauty of nature happening all around us.

It's a lovely Monday morning. Kelly's having coffee and I'm not even out of bed yet when a light green Bronco cruises by on the logging road. It slows down then turns around coming back towards us. It turns onto the spur and pulls up right next to us. I can see that it's a BLM Ranger car. Kelly sits there while the Ranger gets out of his vehicle. I, seeing this, get up and quickly throw on a pair of pants. I greet the Ranger then ask what he wants since we're not doing anything illegal. Why, we don't even have an open fire, we cook on a propane stove.

The Ranger tells us that he the head of Enforcement for this district and he wants to know what we are doing here.

Camping, I tell him.

He asks if I know that there's a 2 week a year stay limit in his district.

I ask if he's joking because every where else in the US the stay limit is 2 weeks a month. I figure he thinks I don't know the law and won't question his authority.

He informs me that in his district it's 2 weeks a year. And by the way, just how long have we been here?

I look him in the eye, smile and lie, "Only a week, officer."

He says he don't like my attitude so lets see some ID.

I show him my driver's license with a PO Box for an address.

He looks it over then asks where we psychically live.

I tell him in the van.

He asks if we're homeless.

We are, so what?

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So, he says, it is illegal to live on either BLM land or on any Federal lands. Now he smiles as he tells us that either we leave right now or he will ticket us for living on Federal property.

I start arguing with him that we have same the right as any American citizens to use any Federal lands as long as we follow the rules.

He agrees saying we can use BLM land for day use but it is totally illegal for any homeless person to sleep at night on Federal property, because the Federal Government doesn't want to seem to friendly to the homeless.

Now Kelly jumps in wanting to know just what the hell he meant by that!

He tells her if they let the homeless sleep on Federal lands then the homeless might just try to set up shop, start living on Federal property permanently. Then they'd become a real problem, not for only the BLM, but for the regular folks who want to use the lands as well. The Ranger then asks Kelly for her ID.

As he writes down all our particulars in his notebook I ask him if the 2 week limit applies to day use.

He says no, we can be here every day if we want but only from sunrise to sunset, if he catches us anywhere on BLM land after dark then he will arrest us and take us straight to jail. Plus since he now knows we're here, he's going to make it a point to start cursing the area at night. Now, are we leaving or is he going to issue us a ticket?

I tell him it's daytime.

He says since I've already admitted that we spent last night here, we can't stay here today. We have to leave. And if I don't stop arguing with him, pack up and leave right away then he will take us to jail where we will sit for a few days then we can tell it to the judge. So what's it going to be?

I'm pissed. I'm pretty sure he's lying to me about either the 2 week stay limit or the no homeless sleeping on Federal lands policy, or both, but it ain't worth spending time in the greybar hotel over especially since that would only get Kelly mad at me. I tell him we'll leave. The Ranger relaxes but says he'll stay until we're ready to go just to make sure we don't get lost.

Man, I am really pissed off. How dare that scum sucking pig fuck with us when we weren't even doing anything wrong! As soon as we get to town I call Legal Aid. I tell them the story. They tell me to come right over. Kelly and I meet with a paralegal. We tell him the story. He informs us that it's true, there is only a 2 week a year limit on BLM land in this district but in the National Forests it's still 2

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weeks a month. Also, he tells us that just last month went through this with the Forest Service. It seems they had been kicking homeless people out of the National Forests for quite a while until one of the homeless had come to here to complain about it.

Legal Aid had threatened to sue the Forest Service unless they immediately cut the crap. The Forest Service then backed off saying that from now on, all would be welcomed in the National Forest on an equal basis as long as they followed the rules. Now, he says, he's going to have to go through it all over again with the BLM. He calls the US Congressman for the district and informs him about the situation. He then calls the Ranger. He tells us if he can get the Ranger to say to him that the homeless aren't allowed to camp on BLM land then Kelly and I will have the basis for a suit. And not against the Ranger personally, but the BLM and the Federal Government as well for an act of blatant discrimination. Unfortunately the Ranger's not in. Then he calls the Director of the BLM for the district informing him that unless the situation is rectified immediately then he will be turning our complaint over to the Legal Aid attorneys. The Director of the BLM tells him that he has to talk with the Ranger first so how about a face to face meeting in a week. The paralegal tells him that is acceptable and hangs up. The paralegal tells us to come back in a week.

A week later I show up at Legal Aid. Kelly told me she'd had enough fun with the law. She'd rather hang with some friends of ours, smoke some weed and get high. The paralegal is ready to go. With him are not one but two lawyers who will be the ones to argue the case. On the way over the lawyers tell me that they're constantly getting cases like this. All law enforcement officials, whether it be private, local, state or federal, are always hassling the homeless and most of the time they do so illegally counting on the homeless to be either ignorant of the law or easily frightened by authority. The cop's attitude is simple; let's move the trash along. Right before we get to the district BLM office one of the lawyers asks the other if he wants to be the good cop or the bad cop. I laugh, it's always the same game.

As soon as we enter the secretary calls the Director of the BLM. He immediately enters the waiting room and informs us that there's a conference room for us to talk in. In the conference room we are all introduced to the Ranger, two BLM lawyers and an observer from the congressman's office. The Director says he'll start the proceedings as all the lawyers turn on tape recorders. Right away he starts lying. He says he's talked to the Ranger, and the Ranger has assured him that he most certainly did not tell me that homeless people are not allowed to camp on BLM land. Why, I must have simply

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misunderstood him. The Ranger only told me about the stay limit.

I get pissed! I stand up and yell out, "Either you or the cop is a liar! He told me homeless people ain't never allowed to camp on BLM..."

The Ranger interrupts me saying, "I never said that! You misunderstood me that's all..."

I interrupt the Ranger shouting, "Liar! You are a fucking liar!"

The Director says, "Calm down! Calm down both of you." Then turning to me he says, "Please take your seat, and there's no need for name calling."

One of my lawyers grabs my arm telling me to calm down. I sit back down saying to the Director, "Do you think that I am so stupid that I don't understand English? Or maybe you think I'm a trouble maker who made this all up just to have some fun."

The Director says he doesn't think I'm either of those.

I say, "Well then, either me or the cop is a liar."

Now one of the BLM's lawyers says, "No one is calling anybody a liar. What we're saying is that you just misunderstood the Officer, that's all."

I say, "It's pretty hard misunderstanding a cop with a gun telling you to get off of BLM land or you're going to be arrested, isn't it?"

Now one of the Legal Aid lawyer's jump in saying, "Look, as I'm sure you already know, we recently went through this same thing with the Forest Service about the homeless in National Forests. And, as you also know, it was established that you can not discriminate against them. They have the same rights as any other citizen of the United States to use Federal lands. So let's cut to the chase and forget about this particular case for a minute. We want your assurance that there will be no more "misunderstandings" with the homeless in this district ever again."

The Director and his lawyers confer a moment. Then all the lawyers have a discussion for another 15 minutes about the law and the homeless. Finally, the Director of the BLM states for the record that from this point forward he will make certain that no discrimination will ever take place against the homeless again in this district.

Everyone relaxes and seems satisfied, except me. I ask what about what happened to me.

Now even the Legal Aid lawyers seem to be on the BLM's side telling me the situation has been rectified and from now on I will have no more problems with the BLM. Right, they ask the Director.

He agrees. Then, smiling at me, he tells me that I am welcome on BLM land and as long as I

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follow the rules I won't have any more problems.

I ask him what about the cop lying.

The Ranger, not looking at me says, "I'm sorry if this little misunderstanding caused you any trouble."

I say, "There wasn't any little misunderstanding..."

But one the BLM lawyers break in saying, "Well, I guess that about wraps it up."

After a little more discussion then few pleasantries, everyone but me shaking hands. The meeting is over. We leave.

As we're walking to the car I say, "That cop was lying, he.."

One of the lawyers interrupts saying, "Of course he was, cops always lie. Did you expect him to admit to breaking federal laws. If he had you could have sued his ass. In any event, we got what we wanted."

I'm still a little mad and say so.

He tells me to get over it then says, "If you want to see if you can get them to discriminate against you again, go back to the same place you were camping and stay there until they harass you. If they threaten you with a ticket, make them write it. If they threaten you with jail make them arrest you and take you in. Then give us a call and we'll represent you. Also, from now on you should always carry a tape recorder with you and anytime you have to deal with anyone in authority, tape the entire conversation. Don't do it covertly either. Always let them see the recorder and let them know that you are taping them. You'd be surprised how much respect and how much less bullshit you'll get. They'll be so cautious, courteous and correct with you, you'll think they're kissing your ass. If everyone taped their conversations with the authorities then we lawyers would have a whole lot less to do." Ever since then I have always taped any conversation I've had with anyone in authority and I must say, that lawyer was 100% right.

The next day Kelly and I went back to the woods and camped in the same exact place. No one bothered us there for the next 3 months. Every now and then we'd see a Ranger's Bronco cruise by, but not one of them ever stopped.

It's the beginning of autumn, my lover Kelly and I are camping on that same road when Kelly tells me there's a light green Bronco coming our way. I get out of the van holding my new mini tape recorder and wait. Looks like it's time to see what's what. I turn the recorder on but instead of the head

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Ranger, a different one emerges from the vehicle.

He sees the recorder then says hello. He tells us he's looking for a guy who's been running around up here threatening people and stealing things. He describes the guy and his car then asks if we've seen him.

I tell him we haven't.

He tells us to be careful if we see the guy, he might be armed, and he'd appreciate it if we did see him, to report it.

I tell him thanks for the info. Then, just for fun, I lie telling him we've only been camping here a few days and are planning to leave soon.

He says, "I don't want to know anything about how long you've been here or when you're planing to leave." then he turns to leave.

Before he does I ask what happened to the head Ranger.

He says, ' Oh, he was transferred to Yuma, Arizona for the summer. They needed him down there, but he'll be back next month. Good day now.'" He gets back into his Bronco and leaves.

I laugh as I tell Kelly, "They needed him in Yuma. What a joke! There's nothing down there in the summer time except for a few desert rats who can just barely stand the daily 120 degree temperatures. I hope he's not suffering to badly." and laugh some more. Kelly laughing too, tells me I shouldn't be so vindictive. Then she lights a joint, takes a hit and passes it to me as we enjoy all the beauty that's surrounds us.

YOU NEED A BUS LOAD OF FAITH TO GET BY

I had just finished up a short hike in the Colorado's Rocky Mountains, which are as beautiful and even more awesome than the Sierras but with a hell of lot more bugs, and had just come out of the woods. I was standing on a mountain road in the early morning on a bright summer's day waiting for a ride. Up the road coming my way was a newish looking car being driven by a single woman, not much chance of her stopping but I stick out my thumb anyway, to give her a chance. To my surprise she stops.

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I go up to her car and look in.

She's about 35, nice looking, wearing a blue skirt suit and is completely straight looking, not my usual ride. I asked her where's she going and she says, "Denver". Sounds good to me so I hop in. She pulls away and we start chatting. She's coming from Bozeman where she lives and works as an astrophysicist and she's on her way to Denver to attend a conference.

I asked her why she had stopped as I almost never get rides with younger single straight women.

She told me that she had to leave Bozeman real early this morning and was feeling bored and tired so she was glad to have someone to talk to for the rest of the drive. She told me that she usually didn't pick up hitchhikers either but that I looked all right to her.

I asked her about her work since I had never met an astrophysicist before.

She told me that it almost completely involved math. She and her colleges sat around and played with numbers all day then discussed the results. When I said that didn't sound very exciting to me, she said "Well, that's because you are not a mathematician. Most people find math tedious and boring but I and my kind love it. In fact, I was working on a problem in my head when I saw you." I asked her what it was and she told me. I did not understand one word she said so I asked her if she had figured it out yet. She smiled and said, "No, not yet, but I will." Then she asked me what I did for a living.

I told her that I worked as little as possible at whatever was available but that mostly I just hitched around the country going where ever the rides took me, as I was with her.

She asked me if I always traveled alone.

I said, "I have the I Ching as my constant companion and advisor who never fails me."

She said, "That's because you believe in it."

I asked her what she meant and she said, "It only works because you have faith in it."

I said, "That's not true, whether I believed in it or not, it would still work. Maybe I wouldn't be able to understand it but what it would say would still be true."

She said, "No, if you didn't believe in it or understand it then you would not use it so it would have no meaning to you, in other words, it wouldn't be true."

I said, "You're wrong. Look 1000 years ago everybody believed that the earth was flat and that the sun revolved around it. Today we know that that is not true, that everyone back then was mistaken. They had based their beliefs on wrong assumptions."

She said, "No, you're wrong. 1000 years ago the earth was flat and the sun did revolve around it

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because everyone did believe it, therefore it was true at the time."

I said, "But today we have instrument that prove that the earth revolves around the sun and every knows the world is round."

She said, "But we invented those instruments after we had already come up with the theory of solar-centericism to prove that that theory was correct. I believe that we, and our clever little psyche's, are smart enough that if we had kept the flat earth/earth centric theory, that we could have invented instruments to have proved that."

I couldn't believe someone with a college degree could be talking like this, so I said, "So are you saying that the truth is only what everyone believes?"

She looked over at me and said, "Look, 20 years ago smoking cigarettes and chopping down trees were good, now it's bad. 100 years ago slaughtering Indians and making war to expand our country was good, today it's bad. 200 years ago, it was desirable to own slaves and to treat women and children as chattel, today it's bad. 500 years ago it was all right to torture the devil out of "heretics" then burn them alive in order to save their immortal souls. Today it is horrific. 1000 years ago..."

I broke in, "But they didn't have anything to prove to them that burning heretics was right."

She said, "Yes they did. They had the Bible, the Word of God that they totally believed in. Something that was just as real to them as our scientific instruments are to us today, something that we totally believed in. You yourself should understand this. 50 years ago it was all right to smoke marijuana, today it's not. Truth and reality is simply the maximum convenience of a particular time and place which always changes. Who knows, maybe 50 years from now it could be all right for you to smoke your marijuana again."

I was quiet for a moment then said, "So you are saying that there is no absolute truth."

She looked over at me again, smiled and said, "That's right, truth like time, is only relative to the event in which it occurs." I looked skeptical so she said, "You don't believe me? Okay, name me just one absolute truth."

I said right away, "Killing other beings is always wrong."

She said, "When a lion kills a gazelle, is it right or wrong?"

I laughed and said, "Depends if you're the lion or the gazelle."

She smiled back and said, "It's the same in human society. If you are a sanctioned killer, like a soldier, policeman or executioner then your killing other human beings is not only right, it's desirable."

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You can even become a hero for committing murder because not only are you acting in accordance with your society's wishes but also the enemy or bad guy even deserves it. You only get in trouble if you commit an unsanctioned killing. And even then you can get out of that if you or your advocate are clever enough to prove to the authorities or your fellow citizens that either you didn't really do it, were insane at the time or that you were justified. No, there is no absolute truth, only relative truth."

So I said, "Okay then, what about right and wrong, good and evil, are they only relative too?"

She said, "These terms are even less than relative. They are only abstract terms that a society invents to perpetuate itself and to give itself validity. They too change with time and place and hold up only as long as the power structure perpetuates them and the majority of its citizens believe in them either by force or by guile."

So I said, "But if people stop believing in them then their society would collapse."

She said, "No, they would just change into different concepts of right and wrong. The old concepts would be looked upon as the naiveté of an earlier more unenlightened time. However, some of societies more strongly held beliefs could collapse if the majority of its citizens stopped believing in its laws and simply quit obeying them, as we believed what happened in Mayan society. What could a government do? What if some day everyone decided to stop paying income tax? The government could threaten, cajole, even beg its citizens to please pay their taxes but it certainly could not jail everyone or confiscate all their property. The government would then collapse but it would certainly be replaced by something else in its place that would work within the new belief structure."

"Or what if everyone lost faith in money, another abstract, as they did during the depression? The government would have a very hard time convincing its citizens to go back to work and revitalize its economy. What most people don't realize is that there was just as much hard currency in circulation in the economy in 1930 as there was in 1928. It was just that nobody was spending it because they had lost their faith in it. Right and wrong, good and evil are just abstract concepts that a ruling body uses to control its subjects, convincing them that they are necessary to their subjects survival when just the opposite is true. It's the ruling body who needs its subjects for its own survival without whom it would not long survive."

I said "But without government society would collapse into chaos."

She said, "Maybe, maybe not. There are plenty of societies on earth, not only in the past but even today that have very minimal government intervention and they all seem to work just as well as the

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ones who try to maintain total control over their population. It is all based on the belief that it's people have been taught from birth to believe they need and are willing to accept, because belief only holds up as long as faith supports it. Then it has to change into something else or collapse, which itself is just another form of change. Our reality is based upon our belief structure which in turn is supported by our faith in it." She smiled at me and said, "Do you understand what I am saying?"

I said, "Yeah I think so. You are saying that everything we believe in; truth and justice, good and evil, right and wrong, are only true because we believe in them, and if we stop believing in them then they change into something else."

She said, "That's right."

So I said trying to get a rise out of her, "So if there is no right or wrong then it makes no difference if we ride along peacefully talking, or if we stop and make love, or if one of us kills the other one."

She looked at me then said, "That's right. It makes no difference at all, except to you and me and the people that our lives effect."

Still looking at her I said, "So what's to stop us from screwing or killing one another?"

She said, "I don't know. Maybe because the moment is not structured that way, or maybe we just choose to ride together peacefully talking instead, but for now this is the reality of this moment."

I said, "So are you saying that reality is relative to time and place too?"

"Yes." she says "Reality is only a moment in time that we perceive as an event where certain things are taking place as opposed to all the things that are not taking place. What's happening here and now is that we are riding along in a car peacefully discussing the nature of reality as opposed to the millions of other things that could be happening but are not at this particular moment in time."

I look at her and said, "Are you saying that there is no ultimate reality either?"

She said, "We believe that just as Einstein showed us that there is no absolute time, that reality is also only relative to the time and place of the observer that, yes, there is no absolute reality. Each of us is the creator of our own reality. And there is no way to prove that there is an absolute reality either because any observer trying to prove such a case would taint any evidence obtained by his or her own prejudices. In fact, there is no way to prove that reality exists at all. All this could be only a figment of our imaginations. We could be making this all up as we go along."

This totally blew my mind. Even though I had taken a lot of acid, I still believed in some form of

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ultimate reality and now here is this straight woman telling me that I could be making this all up, that it might only be a product of my conscienceness. I was stunned but tried to consolidate my belief in an ultimate reality by saying, "But if we make all of this up then why don't we all get exactly what we want?"

She smiled and said, "That's a typical question. It's because everyone and everything is connected to everyone and everything else in the universe by what Jung called the collective unconscious. We all have to participate in each other's realities with some people's belief structures are stronger than others. Also, we have been told since birth that we can never get all that we want so we believe that. Lastly, our own clever little psyche's would never allow it. If we all got exactly what we wanted then we might begin to suspect that something was up. We need adversity to grow as an individual."

Again, I told her that I could hardly believe, let alone understand what she was telling me.

She said, "There are only two reactions to these concepts when people first hear them. A few can accept them, but the majority flatly reject them in order to keep their belief structures and their faith intact by simply writing this off as nonsense."

I said, "I don't know if I can't accept them either, but I am willing to listen."

She again looked at me then said, "Then consider this. Catatonics are physically in this world but mentally they are not. They're not vegetables because if they are hooked up to an EEG you will see brain activity. What is going on in their world? What is their conscience experiencing? And is it as valid to them as the world that we are now participating in is to us? Or take the natives of Papau New Guinea. The reality that they live in is totally alien to the one that we inhabit. In fact, even if you learned their language perfectly you still would not long survive in their society. Because even though you could understand their words, you still would not understand the concepts behind those words since you had been raised in a different belief structure and had faith in different things. Yet their reality is every bit as valid as our own. That's why time travel wouldn't work either. Even if you could go back in time and could even speak their lingo, you still could not understand their way of thinking or the concepts behind their words. This is why almost all the Vietnam Vets who married Vietnamese girls get divorced. It's not only because of the cultural differences which are great, but because they were both raised in totally different realities by having been brought up believing in different belief structures. They not only cannot understand each other's actions but how the other thought and interpreted the

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events surrounding them. Yet again, both realities are equally valid."

I said, "Maybe the only way to see if there is an ultimate reality is by dying."

She just laughed then said, "Maybe, but then again maybe not. Maybe death is just a test of the imagination. Maybe death is only another change for the conscience where the Christians go to Heaven, Muslims go to Paradise, atheist get their Eternal Peace, Buddhist go to Nirvana and Hindus are Reincarnated. There's no way to prove any of it."

I jumped on that and said, "But what about all those near death experiences? They all sound kind of the same to me."

She said, "Those people did not truly die or they would still be dead. Clinical death and true death are not the same thing. As far as what they experienced, they were all from a western belief structure. What do Hindus or primitive people see when they have a near death experience. Even if they are the same, it proves only that every one's bodies and conscience react the same to the stress of a near death occurrence, but as for true death no one knows or will ever know."

I said, "So you are saying that not only reality but even life and death are nothing more than a belief structure?"

She said, "Well, it is a belief structure, but it itself is based on simple faith. We have faith in our beliefs so we exist. Descartes had it not quite right with his, "I think, therefore I am". It's closer to, "I have faith, therefore I appear to be". All things begin and end with simple faith that we really are experiencing a certain event in a specific place at a particular moment in time.

"Then what about conscienceness?" I asked.

"Conscienceness" she said, "is nothing more than our self awareness that we are experiencing that certain event in that specific place at that particular time."

I tell her that never in my life have I ever had a conversation like this one that and while it is thought provoking it is also a bit frightening to think that our reality is nothing more than our faith in it that it, and we, exist.

"If you think that's frightening," she continued, "then consider this. Some of my colleges are saying that if our reality is truly based only on our faith in it, then the entire universe may be nothing more than a thought. That it only exists because it has faith in itself. Some people working at the sub-atomic level say that sometimes matter does not seem to exist. It appears or disappears on it's own accord randomly for no observable reason. It simply exists for a moment in time then it doesn't, and

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there is no explanation for the event. Also, we are now finding things in the universe that are inexplicable, such as; there is not enough matter in the universe to sustain it, so either, where is it or where did it go? We simply do not know. However, again this could be our clever little psyche's giving us something to think about, because if we solve all the problems that are presented to us, why then what would we do. We'd all be bored and out of a job, and we wouldn't want that now would we?"

I asked her if she ever took LSD.

She said, "No, I haven't felt the need to, but if I ever did, I'd want to do it like Dr. Lilly (John). He injects it then goes into an isolation tank for the duration of the experience so that he's not distracted by outside events. It's just him and his conscience. I would consider taking it with him."

I said, "That sounds like a pretty far out tripp. I'd like to try that myself."

She said, "But right now I find my work and the people I work with stimulating enough. Investigating the nature of the universe is pretty far out all by itself."

"And the nature of reality." I reminded her

"Yes" she said, "and reality. Could it really just be a simple act of faith." She mused then smiled then said, "I think that maybe it is."

We rode together until we got to Denver, sometimes talking about reality, sometimes just sitting in silence thinking about what had been said. She dropped me off in downtown Denver and I took a bus up to Boulder where I had some friends. It's been over 20 years since we had that conversation and I still think about it. And now I agree with it except to add, reality is a belief structure of our conscience based on our faith maintained by our will for our enjoyment.

I had this conversation with quite a number of people over the years and the reaction has been from the extreme, "If there is no right and wrong then if you do not shut up, I am going to kick your crazy ass!"

"Get out of my car! Right now!" or "As long as you spout that insane crap then I never want to see you again!" or To the more gentle, "Of course there is a real reality Tai, or we simply would not exist." or "Well, right now I'm thinking that you are a beautiful babe so don't bend over, Ha, Ha." or "Who cares about that shit, dude. Let's party!"

But I have never met anyone who would discuss it with me unemotionally and seriously with an open mind. I would sure like to talk with her again now 20 years later and see what she has to say. I bet it would be a real mind blower.

PYRAMID POWER

I met Fast Fred again and the second encounter was stranger than the first. I was hitching out of the Bay Area going where ever the rides took me and got picked up by a semi straight looking girl on her way to Lake Tahoe looking to get a job in one of the casinos. This sounded like a good place to go since it was summer, so off we go. We took the 80 east to the Truckee turn off, the scene of Fred and my earlier debacle. She says that she has to stop for gas and pulls into a gas station. As we're sitting there I see a Toyota Land Cruiser that looks suspiciously familiar with a hippie chick pumping gas.

I go over to the Toyota and say, "Hi, is this Fast Fred's jeep? I'm Tai and..."

And before I can say anything more, the girl lets go of the nozzle, grabs me and gives me a big hug saying, "You're Tai? Oh, I'm so happy to meet you! Fred's told me all about you."

This was not the reaction I was expecting since the last time I saw Fred he was in hand cuffs and on his way to jail. We had spent a total of maybe an hour hand cuffed together before that but what the hey, when someone is being nice to me I go with it.

The girl lets go of me and says, "Oh hi, I'm Lisa. I've been living with Fred for the last year. We have a gypsy wagon out on Bear creek. What are you doing? Can you come home with me? Fred would really like to see you again."

What can I say. I go over to the job seeking girl and tell her that I've just met an old friend and will be getting out here.

She say, "Okay." and I grab my pack, tell her thanks for the ride, walk over to the Land Cruiser and get in.

Lisa and I chat on the way to their place. She says that Fred's not there right now, he's checking on a tree planting job but he should be home by dark. We drive up into the mountains, turn off on a logging road then drop down into a valley. At the bottom is a gypsy wagon. Fred built it entirely by hand Lisa tells me. It's sitting in a grove of tall pine trees in a grassy area right next to a very pretty little creek. Lisa shows me around and tells me that there's another freek couple living about a quarter mile down stream but other than that there's no one for miles. They don't own the land but have the owner's permission to stay there so no hassles. I ask about the Owl Creek commune and Lisa just says, "That didn't work out."

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We sit around and talk until almost sundown when a pick up truck comes down the road and Fred gets out of the passenger's side. He calls out to Lisa "I got the job, it starts in two days." then he see me and hollers, "Oh my god, is that you Tai?"

I admit it is and he runs over, hug me then says how happy he to see me again. I ask him about the bust and he says, "No big deal. A month in county lock up and three years probation."

When I say that's kind of steep for a joint, he says, "It was my second bust and they charged with indecent exposure too." and shrugs. "But hey, that's the past. What are you doing now?"

I say, "You know, same-o same-o. Hitching around, doing dope."

He wants to know if I'm holding, it's been a mighty dry summer this year. Boy 0 Boy am I. I got some Colombo tied like Thai sticks that have been dusted with Heroin. A fine high, a high and a half, guaranteed to get you off. I roll one up, we smoke half of it and everyone agrees it's a mighty fine high indeed. We have supper and he tells me about the gypsy wagon. He built it all by hand out of old barn wood on a school bus frame. Lisa and him did all the stained glass work and the interior. I got to admit it's the prettiest one that I've ever seen.

I ask him about Owl Creek.

He says, "It just didn't work out. Too much politicking and bickering over diddly shit stuff, so me and Lisa split. They still owe me some money for my share of the land but I don't expect to see any of it."

He, his brother and the guy down the creek are planting trees for Weyerhaeuser after the lumber company is finished raping the land. He and his buds had bid on a job for re-planting and they got a three day re-plant that starts day after tomorrow and tells me all about it.

It's getting late so I say that I think I'll go to bed. I'll sleep out on the grass under the stars by the creek, but before I go Fred says, "If you'd like to sleep with Lisa it's all right with me."

I look at Lisa but she's not saying anything so I say that's okay and go outside.

Next morning I'm up at dawn to do yoga, meditate, do the I Ching and Tarot, which I've been heavily into for the past few years. While I'm meditating Fred comes over and says, "Hey man, do you know you are covered with lady bugs?"

I open my eyes, look and see that I have hundreds of lady bugs crawling all over me, beautiful shiny black spotted little red lady bugs covering me from head to foot. I smile then go back into meditation as Fred says, "I ain't ever seen anything like that before, it's majickal."

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After I'm done the ladybugs have left, Lisa comes over and asks about the I Ching and Tarot. I tell her about them then give her a reading. I tell her that I also do numerology, astrology and palmistry. She asks me to do those for her too, which I do.

When I finish she says that she is totally blown away by how right on all these things are about her and asks Fred to come and get his done but Fred says no thanks, he's got other things to do.

About that time the pick up with the neighbors arrive for morning coffee. We get introduced and Lisa tells them about the reading I gave her. The other girl asks if I'll do hers. As I do she's agreeing with every thing I say until, when I'm reading her palm, I tell her that she'll have two kids.

She says, "No way. I can't have children because I have a deviated fallopian tube and the eggs can't pass. I've been to lots of doctor's and they all say the same thing. I sure would like to have kids though."

I tell her that according to her palms, she will have two kids. After I'm done with her she asks her boyfriend if he'd like his done, he says no, he and Fred have business to discuss. I did a lot of readings for a lot of people in those days and the females almost always wanted theirs done while less than 50% of the males ever had me do theirs. I've talked to other soothsayers and they say it about the same with them.

By then it was 10 a.m. They ask what I was going to do that day. They had to prepare for work tomorrow. I say I thought I'd pack up then drop some acid and tripp through the woods.

They say, "Alone?"

I tell them that it was the only way I did it anymore. I didn't want other people's vibes messing with my head. I dropped and spent the day just following my Fate tripping through the woods and had a really beautiful one with the Mother and Her children. About sundown I came upon an asphalt road. Just as I stepped out onto the roadway a hippie in a station wagon came by, stopped and asked if I wanted a ride.

Might as well. I get in, he says his name is Randy and he lives in a trailer in the woods on his own land by himself. He's on his way to some friend's house for dinner and a party, and would I like to go along.

I'm starting to come down from the acid after a mellow day by myself and that sounds pleasant to me so I say, "Why not."

We pull into this great big well kept up Victorian house with a nice big yard that's in the middle

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of the woods. There's a bunch of newish looking pick ups and cars parked in the drive and I'm thinking that this does not look like a place for Tai, but I'm up for anything so let's us see what the night brings on. Randy introduces me as his friend from the City. The folks are all dressed like hippies but their clothes are all in really good condition, even the patches on their Levi's look new.

The hostess introduces me to the "Guest of honor", an artist who's having his first show at a major gallery in the City. All he talks about is what he's going to do when he's rich and famous. Most of the people are standing around listening to his rap. I think he's a bore and go in search of some quality entertainment but there's nothing, no booze, no dope, no naked babes, nothing. We have dinner and a glass of wine with it but that's it. To get things rolling I ask who'd like to smoke an after dinner hooter.

The hostess says, "Those who would like to can go upstairs."

About half the folks go back to listening to the artist talking about his art. The rest of us, including the hostess, go upstairs and I show them what I've got and they all go, "Ouuu" and "Ahhh" "Is it Thai Stick?"

I tell them what it really is. I roll one up and we all smoke it. One is enough.

After awhile the hostess says that she thinks that it is too good to be Colombian.

I remind her about the smack but she doesn't want to believe me and even argues with me about it until she sarcastically says, "Well, I guess you'd know all about it, wouldn't you. Why you probably even knew the farmer who grew it" and even though it's my dope, most of her friends agree with her. What a bunch of dweebs!

That's enough for me, I am out of there. I pack up my shit and tell Randy that I am splitting. He tells me to wait up, he's leaving too

In the car I ask Randy how he can hang out with such a bunch of boring jerks. He just shrugs saying, "The food was good."

I laugh, Randy's one those good natured laid back non judgmental types and I like him a lot. He asks if I want to sleep at his place. I say sure. We go to his place, smoke a J, drink some beer then we hit the rack. Next morning after my yoga and breakfast, Randy tells me that he knows of a really bitchen swimming hole and asks if I want to go. Sounds good to me so we hang out at his place until noon when it gets hot. After a stop for some cold beer we head over to the hole.

We get there and it's a great big gravel pit that's filled with crystal clear really deep cold water. We shuck our clothes and jump in and spend the next couple hours floating in that pure H2O. I hear a

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car coming up the dirt road and when it comes out of the trees I see it's a Land Cruiser with Lisa driving it.

I get out of the water and say, "Hi. What a small world."

She gets out of the jeep, walks over to me, hugs me, looks me up and down then with her eyes fixed on my wang she says, "Good to see you Tai." She raises her head and looking me in the eyes saying, "Fred's going to be gone for the next two days, so how would you like to spend them with me?" As she's talking she's taking off her clothes. Soon she's naked and looking real good but before I can answer, she runs and jumps in the water.

I stand there and watch her lovely body gliding through the water and think 'oh boy, looks like I'm in for some fun tonight.'

After she's done swimming, she gets out, comes over to me then says, "Well?" I tell Randy see you later, grab my pack out of his car and off I go with Lisa into the sunset.

Two days later Fred shows up in the evening dirty and tired. After eating and cleaning up he asks if I have any more acid. Always. He tells me that he and his brother want to do some tomorrow and that they have a special place to do it at. It's a three hour drive so we'll leave around 4 p.m. and get there just before sundown. It'll be a full moon so it should be real trippy as this is a real powerful spot.

I say it sounds good to me, let's do it.

He and Lisa sleep together and I sleep outside.

The next day right before we leave the neighbors pick up comes down the road. The girl gets out, runs over to me, gives me a big hug and kiss then yells, "I'm pregnant!"

Everyone says, "What?"

She says, "I can't believe it either, but I am pregnant. After Tai gave me that reading I remembered that I hadn't had my period last month. I thought I'd just missed one, but then though that I should go to the doctors just to be sure. He did some tests and when I went back this morning he said, "Congratulations! You're pregnant." I couldn't believe it. I said he must be joking, but he said, "No, you really are pregnant." I'm so happy. Plus, he told me that since one egg has made it through that there's no reason that more can't too, so we're going to have lots of kids. Right honey?"

The boyfriend looks more stunned than happy, but says, "Yeah baby, I guess we will." She kisses me again and thanks me.

I tell her that I didn't do anything, but she tells me thanks anyway because I told her she'd have

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kids.

Fred tells them that we're going to Pyramid to do some acid and would they like to go along. They say that they have all they can handle right here right now. Lisa says that she's staying too, so we say see ya and head out in the jeep to pick up Fred's brother who live about five miles away. Mike, Fred's brother, is younger than Fred and is clean cut. I ask them where the pyramid is, but they just say, "You'll see."

We head toward Reno but before getting there we turn north off the freeway out into the desert. After a few miles we come to a gate with a big "No Trespassing" sign on it. We open the gate and ignore the sign. Further down the dirt road there's another sign. This one says, "Reservation. Keep out!" We go through that gate too. Off to the east there's a large lake. When I ask Fred about it he says, "That's Pyramid Lake, Tahoe's twin and a very spiritual place. We're going to the north end where there are these strange mud hills and some hot springs. We're on Indian land but we've been here lots of times and never seen anyone."

We drive until we come to the mud hills and they are really weird. They look like some giant kid made huge mud balls then stacked them 100 feet high in the shape of pyramids. The rest of the desert is fairly flat around them. Fred parks and we get out. He shows me the lake and the hot springs, which are real marshy and overgrown. You have to clear the weed and algae out before you can get into one and even then though they are hot, they're not very deep. You have to go through lots of marsh to get to the lake but it's clear and cold once you do. We wait until just before sunset then drop. Just as the acid is starting to come on, the sun sets and the moon rises. We hang together until we start feeling the rushes then tripp our own separate ways.

The night is majickal, just full of things to be and experience. The moon is reflecting in the lake and everything is truly wonderous and beautiful. After a couple hours of tripping around I climb to the top of the tallest mud hill then sit in the lotus position for the rest of the night, taking in the universe and listening to the AUM all around and in me, and I am Content and at Peace. Fred and Mike are running around the desert howling at the moon, sitting in the hot pools and swimming in the lake. Then they come out of the water, roll around in the dirt for awhile then repeat the process having a generally good time.

Just as it gets light Fred climbs up to where I am and says to me, "How can you just sit there like that all night?"

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Instead of answering him I unbutton my shirt and sitting right over my heart is a big fat desert scorpion sharing the heat of my body. Fred freaks right out and starts screaming something about scorpions and lady bugs as he scrambles down the hill as fast as he can. I flick the scorpion off my chest, rebutton my shirt and go back into meditation. As the sun rises Fred calls to me and tells me it's time to go.

We're all still high so there's not much to say. We drive to Lake Tahoe and spend the day swimming in that cold clear water and sunning on the hot sun polished granite rocks. As it gets late afternoon Fred asks if I want to go back to Bear Creek with him and Mike, but I feel that our time together is over and tell him that I think I'll stay right there.

He says, "Okay, but you are always welcome at my place so come by anytime."

We say, "See ya later." to each other then he and Mike split leaving me at Lake Tahoe, my original destination.

QUEEN OF THE COUNTY FAIRE

It's Lindsey's and my first year in the country. We made a break from the City because Lindsey knows this older rich dude who has some property up here that no one's ever lived on. It's 80 acre's of walnut trees with a barn on it that's been halfway converted into a house. It has a living room, kitchen and a bedroom with a small bathroom, the rest of the place still has a dirt floor and bare walls but it has a real nice unfinished loft that we like to sleep in. And best of all, it's free rent though we have kept our room at the Funny Company just in case we don't like it here. It's late June and we've been here for about 6 weeks and have been having a great time, both when we're alone and when our friends from the City come to party and visit, like now.

Gyro and Pie Makin' Marie are up here to do a little dope, kick back and enjoy the country life. Which mainly consists of hanging out and smoking grass inside or wandering around doing acid outside during the day. Then drinking beer and tequila at night until we're all feeling fine enough to go to bed and screw our brains out. The only thing missing is the rock and roll since we have no electricity, but

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what the hey, it's a small price to pay for lazing around in paradise. On our last town run for supplies I saw a poster for the County Faire that's going on right now and since I had never attended one I told the other's that we should go and check it out. They all agreed that it sounded like fun. We'd check out what the other country folk were up to, eat some garbage and get some cheap thrills riding the rides.

Next morning after breakfast, which of course included a doobie or three, we all get dressed up in our finest hippie garb. Pie Makin' Marie has on her patchwork granny dress and little square granny glasses. On her feet are some really chunky boots and she has a garland of wild flowers in her hair. Gyro and I are in total tie-dye, with feather's braided into our long hair and multi-colored painted finger nails. But it's Lindsey who's out done us all. She's wearing nothing but a sheer white ultra short mini dress that when the light hits it right or she bends over, leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination especially since she's wearing neither a bra or panties. On her feet are a pair of skinny sandals and other than a little make-up, that's it. We're all feeling fine so it's off we go.

We have arrived. We pay the entrance fee and enter. The first thing we see is the exhibition hall so we figure we might as well check it out. Inside is a bunch of mostly older really straight looking folks. First in line are all the granny's with their quilts, pies and preserves. We try to chat with them up about what they've made but as soon as they see us, it seems they have more important things to discuss with each other. Oh well, let's just move along.

Hey hey, what's this? Why it's the John Birch Societies kiosk, let's see how conservative they really are. "Howdy boys. Howzit hangin'?" I say.

They take one look at me then send over their youngest member, "Can I help you?" he asks standing there in his tailored 3 piece dark blue suit with his ultra short hair cut.

"Yeah" I answer, "you guys believe in as little as possible government influence in people's lives as possible. Is that right?"

He looks at me because he knows he being set up, but answers "That's right. We believe in a minimal amount of government involvement in not only the lives of all private citizens, but also in the regulation of business, blah...blah...blah..." and launches into his John Birch rap.

"So" I break in "according to your philosophy, it's okay with you and your organization for people to use all the drugs they want and to have all the sex with whomever they want. Right?"

He shuts up, looks at me, shakes his head then turn his back and walks back to his cohorts ignoring me while I'm shouting, "Right? Right?" Well, that was fun so what next...

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Lindsey, Marie and Gyro say that they've had enough of this country hick shit so let's get something to eat then ride the rides. Sounds good to me and we exit the hall. We eat our fill of corn dogs, coke and cotton candy then play a couple of the games and lose a little bit of cash to the Carney's so now it's time to have at the thrill rides. Since this is a small, poor and fairly unpopulated county, it has a very small fair and the rides reflect that. There's a small Roller Coaster, a Carousel, a Tilt-A-Whirl, a Hammer and a Ferris Wheel with a couple kiddy rides thrown in, but it's real crowded and there's a line for each one. We buy our tickets and get in line. As we're riding the rides I notice that there's always a small crowd of teenaged boys watching us. But I just chalk it up to them probably never seeing genuine San Francisco hippies before. However, after we get off one ride and walk to the next ride, none of them come up and talk to us. Instead, they just look at the ground or snicker among themselves. Oh well, probably just shy.

After the Ferris Wheel we have quite a little crowd following us so I tell my friends that maybe we should leave the ride area and check out something a little less crowded. They say okay and we head over to the livestock exhibition. As we're walking over I see that the boys are no longer with us but now there's a couple of grown men in cowboy outfits that seem to be following us. We look at the cows, they look at the cows. We look at the horses, they look at the horses.

We look at the pigs and they're right behind us. I've had enough of this shit so I go over to the dudes and say, "Okay guys, I notice you're following us. So what's the trip?"

The older one whip out a badge saying, "I'm the County Sheriff, and I'm following you because I am sick of you dirty hippies and your filthy ways coming here and perverting our young people."

"What the hell are you talking about? We've never even talked to any of the kids here." I ask.

He points to Lindsey and says, "Look at the way she's dressed, it's disgusting. Have you no shame, no morals! Why, you can see everything she has as plain as day. And the next time she bends over, I am goin' ta arrest the lot of ya for indecent exposure and corrupting the public morals. Then throw the whole bunch of you in jail. How dare you come here and ruin our county fair with your obscene ways! Why, it's just plain disgraceful."

I say, "I thought this was a public event and..."

The Sheriff cuts me off with, "It is. For decent folks! Now, I've had just about enough of your crap. So either you all leave right now or I am takin' ya in and you can spent the rest of the weekend in jail!" He stares at me with his arms crossed and his buddy backing him up.

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Gyro says to me, "Fuck this shit man, let's just split."

The Sheriff turns to Gyro saying, "And watch yer vile mouth, boy or I'll clean it out for ya. Now what's it gonna be? You leavin' or am I takin' you in?"

I say, "Well, I think we've had enough fun for one day so I guess we're goin'."

"Wise choice. " the Sheriff says, then, "Come on, I'll walk ya out just to make sure ya don't get lost. Get movin!"

When we get to the exit the Sheriff says, "I don't really care what you hippies do off by yourselves in the woods, but if I ever see any of you in town doing the least little thing illegal, then you will be going straight ta jail. Consider yerselves warned. Now get the Hell outta here and don't ever come back!"

We leave and our minds are totally blown, we can hardly believe what just happened to us. We discuss it on the way home while calming our nerves with a joint. Wow, what a trip! None of us has ever come up against this kind of hate for simply being who and what we are. Since we've lived in the City and haven't left it for the last few years we've never experienced this kind of prejudice and discrimination before. Sorry to say, it wouldn't be the last.

MOM AND DAD ARE ALL RIGHT

I was hitching just north of Santa Cruz late one afternoon when a cute little red MG with an even cuter dark haired babe stops and asks me where I'm going.

I tell her, "South."

She says she's going that way so hop in. I throw my pack and guitar case behind the seats and get in. She introduces herself as Michelle then tells me that she stopped because of the guitar which was the reason a lot of people did in those days. She asks me if I'm in a band.

I tell her, "No, I'm just a street musician."

She then asks if I'd play something for her.

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I tell her that's it's kind of cramped in her car but I'd try so I get out my Gibson and play her a tune.

She looks at me saying, "That was pretty good. Do you know any Crosby, Stills & Nash?"

I tell her almost all of them. Then I ask her which one she'd like to hear.

She says, "Love The One You're With"

So I play that plus a couple more of theirs.

Michelle says, "Wow, you do know a lot of their songs. What else do you know?"

I tell her that I can play about 200 songs and can last around four hours before my fingers start to get tired.

She asks, "How do you remember that many?"

I say, "I don't know, I just do."

She says, "I'd really like to hear you play more and it is getting kind of late, so would you like to stay at my house tonight?"

I tell her that sounds great.

As we're driving she name's songs and I play most of them, faking my way through a couple but she either doesn't mind or doesn't notice. I do notice that we've come into a nice looking suburb then Michelle pulls into the drive of a really upscale house. After she stops, I ask her, "You live here?"

As she gets out of the car says, "Yeah. Come on in and meet the folks, but leave your pack for now and just bring your guitar."

I ask Michelle just how old she is, and she answers, "16, but don't worry, Mom and Dad are cool."

I think that I probably won't be here long as I grab my guitar and follow Michelle in.

As we enter Michelle calls out, "I'm home, and I've brought a friend with me."

I hear two voices say, "We're in here." and follow Michelle into the kitchen. Mom and Dad are standing at the counter, a nice looking couple in their early 50's both well dressed and groomed, and both wearing white aprons. They see me and smile saying, that their Michelle's parent's, that their happy to meet me. And who am I?

I tell them that I'm a street musician and Michelle picked me up hitchhiking, but instead of telling me that I have to leave they say, "Welcome to our home" then Mom says to Michelle, "Are you planning on having him spend the night?"

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Michelle says, "Yeah, if it's all right with you."

Mom and Dad look at each other but before they can speak, Michelle says, "He really very good, you should hear him play." then tells them about all the songs I know.

They tell her to take me into the living room and they'll join us as soon as they've got supper started. Michelle takes me into the living room then asks me if I'd like something to drink.

I tell her no, but I ask if I could take a shower.

She says, "Sure" and we go out to her car and get my pack then we go back into the house. She takes me up stairs and leads me into her 16 years old girls bedroom with all it's posters and frills, telling me to leave my pack in there then she shows me the bathroom, asks if I need anything and tells me to come downstairs when I've finished.

As I'm showering I'm thinking that this is the weirdest situation's I have been in a long time. I finish up, put on clean clothes and go downstairs, and there are Michelle, Mom and Dad sitting in the living room all having a glass of wine. They ask if I'd like a glass.

I say, "Sure"

Then Michelle says, "Play something for us." and turns to her parents and says, "Go ahead, name a song."

They ask if I know anything older and I tell them that I know a lot of folk songs. They ask if I know any Bob Dylan so I play a half dozen of them for them. They tell Michelle that she was right, I am good then tell me to play some more for them. I play about an hour. Michelle and Dad sit there and listen while Mom goes to check on dinner every now and then. Mom says that dinner is ready and we all sit down to eat.

During dinner we all chat, they ask me about my life and I ask them about theirs. Dad is a professor of psychology at the university, Mom is a nurse for a private doctor and Michelle goes to high school.

I tell them that I have never met anyone like them before, and they tell me that they believe in Michelle and trust her choices. I ask if Michelle is their only child and they say no, she's the youngest of their four then Dad says, "We learned a lot from the other three. Mainly that kid's today are going to do exactly what they want to. And it's much better to have them do it at home where you can make sure that they won't get in too much trouble than it is having them do it somewhere else, then getting a phone call late at night telling you that something is horribly wrong."

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They're all quiet for a moment then Mom says, "Our eldest daughter was killed in a car accident when she was 17. They were all drunk and stoned."

Now we're all quiet for awhile then Dad says, "Well, you can't change the past, pour me another glass of wine, will you honey." his wife does and we try to make light talk for the rest of dinner.

After dinner I tell them that I'll do the dishes.

Dad says, "That's good, and Michelle can help you. Then meet us back in the living room so we can hear you play some more." Michelle and I do the dishes, which means putting them in the dishwasher then we join Mom and Dad. I play another hour for them until Dad says, "Thanks Tai, but I think I'll go up to our room and watch a little TV. Have a nice night you two."

Mom gets up saying, "I'll join you." then says, "Good night." And Michelle, try not to make too much noise." Then she smiles.

Michelle gives her an "Oh Mom" and they leave.

I play for another half an hour before Michelle says to me, "Let's go to bed."

I put the Gibson away and follow her up to her room.

She tells me to get in bed while she gets ready for the night then goes into the bathroom. I look around the room, rock star posters on the walls, stuffed animals on the bed and everything is pink and white and frilly. I clear the animals off the bed, get undressed and get in. A few minutes later in comes Michelle wearing just a big PJ top. She laughs, spreads her arm out, twirls and says, "You like?"

I smile saying, "Very sexy."

She laughs again, jumps in bed then whispers in my ear, "We can't do it too much. I have a history test tomorrow so I have to get some sleep."

I just had to laugh at that.

We didn't "do it" too much and had a very pleasant night together. And even though she was just 16 she still knew all the moves.

Next morning I hear, "Wake up you two sleepy heads. Rise and shine."

We wake up and say good morning to Mom who comes into the room, sits on Michelle's side of the bed then says, "Did you two have a good time last night?"

Michelle tries to pull the covers up over her head saying, "Oh Mom."

But Mom says, "Come on Michelle, you can tell me. After all, I am your mother. Did you have fun? And how big is it?"

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At the same time Mom is laughing and tickling Michelle.

But Michelle just keeps saying, "Come on Mom, stop it. You're embarrassing me."

So Mom stops then says, "Well, it's time to get up. Breakfasts almost ready, so don't dawdle."

Michelle says, "Okay Mom, we'll be right down." and Mom leaves.

I, of course, don't say a thing. I have never seen anything like this in my whole life.

Michelle turns to me saying, "That 's my Mom just trying to be funny. Hope it didn't embarrass you too much."

I tell her that I thought it was really cool in a kind of weird way.

She says, "Yeah, that's my Mom." We kiss a little then Michelle pushes me away and says, "I really do have to get ready for school, so..."

I say okay, get up and get dressed then go downstairs and into the kitchen.

Mom and Dad say, "Good morning." Then Dad says, "I'll be leaving in a half hour.

Can you be ready to leave by then? I can drop you on the 101 if you like."

I tell him that will be fine.

We chat a bit about this and that until Michelle comes down.

Dad tells her that he will be giving me a ride to the highway, and Michelle says, "Okay Daddy." then give him a kiss on his cheek.

We all have breakfast until it's time for me to go. Michelle walks me out to Dad's Mercedes, kisses me then says, "I had a real nice time last night" and hands me a piece of paper with her address and phone number on it, telling me to give her a call if I ever pass though Santa Cruz again.

We kiss again then Dad says to me, "Time to go." I tell Michelle that she was right, her parents are the coolest. I thank her for a wonderful night then get in the car. Dad puts it in gear and we drive away.

Dad and I talk on the drive. I tell him that I have never met a more open minded parents.

He says, "One night two years ago Michelle had a crush on this older surfer she had met at the beach. We caught her sneaking in late at night. When we asked where she had been, she told us. At first we forbade her to see him again, which just made her want to see him more. And after what had happened to our other daughter we thought we would try something different. So we told her that if she wanted to drink, experiment with drugs or have sex that she could but only as long as she was discreet and did them at home.'

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"At first it was really hard for us to accept and she did abuse the privilege a couple times, but after that we all calmed down and got use to it. Michelle started acting responsibly and everything has been all right. Mostly she has steady boyfriends for awhile but every now and then she brings someone strange home."

I ask about her booze and drug use.

Dad tells me, "She smokes a little grass and has wine with us at dinner but as far as we know, that's it."

I tell him that I think that he's doing the right thing.

Dad laughs saying,, "You would." then laughs again, "Just wait until some guy is sleeping with your teenage daughter, then come back and tell me about it."

We chat a little more and pretty soon he is pulling over saying, "Well, here's the 101. It was nice meeting you." and sticks out his hand. I shake it thanking him for his hospitality. We say, "Bye." I close the door and he drives away. I stand there on the 101 wondering what new adventure this day will bring.

O IN THE TRIANGLE

Well, here we are in the fable and infamous Golden Triangle where Laos, Burma and Thailand all come together. Didn't take too long to get here either. My lover Kelly and I boarded a bus in Chiang Mai this morning and after just a seven hour ride to go maybe 150 miles, we are now at the end of the road in Tatong right on the Thai-Burmese border and gateway to the Opium fields. Neither the Thai nor the Burmese control the area. It's controlled by Kun Sa, the Biggest, Baddest Opium Warlord in the entire world. He has his own standing army and is said to control 80% of the world's output of O. Even the DEA won't fuck with this dude. A while back the DEA put a bounty on Kun Sa's head. He retaliated by putting an even bigger bounty on any of the DEA agent's heads. The DEA then withdrew their bounty so status quo.

We get off the bus and notice that almost every older male is armed with either a shotgun or an

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automatic weapon. One of them walks up to us and asks if we need a guide to go up into Karen country where the O is. The Karen's also have their own army, are allied with Kun Sa and are at war with the Burmese. The guide explains that we will need an armed guard because the Thai's are fighting the Burmese who are fighting the Karens. And the Thai's and the Burmese are fighting Kun Sa, the Pathet Lao and all the other warlords, political insurgents and general bad guys who all live in the triangle. If we decide to go alone, we'd be lucky just to get robbed, rather than raped, he says looking as Kelly, then killed, looking at me, and then robbed. Why just the other day, he tells us, the Pathet Lao machine-gunned six hill-tribe people to death in a pick up truck simply because they weren't Laotians. We tell him that we'll think about it and ask where the hotel is being that it's already 4 p.m. and too late to go into the Triangle today. He shrugs like it's your funeral and points down the street.

It's the only hotel in town. When we ask for a room the clerk asks how long we want it for. We say one night then ask him about going into the Triangle. He tells us that starting at 5 a.m. pick up trucks will be going up whenever one fill with enough people to make it worth the driver's while. We tell him to wake us at 6 a.m. After supper we go to bed. It being a hard day and so fall peacefully asleep

About midnight we're awakened by noises coming from the next room, there's giggling, panting, groaning and bed squeaking. Some bodies are screwing in the next room and the walls are very thin. We think this is cute and funny and after a few minutes it stops so we settle down and go back to sleep, but just as we're about to doze off it happens again. We heard the couple leave after they were done so we think that they must have gone out for something and are now back. After the third time this happens we realize that the hotel also doubles as the town whorehouse (a common occurrence in Asia) and that we will get very little sleep this night. About 4 a.m. the trips to the room peters out and we are finally able to get a few hours sleep.

It's 6 a.m., time to get up and at that O. We find a driver, who asks, "Where to?"

We tell him, "To the best Opium den that you know about."

He nods and tells us to hop in back. We get in and when it fills up with people, the driver honks his horn and off we go. After about an hour of riding up and down a dirt track we stop at a village where the driver honks his horn and tells us to get out then he starts yelling in Thai (?). A guy comes out of the house and talks to the driver, he nods, we pay the driver then follow the guy around his house to the back.

He points to a loft above the barn and says, "20 Baht a day." (\$1) We check it out and say okay.

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It's just a wooden floor with some straw and blankets on it but good enough since we did not come for the accommodations.

We ask him about smoking some Opium.

He says, "Later no problem." so we hang out waiting for later.

We find out that he's a Karen and the headmen for this village. He shows us his wife, children, animals and the village. His wife makes us lunch and we spend a very pleasant day with him. Since it is so dangerous, the headman assures us that what the guide told us is true and that they don't get many foreigners here, that we'll have to an armed guard when we go smoke the O. After sundown the headman tells us that it's time and leads us to a pick up with a driver, a guy with a shotgun in the bed and another with an AK47 riding shotgun.

The headmen says, "20 Baht, 20 Baht, 20 Baht." as he points to each of the men.

We say okay. We get in the bed with the headman who tells us to lie down so no one can see us. We do and we're off. We ride for about 20 minutes before we're allowed to sit up, and when we do we're in dense jungle. We stop in front of a huge stand of bamboo and the headmen tells us to get out, this is the place. This is the place? There's nothing here!

The headman says to follow him and walks right into the bamboo. In the middle of the grove is the Opium den with mats, pillows and kerosene lamp burning and of course, the Pipe Master. We lay down on the mats and the Pipe Master asks us if we want pure or half pure? (The other half is powered aspirin)

We say, "Pure."

He asks us how many pipes?

We ask the dose?

He says that five, a half gram, is the usual.

We ask the price?

10 Baht a pipe.

We tell him 10 pipes, a full gram apiece sounds about right.

I take a prepared pipe and the Pipe Master lights it. The smoke is so light that you can barely feel it as it enters your lungs and you only taste a slight sweet flavor. I smoke 5 pipes then Kelly takes 5, then me, then her once again.

The Pipe Master asks if I'd like any more?

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Well, why not just one with aspirin, or maybe two

After we're done we lay down on the mats and wait. It doesn't take long to feel the effects. It's a warm golden safe totally contented feeling overtaking your entire body and mind. Your whole being is engulfed in pleasure and it just keeps getting better. Before we get too high to move the headman tells us it's time to go back the village. We lay in the bed of the pick up looking up at that star filled sky and ride.

Now whether that ride took 20 minutes or 20 million years I didn't know or care. I only knew that I felt better than I ever had before in my entire life and that this was the ultimate high. I was simply part of the conscious universe with no feelings, thoughts or cares, just pure unadulterated bliss. When we got back to the headman's house he took us over to the banana patch so we could puke but it was more like fountaining and with each fountain I got higher, more golden, more liquid. He then led us up to the loft where we laid down and stayed there dreaming, dreaming, dreaming for the next 36 hours.

Next morning (for us anyway) we were feeling a little sick but the headman's wife fed us and gave us tea to drink then the headmen gave us some ganja to smoke. After that we felt fine enough for the ride back to Tatong where we spent the night in the hotel/whore house but this time we slept right through all the fucking. Next day we caught a bus back to Chiang Mai. The Thai cops searched us on the way out of the Triangle making sure that we weren't bringing anything back with us but we didn't care because we had just experienced the finest high in the entire world.

MIAMI NICE

I was staying in a hippie commune just one block off of Peachtree St. in Atlanta. I was working for the daily slave wage of \$10 in cash for Manpower when one of the guys came in and said that he had to go to Miami and needed some one to help with the driving and gas. Since I had been there a week and was tired of the daily scut work for low wages, I told him I'd be happy to join him.

He said, "We leave at dawn so be ready". Of course, dawn for a hippie means somewhere around 10 a.m. which was when we left.

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On the drive I told him that I had never been to Miami so what was it like. He said, "It's mostly a party town, but you got to look out for the cops. They're a bunch of mean assed bastards that'll run you in for absolutely no reason at all other than they don't like the way you look, but the grass and coke is strong and cheap, and it's not too hard to get laid, so you should have a good time."

I said, "Sounds good to me" as we cruised south into the warmth and sunshine.

When we get there he tells me that I can crash there for the night but since it was his brother and him in a small trailer that I would have to find something else the next day. The next day he drives me down to the beach where I hung out for the day just people watching. When it got late I went to what looked like a college bar, had a couple beers and socialized with the kids.

Around midnight I ask some of my new found friends if any of them knew of a place I could crash?

They say, "Hell man, you can sleep at our house. In fact, there should be a party going on there right now so let's go."

We left the bar, got in their car then drove to their crib and they were right, there was loud music and people all over the place. We go in and one of their buds say, "We went shroom picking today and there was lots, so eat as many as ya want." pointing to a big bag on the table.

I go to the table and help myself to a dozen and Ouu-ieee, they were so fine that I didn't get any sleep that night and had a really good time. Next morning I shoulder my pack and walk around the city for a little while but by then the shrooms have worn off so I find a nice park and sleep for a few hours on the grass. Now here's a funny thing, a person can sleep hassle free in a park from sun up to sunset but if you try sleeping in a park at night the cops for sure, if they see you will roust you. I wake up in the early afternoon and wander around the city some more until it gets late then start looking for a place to crash.

I've wandered into not a very good section of the city so I don't want to sleep on the street and I do not want to have to pay for a place either. I see a youngish looking bum so I go up to him and ask him if he knows of a safe place to sleep.

He tells me that if I buy him a short dog of MD 20/20 then he'll be glad to show me a real nice place. I buy him the bottle and he says, "Follow me." He takes me down an alley and we walk over to an 8-foot high chain link fence. The bum says, "All we got to do is climb the fence then grab hold of the bottom of the fire escape there." here he points up "and hoist ourselves up then we can go up to the top floor and crash in the hall. Don't worry no body will bother us, but you got to leave before 6 a.m.,

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because that's when they check."

I look up at the fence and the fire escape then says, "No sweat, let's do it." and we do.

Next morning the wine-o wakes me up and says, "Timed to go." then leaves the way we came.

But I think, 'fuck it, I'm going out the front door. What can they do?'

So I go down the stairs and as I walk by the front desk the clerk says, "Who the fuck are you?"

I say, "Oh, I was just visiting some friends." and slip out the door with the clerk shouting, "Yeah who?" behind me. Ahh, another beautiful day in Miami. Again I spend the entire day just tripping around the city having a generally good time.

When the sun starts getting low I get the idea that I would like to check out the Keys so I go to a gas station and ask the attendant for directions, he gives them to me and I thank him.

As I walk away he calls me back saying, "Are you going to try hitching down there tonight, buddy?"

When I tell him that I am going to start he says, "This is not a very good neighborhood to be in after it gets dark. I tell you what, I get off work in 20 minutes. If you want you can wait for me in my car and spend the night at my house with me and my wife. Then tomorrow morning I'll put you on the right road."

When I ask if his wife won't mind him bringing home a total stranger he says, "She might a little, but I haven't done a good deed for a while, so you're it."

I say, "Fine" and wait in his car.

On the ride to his house he asks me if I am an anti-Semite because he's Jewish.

I tell him that I think all religions are equally oppressive with some just being worse than others.

He laughs saying, "Well, at least you're honest."

We get to his house and he introduces me to his wife, who's not too happy to see me but she's still gracious and offers me dinner. After supper I offer to wash the dishes but she says, no I'm their guest. Their a very quiet gentle young couple, they tell me that they are retiring to their bedroom to read before bed and that I can sleep on their couch then leave me alone. There's nothing to do so I go to sleep.

Next morning the guy drops me on the highway and says the Keys are straight south.

I thank him for his kindness.

He says, "It's nothing." and leaves.

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I stand there in the morning sunshine and wave at the passing cars until one pulls over. In it is a hippie about my age. He asks where I'm heading and I tell him.

He says, "Hop in. I'm not going to far but it will get you almost out of the city."

As we're driving he tells me that he's going to apply to become a human guinea pig. He says that a drug company is testing new drugs on humans and pays real well.

I ask him what's the trip.

He says, "The studies are for different drugs, but they all last from 5 to 10 days. For which they pay you \$50 a day tax free. Plus they feed and house you for the whole time. It's kind of like being at a resort cuz the have lots of recreational stuff."

I say the heck with the Keys, I'll accompany him there. One week there and I wouldn't have to work for months.

He says, "There is a downside though."

I ask what it is?

He says, "They take blood from you every four hours without fail."

I say, "No pain, no gain." and off we go to the doctors.

We get there and as soon as they find out I'm an epileptic they says that I can't do it.

My new friend Happy Jack says that if I wait for him to finish then I can stay with him at his commune for a few days.

I say that sounds good to me.

Happy Jack gets the job but it won't start for a week so I can stay with him that long if I like because he says, he can tell that I am hip and his commune is always on the look out for aware folks. As we're driving I ask what kind of commune is it and Jack tells me, "Well, it's called "The Source" commune and our teacher we call "Father". He teaches that all religions both old and new are correct, and that one only has to compare and study them to see the sameness in all of them, and that enlightenment can be reached through any one of them singlely or when used in combination with any other."

I say, "That sounds good, but how does the commune work?"

He says, "Oh, well, everyone gives half their earning to the commune. We all eat together and we are all micro biotic. The married couple can sleep together twice a week and the rest of us sleep separately. We each have one day a week that we have to give to the commune to devote to it's upkeep,

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and every night between 8 and 9 p.m. Father reads to us from some holy book. I guess that's about it."

So I'm thinking, 'well, I won't last long there'.

We get to the commune and it's a big two story yellow house and a corner surrounded by a well kept lawn and a 3 foot high coral fence. We enter and right away everyone is real friendly and acting interested in me. They take my pack and one of the girls offers me a back rub, which I accept, and she rubs my back and shoulders like we were old friends. Then it's a lunch of brown rice, miso and a few veggie's. After lunch I help with dishes and chat with the commune members. They're all peaceful and happy.

I think, 'well maybe this ain't so bad after all'.

Jack says that I am free to do what I want until suppertime, which is just after sundown. So I leave and wander around the neighborhood. It looks like an upper middle class one with hardly anyone on the streets. I find a small park and hang out until suppertime then head back. When I get there Jack tells me that after the nightly reading and meditation, Father wants to meet me. We have the same dinner that we had for lunch then wait around until 8 o'clock Father appears, he's big all over but not fat, he has long kinky red-brown hair and looks like a mulatto.

He greets us all, gives a benediction ending with the *AUM* and begins reading first from the book of Mark out the Bible then switches to the Uranchia Book. He then compares the two then asks us what we think. No one volunteers so he points out a couple people and they then give their opinions.

He then asks me mine and I give him my "all religions" rap ending with, "I think everyone should find their own way by simply looking within themselves, into their own hearts and souls."

He asks me, "But don't you think that some of these writing can guide us?"

I say, "Sure. But once something is written down, it can't change and too easily becomes dogma, which in my opinion is always bad."

He laugh saying, "Good point." Then, "Well, brothers and sisters that will be all for tonight." He gives another benediction again ending with the *AUM* and leaves.

Jack comes up to me and says, "I'll show you where to sleep."

I say, "But I thought that I was suppose to meet Father tonight."

Jack looks at the floor saying, "Uh well, Father says that won't be necessary, but he also said that you could stay as long as you wanted."

I say, "Whatever" and follow Jack down into the basement where it's fixed up with a lot of bunk

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beds.

Jack tells me this is where the single males sleep then says, "And you're lucky, it's Wednesday night."

When I ask why but he just smiles saying, "You'll see."

I am sleeping peacefully and it must be around midnight when I feel someone getting in bed with me. I come fully awake when this person gives me a kiss. I look and it's one of the girls and all she has on is a very sheer nightgown. She smiles at me and puts her finger to her lips going, "Shhhh..." then she mounts me. Instantly I get hard then she slip my cock inside her and starts pumping up and down real fast. Within a minute or so I cum. She then leans down, kisses me again, gets off me and leaves. I don't know what just happened but I sure ain't complaining then I go back to sleep.

Everyone gets up at dawn and after toilet, we all shuffle back into the living room. Father comes in and does pretty much the same as the night before except he doesn't ask for opinions. He leaves and it's breakfast time, brown rice gruel and herbal tea. After that everyone goes back into the living room to get their assignments for the day.

The guy in charge says to me, "Since your new Tai, you may have a free day."

And I think, 'right, I have a free day all right because I am out of here'.

I grab my pack and when Jack sees that he asks, "Aren't you staying?" I tell him no, I got things to do. But thanks for the night.

When I ask him about last night he tells me, "Father says that when people don't have sex regularly, especially males, then it's all that they think about and so clouds their thinking. So once a week the girls visit us. A different girl each time so we don't become too attached to any one of them, that why it's quick and no talking is aloud."

I just laugh, clap Jack on the shoulder saying, "Whatever works." then it's back out on the road for me.

I spend the next three days working for Manpower on the docks, chaining down cars on barges that are being shipped to Puerto Rico. I sleep on the roof of a hippie's house who I met who's working with me until it's time to head north again. It's too bad that I forgot about the Keys because from all the people that I talked to about the place, they all tell me that at that time it was really happening. That it was party central for the entire East Coast. Oh well, can't hit them all.

JESUS, THE CHRISTIAN AND THE COP

My girlfriend Kelly and I are up in the Sierras on our way to see a gold miner we know. We stop by once a year on our way through just to say Hi and stay the night at his camp. We've known him for four years. We met him at George's camp where he was showing around a letter he'd gotten from SoSo Security. He has arthritis real bad, his hands are just claws most of the time even though he's only our age. He applied for SSI disability. The SSA letter said, and I shit you not, that although he doesn't have the full use of his hands, he's not totally disable because he could find work that didn't involve the use of his hands. We all sat around and tried to think of a real job where he wouldn't have to use his hands but couldn't think of even one. Anyway, here we are.

"Hey Jesus (pronounced Hey-soos), you here." I call.

He comes around the corner of his cabin with his .44 pointed right at me, "Oh it's you." he says, lowering the piece.

I ask him what's the trip.

He says, "Some Jesus (pronounced Gee-sus) freak cut my throat and I'm still a little jumpy."

We go, "WHAT?"

He says, "Come into the cabin and I'll tell you the story."

He sits with his back against the wall never letting go of the .44 and starts, "Me and Jasper (his best friend) decided to drink a little vodka one night, so I gave him the money and he went to the store and picked up a bottle. When he got back he had this older guy with him who he said he knew, and was it all right if Mack could have a drink with us. I said sure. It was evening so I cooked up some food and we ate supper. After supper we went outside and built a fire, then sat around talking and drinking that bottle. We sipped for a couple hours until the bottle was empty, then Jasper and Mack started discussing religion. Jasper, like me, thinks it's just a bunch of horse shit, but Mack is a born again Christian and says how great it is that he found Jesus. Mack asks my opinion and I tell him that there's two things that I don't discuss while I am drinking. And that's politics and religion. But Mack won't let up. He wants to know how I feel, especially since my name is Jesus and that I must have raised a Catholic. I tell him that it is none of his business and that it's time for me to go to bed, so him and Jasper should leave. They get up and head over to Jasper's pick up and I go over to the cabin."

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"Just as I get to the door, someone grabs my hair, jerks my head back then cuts my throat from ear to ear. Then for good measure, sticks me in the chest. I fall down and see Mack walk away. I hear Jasper's pick up start then go down the road. I think that I should be dead but I ain't, so I crawl over to my truck, drag myself in, start her up and drive to town as fast as I can (a three mile trip on a curvy mountain road). There's blood all over and I'm trying not to black out cuz I know if I do then it's all over. '

"Just as I get to the 76 station I see Mitchell's car (the local CHP) and try to stop, but instead ram its rear quarter panel. Mitchell comes out of the station and is mad as hell screaming about his car. He jerks open my door, but before he can say anything else, I fall into his arms and croak, "I need a doctor."

"Mitchell lets go of me and I fall to the ground. He's still screaming about his car and now his uniform when Jack (the attendant) comes out and says, "Jesus Christ Mitchell, call the fuckin' ambulance."

"Mitchell comes to his senses and radios for help then just stands there watching me bleed all over the asphalt telling me to hang on. The medics come and take me to the hospital where they fix me up. They said the cut throat wasn't too bad, mostly just superficial, but the stab had just missed my heart and had collapsed a lung, and that it would take awhile to heal up. After I'm stabilized Mitchell wants to know what happened so I tell him and he goes looking for Mack."

"Next day Jasper comes over to see how I'm doing and says that Mitchell found him and Mack at his place, and has arrested Mack for attempted murder. I say, "Good, I hope they fry that cocksucker! And where the hell were you while I was gettin' my throat cut?"

"Jasper tells me that he's real sorry but he didn't know cuz when they got to his truck, Mack said he had to pee and would be right back. After the visit, I give Jasper my truck keys and asked him to move it back to my place."

He says, "Sure."

"Next day Jasper visits me again. He tells me that when he picked up my truck Mitchell saw him and told him that when I got out of the hospital that he was going to ticket me for driving without current registration and reckless driving for hitting his car. Plus, he even wants me to pay for the uniform I ruined. Now I'm mad as hell. When the DA comes to see me to get my statement, I tell him what Mitchell had said. He says not to worry about it, that he will take care of Mitchell. I ask what Mack said about cutting my throat? He says that Mack says he was drunk and don't remember any of it.

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I ask what kind of time Mack is looking at? He tells me 15 years, but with good behavior he'll be out in half of that. I say that ain't enough. The DA says that's as good as it gets."

"I get out a week later and the first time I see that rat bastard Mitchell, I walk right up to that son of a bitch and say, "Hey Mitchell, what about them tickets you're going to give me, you chicken shit ass hole."

"We're in the Snak-Shak with everybody's looking."

"Mitchell says, "What tickets? And you had better watch you're language when you talk to me Hey-soos."

"I look him right in the eyes and say, "Or what? You think you are man enough to run me in? You best not ever fuck with me again cuz if you do, then only one of us is going to walk away." Then I turn and walk away before he can answer."

"They had the trial six months later and after testifying, I told the judge what Mitchell had said and how he treated me with my throat cut. Mitchell was in court and heard every word I said. Then I told Mack that he better hope that he goes to jail, cuz if he don't, then I am going to hunt him down like the dog he is and put one right between his fucking eyes. The judge tells me to calm myself and to step down. On my way past Mack, I tell him that if I ever see him again, he is dead! The judge tells me to simmer down or it's me who is going to jail until I cool off. He then asks Mitchell if what I said about him was true, and that lying cock sucker says, "No your honor. Mr. Martinez is mistaken. I never said any of that."

"Jasper says that I should sue Mitchell. But I told him that I've had enough of courts and cops, and if he leaves me alone then I'll let him be."

We ask him how he's feeling and what Mack got.

"Mack got the 15 years, but will be out in 7. But if that son of a bitch ever does come back here then I will kill that cocksucker. I don't care what they do to me. I'll see that motherfucker dead." He pauses then goes on, "I'm feeling okay, except that I don't trust anyone anymore, and god help anybody who come up behind me. I never go any where without this." and hefts his .44 then continues, "I saw a lawyer about the SSI. He says I'll get it for sure now, he'll see to it. If not for the arthritis then for the psychological problems I got from having my throat cut. He says I might have to see a shrink for awhile. But that's no big deal, so something's good has come out of all of this whole mess."

We ask if Mack ever said why he did it.

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"Naw, he says he just don't remember. But you know what really pisses me off the most? He never ever apologized to me for doing it. Now, how's that for your true Christian kindness?" he asks.

Kelly and I have no answer to that one, no answer at all.

POPPING THE CORK

I'm at a party a gay friend of mine is throwing. His flat is right in the heart of the Castro district, the very gayest place on earth. So attention all you homophobes out there – Do Not Come Here – because your small pea brain will be blown. Why they're all over the place, right in public, holding hands, hugging, kissing and not even pretending to be straight. But can they throw a party? You betcha! Only the most far out freek fest can rival a gay bash for just plain outright FUN! Why they even have and do in both quality and quantity the amount of dope the hippies can do.

Anyway, here I am having a grand old time when I hear over the music and people talking, “Damn, I out of tampax. Any of you have an extra?” No answer then, “Hey then how about going to the store with me so I can buy some.”

I look around and see a very pretty girl with white skin, short platinum blond hair, a red and white striped tube top, red satin short shorts, red platform shoes, a red sequenced handbag, red lipstick and nails to match talking to a couple of her girlfriends none of whom look inclined to leave a happening party just to buy tampons.

I hear her ask her friends again. They all either shake their heads no or pretend not to hear her. They're here to party not to help a friend who forgot to bring some of her essentials. Now me being a gentleman who's always ready to help a damsel in distress, especially a babe, I step up to her and tell her I'd be happy to accompany her to the store.

She stares at me for a moment or two then smiles and says, “Let go then.” She takes my arm which I offer her and right from the get-go I can see why she asked for assistance. She is stoned to the gills probably on a combo of grass, coke and Quaaludes. In fact she has a little trouble walking

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especially in those platform shoes and leans into me pretty good for the support. So it's down the stairs and out the door we go.

We make it to the street and luckily since this is San Francisco there's an Arab market on every corner so we don't have that far to go. She stumbles and staggers down the street hanging on to me so she won't fall over. Something I don't mind at all since just about every part of her sweet little bod come in contact with me at one time or another. A couple times she almost does take a tumble but I rescue her by putting my arms around her thereby copping even a better feel.

We make it to the store without incident and walk in. The owner is not impressed. He's seen way more and probably much worse than a stoned hippie with an even more stoned chick. He doesn't smile but he does ask us what we want.

Trying to be funny I say, "A package of your finest Tampax my good man, if you please."

The babe elbows me but she's laughing however, the owner is still not amused. He simply asks what kind.

What kind? I give him a blank look but the girl tells him 'regular' which he takes off a shelf and puts on the counter saying, "That will be \$1.99 with tax that comes to \$2.05."

The cutie opens her handbag, rummages around a little and of course, comes up empty. This is because good looking young women never, and I mean never have to pay for anything especially with they're all dressed up and there are single males around. She looks at me and what is a guy to do? I dig in my pockets and come up with the cash. She grabs the tampons with one hand and me with the other and it's back out onto the street we go.

We stumble and stagger back up the block no worse for the wear making it back to the party. As soon as we hit the door she tells me, "I have to visit the little girls room to change my thang." then smiles.

But before she can get away I say, "You know I'd be happy to help you out with that."

She looks at me then says, "You'd be happy to help me change my tampon? Is that what you're saying?" I assure her that's what I'm saying adding, "A little blood has never scared me. And you look like you might just need a hand."

She looks at me then kind of giggles and says, "Why not. Well, come on then ." so it's off to the bathroom with her in the lead.

We go in , shut and lock the door then she turn to me and says, "So now what?"

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I say, "Well, I guess you take off your shorts and panties then sit down and I'll do the rest."

She give me the eye saying, "Have you ever done this before?" then smiles and says, "I don't want you getting lost down there or fainting at the sight of a little blood."

I tell her, "I've done this plenty of times with some of my girlfriends and have never had a complaint on taking it out. Although I might need a hand putting a new one back in correctly."

She outright laughs at that statement but she's just stoned enough to be both amused by and curious about the situational. Still looking at me she drops her red drawers, pulls down her white lacy panties then sits down on the toilet. She then opens the Tampax box, takes one out and hands it to me. She spreads her legs and say, "Well lets see what you can do, big boy."

Big boy is ready. I hand her back the unused tampon telling her I need to find the string of the used one first before I put in the new one. Using me hands I spread her legs a little farther apart saying, "I don't see it so I'm goin' have to take a closer look."

With her watching I spread her pussy lips with one hand to take a real close look, so close I can see her clit which I then start licking while with my other hand using my fingers I tickle her outer pussy lips.

At first she kind of tenses up but she doesn't say anything and soon relaxes getting into the pleasure of it. I keep at it getting more into it myself really enjoying it. Soon while still sucking on her clit I'm finger banging her right up to the tampon. Now she has her hands on my head pushing it harder into her. Just when it sounds like she's ready to cum I grab the string and as I pop the cork she has an orgasm spasm. Dropping the used tampon on the floor I lick her a little longer until she lets go of my head then I look up at her and say, "Should we adjourn to the shower and finish this off?"

She readily agrees and soon we're both naked. Together we jump in the tub, close the shower curtain and turn on the water. After that a good fun and clean time is had by the both of us enjoying each others bodies. I tell you there's nothing quite like taking a shower with a strange beautiful girl soaping one another up and sliding our now slick and slippery naked bodies together. And with all that soap and water the dick slip right in, no problem.

After we're done showering and have dried off the girl again hands me the new tampon and smiling says, "You were pretty good taking it out so now let's see how good you are putting one back in."

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Now I've always enjoyed a challenge but I also know my limits so I say to her," Well I can try but I sure can't guarantee the results since taking one out is a hell of a lot easier than putting one in. But hey, I'll give it a go if you really want me to."

The cutie wisely takes the tampon back saying, "I'd better not risk it then because if you don't get them it just right then they can leak, and I sure wouldn't want that to happen especially since this party is just beginning."

I am kind of disappointed since I have successfully removed dozens of the little suckers but no girl has ever let me put one in so I thought this might be my chance. It certainly would be fun to try because who knows what it might lead to

We get dressed and with a last hug and kiss leave the bathroom. Once out the girl (We never did exchange names) gives me a little wave and melts back into the crowd.

I party the night away with the gays, bi's and straights. Every now and then we run into each other. When we do it's just a smile and a nod of recognition then it's back to partyin'. Sad to say but after the party I never did see that cutie-pie again. Oh well, it sure was fun while it happened and as the French say, "C'est La Vie."

Now some of you out there reading this might think it's pretty gross not only having sex with a girl on her period but eating her out too. But my friends, you are way wrong. First of all if she's wearing a tampon then her pussy is pretty dry since said tampon not only absorbs the blood and mucus but her juices as well. So if anything she's less tasty than when she's au natural.

Secondly, after you pop her cork and stick it to her a little blood is not going to hurt you in the least. If she don't want to stain the sheets, rug, sofa, etc, etc,etc, then just let her be on top. So what if you get a bit of menstrual goo on you tool, it'll easily wash right off. Better yet, bang her in the shower then there's really no problem. I myself have never turned down sex just because a babe's on the rag.

Lastly and maybe most importantly, you'll be helping the girl out because a good fuck is way better for her than a Midol. After an orgasm or 3 not only will her cramps abate but she'll actually feel really good afterward. Why she'll be glowing. So come on guys help the poor suffering girl out, you'll be glad you did. And girls, don't let a little thing like menstruating stop you from having a good time because you'll be glad you didn't.

THE TWO THINGS

Where ever we go I tell everyone that there are two great lessons that India has to teach. When I tell the Indians this, then the Two Things, they're always delighted, saying how right I am. Whenever I tell westerners who have never been to India these same Two Things, they usually say something like, "That doesn't sound very good to me."

The first great lesson of India is: You can own absolutely nothing and still be happy. It's not that Indians wouldn't like a little more in the way of material goods, it's just that they're not essential to their happiness because they always have something better than things. They have their families and they have their God. Whenever you first meet any Indian, he will always want to sell you something because it's more than business in India, it's survival at it's most basic level, make a few rupees today or your family doesn't eat. The average pay in India today (1995) is still only 50 to 90 cents a day. And that's a 12 to 18 hour day with only two days off a month so of course, if they can sell you something they will. But once you either buy something or you don't then there's only three subjects that interest them; family, God and Indian politics, in that order.

Since we foreigners don't understand their politics, we're spared that particular form of torture so they concentrate on their other two interests. "Who's in your family and what's your belief in God?" They then ask you if you'd like to meet their family? Then say, "I believe..."

However, with Indians it's more than belief, it's a way of life. They don't just practice their religion, they live it on a daily basis. It pervades everything that they think, say and do. They are their religion and are in complete harmony with it, therefore they'd like a new pair of shoes but they don't need them to be happy. They already have something much more meaningful that they can not lose and that cannot be taken away from them. We know lots of Indians where the whole family of 8 or 10 live in a two or three room mud hut with a dirt floor and a stick roof. They have no running water, it has to be hauled in buckets from the nearest well sometimes as far as a quarter mile away. They cook over a cow dung fire and eat mostly rice, dal (lentils) and chapatias (whole wheat tortillas) for every meal, drinking only water or chai (milk tea). The mother and father might have a change of clothes, one of which will be old, patched and badly worn but still clean. The children will have only the clothes on their backs, which will be very badly worn. The father will have an old pair of shoes and both mom and dad will have a cheap pair of sandals. The kids will be barefoot. Usually the grandparents will live with them

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and look after the smaller children while mom and dad and the older children work either in the fields or at jobs. Most of the children don't make it past the third grade before having to quit and go to work to help support the family.

They are unbelievably poor, owning almost nothing but still they are happy. They sing, dance, go to temple and are always interacting with one another and the other people around them. They simply don't care that they are poor, they have each other and they have their God, and that is enough to sustain them.

Kelly and I are considered homeless bums in America. We work as little as possible, live in an old VW van and own almost nothing. The cops are always moving us along, but in India we are respected because Indians don't look at what you have, they look at what you are and in what you believe. In India we are considered to be Yogi's, Sadhu's or Baba's. We show them pictures of our van usually parked somewhere out in the country and tell them that this is what we live in.

They are delighted saying, "You must be very great people indeed to live such a life." because in India the Baba life is something to aspire to. To give up everything and to live on faith alone, wandering around owning nothing is one of the highest goals that anyone can attain. It's the dream of most Indian males to work their whole lives securing the future for his wife and children then giving up everything to simply become a wandering Sadhu. Or to never marrying at all. I they instead become a Yogi's disciple as a young man and after studying with their Guru for ten or more years becoming a Yogi themselves, owning nothing but their begging bowl and a piece of cloth to cover their genitals.

In one village we stay in the most respected member of the community is called "The Old Baba". He's and his wife are almost 90 years old. They live in a very small mud hut that they haven't left in over 20 years. Before that he was one of the village yogi's but he still never went far from his hut. Since he's a Shivite, he and his wife spend their days smoking a chillum with a mixture of tobacco and ganja with the other villagers, giving them spiritual advice and chanting mantras with them. Even though ganja is illegal now in India, thanks to that rat-bastard Reagan, everyone, include the cops, still smoke with the Old Baba and his wife. All their needs are met. The people bring them food, water and chillum mix. They massage them, smoke and chant with them, and remove their wastes. Everyone in the village will tell you, "Yes, we have many holy men and women here. But he is the real Yogi."

We use to know a cave yogi who recently died in his 80's. He'd been living in his cave for over 50 years. You had to walk through a jungle then cross a large river to get to him. He lived in a small

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cave at the bottom of a waterfall that, he told us, had been continuously inhabited by yogis for over 5000 years. He owned nothing but his bowl and his loincloth, yet he was the most respected individual in the entire region. Everyone, who could, would visit him bringing him a bit of food and to listen to him speak. He said that sometimes during the monsoon that he would almost starve to death because the river was too high for people to cross, but it was no big deal, he'd live until he died, that's all.

Whenever women become yogis they're considered even more powerful and sacred than men. Not only because so few of them do, but because Hindus say that all power emanates from the female, that males only direct this power. That's why almost all Indian Gods have female counterparts, the males are only using the power that they get from the females. We know of a female yogi who climbed a small mountain in a remote part of India over 35 years ago to meditate and has never come back down. Again, all her needs, mainly food and water, are carried up to her by the people who live in the villages that surround the mountain. These people are very proud that they have a genuine Yogini in their area who own nothing and spends her days doing nothing but meditating.

Also, most Indians have a sense of self worth and pride in who and what they are. Even the poorest castes are happy and well adjusted because they have a place in their community and are necessary to the well being of their family and of their fellow villagers. Some families have up to 40 people living under one roof. It'll include the grandparents, the brothers and their wives and all of the children, with maybe even a few cousins thrown in. They will all work the farm together sharing the fortunes of their combined labor.

Plus, an Indian sense of normal is very wide, it's about the same as mine, respect your fellow human beings, try to get along with them and commit no violent acts against them. They're also thankful for the things that they do have. They do things like; bless the water tap or the electrical switch every time they turn one on, or every time that they're given a gift they touch it to their foreheads as a blessing. They have very little government in their lives and almost no "law", yet even though they're crowded and poor they get along really well with each other. Unlike the west, where normal has an extremely narrow definition and even though we are surrounded by cops, violence is everywhere. Calcutta, a city of 10 million+ people, most of whom are extremely poor, has almost no cops, yet anyone can sleep on the streets all night long unmolested. Try that in LA, if you weren't mugged, you'd be arrested.

There have been plenty of times that we've slept in train station through out all of India

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surrounded by hundreds of people and have never been bothered. In fact, the Indians have always made a space for us and told us that they'd watch our stuff if we had to go to the toilet. And some of these people were so poor that they and their entire families live on the floor of the station, yet they were happy to help us and to chat with us asking nothing in return.

So this is the first great lesson of India: That material things are just that; things. They can help you out in life and make it easier for you but they can not make you really happy. That has to come from within, from your own heart, your own mind and your own soul, and from without, from the ones you love and who love and accept you for who and what you are.

The second great lesson is: How to wash your ass.

Indians like most Asians look at toilet paper not only as an unnecessary expense but as a filthy habit too. They can hardly believe that someone would be so dirty and uncivilized as to walk around with an unwashed anus. Have you no shame! We know Indians who will not deal with westerners for only that one reason and others who will refuse to shake the dirty hand of a tourist. They're always polite about but they are not touching one of the great unwashed. Once they find out that you wash after toilet, their whole attitude changes toward you. They'll be much friendlier. They will invite you home to meet the family and have dinner with them.

Before I learned to use soap and water instead of paper I suffered from hemorrhoids. I even had to go to see a doctor once because they were bleeding. He rubber banded them, gave me some ointment and told me that it was a very common complaint, and that unless I ate a lot more whole grains that I'd probably have them the rest of my life. I was only 32 years old! Thankfully we went to India the next year. When I went into an Indian pharmacy and told the clerk that I needed some hemorrhoid cream, he asked me if I used toilet paper. I said yes. He told me that was the one of the causes of my hemorrhoids, and if I stopped using paper and switched to soap and water, that they'd go away on their own. He told me that hemorrhoids are caused not only from a bad diet (meaning meat) but also from tiny bits of fecal matter that the paper leave behind and even by the paper itself, that the paper left wood fibers behind and they also irritated the anus.

He also told me that the best cure for hemorrhoids was to tuck them back up into the anus where they belonged and where they could heal themselves. This was almost impossible to do with paper but easily accomplished with your fingers. I figured that I had nothing to lose by trying this so I asked him how to do it.

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He told me to use a large cup with a spout on it. Fill it with clean water and using your right hand. Sluice it slowly down your anal cleft from behind while with your left hand that you've put some soap on your fingers. Then reach between your legs and using one or two fingers, clean your anus real good tucking up any hemorrhoids back up into the anus that needed it. That's it, easy. Now wash your hand really good with soap and water. I tried it and at first due to my western training about an aversion to shit, I found it very hard to do, to actually touch it, Yuck! But I persisted and finally got used to it. That was over 15 years ago and since then I've never gone back to toilet paper except in case of emergency, and I've never suffered from hemorrhoids since. They went away within a month and have never come back even though my diet has remained pretty much the same. Funny thing too, I now have a small aversion to westerners and their unwashed asses. How can they not wash themselves after toilet and walk around with dirty asses?

When I tell westerners about this they say, "How can you touch your self down there? I never could."

I tell them to try this as an experiment: Next time you come home from a hard days work or play and are all dirty and sweaty, instead of taking a shower or bath and using soap and water, just rub your body all over with toilet paper and see how clean you feel.

When I tell this to my Indian friends they laugh and say, "That's right, westerners just don't realize how dirty they really are."

Well, it's our culture's fault. We were never told so we never learned the correct way and we even think the opposite is true. Toilet paper is clean and washing our anuses with soap and water is dirty. It doesn't quite make sense when you look at it this way. But I have learned the two great lessons of India and my life is much better because of it, and that is: Things are nice to have but they are not what makes me happy. And my ass is clean.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET MY SISTER?

I was hanging out on Makenna beach with the rest of my friends when Bud a guy I knew from when Kelly was renting a room in a house in Makawao who was in his 50's and a stone alcoholic, came down the beach. He sees me and says, "Hiya Tai. What's ya been up to?"

I tell him, "You know, just hangin'. Still living in that house full of Maharaji nuts?"

He laughed and said, "Well, I'm still in that house, but they all move out. I got a whole new crop of nuts living there now."

I laugh saying, "What kind?"

Bud answers, "Assorted."

We both laughed at that because Hawaii has the greatest percentage of crazy's in its population than anywhere else on earth, which is what makes it so great.

Bud says, "I'm glad I found you Tai. My sister is visiting me for a week and is driving me insane. She wants to do things. And well, you know me, all I want to do is sit around sipping my vodkie. So how would you like to meet her and show her around for a few days?"

I ask, "Does she look like you?"

Bud laughs saying, "No way, she's not as good looking as me. No seriously, she's not too bad. She's real tall but skinny and she's from your home state, California so you'd have a lot in common."

I ask how old she is?

Bud say, "45".

Now at this time I was 28 and had been with a lot of women but never one that old. I thought it might be interesting so I told Bud, "Sure, why not?"

He says, "Then go get your stuff. If you guys hit it off then you can spend the next few days at my place."

We get to his house and he introduces me to his sister Josie who is tall but I wouldn't call her skinny, thin maybe but definitely not skinny. We chat, she tells me that she's from San Luis Obispo where she works as a real estate agent, is divorced, has two teenage kids and owns her own home just outside of town.

I tell her that I'm basically a beach bum living off of food stamps, shoplifting and whatever else I can pick up.

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She says, "That's interesting."

I tell her that I know the island real well and if she'd like to see some of the sights that I'd be happy to show her. Then I name some of them off: We could hike Haleakula, a day into the crater, spend the night then a day out. Or we could hike in the jungle, go and see some really beautiful waterfalls with no one else around. Or take the drive to Hana side, check out the Seven Sacred Pools and the majick mushrooms. Or just hang out at Makena on the nudie beach.

She says, "Wow, that's a lot of choices. I don't want to do anything too strenuous, so how about the beach. Except I really do not want to get naked."

I tell her, "No problem, just bring your bathing suit."

She says okay.

So it's back to Makena I go, only this time with a chick instead as a lone dude.

We get to the beach and she loves it. She tells me that she'd mainly been just hanging around the house for the last couple days and that Bud was driving her crazy because all he wanted to do was drink.

I say, "Well, that's his thing. Why didn't you just go out by yourself?"

She says, "I didn't know what to do or where to go, and Bud was no help at all until I asked him if he knew anyone who did more that drink. This morning he went looking for you."

We spend the day just laying in the sun and swimming in the sea. Josie even took off her top the last couple hours. She then asks what should we do next.

I tell her that if she bought the ingredients then I'll cook her supper.

She asks what I can make? I tell her Mexican or Italian.

She says, "I just love Mexican."

So I suggested enchiladas, rice and refries, with a pepino salad.

She says, "Great!" and off we went to the market.

We got back to Bud's house and I made a dinner of chicken enchiladas, Rosie's refries and Spanish rice while Josie made the cucumber salad. While we ate, I ask Bud who else lived here now. He says, "A haole musician, a psychotic who stays in her room all day, and a painter who as far as I know, does not sell any paintings but gets money from somewhere."

After dinner Bud says since we cooked he'll do the dishes.

I ask Josie what she wants to do now.

She tells me, "Let's go over to Lahina and do a little drinking and dancing."

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I tell her that it's not possible because I was way too poor to go to a bar, that I only do free stuff.

She says, not to worry, Bud would give me some money. Bud protested, but after a little brother-sister argument, he hands me \$20 and tells us to have a good time. Josie gets ready and we leave to party.

In Lahina we go to a couple different places and have a few beers, dance to recorded pop music and generally had a good except for one place that wouldn't let me in because I wasn't "properly attired".

About midnight Josie says that she was getting tired and it was time to go home. We go back to Bud's and spend a half-hour drinking a little of Buds vodka and just talking then Josie says, "I think I'll go to bed. Will you be joining me?"

I say, "It would be my pleasure." and off to bed we go where I found out that an older woman is just as much fun as any hot young babe.

We spend the next four days together. We did do a little hiking in the jungle, go to The Seven Sacred Pools though we ate no shrooms, but mostly we just hung out at Makena sunning and playing in the surf. Josie was a full on nudie by the time her vacation was up.

When it came time for her to leave, she gave me her address and phone number and made me promise to get in touch with her next time I was on the mainland. Bud and I take her to the airport and tell her good bye, have a pleasant trip and watch her fly away.

Six months later I am back in California hitching north up the 101. When I get to San Luis Obispo I gave Josie a ring. She answers but sounds less than happy when she hears it's me.

She says she'll pick me up and that I can stay the night. When I get in her car she gives me a peck on the cheek then says, "Tai, I hope you understand, but I haven't had sex since we were last together. And I've found that I really don't miss it all that much so since I do not want to awaken those feeling again, please don't expect anything other than a bed for the night. Also, I have teenagers at home so please don't say anything to them about us. And please don't smoke any dope in my home."

Wow! What a change, but it was her life so I tell her, "No problem."

When we get her house she introduces to her kids, a boy 15 and a girl 13, as a friends of Buds who was going to spend the night. We all have dinner together then Josie tells the kids that we are going out but would be home in a couple hours, and for them to do the dishes and their homework. We go to a bar and she buys us a few rounds then we talk about our lives.

I tell her I didn't know how she could go for so long without sex. Once I went two months

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without any and by then I was going nuts. The only thing I could think about was sex until I got laid.

She says at first she did miss it and think about it a lot, but after a couple months it quit bothering her, and now she hardly thinks about it at all.

I told her no way I could do that.

About 10 p.m. she tells me we should be getting back.

When we arrive the kids were still up so I chat with them about Hawaii and their uncle Bud. Then it was bedtime. Josie gives me some blankets and a pillow and I sleep on the sofa. Next morning we all have breakfast together then Josie drives me out to the highway. As I get out she says, "Please don't call me again. Okay?" Then she drives away.

FOLLOWING MY FATE

When I started this life that I call following my Fate, I thought that I would be doing it for a year or so. Well, it has been almost 25 years and so far, there is no end in sight. My long time friend and advisor the I Ching has accompanied me for the entire journey, only Kelly has been with me almost as long. I would have never even guessed 25 years ago how this has turned out so far, it has been pure majick. When I started out I had different ways of following my Fate and they all start out the same way. Most morning I would get up at dawn and after my toilet, do yoga for an hour then follow that with 20 minutes of meditation then consult with the I Ching and sometimes the Tarot, then meditate on their advice for the day until I understood it. If I couldn't understand what they were trying to tell me, I would consult with them again then meditate again. If I didn't understand that time, I would try a third time and by then I would usually get it. Most days I understood them after the first time so would be ready to face the day by 8 a.m. although sometime it would be noon before I got going. At sundown, if it were possible, I would do a quick set of yoga, meditate then consult with my friends again about the days events. Also, depending on what was going on I would do a quick 5-minute meditation at noon and midnight.

If I were in a city I would follow my Fate this way. I would just start walking, when I came to a

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corner and there was a traffic signal, I would go the way it directed me to go: green and "walk", straight ahead; green and "don't walk", turn right; or green and "walk" to my left, turn left. On streets that had no lights I would watch the traffic or the other people, whichever way they went so did I. Sometimes I would spend the entire day doing this and would see a lot of different parts of a city this way.

Sometimes I would meet people who would stop me and we would talk about what was going on for awhile then we would split apart going our own separate ways. Other times I would get to a place where the world would break apart and I would have to use my Will to put it back together again, or sometimes I would have a seizure. When I awoke everything would then be back together again and I would be high and at peace.

In the country it was a lot nicer, no traffic and few, if any people. Again I would start out by just walking down some trail then I would watch for the flicker. It could be sunlight glancing off of a rock or off of some water. It could be a leaf moving all by itself on a tree or a bush, or it could be just out of synch with the rest of leaves surrounding it. It could be a sound or a smell, whatever it was I would follow it. Sometimes the forest itself would turn into a pattern then I would follow that. This was sometimes dangerous and always exciting. Especially in the dense jungles of Hawaii where it was easy to get lost if you lost faith. But even in the desert where it's pretty hard to get lost, still if I wasn't on a trail, one slip while hiking up some ridge and it would have been all over but the crying. However, it was worth the risk because sometimes something truly wonderful and magical would happen. Like the time a golden eagle circled over my head and showered me with a silver confetti of light. Or when the entire forest would turn into points of light and shadow that was like looking at a Van Gogh painting real close up. Other times my Fate would lead me into danger and I would have to figure my own way out, but a lot of times it would just lead me to a beautiful place where I would spend a day or two simply watching all the beauty that surrounded me.

My favorite way of following my Fate was hitchhiking. I spent three entire years on the road and loved almost all of it. I was extremely poor but totally free. I would walk out onto the blacktop with my back pack then just stand there on the side of the road and either flash the peace sign or just wave as the cars rolled by in both directions. A lot of times folks would stop just to talk to me. We would sit in their car for hours sometime and never move an inch. Other times I would be in San Diego in the morning then in El Paso, Texas or Portland, Oregon or high in the Rocky's 24 hours later. The longest ride that I ever got happened when I was standing on a freeway in Columbus, Ohio and two

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hippies stopped and gave me a ride right to the front door of the 25 St. commune in San Francisco. During those years I also hitched Europe starting in France and going all through Germany with a bit of Greece thrown in. I hitched Mexico too, going down the West Coast down to Acapulco then back up through the Baja. I hitched every state in the US except for the extreme Northeast. I tried to avoid snow because even though it is beautiful, it's cold and sleeping in it even in a down bag in a tent, still sucks and being caught in a blizzard sucks donkey dicks big time. I do not know exactly how many times that I crisscrossed the good old US of A but it wasn't a 10th as many times that I hitched up and down the west coast, San Diego to Seattle and back, and every time it was different.

You would not believe how many times I was picked up by people who were just driving. I would hop in their car and they'd say, "Where ya going?"

I'd say, "Where ever you are."

And they'd say, "Well, I'm not really going anywhere."

I would ask them how many days they had to waste. Just a couple, then let's go to Yosemite, Death Valley or the hot springs of Oregon. A week, then how about the Grand Canyon, the Great Salt Lake desert or the Olympic Peninsula. Unlimited time, then let's check out Yellowstone or Matzatlan. Some folks would pick me up and want to party, then how about Cave Junction or San Francisco. Sometimes we would only spend a day or two together, other times two or three weeks then they either got homesick or sick of me.

One guy who did take me to Matzatlan stayed with me for six weeks before he couldn't take it anymore, of course him being drunk the whole time helped. Some people took me home and told me that I could stay with them as long as I liked. Other's kicked me out of their car as soon as I opened my mouth. But what the hell, it was all in fun because it did matter in the slightest who I was with, what we were doing or where we were going. I was just going for the pure joy of it. I met every kind of person there is from the rich and famous to the psychotic and dangerous, and to be truthful I never did have one bad experience. A lot of really weird ones but never a truly bad one. I was never robbed, raped, beaten or killed. In fact, almost everyone, even the strange ones were very kind to me, some even feeding me and letting me, a perfect stranger, sleep in their homes with them. Of course, almost all of them wanted something from me for the ride. Some just wanted to have someone to tell their stories to, others so they could stay awake, or some who wanted me to do something either for or with them. As long as it wasn't violent or too risky, it was no problem. I have always believed in Quid Pro Quo.

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After three years of hitching I wanted to get more into yoga and meditating so I moved to Hawaii. First to the Big Island then on to Maui. There were no cities to walk in and if you hitched you only went around the island. However, the jungles were fantastic; green, lush, full of waterfalls (and mosquitoes) and very steep high volcanic ridges. Some of which were sometimes only a few feet wide on top with a drop of hundreds of feet on either side to a watercourse below. I always got real high hiking them because I had to be very aware and very careful. Death always awaits the unwary.

A year later Kelly and I moved in together and have followed our Fate together ever since. People ask how we do it. We tell them that all you have to do is to give up everything you own, then just do it. It's easy, simple: just have Faith and everything else will take care of itself. So if you see us, stop and say, "Hi!" We'll be happy to chat with you and share this wonderful life.

THE NERD, THE CRIP, THE M.R. AND HER MOTHER

Barry the Nerd has a new girlfriend, he met her at the local bar where she was giving free blowjobs out in the parking lot. She gave him one and he was In Love. Barry is a 45-year-old guy who lives by himself in a trailer in the desert, his new girlfriend Angel, is 16 and is mildly retarded. She lives with her mother in a small house in a little town 15 miles away from Barry's, where the bar is that Barry met her at. Barry is just bursting with pride and the news of his new Love. "Tai, you wouldn't believe how hot and horny Angel is, plus she's a real cutie. Man, she just won't give me a moment's peace. If I'm at home with her, she wants it. I just hope that I can keep up with her, because she told me that if I don't screw her good then she's leaving."

I ask him, "What about her mother?"

He says, "Oh, no problem. I went over to her house and talked to her about it. She says that as long as Angel's happy then it's okay with her. You want to come over and meet her?"

I say, "Sure."

We get to Barry's trailer and as soon as we pull in Angel comes out and says, "Where have you been? You were supposed to come right back. I'm lonely." Then she see me and asks, "Who is he."

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Barry says, "This is a friend of mine, Tai"

She looks at me then says, "He's not staying long is he?"

Barry says to me, "See, I told you she was really hot." Then to Angel, "No, he just wanted to meet you is all."

She walks over to me and I got to admit, she does look hot. She's short and built with long black hair and a very pretty face. She's wearing nothing but some real short cut offs and a tight little halter top, which shows off her cute young body. She says, "Hi." then to Barry, "Well, where were you?"

Barry explains that he really was not gone that long, but she's not listening. She's got Barry by the hand and is leading him into the trailer with a smile on his face. The next time I see Barry he's not so happy.

It's about a month later when I see him and I ask about Angel. Barry looks like a combination of mad and sad as he tells me this tale: "You know Jim the Crip?"

I tell him I do.

He continues, "That bastard stole her from me."

I tell him that I never liked the Crip, a 50-year-old guy who had polio as a child that still walks with crutches. He lives in an old motorhome and act like everyone owes him. I ask Barry how it happened.

He says, "Well, you know how Angel is? She liked sex a lot. After a couple weeks of steady screwing, I was getting tired, so I started inventing reasons to leave. The Crip knew Angel was living with me and he wanted her for himself, so he went over to Angel's mom's house and asked if he could get custody of Angel. You know Angel and her don't get along, so when the Crip offered to take Angel off her mom's hands, her mom filled out a paper right then giving the Crip custody. Then the Crip parked his motorhome just a block away from my trailer and waited. As soon as he'd see me leave, he'd gimp over here and tell Angel that I was real bad for her and that she would be better off with him. He told her that even her mom thought she should go with him and showed her the custody paper she had written out. Angel told him that she liked me so she didn't want to go with him."

"Then one day I had to go to town to go shopping and was gone most of the day. The Crip scuttled over here and told Angel that if I liked her then why did I leave her alone, and that if she went with him then he would never leave her alone and lonely. Then, Angel told me, they had sex and she liked it. When I got home, Angel told me the whole story and that she was going to go with that

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crippled motherfucker. I tried to talk her out of it, but she had made up her mind and wouldn't listen to me. So she packed her things and left with that gimpy cocksucker."

I ask where they went.

Barry says, "To his place up in Washington. I guess I'll never see her again."

But Barry was wrong. Angel was back at her moms within the month. She told everyone that the Crip was a lousy sex partner. That he could hardly get it up and worse, when he did he was too quick. As soon as they got up to Washington, he dumped her in Seattle. Plus, he was mean to her too just because she wanted to have a little sex. She had to take the bus back.

I ask Barry if he's going to ask her to move back in with him.

Barry says, "No way. I like her to visit me every now and then, but I sure don't want her around all the time. She's a nympho and I just can't keep up with her. Anyway, her mom won't let her live with anyone now. She says it's just too much trouble."

THE BENEFITS OF YOGA

After you've been practicing yoga diligently for a few years you'll get limber enough to bend over and look at your own asshole. Now this might not seem like a big deal but consider this; if you can bend over that far you'll also be able to give yourself head! That means, guys you can suck your own dick and chicks can lick their own pussy's. Again, you might say that don't sound too good but I say, don't knock it if you ain't tried it and as the old joke goes, Q. Why does a dog lick his balls? A. Because he can. It may not be fuckin' and suckin' with your best friend of the opposite sex but it's still way better that jackin' it by you own hand.

And dudes, there's even an extra super bonus in being able to bend over that far. Try this on the next chick you ball; after getting her all hot and wet with the foreplay and after you've stuck your cock in her and stroked her for a while, casually start going down. Kissing and licking and sucking on her neck, her tits, her stomach and then go for the gold. Just bend over a little bit further and start tonguing

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and sucking on her clit. You might even want to give her upper pussy lips a bit of a lick as your cock plunges in and out.

At first she'll be surprised. She may even ask you what the hell you're doing down there. If she does tell her to relax and enjoy then go back to fuckin' and eatin' that pussy at the same time. After she gets into it the babe will cum first time and every time there after. She will love you for it. In fact, unless the girl is totally frigid, I guarantee this benefit of doing yoga will make any gal, any age cum and cum again and again. She'll probably even tell her girlfriends about it just to make them jealous and then you'll not only be famous but desirable. So do yoga daily not only for the usual health and spiritual reason but also, so you can make your girl cum like she never has before.

BUNGLER IN THE JUNGLE

I'm up at the crack of dawn in search of the elusive wild majick mushroom. You've got to get up early or the local kids beat you to the field picking them all, then you'll have to buy them. My girlfriend Kelly and I are in a very pretty little village on a peninsula on the island of Java called Panganduran. To get here from Yogyakarta we had to take a mini-bus for a few hours. Next an inland waterway river taxi for another three hours which stopped at every little village along the way and played bing-bong music for the whole journey, then another mini-bus for additional hour. A very pleasant and scenic journey. Panganduran supports itself through tourism and fishing. The tourists come for the seafood, the beaches, the coral reef and a national park that covers the south half of the peninsula, which is full of monkeys, birds and some wild water buffalo that live in dense jungle. The main thing the fishermen catch is; fish, squid, lobster and more lobster. We've rented a room in a house that's made like a bungalow out of coconut wood with a palm frond roof but it's big with three bedrooms, two bathrooms, a two story high living room and a full kitchen.

Each morning we go to the lobster market and buy two kilos of small size lobsters for \$2.50 a kilo. The bigger ones cost double or even triple that so mostly the hotels buy them. Next we hit the fruit market buying at least a kilo each of what's ever available which might include: mango, jackfruit, selak,

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longsat, mangosteen, chiramioya, custard apple, rambutan, passion fruit, lichi, and guava plus any other tasty looking fruit there is to try. Yes, Kelly and I eat at least ten kilo's of fresh delicious tropical fruit each and every day. This may sound like a lot of fruit but like the lobster it's mostly waste; rind, seeds and other inedible parts. Indonesia has more fruit and more different kinds of fruit than anywhere else in the world I've ever been. While other countries might have a dozen or so varieties ripe at any one time. A big fruit market during season in Java will have a hundred different kinds from the usual, such as pineapple and watermelon, to the truly exotic like durian, which on the outside looks like a spiky football. However, the inside looks and smells just like wet yellow baby turds but tastes like a creamy butterscotch from heaven. They even have so many avocados they just juice them.

Anyway, we take the lobster and fruit home. The fruit we just peel and eat. For lunch we fix the lobster a different way each day. Sometimes we boil them then dip them in butter, other times we'll fry them in tamarind or chili. I do feel sorry for the poor little devils as I plunge them head first into the boiling water but a man's got to eat, and they do taste so good. We'll then serve them with rice or noodles. For supper we go to a fish restaurant and each have an entire Silver Pomfit that weights over a pound. The cooks fast fry the fish in butter, pepper and garlic then serve it with rice, chili sauce and salad, and all for only \$2.00.

We've been here for over two weeks and will stay until our visa's runs out. This is really a cheap and best place. We get it all for only about \$20.00 a day and that even includes a bottle or two of Bintang, a very good local beer. We spend our days eating, reading, laying on the beaches, hiking the jungle, swimming in either the ocean or the rivers then checking out all the little creatures on the coral reef during low tide while watching the sun set and generally doing nothing but living the good life. Plus, there's majick mushrooms, which is where I'm going now.

To get to the fields where they grow, first you have to go through a jungle that's filled with monkeys who, if you're not careful, will steal anything you're carrying. They're real sneaky little bastards attacking from behind and once they snatch something you can kiss it good-bye. Then you have to cross a stream, climb up a steep muddy hill and there you are, in a grassy meadow with the water buffalo and the gold tops that grow on their shit. You have to be careful here too. These are wild water buffalo who will charge you if you get too close so you have to keep an eye on them while you're looking for the shrooms. I was lucky today, no buffs but plenty of psylociben.

I eat some and bag the rest for later for Kelly, who would rather stay at home smoking ganj then

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hike the jungle. Since it's still early and such a beautiful morning, I figure I'll take a little hike through the jungle and check out the abundant bird life. I stroll along the trail for about an hour before I decide to turn around. When I do I see a young guy coming up the trail my way. He stops and we chat. He's a German dude named Albert who's here on holiday all by himself. He has a map of the park and is on his way to the biggest waterfall in it. He asks if I would like to join him. I've seen hundreds of waterfalls in my life but I'm pleasantly buzzed and having nothing else to do that day I say okay and off we go into the jungle. The trail is on again off again so we have to guess part of the way until we come to a large river that looks like the right one. We jump in and wade down it for half an hour until we come to some pools that already have a dozen people in them, all young euro's. This is the place. We're at the top of the falls which has a series of large pools before the river plunges over the edge falling at least 500 feet straight down to the sea below.

I'm feeling the majick mushrooms real good by now and ask Albert if he'd like to try some.

He asks me if they're any good.

I say, "Pretty good." and smile.

He tells me he's never had them before so I hand him five, a light dose. He eats them.

We take off our clothes and jump in the biggest pool and it's cool and refreshing. We spend the next couple hours there, swimming, sunning and chatting with the other euro's who have all declined my generous offer of shrooms. If I want a thrill, I just hang my head over the edge of the falls and look straight down to the sea below crashing against the rocks.

After awhile I ask Albert how he's doing.

He says fine and that he's enjoying the high but he thinks it's time to go back to town now.

I tell him that sounds good to me.

We put our clothes back on and head up river. Everything is going along fine until Albert says, "Oh, oh! I think I've lost the map."

I tell him not to worry about it. I've been lost in the woods lots of times. It's no big deal. Sure, we're both high but how lost can we get. The park may have really thick jungle over some very rugged terrain but it's only a mile long and two miles wide. If we walk long enough we'll either hit the ocean or town but Albert is worried, none of this looks familiar to him. I tell him to be cool. It's just the mushrooms working on his mind and as long as he doesn't get scared then everything will be all right. I don't know where we are either so I lie to him. I tell him not to worry. I know the way.

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We follow the river until we come to a small waterfall that I know we didn't pass on the way in but I do know town is due north and uphill from where we are. I tell Albert it's time to go over land because the river is turning east. We scramble up the muddy bank and within 100 feet are in deep jungle.

Albert starts freaking out! He doesn't know where anything is. For a minute his panic gets to me because I don't know where the hell we are either and I think, 'Oh shit! We really are lost.' Then I remember the shrooms and calm myself. I tell Albert, whose whimpering and wild eyed, to shut up and follow me because I know exactly where we are. Which is true, we're somewhere in the jungle in the park south of town. I pick a direction and head "north" with Albert following me.

When you are lost in the woods there's only one thing you can do and that is to have faith. That works because within ten minutes we come upon a trail, not the trail we came in on but a trail none the less. Albert's all right now and talks happily as we walk back toward town.

When we get there he offers to buy me lunch and won't take no for an answer. We have a meal of shrimp fried rice washing it down with cokes. I ask Albert how he liked the mushrooms.

He tells me that he barely felt them but what he felt, he liked. I offer him a few more to take home with him. He takes them and thanks me. After lunch I say goodbye to Albert and wander on home to Kelly.

When I walk in the door she asks where have I been so long. I toss her the bag of shrooms and begin, "Well, I met a German guy named Albert and....."

THE LAST TIME I SAW LINDSEY

My girlfriend Kelly and I had just spent the summer in Alaska. First living in a 12'X12' log cabin which was two miles from the nearest road that we had to walk through deep forest to get to. It was like being in fairyland because the cabin was surrounded by a spruce forest and a carpet of grass that was dotted all over with Amanita Muscaria. We liked it there a lot but it had a bear problem, and being terrorized by a 400 pound Alaskan Brown Bear is no fun. So it was either kill the bear or leave.

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Since the bear was there first we left. Summer was getting on anyway and we had to make some bread so we wouldn't be stuck there for the winter, which would start in mid September. We moved into a driftwood shack on the beach in Homer where I got a job at a fishery and Kelly became a waitress. As soon as we collected enough scooties to leave, we quit our horrible jobs, hitched to Anchorage, flew to Seattle then hitched south.

On our way to Mexico, where we were planning to spend the winter laying on a beach under a tropical sun, we passed within 60 miles of where Lindsey, Spider and my daughter now 8, were living. We thought we'd drop in to say "Hi" and visit them before continuing south. We got a ride almost to the door by a traveling salesman who told us that he would be in the area all day then would be heading back to the City in the evening so if we wanted a ride to be on the same road about sun down. We thanked him but told him we were planning to spend the night. We got out of his car and walked up the road until we came to Lindsey's driveway.

Lindsey and Spider had a small house in the country with no neighbors for miles, it was a nice little place. When we got to the door there was Spider who was happy to see us and said he hoped we'd spend the night. My daughter was visiting her grandma that week so I wouldn't get to see her this time. Oh well, it would still seeing and visiting with Lindsey again because we were still good friends. We had shared and been through a lot together. Spider told me that Lindsey had a job as a secretary and would be home around 4 p.m. at which time he would go to work. He had a job at a gas station in town where he worked until midnight.

Wow, Lindsey and Spider both working! Spider then told me that other than a little grass and a few beers they had both quit doing drugs and they had gotten legally married. They had decided to go straight for awhile to see what it was like. He said he was even thinking of cutting his hair and shaving off his beard. These were both party hardy people, I just couldn't believe it and hopped this little perversion wouldn't last too long.

Spider laughed and said, "Well you never know."

We chatted and smoked a joint waiting for Lindsey to come home.

It had been almost a year since I had last seen her and she still looked good to me. She hugged and kissed me hello then smiled and said she was glad to see Kelly and me again. We all chatted for a bit then Spider said he had to go to work. As soon as he was down the driveway Lindsey's attitude drastically changed. It was complete just like Jeckell and Hyde.

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She told me that I was no longer welcome in her home! That Spider and her had finally gotten their act together, and that they did not need or want me in it to mess it up. She then told me that the last time I was there it upset my daughter so bad that it took her a week to calm back down. And that she, Lindsey, did not want me ever to contact her or my daughter ever again. However, she was glad that I was there and would spend the night because in the morning she wanted me to go with her to see the DA about getting me to pay her some child support.

I sat there stunned in utter disbelief thinking, 'she's got to be joking.' I asked if she was kidding. She looked at me with real loathing and said she wasn't.

I got pissed off. I told her that it was in the divorce papers which she had filed since I didn't care whether I was "legally" married or not, that I got reasonable visitation rights and that I did not have to pay her any alimony or child support.

Lindsey said, "It says that now, but I talked to a lawyer and he says I can get that changed anytime I want."

I said, "What about our past? All we went through together, our love for each other and our daughter?"

Lindsey glared at me and said, "I was young and stupid when I married you. And I realize now I must have been insane to have ever participated in your filthy perverted lifestyle. You are crazy and dangerous and I don't know how Kelly can stand to be with you. I want you out of my life forever! And if you ever come around here again I will sic the cops on you."

I told her that she was the one who was out of her mind, and that I would come around to see my daughter any time I wanted to.

Kelly was saying, "Fuck this shit Tai. Let's just go. This ain't worth the hassle."

I should have listened to her but I was angry. Lindsey asked me, "Are you going to pay me child support?" I answered, "With what? You know I'm always broke."

Lindsey said, "Then you leave me no choice. I'm having you arrested for non-support." She picked up the phone and dialed "0". Then said, "Give me the sheriffs please."

I reached over and jerked the phone cord out of the wall. Lindsey smiled evilly at me and said, "You've really fucked up now, bucko." then ran for the kitchen phone.

But I got there first and ripped it off the wall. Lindsey started screaming, "You crazy son of a bitch! I'm going to kill you!" and grabbed the .22 off the wall above where the phone had been. She

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pointed it right at my chest then chambered a round.

Now I smiled madly at her as I grabbed the barrel and before she squeezed the trigger, ripped the rifle out of her hands. Then still smiling at her, I roughly shoved Lindsey to the floor. I took the bolt out of the .22 then smashed the rifle down on the floor besides her. Lindsey was now screaming incoherently.

She had turned red and was frothing at the mouth. I was really angry but I just stood there smiling at her because she was right, I was crazy. And if she wanted to play this sick little game then I was more than willing to play it to the all the way to it's horrible conclusion. Then she would see how truly dangerous I truly was.

Kelly was yelling at me that we should leave there and NOW! before something extremely bad happened.

Lindsey got up and ran for her bedroom where I knew Spider kept his 4-10. I also knew that Lindsey was a good shot so there was no way I was letting her get her hands on that shotgun. We got to the shotgun at the same time.

I shoved Lindsey to the floor again and grabbed the gun, which I then smashed against the doorframe. I told Lindsey that if she got up again I would knock her back down, and this time she would not be getting back up. I would be hurting her real BAD! Lindsey wisely stayed down but continued to scream at me to, "GET OUT!" But I just stood there smiling down at her waiting for the next move in this twisted little dance.

Luckily, Kelly grabbed my arm and made me look into her eyes. She said in a reasonable voice, "Tai, we have to leave right now. Do you understand me? We have to leave."

I nodded, then turned to Lindsey and looking her right in the eyes told her that we were leaving but she had better stay right where she was. If she came out of the bedroom before we left, then I was going to very seriously hurt her.

Kelly tugged at me and said, "Come on Tai, let's just go."

I left the bedroom watching Lindsey to see what she would do. She just sat on the floor sobbing. It was the last time I ever saw her. I took the broken shotgun with me and unloaded it just in case. Then I picked up the .22 bolt off the floor and pocketed it. I got Lindsey's purse and took her car keys out, pocketing those too. Kelly and I then hurriedly packed up our stuff and got the hell out of there. As we were passing Lindsey's car I opened the trunk and threw her keys, the bolt and the gun into it then

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slammed it shut. We hotfooted it out to and down the road.

A car was coming down the road. I stuck out me thumb and it stopped. It was the traveling salesman but I was too shaken to appreciate the serendipity. We got in and he said, "Decided not to spend the night I see. Going all the way to the City?"

We said, "Yeah." We had changed our minds. We rode with the salesman to the City then spent the night at the 25th St. commune where we told no one about what had happened.

After Kelly and I had gotten back from Mexico the next spring, my Mother told me that the sheriff had come looking for me. Lindsey had put out an arrest warrant on me for failure to pay child support and that I had better take care of it or the next time I was stopped by the cops it would be right off to jail for me.

I called Spider who said that he was sorry about the whole mess but there was nothing he could do about it seeing as Lindsey really hated me now. I told Spyder to tell Lindsey how I would do a deal with her. Either A: She could drop all charges against me and I would stay out of her life but would still stay in contact with our daughter through the mail and by phone. Or B: I would get my own lawyer and we could fight it out in open court, which would mean seeing a lot of each other in the process. Plus, since I was poor I would be eligible for a free legal aid lawyer, while since was working, she would have to pay for one. Also, she could be assured that I, having absolutely nothing to lose, would bring up every single gory detail in court of our life of sex, drugs and welfare fraud that Lindsey had ever engaged in. She might even be declared as an unfit mother losing everything she had. I would be totally ruthless.

Spider said that he would tell her and would call me back tomorrow. Spider called the next day and said that Lindsey, though still mad at me, had picked one from column A.

I told him that was a very wise choice since I was also very pissed at the way she acted and was more than willing to fight it out with her if she ever tried anything with me again.

Spider assured me that all would be cool from now on.

I have never spoken to or seen Lindsey or Spider again but I did stay in contact with my daughter who I did not see again until she was 16 when she had run away from home because she said, of the constant bickering and fighting. Her grandmother put her in a private school so she could finish school and not have to live with her parents. She graduated and is now in college as a straight A student and is a well adjusted nice young woman. She refuses to see Lindsey any more saying it just isn't worth the

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hassle.

So what's left to say. The years have mellowed me and I now try to think of only of the good times we shared with one another instead of the especially nasty last time. After thinking about it, I think that Lindsey might have planned the whole scene just to get me out of her life because she got pretty much what she wanted in the end. She's also lucky that Kelly was there with me. Because if Kelly hadn't been then I'm sure things would have turned out much more badly for the both of us. Oh well, that's life. Good Luck Lindsey.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The New Years Eve party of 1989 was the last of the great parties out at the hot springs in the desert. We'd had lots of parties, some big and some small, in the many years I'd lived there with my girlfriend Kelly along with my other friends and enemies. We celebrated numerous events such as, birthdays, anniversaries and all the various holidays. We also reveled for no other reason than to raise a little hell, but the New Years Eve parties were always the biggest, the wildest, the craziest, the bestest. People would show up from all over to party at the hot pools on New Years Eve. They'd come from as close as Palm Springs, San Diego, LA and Yuma to as distant as the Pacific Northwest, the Midwest, the South and the East Coast. Even from as far away as Europe a few euro's might show up to ring in the New Year with the rest of us naked stoned crazies. They came because the hot springs were out in the middle of nowhere. Out where there was no one to tell a person what to do or where to do it because there was nothing around for miles. It was a place where a person was totally free to act and be anyway they wanted. There were few places like it in the entire world. By 1990 all that would change, but right now it's still 1989 so let's PARTY!

At this time there are around 20 or 30 of us living full time in the winter at the hot ponds which seemed to be just the right amount. Enough people so you wouldn't get bored but not too many as to get in your way. On weekends the crowds would swell, depending on the time of year and what was happening, to anywhere from 10 or so to well over 100. There were the regular weekenders who, during

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season, we would see almost every Saturday and Sunday to the folks who would only visit once or twice a year for special occasions. Plus there were always a few people who'd show up who had never been there before but having had their curiosity piqued by the wild tales they'd hear about the place, some would come again and some would not.

For us residents the New Years parties would start the weekend before Christmas and end on January 2nd. That meant the party could last anywhere from a 8 or 9 days to 2 glorious weeks of sheer unmitigated fun. Where everyone could either loll around in the hot pools naked and stoned or run wild and drunk out in the desert on their dirt bikes and in their dune buggies. We would start the festivities by gathering supplies. About a week prior to the event as many of us that could would pile into our assorted vehicles and head down to old Mexico where we could pick up remarkably cheap and extremely potent liquor. Our favorites were: full litres of Sauza Gold Tequila, Bicardi Anejo Rum, El Presidente Brandy, Guanso Rojo Mezscal with the worm in the bottle and, mostly for the ladies, Kalula. We could each bring back only 1 litre per crossing so we would each have to cross the border a few time in order to get enough to last us through New Years. The booze though, was just for the party, for our daily consumption of alcohol we drank mass quantities of cheap beer, which we purchased at the supermarket. We didn't worry about obtaining illicit drugs. The folks who came from the cities to party would bring numerous kinds in large amounts.

However, since it was our daily bread, we always made sure we had enough marihoochie. Being so close to the border there was never any problem getting it, and at a very reasonable price. In fact, for a couple years there were 2 young dudes with big powerful dirt bikes that they rode the hell out of. They would make runs down to Mexico overland on moonlit nights without lights, bringing back with them 2 kilo's each which they would then sell for \$300 a pound, more than doubling their money.

I asked them once if they ever worried about being caught?

"Shit man," they laughed as they told me, "there ain't no Border pigs who could ever even keep up with us let alone catch us."

After a hard week of Christmas partying everyone rested up real good last night because today is December 31st 1988 and nobody wants to punk out early tonight for all is in readiness for this evenings blowout. The weather is gorgeous, sunny and cloudless with the temp hovering around 75. Tonight should be just as beautiful, a clear sky filled with stars from horizon to horizon. It won't be as warm as in the day but if you do get a bit chilly, no worry, just jump into the hottest hot pool, it'll be well over

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100 degree's and you'll be sweating in no time. George has made a big pot of his famous "Oh My God" pinto beans for anyone who's hungry tonight. For the bon fire, Paul drove in his pick up to the fields just north of here where he stole 2 loads of grape stakes. So now there's an 8-foot high pile of wood right next to the hot pools. Plus Rick got a VW engine case from a friend of his who owns a garage. They're made of magnesium and when they burn you can see the flames over 2 miles away.

Guitar Gil and his band is here with his monster Carver amplifier that has 8 speakers each the size of a small car. He also brought his portable stage to play some live music and when he cranks that Carver up to the max, the music can clearly be heard from a mile away. Dennis the Menace has brought his usual huge assortment of illegal firecrackers to terrorize the night with. Ruskie, our lovable resident drunk, has shaved one side of his head so he's bearded and bald. On the other side he's longhaired and clean shaven. Plus he's put some really obscene make up on, and all he's wearing is a ratty old red merry widow with some torn fishnet stockings that Scary Mary has given him. What a sight! We all congratulate him on his new look.

All the locals who love to party are here, including a contingent of young swingers from the next town over who love to get drunk then fuck in the hot pools in front of God and everybody. The only bummer is, they only have sex within their cliché but hey, it's still fun to watch them and critique their styles. Then there's a group from farther away, The Camping Bare's from San Diego. A large group of folks who range in age from their late 20's to their early 60's. In the day like to hike the desert nude and at night like to get drunk then grope one another in the hot pools. However, once they get horny enough they take their fucking inside into their motor homes. There's people here not only from all over the US and Europe but from all walks of life as well. The hip and the straight, the hetro and the gay, the young and the old, the well off and the very poor, the crazy and the sane, and they all have one thing in common: They came here to celebrate because they can party without any social restraints. Yesterday a couple of The Camping Bare's came up to me and asked, "We heard you know how to pit food, Tai. Is that true?"

It was. I'd lived on Kauai and Maui on and off for 4 years and had learned how to pit food for a luau. A couple years previously I had thrown myself a big party out here. It was the 15th anniversary of my entering the hip life. In the intervening years I hadn't cut my hair, shaved my beard, put on a suit, worn undershorts or, most importantly, held a job. I decided that for the party besides the quarter pound of pot, the 6 cases of beer, the 3 gallons of wine and the hordes of muchies I was bringing, I would pit a

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pig.

I bought a 100-pound pig at auction and fed it corn and apples for 2 weeks. In the meantime, George, Paul and I dug a big pit, collected large rocks then lined the pit with them. We also collected enough wood to burn in the pit for 12 hours. On the day before the party we started the fire. Then we slaughtered and butchered the pig, dipped the carcass in boiling water, scraped off all the hair, wrapped it in sheets and put in it a gunnysack. About midnight, after the fire burned out, we dug all the hot coals and ashes out of the pit. We filled the pit with a thick layer of palm fronds, then the pig, then more fronds. We threw a couple buckets of salt water on the pig then covered the whole thing in a foot of sand. 12 hours later, Viola', Kilua Pig. The best tasting most tender deliciously succulent pork in the whole world. I invited everyone in the area and their dogs to partake of this feast, and none went away hungry.

Anyway, the Camping Bare's want to know how do to pit. I tell them exactly how to do it. They're only doing turkeys so they don't need a very big pit or too long a burn. They wrote all my instruction down, thanked me then left. (And get this; I heard the meal was a success. I wouldn't know for sure because they never even had the courtesy to invited me for a taste.)

Earlier today we even had a bit of excitement. Ron was a speed freek weekender from the coast who had brought his 16-year-old son out with him for the party. While dad was hanging out with us drinking and smoking, the kid had taken dad's new ATC out to tear up the desert. We're sitting in the hot pools when the kid, driving very slowly, comes up to the ponds looking real scared.

He gets off the ATC, walks over to his dad and says, "Dad, I think I have to go to the hospital. I got a stick in my throat."

We look at him and sure enough, he has a stick about the size of a long pencil sticking right through one side of his neck.

His dad asks him what the hell happened?

The kid says he was going kind of fast when he lost control and ran into the bank of a wash. He crashed into a large bush and when he regained his senses, he felt the stick going right through his throat.

Ron gets up and looks at the wound. He tells his son that it doesn't look too bad. He reaches up, grabs the stick then just yanks it out. The kid passes out and falls right into his father's the arms. We all check out the wound. There's a little blood but it really doesn't look bad at all. The kid comes to. His

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dad tells him he'll be all right then Ron says, "You're very lucky, it could have been a lot worse. Let's go look at the ATC."

They walk over to it and Ron checks it out. It's not in too bad a shape so he doesn't bitch at his kid a whole hell of a lot. He tells his son to wash the wound off real good and from now on to be more careful.

Later, sitting in the hot pools naked we light up a hooter and watch the sunset bidding a fond farewell to 1988. Now it's time to party like it's 1989 so let's pull out all the stops and go crazy. The bon fire is ignited as Gil and his band takes the stage. They fire up the generator, tune their instruments, crank up the amps and blast the hot pools with loud nasty rock and roll. We brake out the hard liquor to help wash down the all the food and dope we've ingested, and to help us dance to the music with wild abandon. It's a scene right out of Dantes Inferno. Outside the hot pools there's ear shattering music blasting through the black night air with a huge pile of wood burning brightly and casting garish moving shadows on the ground from the withering moaning bodies jumping around it in ecstasy. Inside the hot pools it's loud talk and lying above, with sly touches below, the dark waters.

The hot pools were so full of nude bodies that we were pressed up right against each other, our wet skin sliding easily against the next person. I even have a girl sitting with her pussy right on my toes. Every now and then just to give her a thrill, I wiggle them. Whenever I do she looks over her shoulder at me and smiles. Sometime even giving me a little wiggle back. Somebody throws the VW engine case on the fire. Everyone has to step back because not only is it too bright to look at but the magnesium pops as it burns and if one of those white hot pieces of metal hits your skin, it won't stop burning until it reaches the bone.

By 11 o'clock Gil and the boys pack up their axes, they are just too fucked up to play any more. I drive my van right up next to the hot ponds, open all of it's doors, put a cassette in the stereo and pump it up to maximum volume. After all, it's way too early not to have any music playing. Up until 12:00 everything is going fine with a great time being had by all. Right before midnight I tune in a radio station so we can count down to the New Year. The Camping Bare's brake out the Champagne and fireworks which they bring every year for the occasion. We wait. Then it's **10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!** Almost everyone is kissing. Those who aren't, are hooting and firing their guns off up into the night sky. The champagne is poured. Everybody toasts the new year then drains their glasses while one of the Bare's is lighting off all the skyrockets, screamers, fountains and

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pinwheels they've brought. It's beautiful and wonderful. Everyone is happy.

Right after the fireworks are over, the Camping Bare's go to their motor homes to continue their party in private while the rest of us carry on around the fire and in the hot pools. However, by 2 a.m. only the hard-core partyers are left, everyone else has hit the hay. They are just too stoned to last any longer. Now is when the real fun begins.

The fire is still blazing and I still have my stereo turned all the way up. One of the Camping Bare's comes out of his motor home, which he's parked within 100 feet of the hot pools and asks me, "Is that your radio?"

I assure him that it is.

"Well," he says loudly and viciously, "When are you going to turn that God awful music down! Or better yet, off! Some of us are trying to sleep, ya know."

Before I can answer him, Paul, who's standing right next to me and is fairly well toasted, gets right in the guys face and yells, "Who in the fuck do you think you are? We're having a party! And if you don't like it then either you can fuck off or I can beat the shit out of you! Which one would you like!"

George, who is close by, hears this and steps in between Paul and the dude. First George tells Paul to calm down, this is nothing to get yourself worked up about. Then he turns to the guy, smiles and says in a reasonable voice, "Now look, it's New Years and we're going to be partying here all night long. So if you don't like the noise here then there's a million acres of desert out there for you to sleep peacefully in." George drops the smile, "Understand!"

The dude looks at George, Paul and me standing there glaring at him and decides that retreat is the better part of valor. He returns to his vehicle, starts it up then roar down the road.

After hearing this, Dennis the Menace tells us it's time to wake the dead. He goes to get his firecrackers. He doesn't buy the cute skyrockets and pinwheel, etc. He goes to Mexico and brings back rolls of Black Cats and Red Devils, plus boxes of Cherry Bombs and M-80's. For the next half-hour the hot springs sound like a war zone. Anyone who complains is bombarded with firecrackers thrown at them. They make a very hasty escape back to their rigs as we laugh at them and taunt them for being such pussies. All too soon the firecrackers are finito. Dennis then informs us that he has a huge bundle of bottle rockets. He thinks it'd be fun if we divide up into 2 teams and had a bottle rocket war. By now we are all stoned to the bone and as drunk as skunks so this sounds like a perfectly fine idea to us.

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There's probably no more than 20 of us left as we choose up sides. Dennis divides the bottle rockets between us then War Brakes Out!

The war starts out with our 2 teams firing the bottle rocket directly at one another across open desert. Even though most of us are still naked, if one hits you it's really no big deal, it just stings a little. However, since the largest motor homes make the best shields, the war progresses over to where they're parked. Of course, the owners of these rigs do not like their expensive vehicles being pelted with bottle rockets. At first they come outside to yell at us, which only makes us turn our attention, and our bottle rockets, on them so they quickly re-enter their vehicles then bitch at us through an open window. One guy is so upset that he even threatens to shoot us. We're all so drunk that we tell him to go ahead and shoot. Then just for good measure, we fired all the rest of our bottle rockets at his rig with him ranting and raving at us from inside.

That was fun. Now what? By now it's probably getting on to 4 a.m. Most of the other revelers say their just too fucked up to stay awake any longer and head for bed. The bon fire has died down to a regular sized campfire. There are only 4 of us left still awake and on our feet, Kelly, the only female along with Paul, Ron and yours truly. We sit by the fire smoking a doobie while finishing off the last of the Tequila. When that's done I notice there's a lot of clothes laying around on the ground. I start throwing it on the fire while berating the wimps for ruining the fun by crashing out so early.

Kelly, Paul and Ron tell me this is a bad idea as they pull the clothing out as fast as I throw it in, except for Floyd's clothing, an asshole everyone here hates. They let his burn. After awhile I tire of this and tell them I'm going for a soak. They each tell me they've had enough fun for one night and are going to bed. Good Night Tai.

I sit in the hot pool all by myself until I start to wrinkle up. It's starting to get light so I guess it's time to call it a day. I try to stand up. I find I can't, I'm too drunk. I figure I can crawl out of the pool but I can't even do that, I'm just too fucked up. Guess I'll just have to sit here and watch the sun rise.

Next thing I know, I wake up alone in my own bed in the van. I can see by the sun that it's getting on to noon. I get up and notice I am still a little drunk and a lot hung over. Oh well, ya gotta pay ta play, so tough it out an get yer lazy ass outta bed ta face the new day. And anyway, a joint, a beer and a bowl of George's beans will fix me up just fine. I find my clothes and put on my pants. But what's this? My wallet and car keys are missing. I figure either I lost them or some motherfucker stole them during the party. What can I do? Nothing. I head over to the hot pools and see what's happening. I get

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to the hot pools and everyone there looks as bad as I feel. No one is acting too lively this morning. I find a warm beer, pop it open and take a long swallow. I hear a few people bitching about the firecrackers and bottle rockets, and a question or two arises about why do some of the clothing look scorched and burned. Thankfully no one has ratted me out. I see Kelly in the pools, get in next to her and kiss her good morning then ask if she has a joint. She does. She fires one up, takes a hit then passes it to me. The day noticeably improves.

When I tell her about losing my wallet and keys she says, “You didn’t lose them. Last night Ruskie went through everyone’s pants and purses confiscating their keys and wallets so they wouldn’t get lost or stolen. This morning he told every body what he did and to come see him when you want them back.”

I just laughed. That fuckin’ Ruskie, always looking out for his fellow man.

As I said, 1989 was the last year where freedom would rule the hot springs. By the autumn of 1990 the word was out as to what a bitchen place this was to spend a winter in. After that the “we must have order” Snowbirds with their big rigs and their small minds along with the “spare change” Drainbows with their downer ways would take over the hot springs. However, we lighthearted free thinkers who believe that a lot of fun and a little chaos is good for the human soul didn’t leave without a fight. But the Snowbirds and Drainbows just kept coming until their numbers finally overwhelmed us and drove us out with their incessant bitching and constant hassling over the small shit. Year after year their numbers swelled until finally the County Health Department declared the hot pools a health hazard and closed it down forever. I’ve partied a lot in my life all over the world but there were few other places anywhere that could match the sheer exuberant freedom that I was lucky enough to experience and to participate in at that amazing little hot springs out in the desert.

THE PERFECT FOOT

My lover Kelly and I are sitting on the balcony of our bungalow in Paradise. For \$4 a day we've rented a bungalow that's made with a coconut wood floor, woven bamboo walls and a coco frond roof. Inside is a bed with a mosquito net, a bathroom with squat toilet and shower. It's 50 feet from the beach on a tropical island in southern Thailand, overlooking warm clear blue-green water of the gulf of Siam. We've just had a lunch of seafood and salad and are now kicked back listening to the mynah birds singing and watching the tropical breezes blowing through the palms.

Plus, we're smoking some killer weed that the room boy has just brought us for which we paid him \$20 for an ounce when we hear, "Umm, that smell good."

"Come and join us." we say and a good looking girl around 25 comes up the steps, introduces herself. She takes a seat then takes a toke. We chat together for awhile with the usual "What's your name? "Where are you from? "How long have you been here" "Where are you going next?" etc...When we get to what do you do for money, she says, "I'm a shoe model."

We ask her how she got a job like that?

She tells us her story: "I'm from Pennsylvania but a friend of mine and I used to go shopping in New York once a year. Five years ago when we were shopping I saw a pair of shoes that I liked in the window of a shop, so we went in and asked the clerk if he had them in my size and how much they cost. The man, a guy about my fathers age, gets out one of those foot measures, puts first one of my feet in it then the other, looks at it for a minute, then says that he'll be right back and goes into the back of the store. Instead of shoes, he has a different kind of measure and he spends quite a bit of time measuring first my right then my left foot. I think I must have weird feet or something, so I ask him if there was anything wrong. He says, "Wrong? No. In fact, you have perfect feet."

"My friend and I laugh thinking that this is some kind of strange come-on, but he says, "I mean it. Both of your feet are a perfect size 6B and if you like, I can give you the number of a modeling agency that works with shoes. You could make a good living modeling shoes for them." Then he gives me a his card with the agencies phone number on back. "Mention me name when you call them." he says. We left, forgetting all about the shoes that I'd come to see.

When I get home I tell my parents about what happened and they tell me I should give the agency a call, after all, what have I got to loose. I called them mentioning the old shoe clerks name and

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they gave me an appointment. When I went to see them they spent over an hour measuring and photographing my feet then they tell me that they could get me work in Rome right away. So now I work six or seven months a year in Rome and New York modeling shoes and make over \$50,000 a year."

Wow! Talk about lucky. She says, "Don't I know it." I ask her to show me her perfect feet. She does saying, "They're insured for \$250,000 each."

I look and they really are pretty little feet, after all they are perfect.

LOOK AT ME

In my life I've had a lot of sex with many different people including some in some very unusual situations, but of the lot this tale is about the most bizarre by far. It all started innocently enough too. It was late afternoon and I was standing on the freeway in downtown Portland heading north when a new Cadillac with an older male driver stopped...

As I ran up to the passenger door the power window slid down and the guy asked where I was going. When I gave him my 'where ever you are rap.' he laughed and told me to get in. The guy looked to be in his late 40's and was wearing a really nice suit. I told him that he definitely wasn't my usual ride. He said he was coming back from a very stressful meeting and needed to talk to someone about something else to get his mind off of it. He said since I looked clean and was carrying a backpack that I was probably safe enough to pick up. He then introduced himself as Victor and told me he was going to Seattle. As we drove I asked what the meeting was about. He told me he was a Headhunter for a large corporation based in Seattle. He had been down in Portland at one of their factories where they were having a lot of trouble meeting their production quotas. He told me that, as usual, it was due to poor management so he had just finished firing a bunch of the top level people there. Now he had to go back to headquarters and write a report explaining his action to the top brass. Then he said, "Hey, I picked you up to get my mind off of this crap so let's hear about some of your adventures."

I happily launched into some of the strange tales I'd experienced on the road. He listened

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sometimes shaking his head, sometimes laughing and sometime, especially if sex was involved, asking me questions.

About halfway to Seattle we heard a loud BANG! The car swerved and Victor cursed, “Goddamnit! This is a new car. What the hell is it getting a flat tire for?”

As he pulled over into the breakdown lane I told him to relax, I’d be glad to change to tire for him. Fifteen minutes later we were on our way. As we came to Olympia he said he had to make a phone call. He pulled off the freeway and into a gas station. When he got back in the car he asked me where I was planning to spend the night. I told him, “You can drop me off near any open field with some trees around it.”

He said, “That was my wife I just called. I told her about you and she said that since it’s getting late if you want to you can sleep at our house. She also told me to bring some Chinese take out home so if you’re staying I need to know how much to get.”

I thanked him for his generosity and accepted the invite.

We stopped in Seattle to pick up some Chinese food then drove north of the city until we exited the freeway into a wooded hilly area with some very expensive looking homes on either side of the road. After a few minutes drive he pulled into one of these big houses. It was 2 stories of glass and wood. I asked who all lived here. He said, “Now it’s just my wife and me. All the kids are either in college or grown and gone.” He grabbed his briefcase and the food and told me to bring my pack. We entered the house and there stood his wife, a blond who looked about 40 and still in pretty good shape. Victor introduced me to Betty.

As we shook hands she said, “Nice to meet you.” then turning to Victor, “I see you have the food. I’m famished so let’s eat.”

We went into the dining room where the table was already set and she laid out the food. While eating Victor told me to tell her some of my stories so I did. She laughed and asked me if they were true. I smiled saying, “Well, most of them.” then we all laughed.

After dinner I told them I’d wash the dishes. Betty told me to just rinse them and put them in the dishwasher then she told me to join them in the living room for a drink when I had finished. When I entered the living room Victor asked what I wanted to drink. I said a Scotch would be great. He poured then we all sat around chatting and drinking for the next hour or so. Betty then excused herself saying she was tired and was going to bed. Victor and I talked a little while longer then Victor looking at the

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floor said, "Can I ask you a favor Tai?"

I told him to go ahead.

He looked at me and said, "Your probably going to think this is pretty weird but, umm." He paused, took a breath then, "you see, me and Betty always had a real good sex life but lately unless there's someone else in the bedroom with us watching us, I can't seem to perform very well." pause, "You know what I mean?"

I thought I was going to be invited into a 3-some, which was fine by me so I said, "Yeah, I understand."

Victor continued, "So what we'd like you to do is watch me and Betty screw."

I told him it did sound kind of peculiar but since I saw no harm in it, I'd be happy to oblige.

Victor said, "You understand, you won't be asked to participate. You're just there to watch. You can jack off if you want but I'd appreciate it if you didn't say anything while we're doing it."

Still thinking this was some kind of peculiar come-on and that sooner or later I'd end up in bed with them, I told him, "What ever you guys want to do is all right with me."

Victor seemed relieved and said, "Let's have another drink and give Betty time to get ready."

While we were having the drink I asked him what he thought had brought this on. Victor said, "I think it comes from watching my parents screw when I was a kid. You see, they were immigrants living in a one-room apartment in New York when they had me. We were really poor. My mom cooked on a hot plate and we had to share the bathroom with all the people on our floor. Since we all slept in the same room from the time I can remember until I was 9 when we got a bigger place, whenever my parents had sex if I was awake, I watched them. They didn't care. They just told me to ignore them because it was part of life. When I got older and started having sex I'd always fantasize that someone was watching me and my partner doing it. When I married Betty we lived in an apartment and I'd pretend the neighbors had drilled a small hole in the wall and were watching us. After we had kids I'd think maybe one of them was either listening to us doing it or was looking at us through the keyhole. But a year ago the last one moved out and I just couldn't pretend anymore so my performance started slipping."

"When Betty asked me what was the matter I gave her some phony excuses but that didn't work so I decided to tell her the truth. At first she thought it was kind of sick but after thinking about it she told me she understood. She said it would be all right with her as long as it was another man whom she

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didn't know, who wouldn't touch us and who she would never see socially. Sometimes I pick somebody up but mostly we get guys out of the personals and so far it's worked out pretty good. I guess tonight it's your turn. We do this a couple times a month and so far we haven't had any problems." He paused then, "Well, Betty's probably ready by now. Shall we go?"

As we entered the bedroom I saw the lights had all been dimmed and there was a chair facing the bed about 4 feet from it. Betty was already in bed. She was staring at the ceiling with the sheet pulled up to her chin. Victor told me to sit in the chair then he did a fast strip dropping his clothes on the floor and got into bed with his back to me. Betty turned towards him and they started kissing. After glancing at me Betty closed her eyes and never again during the act looked at me. Victor went to work. As the sheet fell away and Victor started fondling her I could see that Betty had a very nice little bod. She was still fairly slim with small titties, however she was not a natural blond. In fact, she had a very thick black bush which after a few minutes Victor buried his face in. He stretched her crack out wide and chowed down. Betty began to moan.

Watching them I started getting hot too so I whipped out my now rigid tool and began to stroke it. Victor glanced over at me and seeing me choking my chicken he intensified his action. Betty grabbed his head, arched her back and really ground her pussy into his face. Then she cried, "Now Victor. Now!"

Victor got up, spread Betty's legs as wide as they'd go. He slammed solid meat into her waiting pink hole then started pounding her pussy fast and furiously. Soon they were both going at it with all they had. They were sweating and moaning as I sat there with my dick in my hand as I watched them go at it. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer. I shot my wad, but because of all the sexual tension in the room my cock stayed firm so I just kept flogging the dog while I watched Victor bone the hell out of Betty who looked like she was really enjoying it. However after about 5 more minutes of watching Victor banging Betty I started to get bored. At first it was really exciting watching a couple fucking but now it was getting old and I wished Victor would hurry up. I quit stroking my shaft and then lost my boner while they fucked for another 15 to 20 minutes. Victor every now and then glanced over at me to make sure I was still watching while he turned Betty every which way but loose. They did it with him on top, her on top, side ways, doggie style...

At last, with her legs over his shoulders and her ass in the air Victor rammed his hard hot prick all the way in deep inside of Betty's soft wet slit and groaned. His body went stiff then he shuddered

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and cums. After a moment Victor rolled off Betty then they cuddled whispering to each other.

I'm sitting there thinking, 'Well, that was quite a show.'

After a few minutes Victor turned toward me and said, "Thanks for not saying anything." then, "Well, I guess I'd better go wash my face." He got out of bed and headed for the bathroom.

Betty looked at me then asked, "Did you find that strange?"

I said, "It was kind of unusual all right and at first watching you guys really turned me on too. All in all, a pretty enjoyable experience."

"I see though that you have lost your hard-on." she said.

I shrugged and said, "It was exciting at first then I came and..."

She said, "That seems to be the usual reaction. Except when some guys he brings home try to get into bed with us. Vic kicks them right back out and tells them to sit back down and stay sitting or there will be some major hell to pay."

I ask her if she would like to fuck another dude and she tells me, "Sometimes I think about it but it's not going to happen. I only fuck Victor."

Just as I did Victor reentered the room, Betty kissed him smiled then said, "I'm taking a shower. Show him where to sleep will you sweetie?" and without another word left the room.

I stood, pulled up my pants and followed Victor out of the bedroom.

Victor showed me the guest room then told me he had to be to work by 7 a.m. tomorrow so he could dictate his report. He had to leave here no later than 6:30 so what time should he wake me?

I told him 6 a.m., half hour was plenty of time for me to get ready.

He told me good night then left the room.

Next morning bright and early Victor wakes me. After using the bathroom I get dressed and saunter downstairs. Victor's drinking coffee. He asked if I wanted any.

I told him no, I was good.

He finished his coffee then tells me it time to go. We got in his car and headed to the freeway. As we drove into downtown Seattle Victor asked me what my plans were for the day.

I told him, "I think I'll take the Kingston Ferry over to the Olympic Peninsula, hitch up into The Green Cathedral and spend a few days communing with The Mother and her children."

He asked, "What the heck is The Green Cathedral and The Mother?"

I laughed and told him, "It's the woods, man. You know, deep in the forest where there's only

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nature.”

He said, “Oh yeah.” and pulled to the curb.

As I got out Victor shook my hand then said, “Well, have fun. And Tai, thanks again.”

I smiled and said, “No sweat Victor. It was my pleasure.” I watched him go thinking, ‘Man, this is one weird and wonderful life.’

DOS PENDEJO’S

Kelly and I are camping on a beach just north of Matzatlan and things have started to mellow out. Season's over, we've got some good Oxacan to smoke and those two drunken assholes Canuks are gone. They showed up a couple weeks ago, got drunk and stayed drunk. (Beer is \$2 a case, delivered with free ice. Tequila is \$2 a litter.) They were young and dumb and all freaked out at being away from home for the first time. They made themselves completely obnoxious, bothering everyone they saw. I told them to stay away from Kelly and me or there'd be trouble, and surprisingly they took the hint.

Last Sunday they decided that they weren't getting enough pussy here. A problem easily solved because Matzatlan has a huge red light district and for a measly \$10 anybody can get laid any time. Instead, each of the dipshits made themselves a sign, one said "Want to Fuck?", the other "I Need Pussy." then the idiots walked up and down the beach thinking that they were really funny, not only showing their signs to Gringa's but to Mexcana's as well. Most people either ignored them or told them to go away. After an hour or so they got tired of their little game and came back to camp to drink more beer and tequila. What the morons didn't see was the half dozen Mexicano's following them who turned around after they had seen where the dumbfucks were camped.

Right after sundown, a very beautiful time of day when the sea gets all pink and still and the pelicans cruise along the tops of the waves and the sky turns all golden and pink, these same Mexicano's showed up at the boys camp asking the boys if they still wanted some pussy. The boys, now drunk as skunks, said "Sure." and walked over to the Mexicano's.

Well, the boys didn't get any pussy but they sure did get fucked. The Mexicano's beat the living

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shit out of those two poor dummies, actually beat them unconscious then walked away. The boys don't know how lucky they were; they could have been killed. Well, one of kindhearted in camp went and called an ambulance for them, which came and took them away. Their stuff sat on the beach for the next couple days before it started disappearing but the boys we never saw again.

KILL YOU TV!

KILL YOUR TV! Do it today quick before it sucks you in any deeper. The worldwide media, specifically television has invaded every aspect of life today. There is nothing and no one that it doesn't influence, and it does not even matter if what it reports is the truth, a half truth or an out right lie, whatever it says is the modern day gospel. Even if it is caught in a lie, it simply shrugs and prints a retraction at the bottom of page or at the end of the program, giving a small footnote of it's "mistake". But the worst thing that it does, the very worse thing, is how it manipulates the public's opinion. The recent Gulf war is a perfect example.

In October when then President Bush announced on TV that the US would go to war with Iraq if it didn't withdraw it's troops by January. Every single poll taken the next day all showed the same numbers from the American public: 80% against the invasion, 15% for and 5% who had no opinion. By the time the war was over, a short 6 months later, all the polls reported that 80% of the American public approved of the war, 15% did not and 5% had no opinion. This complete turn around in the public's thinking was accomplished by a media barrage that the world has previously never seen before. From the time it was announced until it was over, the war was in every newspaper, every newsmagazine, on every TV network everyday all day, and only in the first month was anything against the war reported. The American public accepted the story then made it its own and at the end even celebrated it with a parade, forgetting that a lot of people suffered and died for nothing. Is Kuwait now any more democratic or enlightened than it was before the war, is the world any safer from oppression and madmen? You know the answer. America may not have really helped the Kuwaitis. But it was one hell of a story!

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The media also ruins innocent people's lives with impunity. Remember the McMartin case, for months the newspapers and TV news screamed out the headlines: SATANIC WORSHIP! ANIMAL SACRIFICE! CHILD PORNOGRAPHY! SEXUAL ABUSE OF CHILDREN! The entire staff of the pre-school was indicted and tried. But after seven years of frantic searching at a cost of over 15 million dollars, not even one single shred of hard evidence of any of the allegations was ever uncovered despite it being the biggest, longest and most expensive investigation and trial in the US to date. When all of the McMartin defendants were either found not guilty or had the charges against them dropped, where were the headlines and the indignation from the TV reporters? The final verdict was barely mentioned and seven people's lives were forever ruined. And don't forget about all the children who were talked into believing that they really were molested by media hungry District Attorneys, child psychologists and even media hungrier prosecutors. But it was one hell of a story!

And let's not forget about the "War On Drugs". It's a complete failure. Millions of lives ruined, billions of dollars wasted and there are now more people using illegal drugs in America than ever before. But hey, the American people believe it can be won. They read it in the newspapers and hear it on TV every day. And it is one hell of a story!

The list of media atrocities is endless and I certainly will not waste my or your time on them other than to say, DO NOT BELIEVE THEIR LIES! If you do have to read the newspapers and newsmagazines then just read the entertainment, health and sports sections, throw the front page away. If you must watch TV then watch sports or the sitcoms (at least they only rot your brain), the dramas not based on an actual event or even the cartoons. Stay away from the news, newsmagazine shows, the reality shows and the tabloid talk shows. If you just can't live without the radio, then listen to your favorite music and turn off talk radio, because all that crap that they put out to you all the time will only make you upset or depressed and makes you hate. After all, what can you as an individual really do about it. When was the last time the President or even your congressman called you up and said to you, "Hey citizen, I'm about to vote on this bill. What do you think?" The answer is, unless you are one of the rich and powerful, NEVER!

So instead of listening to all that shit, talk to a friend, read a book, play with a child, take a walk and look at all the beauty around you, make love with your lover and experience the joy of being human and the pleasure of being alive. You really don't need to know all the crap that you have no control over anyway. KILL YOUR TV! Do it today and ENJOY THIS WONDERFUL LIFE.

SCORING

I've scored a lot of dope in a lot of places all over the world. It usually isn't very difficult unless it's the dry season that is and even then you can still score but it's usually not worth the effort or the price. Every place in the world has it's own special quirks and special products.

Here are a couple of tips: Always go with the specialty of the house, it'll be the best deal at the best price. When you find something really good and won't be crossing any borders for awhile, buy all you can afford or all they have because you never know when you'll be able to score some killer dope again, and you certainly don't want to run out. Of all the places I've scored, Asia is my favorite. Not only is it always easy and seldom expensive but it has the most variety. In fact, here how easy it is: Check into your hotel, then ask your room boy, tout or better yet, the manager for the dope. You'll get one of three reactions: "No sir, I don't know of any." In which case spend the night then in the morning find another hotel.

Or, "I don't have any, but perhaps I can you find some." Forget it, it's usually over priced and probably bunk.

Or, "Yes sir, go up to your room and I'll be up shortly." You've found a dooper hotel. The manager or room boy will come up, knock on your door, come in then show you what he's got.

Another tip: Always go to the hotels that advertise, "Where all your dream come true." or "Anything is possible." or something to that effect. Also, any hotel or restaurant with "Rasta" in it's name in another sure sign.

For hash, the best place is the Middle East where it's so cheap that it's almost free. When you get a source there they'll always want to sell you at least a kilo for anywhere from \$20 to \$200 depending on the quality and the country that you are in and how many other tourist there are running around with money. If you want some for free just ask for a sample, the guy will usually chop off ten or twenty grams, hand it to you then tell you when you want to really buy some to let him know. In the mid east hash is everywhere since almost every adult male smokes it. Lots of times we've been chatting on the street, in a train or in a restaurant with them and asked if they can get us any hash. A lot of times they'll just reach into their pocket and hand us a chunk as a gift which sometimes they'll smoke with you and sometimes not. Sometimes the hash is so good that even after a few tokes you'll be immobilized and

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where ever you are that's where you're going to be for the next few hours.

One of the most bitchen places my true love, Kelly and I were ever turned on was the very first time that we visited the Taj Mahal. We timed our arrival in Agra for the full moon, checked into our hotel then waited until just before sundown when we took a bicycle rickshaw to the Taj. It's all surrounded by gardens that are just full of peacocks. As you come up to the Taj you can't see it because it is surrounded by a 100-foot high red brick wall. We paid the 2 Rupee admission and went in through a large door that's cut into the wall. As soon as we were in the doorway we saw it and smiled. We're actually here, The Taj Mahal, we could hardly believe it. We walked through the door and into the garden that surrounds it with water fountains and pools that lead up to it. It was so lovely that at first we just sat in the garden taking in all that beauty. The sun was setting and the moon was rising, the peacocks were crying, the ring-necked parakeets and the fruit bats were flying and the firefly's started winking on and off, we were enchanted. We walked up to the Taj and when we got to the foot of it there were some men who watched your shoes because you had to walk those white marble floors barefoot.

When we told the shoekeeper how entranced we were by all of this he said, "Yes, I am very lucky to be working here. I never get tired of seeing this wonderful sight. Here, this will make it even more beautiful." Then he lights up a joint and hands it to Kelly who takes a toke then passes it to me.

We smoked the entire doobie with the shoekeeper then thanked him and walked up into the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful structure ever created by man. Kelly and I strolled hand in hand around and through that magnificent white marble building with the full moon light reflecting off of it and the river that flows by it until they closed it around midnight. We retrieved our shoes from the shoekeeper, thanked him and again, then left and got a horse and carriage back to our hotel, clip-clopping along under a full moon. We could hardly believe how incredibly lucky we were and that we would be returning there again and again.

In India the ganja and charras is hit and miss, sometimes it's incredibly good and sometimes it's so bad that you mise as well throw it away. Also, in India they always give you the crapo stuff first so you have to hand it back, and tell them that you want the best they can get, the stuff they smoke, and for the same price. You'll have to do this two or three times before your get their best, but unless you're in a high tourist area, it's always real cheap.

One of the weirdest scores I ever made was in Kashmir. Kelly and I were walking down the main street in Sirinagar when this young Kashmiriee whisper, "Hash?"

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We asked him if it was good and cheap and he assured us it was. Just follow him to his house and check it out. We followed him for about ten minutes through the twisting turning ally ways of Sirinagar until we get to his place. He tells us that he has to go and get it and that we'll have to wait in the basement. We go in and he locks us in. After around half a hour we start getting concerned. It could be a rip off or worse. After another ten minutes he comes in with a bud of his who is holding. He packs a chillum and we smoke it, and it was very very good. We buy all he has with him.

He tells us that if want any more to come by and see him anytime, takes us out into the street and says, "See ya later." then leaves us.

We are truly stoned and have no idea where we are or how to get back to the center of town so we call a small boy over and offer him 5 rupees to lead us back to our hotel, which he is delighted to do.

A good place to smoke in India and Nepal is to smoke is in the Shiva temples. For a few rupees you can usually smoke a chillum packed with a mixture of tobacco and low-grade ganja with the temple priest and any other males who happens to be there. You won't get real high but it's fun to do. In Nepal, the hash, grass and majick mushrooms can be very good and very cheap when it's season and you're not in either Kathmandu or Pokhara. You can't beat it for quality or price, but when it's not season it dries out fast in the mountain air so it's hardy worth smoking. The good hash you get in Nepal in the off season comes from Manali in India but in Nepal like India, you always have to ask for better.

In India and Nepal, up until the late 80's anyway, there were hotels that specialized in catering to heads. The only tourist in India and Nepal at that time came for one of three things: The sightseers, who came in small groups that stayed in the big hotels. The guru seekers, who stayed at the ashrams. And the dopers, who stayed at the cheap hotels. The yuppies and the Lonely Planet travelers have ruined all of that. They stayed at the dooper hotels because they were cheap and the staff usually spoke English, but the yuppies either they didn't use drugs or worse; they drove up the prices.

At one hotel we were staying in we were smoking a chillum in the common room with some Indian friends when two young French girls, who were smoking those stinking Gitanes, started throwing a shit fit about: How dare we smoke that evil substance in their presents! They weren't going to put up with that and unless we stopped immediately they were going for zee manager. We just laughed and told them to fuck off. Then I took an extra big hit and blew it their way, which really pissed them off. They went for zee manager. He told them that if they didn't like it then they were welcome to leave and find another hotel, which they did in a huff swearing at us in French, Mon Deiu!

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At another hotel we were smoking some chillums, again with a bunch of Indian friends, when one of the guys broke out a small bottle whiskey. The manager, a woman, came running over and told him to take his filthy whiskey out of her hotel! And why couldn't he be a nice boy like the rest of us and just smoke ganja? Sadly these days are past thanks to that dirty rotten black mailer Reagan and the Lonely Planet guide books. Ganja is now illegal everywhere and almost all the dooper hotels are now traveler's hotels. You can still get dope at some of them but it costs more. Plus it's smoke it in your room and burn some incense.

One of the most famous dooper hotels in all of India where we stayed on numerous occasions closed down a few years ago and is sorely missed. The White Diamond in Varanasi. When you entered, an Indian dwarf would greet you at the door waiting to take your bags upstairs for you. The lobby was all painted with Daliesque surreal murals. The manager was an Indian Irishman who would show you to your room then ask how much hash you wanted? The dwarf would then bring the dope up. At night the owner, an Indian, would show up and every one would follow him up to the roof where he would break out his own stash. Then we would all Bom Boli the evening away with him. It closed down when some white female traveler invited an Indian boy into her room one night, cried rape the next morning and the White Diamond is no more.

If it was the Lonely Planet travelers that ruined the dope scene in India, it was the yuppies that spoiled it in Nepal. Before they discovered trekking in the Himalayas hash was always plentiful and always very cheap. \$20 a kilo up in the hills and even tourist prices in the cities was only \$5 or \$6 an ounce. (\$2 a tola, 11 grams) But the yuppies are willing to pay \$60 or more an ounce without even blinking, the ones who aren't too pure to smoke that is. I know that things always change but the thing that gets me most is; the travelers and yuppies are the ones who are always complaining about how touristy everything has become. But it was them and their fucking travel books and excess cash that made it that way. Before, there were few white people traveling in India and Nepal because you had to have the heart and the balls to travel in third world countries. Now all you need is plenty of cash and a goddamn guide book.

At least there's still Thailand where money was always king and still is. Even though prices are way up from just a few years ago and there are a lot more tourists, the scene is about the same. You got the bucks, you get the goods; sex, drugs or ...?

Of course, in the old days you got genuine Thai or Buddha (opiated) sticks for 50 cents each

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(tourist price). Now it's all loose buds but it's still killer. You can still get a kilo for 1000 Baht (\$40) of regular Thai or pay \$30 an ounce for premium. We usually buy a kilo for every day use and supplement that with a bit of premium whenever it's around and at a decent price. Up in the Golden Triangle you can still smoke all the opium you want for a buck a pipe, the finest high in the world. There are even treks especially for this adventure. Paranoia, forget it. Unless you are holding a lot or are really stupid then most it's going to cost you if the cops do see you smoking is \$40 per cop.

Although the last time that we were in Chiang Mai we were sitting in a tourist restaurant with some other falang's, one of whom told this tale of woe. A young guy about 20 years old is talking: "So I was smoking a joint at the Tai Pae Gate (a square in the middle of town) and a cop comes over to me and says I'm under arrest for smoking marijuana. I tell him that I didn't even know it was illegal and I was sorry and wouldn't do it again. He says too bad, I'm going to jail. I ask him if I can pay him the fine and he says okay, 1000. I tell him that I don't have that much money. So he says, then you're going to jail. I tell him that I'll have to cash some travelers checks. He says okay and we go to the nearest change booth. I cash \$1000 and give it to him. He doesn't even thank me, he just walks away."

"When I told this to the hotel manager, he tells me that the cop meant 1000 Baht (\$40) not 1000 dollars. I was so mad I called the Tourist Police and told them about this dishonest cop. They told me that I shouldn't even be smoking marijuana and it was my own fault that I gave the cop too much money and that there wasn't anything they would do about it. So now I have to cut my trip short!"

Kelly and I started laughing, what a moron!

He looked at us and whined, "Well, I don't think it's funny at all!"

Which made us laugh even harder.

The worst cop rip off that I ever heard about was: A white friend of ours from LA who married a Thai girl and has lived in Thailand for the last 15 years. He got caught by 8 cops with two kilos of Cambodian Red (the best grass in southeast Asia). It cost him \$2000 and one of the kilos because the cops wanted to smoke some of that killer shit themselves.

Also, you can still score over the counter in India, Nepal and Thailand. Up until the early 80's you could even get morphine just for the asking. Even today you can still get an assortment of uppers, downers, tranqs and mood elevators at almost any pharmacy. Of course, they're not as good as the grass, hash and opium, but then nothing is.

The rest of Asia you can forget, China, Korea, Japan, no dope or worse, expensive bunk. Burma,

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Laos, Cambodia, plenty of cheap dope, but they're still killing each other and tourist too. Vietnam too expensive and too paranoid. Malaysia and Singapore, death penalty for anything over 100 grams. Indonesia and the Philippines are all right, plenty of shrooms and the grass is cheap and not too bad when you can find it, plus there's no hassles if you're discreet. Australia and New Zealand it's always hard to find and always expensive as hell.

Same for Europe, except for Amsterdam, where it's still expensive but with absolutely no paranoia. A truly enlightened environment. You can ask any cop where the nearest hash bar is and he'll be glad to tell you. They have a real variety and some of the best in the world. Most of the serious dope growers I know go either to Hawaii or Amsterdam to get their seeds which, when you can find them are \$10 or more apiece. In the Caribbean I scored, but it too was expensive and hard to find. I haven't gotten to Jamaica yet. But who knows, maybe that will be my next trip because the dope out of there is excellent and I've heard lots of great dope tales form there. And it is on the ganja trail.

I've scored lots of mota in Mexico. It's always cheap and sometimes it's fantastic, and as long as you're cool with your colas nobody ever hassles you. Mexico is my all time favorite country, if it hadn't gotten so expensive I'd have never left. I love the people, their culture, the food, the language and especially their attitude about life and death. About the only negative thing is the extreme macho bullshit but even a little of that is fun. Even the country itself is beautiful and varied. I love it.

So that leave the good old USA since I haven't yet been either to South America or Africa. We all know the trip here. Mostly it's sit around and wait until the dealer shows up, try it, buy it, take it home and get high on it so I won't bore you with a lot more of these tales of scoring except for my all time favorite American one, and it goes like this...

My friend George, Kelly and I are camped out in the woods near a small town up in the Sierras and oh no, we're almost out of pot so George hops on his motorcycle and goes in search of herb. Living right on the Mexican border all winter in the desert has spoiled us, \$600 a pound for really killer Mex, but we didn't bring enough to last us all summer so now we know that we will pay through the nose. George comes back and tells us that he's found a source who sells quarter ounces of Mex reg so we jump in his van to go check it out.

We get to the house and knock, a woman in her late 20's with a couple of kids answers the door. We tell her why we've come and who sent us.

She tells us to come in. She shows us what she's got, \$30 quarter or a full OZ for \$100.

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We tell her that buying in small amounts is for suckers and that we have the cash, so how much for a pound?

She tells us that she can't do it but if we come back tomorrow she'll see what she can do.

The next day we go back at the appointed time. As we walk in there is an old couple sitting on the sofa and she introduces us to as her parents who are also her source. The man is in his early 70's and the wife is not far behind. They check us out and tell us that they will sell us a pound for \$1100, not bad.

We say, "Let's see it."

They tell us to follow them to their house. We get to their house and show us the dope. We weigh it then smoke some, it's pretty good so we give them the cash and they give us the pot. They tell us that they've been smoking grass for most of their lives, over 45 years and that they're both still healthy and happy.

We congratulate them, thinking, 'ahhh, roll models.'

They tells us that if we want any more to just let them know, it's no problem and if they're not here then look for them at the skeet range. They show us their trophies and ribbons and tell us that he's the men's senior and she's the woman's senior skeet shooting champions for this whole section of California, have been for some time and they plan to keep it that way until they die. If we don't want any more pot, why then just stop by for a visit because it is kind of boring living in a small town with a bunch of narrow minded people who still think grass is dangerous.

Kelly and I visit them a few times but George hangs with them quite a bit, even shoots a little skeet with them. We even buy one more pound from them and they give us that one for an even grand. This will have to last us until we get back to the desert for the winter. We tell them so long and see ya in the funnies but we never saw them again because we never visited that town again. I sure hope that they are still shooting skeet and dealing pounds.

IT'S ONLY ROCK AND ROLL

I was bored so I thought that I'd hitch over to Lahina side and check out what my friends the derelicts under the Banyan tree to see what was shaking. They were always entertaining unless they had already passed out, but it was still early now so they should all be quite lively. I was standing on the road in Wailuku when a VW Bug pulled over and I got in. The guy driving says that he is going to Kaanapali, a little north of Lahina. As we're chatting on our way through the sugar cane he tells me that he was in a rock group. I didn't recognize him but thought that he could be since a lot of rock and rollers hung around Lahina especially during whale watching season which it now was. He tells me his name (I'll call him Greg Patton) and that he was the most obscure member of a famous rock quartet. I still don't recognize him even when he tells me the band's name but what the heck, I tend to believe what folks tell me as long as it doesn't cost me anything. When we got to Lahina he asks me what I was going to do there.

I tell him and ask if he'd like to join me.

He says how about he buy me a beer at the bar next to the Banyan tree instead because he had a little time to kill and didn't want to drink alone or be out in public.

I tell him that sounded good to me.

We enter the bar, get a table, some pupu's and a couple of cold Heinekens. The bar was fairly crowded as it was just getting to be lunchtime. We sit there talking, eating our snacks and toking on our beers for about ten minutes when a babe around 20 years old comes over to the table and says, "Excuse me, but aren't you Greg Patton?"

Greg tries to ignore her but she asks again, "You are Greg Patton, aren't you? I've seen you in concert before and I just wanted to tell you how much I just love your music." She gushes then, "I have all your albums and think that you're the best group in rock and roll today..."

She probably would have rattled on longer but Greg stops her by saying, "Thank you very much, but I'm drinking with a friend right now. If you'd like an autograph, I'd be happy to give you one."

The babe turns to the table she was sitting at and mouths, 'It's him'.

Three more babes get up and come over to our table, grab chairs, sit down and pretty soon are telling Greg how much they all love him, the group and their music.

The babe sitting next to me, turns to me with a big smile then says, "Are you in the band?"

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I say, "No."

And even before the O has left my mouth, her smile drops and she turns back to Greg where she puts on another great big smile. Greg is telling them that he would be glad to give them all autographs if they would leave us to our beers. But the girls don't hear a word he says and just keep jabbering away. Finally Greg drains his beer then says to me, "Let's get out of here." He tells the girls that he has an appointment and has to go. They want to know who with and maybe could they come along. He tells them no. We get up and leave the bar. The girls follow us all the way to the car, chattering the whole way then wave bye-bye as we pull away.

I say, "Gee, I guess you really are Greg Patton."

He smiles saying, "Yeah. And most of the time it's great but sometimes, like back there, it's just a pain in the ass."

I tell him about the babe's reaction to my "No."

He laughs and says, "If you had told her "Yes" you'd be getting laid right now."

I tell him that getting a piece of ass in the real world is no easy task.

He nods then says, "At a concert I can have any girl in the first five rows and almost anyone that asks for my autograph. Shit, they even bribe the security guards with blowjobs just to get backstage or onto our floor at the hotel. Yeah, other than the money, it's the best part of being a rock star. No, it's not bad at all." By now we're on our way to Kanaapali when he says, "Oh, I forgot, you wanted to stay in Lahina." and pulls over.

Well, I really wasn't doing anything important but since he didn't ask me to accompany him farther, I told him thanx, nice to meet ya and got out.

He says, "later" and drives away.

When I got back to Lahina I went back to the bar to see if those four babes were still there. I though 'well, they know I'm not in the band, but he did say I was his friend. Maybe I can play on that, but they were gone so I join my friends under the Banyan tree and tell them the story. They all say I was stupid for not lying to that chick so I could of gotten into her pants.

I have to agree.

Through the years I have heard a lot of females say how they do not care how rich or poor, big or small, handsome or plain a man is. That they are much less shallow and much more romantic than we men are. That as long as their man loves them and treats them right then that is all they really care

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about. Whenever I do hear this I always think back to that time in Lahina in the bar with the rock star and how easy I could of gotten laid just by looking that babe in the eye and lying, "Yes, I am with the band."

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

I have just had a true psychic experience. Kelly and I are in Thailand and we haven't heard from our daughter, who is traveling in Europe by herself and is only 19 years old for almost two months. Which isn't unusual for a teenager on her own, but still we are a little worried.

Last night I had a dream and in it she comes to me and hands me a bunch of red roses wrapped in blue paper. She doesn't say anything, she just stands there and smiles at me. I get a bit pissed off and say, "I don't want any damned roses. I want a letter from you telling your Mother and me about how you're doing." At which time she disappears and the dream ends.

Next morning I tell Kelly about the dream and she says that we should go check the mail which is at Poste Restante in Chiang Mai. We had just checked it a couple of days ago but since were not doing anything important anyway, why not?

We go to the post office and check, and sure enough there's a big blue envelope for us. Kelly opens it and inside is a birthday card for us. (Our birthdays are only a day apart.) There's a bunch of red roses on the front and the card is signed by our daughter. But there's no letter, not even a note in it. Damn it, I wanted a letter from you letting me know that you're all right, not just a bunch of roses.

TO PROTECT AND SERVE

There's been a few times in my life that the cops have actually helped me instead of their usual and constant hassling. I mean, how many of you have been told to move along with threats of jail for simply standing on the sidewalk or camping on a beach or in the woods? Or had a cop check out the cigarette you're smoking just to make sure it ain't pot? Or been pulled over in your car for: Your door looked ajar. Your high beams on in within the city limits. There's dirt on your license plate? I've never been ticketed for any of this but it takes the cops an hour or more just to 'check you out' to make sure I'm not an escaped ax murderer.

Sometimes they even ask permission to search your vehicle and if you're stupid enough to give it to them then, after they're finished ripping your car apart, it will take another hour for you to put everything back in it that they tore out and left laying on the ground. However, as they leave they will almost always tell you to 'have a nice day.' just to show you how nice they are and that it's nothing personal. But it is personal, because if it's not, then how come it's only Black, Latino and Freek males they harass. After all, you never see white people being told they are loitering so, "Move it along or I'll move you." or driving a car and being stopped for, "It looked like your left rear wheel is wobbling so you'd better check your lug nuts. Oh and by the way, could you show me your license and registration? And you're not carrying anything illegal now, are you?" But there have been those few times...

Dallas: It's early morning rush hour and the cars are really whizzing by. I got dropped off right on the freeway near some big interchange close to the center of the city and there are no off ramps as far as I can see. Looks like I'm going to be here for awhile because no one is even slowing down. The reason I'm here is; I got a ride from some young redneck who after a chat about California asked me if I liked niggers?

I smiled telling him, "Yes sir, I like them just fine seeing as I'm a white nigger myself."

He hit the brakes and told me to get the fuck out of his car! So here I am.

Damn! A cop car is pulling over and I just bet hitching on the freeway is totally illegal in Dallas. A young looking white State Trooper wearing sunglasses gets out of the car. He walks up to me, looks me over then says, "What the hell are you doing out here? Don't you know it's unlawful for a pedestrian to be on a freeway in Texas?"

I certainly don't want a ticket and this being Texas I can't tell him I'm a nigger lover so since all

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cops hate gays I tell him, “Yes sir I do, but the queer who dropped me off here was molesting me so I told him to let me out.”

He shook his head saying, “Fucking faggots! You were right to get out. Come on I’ll give ya a ride to an off ramp. Your not armed, are you?”

I tell him I’m not as we walk back to the car.

I throw my stuff in back the ride up front with the cop. He tells me to belt in then gets on the radio and says he transporting a transient to the city limits. He turns to me saying, “We won’t be needing this.” as he turns off the squawk. He asks if I like hard rock.

I do.

He turns on a cassette deck that’s on the floor of his car, inserts a cassette and within a few seconds Grace Slick and the boys are pounding out “White Rabbit”. The cop hits the gas and we are gone. We cruise down the freeway at 90 mile per hour passing everything in sight with the sounds of the Jefferson Airplane blaring out the windows at full volume.

The cop drives me all the way out of the Dallas municipal area until we are out in the country. He gets off the freeway and stops. He says, “Well, this is as far as I can take you. I’m sure you’ll catch a ride here soon. Just make sure you stay off the freeway.”

We get out of the cop car and I retrieve my backpack then thank him for the lift. The cop shakes my hand wishing me good luck then he gets back in his car and goes tearing back up the freeway the way we came.

Salt Lake City: I’m standing on an on ramp heading west. I’ve just spent the night in the most politically contentious commune outside of Berkeley that I’d ever been in. SLC is a nice city too. It’s real clean and almost all of the folks are friendly which is how I got to the commune in the first place. I met a hippie in a restaurant, we got to talking and when he found out I needed a place to crash he didn’t even hesitate. He said I could stay at his place as long as I wanted. As long as I wanted turned out to be about 10 minutes.

Every body there was arguing, I mean ‘discussing’, every little thing with everyone else. The radicals and the moderates, the ethnics and the whites, and the worse, the feminist and the males. Every where there were notes about everything, little reminders, pasted up all over the house. My favorite one was: Dear Male Chauvinist PIGS, Have some Consideration and Leave the Seat DOWN! This was right above the toilet. At first I thought they probably meant “put” instead of “leave”. However, then I

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figured these were intelligent chicks who knew exactly what they wanted so I left the seat down making sure I peed all over it. Whether or not this caused any 'discussions' I don't know because I went out into the back yard and spent the night there. Next morning after using the toilet again, I left. I walked around the city a little, had a light breakfast and now, here I am.

What's this? A cop car is stopping. What the hell does he want? I ain't doing anything illegal. An older cop gets out of the car. He walks over to me and asks to see some ID. As I show some to him I ask if it's unlawful to hitch on an on ramp? He says, "No, I just wanted to see who you are."

After a moment he hands me back the ID then says, "Get in the car. I got something I want to talk to you about."

This does not sound good to Tai. But what can I do? He tells me to get in front. I get in. Now what? He says, "You look like you're pretty fit. Ever do any agricultural work?"

I nod.

"Well," He continues, "my brother owns of a potato shed and right now he's a little short handed. He pays \$5 an hour plus he'll give you a place to stay for the season. It's kind of far out of town so if you want the work, I'll take you over to my house where you can spend the day then tonight I'll drive you up there. What do you say?"

I really don't want to work in a potato shed up in the boonies but I sure don't want to insult the cop either so I say, "It's a mighty nice offer but I really have to get back to California as soon as I can. You see I just found out my dad broke his leg and my mom needs some help caring for him. But thanks for the offer."

The cop looks at me saying, "Then I guess I'd better help you on your way." He puts the car in D and hits the accelerator. He drives me right out of town until we get to the salt flats. He pulls over, turns to me and says, "There's lots of traffic so you should get a ride from here fairly easy. And good luck with your father."

I thank him as I exit the cruiser. The cop waves as he pulls away. Plus he was right, I got a ride a couple minutes later.

Cleveland: I just got off work and am walking down the street with my back pack minding my own business when I see a cop car pull to the curb. I hear, "Hey you. Come here."

I walk over to the cop as he gets out of his vehicle. When I get to the car he asks for the usual ID and what am I doing here.

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I tell him that I just got off work working a day job for ManPower and am now on my way out of town into the country where I can put up my tent and spend the night. After that I'll be hitching towards New York.

He nods his head like this satisfies him. He hands me back my ID then says, "You don't need to leave town to find a place to sleep. I'll take you down to the Salvation Army, they have facilities for homeless men so you can spend the night there."

Even though I'd rather sleep out in the woods I'm too tired to argue with a cop about it. Instead, I tell him it sounds like a plan to me.

He tells me to get in the car.

I do.

As he's driving he asks me about my life on the road. I tell him that even though it's hard I really like it. It's great being totally free, always going new places and meeting interesting people.

He tells me he has a runaway 17-year-old son and hopes his son is all right.

I say his son is probably having a ball.

Soon he pulls over in front of the Salvation Army Headquarters. He wishes me good luck as I get out of the car.

I tell him not to worry too much about his son, "He'll come home when he gets tired of the road." I say.

He says, "I hope so." then pulls away.

I shoulder my pack and walk into the Sallie. I go up to the receptionist, a young guy dressed in a Salvation Army uniform. He smiles and asks how may he help me? I tell him I'm homeless and need a place to crash. Still smiling he says that right now they don't have any accommodations to house homeless men.

I say I thought the Salvation Army always had a place for the homeless.

He says, "Oh, we do. But right now all our facilities are being taken up by either people with children or single women. All single males are being referred to State Social Services."

I ask if he's kidding. He looks at me like I'm stupid then says condescendingly, "Well, you could always stay at the YMCA."

I tell him it cost \$7 a night to stay at the Y and I just busted my butt all day for a measly \$10.

He smiles again saying, "I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do for you."

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I stand there glaring at him.

He says, "Please, you're going to have to leave or I'll be forced to call the cops." smiling smugly, "Then you'll get a free night in jail."

I say, "You fucking little officious Christian asshole. I can only hope someday you'll be in need and that you get to deal with some body exactly like you."

He blinks then frowns as he reaches for the phone saying, "Are you leaving?"

I turn and walk out the door. Hell, I never wanted to stay there in the first place. I'd much rather sleep under the stars. As I walk away I think, 'it's pretty funny when a cop cares more about your welfare a member of a Christian organization.

Being what I am I've had many dealings with the cops in the last 30 years of my adult life and these are the only times I can remember that a policeman did something for me without hassling me first. Others have helped me out but they always had to harass or threaten me first. Then after deciding not to take me to jail and sometimes ticketing me, they would begrudgingly either let me go or take me to the edge of their beat just to get rid of me. The only reason some didn't arrest me was, as they told me, "You're not worth my time or the paperwork."

I don't understand why it has to be this way, because I believe that we really do need the police. We certainly need them to take care of the violent among us. We need them to settle disputes between us before they turn ugly. We need them to keep us safe from the thieves, the vandals, the drunken drivers and from all whom would harm us. But we don't need them enforcing stupid laws that tell us how to live our lives as long as we live together peacefully. Just because our lawmakers are a bunch of idiotic moralistic control freaks doesn't mean the police have to obey them. After all, when the rich and powerful are caught breaking the very laws they've made, what happens to them? We all know the answer to that one: NOTHING! They get off with a slap on the wrist while the rest of us go to jail for having a little harmless fun.

So here's an invitation to join us my brothers in blue. Fuck the lawyers, the politicians, the rich and the powerful. Hell, they neither like nor respect you anyway. To them you're just the lowly pawns who keep them in power and they buy you off cheap, but you know that. Join us simply because you already are one of us and we need you.

A WEDDING

My true love Kelly and I are high up in the Golden Triangle staying with Pen and Kit some Thai friends of ours. They have a couple of bungalows in back of their house that they rent out to passing Falangs. We've known them for years and always stay with them when we're in the area. They live in their house with their brand new baby girl and Pen's grandfather. Pen's an artist who raises fighting chickens and he only deals with Falangs when he needs a little extra cash. Kelly and I are up there to score some Thai weed because it's real cheap up here as opposed to the beaches where it's a dollar a gram.

We tell Pen what we need and he, being a smoker himself tells us no problem. The next noon Boon shows up in his police uniform with a kilo of spears about 18 inches long. We all sit around and test out the weed. Boon tells us it is the best around right now, he knows because he gets it from the army who controls all the dope in Thailand.

We ask how much?

He says, "One thousand Baht." (\$40)

It's so good that we don't even try to talk him down. We give him the cash and he gives us the grass. As we're sitting there smoking Aka Boy comes along and tells us that he's getting married this weekend at his village and we are all invited.

We ask who's the lucky girl.

He tells us that he hasn't met her yet but he has seen her picture. She is pretty and has just turned 14. (Aka boy is 16.)

We congratulate him and tell him maybe we'll come, then we continue smoking the dope.

Kelly and I set to cleaning the kilo. Thai's don't smoke grass that doesn't have seeds in it because they're afraid it might have been sprayed with Paraquat, with seeds they know it's mature. As we're sitting on the porch Pen comes over and tells us that he's just met a German couple and they want a guide to go trekking and see some hill tribe people.

Since Aka Boy's wedding is happening he thought it was a good idea to take them there, then says "Tai, would you and Kelly like to come too? I don't want to be stuck entertaining a couple Germans, you know how they are."

I laugh, yeah I know.

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Kelly says, "No way am I going. I have this kilo to clean and smoke. Why should I tramp around the hills when I can stay right here and be happy, anyway they're your Germans."

Pen says, "What about you Tai, want to go?"

I ask for how long?

He tells me, "We leave early Friday morning, spend the night and come back Saturday afternoon."

I tell him, "Okay, let's do it."

We smoke a J and Pen leaves.

A bit later Pen and Kit come over with a big papaya. Kit slices it up. As we eat it, Kit says, "Tai, Pen didn't tell you but we're charging the Germans 1200 Baht each for the trek so you pay us 600, okay?"

I laugh saying, "No way. Pen wants me to go along and help him baby sit, so I ain't paying anything."

Kit picks up the butcher knife, starts waving it in the air saying, "You must pay. We have expenses, the taxi, the food, the lodging. Very expensive!"

I say, "Kit, I know what things cost in Thailand and for two days for all of us won't even cost you 1000 Baht."

Kit goes, "Aiee, but you must pay something."

So I tell her that I will pay 400 Baht or I won't go and Pen can have the Germans to himself.

Kit sticks the knife right in my face twisting it and says, "Okay 400 Baht, but if the Germans ask, you paid full price."

I tell her, "No problem."

She puts the knife down then says, "Oh, I'm bringing them here today so talk to them, okay?"

I say, "All right, but if they want any grass then it comes out of your stash."

The Germans show up, they're a young couple named Eric and Rita. They are all excited about going because it's their first time in Thailand and ask me what to expect.

I tell them that it will be interesting and just to relax and enjoy it.

Friday morning at dawn Pen wakes us up telling us to hurry, the taxi is coming. The taxi, a mini-pick up truck, shows up and we all pile in. We ride for about an hour up into the mountains on a dirt track until it's too rutted for the taxi to go any farther then get out and start walking.

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Pen tells us that it's about a two hour hike mostly up hill so we should take it easy since we have plenty of time, but the Germans being young and excited race ahead of us then wait until we catch up. We walk through a few other villages of different kinds of hill tribe folks, each with a different dress, different language and different style of house. Some villagers greet us as we pass, totally ignore us.

We get to Aka Boy's village before noon. The headman greets us and tells us that we'll be staying with him in his house with his family then show us where to leave our stuff and introduces us to his family. He then feeds us some papaya and meat while the entire village stands around and watches us. The Germans try to talk to them but they're too busy watching us to answer. Pen gets up and passes out candy to everyone and after they eat it they go about their daily business. Pen shows us around the village then takes us over to where the wedding will take place. The men are there with a big pig that they are preparing to slaughter.

I tell Pen that I have worked as a butcher so he tells the men who then ask me if I want to help. Sure.

We hold the hog while the headman slits its throat then catches the blood in a bowl. Then we gut it with the guts going into another bowl. Then a man with an ax simply chops the carcass into manageable pieces. The Germans just watch while the rest of us strip off the skin, cut off the meat then break the bones, all of which go into separate pots with another pot for the head, tail and feet. After that workout it time for a bath. Pen takes us Falang to the nearest waterfall for our shower while the villagers bathe in the Thai style in their homes.

After the waterfall it's just hang around and wait until the bride arrives, which will be right before sundown. In the meantime the kids ask for more candy and the woman try to sell us things that they've made at ridiculously cheap prices so we all buy something.

We hear a great racket coming up the trail. It's the villagers from the bride's village coming and they're all talking loud and yelling. Our villagers meet them in the center of the village and now everyone is shouting and hollering at one another.

We ask Pen what's happening.

He tells us "Our people are telling them to get that lazy barren slut out of here, they don't want her stealing Aka Boy. They other villagers are say that Aka Boy is nothing but a sterile lay-about who only has sex with whores and gambles all of the money their hard working daughter will bring into the home, and that Aka Boy is not even good enough to marry one of their dogs."

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Wow! And this goes on for over an hour until the sunsets then everybody mingles and starts hugging saying how fortunate this union is.

I ask Pen why all the commotion.

He tells me it's to drive away evil spirits.

The women are in their traditional dress, the kids mostly naked or in very old torn clothes and the men in western wear. We all troop over to the wedding place. All the pots of food are laid out and there is Aka Boy and his intended. The village priest steps up to them and says a real long prayer, lights incense, rings a bell then says something real short to Aka Boy who nods, then to the bride, who barely nods.

The priest then says, "You're married" ending with another long prayer.

When he's done everyone crowds around the happy couple giving them money.

After that the feast begins, first course is pigs blood with a bit of lemon in it so it won't coagulate. It's dark now so the blood looks like chocolate and tastes like a Bloody Mary without the vodka. Everything is served Thai style, everyone gets a spoon and everyone eats out of the same bowl. I know what this is so I just take a small spoonful to be polite but the Germans don't, so they taste it and like it then eat more of it. Next course boiled pigs skin, which is tough, chewy and flavorless. Next pig meat boiled with banana flowers, not too bad. Next the head, boiled, and lastly rice that had been boiled with the bones. What was done with the guts I don't know. I ate just enough of each dish to be polite but the Germans seemed to like the food and ate with gusto.

After dinner everyone just stands around and talks. The Germans then ask me if there was any opium to try.

I tell them I'll check.

Pen tells me, "No problem" then goes for the headman who took us to the village opium den.

Inside is the pipe master and a female helper. We all lie down on the mats and the master asks if we want half or pure. The Germans ask what that means so I tell them. They ask the dose: five pipes, a half-gram of pure Opium.

They say okay.

Eric goes first, then Rita, then me and lastly Pen. After we had all have five pipes, Eric says he don't feel a thing. Rita says she don't feel much either. So I tell them to smoke five more and they do. Rita says she now feels it but Eric says that he still doesn't. As he's saying that though, he's scratching

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his nose and head and his eyes are just slits so he's really loaded, he just don't know it.

I tell him to go ahead and smoke some more.

He says he'll try the half pure and smokes five pipes of those.

Pen tells me that we should get them out of there and into bed before they're too stoned to walk.

I tell them that it's time to go. They get up and we leave but before we're half way to the headman's house Pen and me have to help Eric with his walking. I ask if he feels the O.

He says he sure does.

After taking them over the bushes to puke, we get to the headman's house where he has lain out two sleeping pads for us to lay on then gives us a couple blankets. We all lay down together and are soon in dreamland.

I wake up a little later with a raging hard on. I move to the edge of the pad and jack off as quietly as I can using the technique I'd learned from a rock so I can have an orgasm but not cum. I finish, but the boner just won't quit so I just ignore it and go back into the dream.

In the morning the headman wakes Pen and me at dawn. We try to wake the Germans but they are still way too stoned to move and tell us to leave them alone.

Pen says that we have to get them moving because the taxi will be at the rendezvous point at 4 p.m. and if we miss it, well, it's a long walk to the main road. Pen tells the headman to make a lot of real strong coffee then we force the Germans to drink it.

An hour later they're still stoned but at least they're ambulatory. The head man gives us some breakfast then we spend the next hour getting the Germans ready, making them drink more coffee then we're off. The two-hour uphill journey there turns into a four-hour downhill journey with Pen and me cajoling and threatening Eric and Rita to keep moving. Also, Pen is into orchids, at his house there are orchids where ever you look so whenever he see one as we travel through the jungle, he goes over to it, cuts it down and puts it in his bag to take home to replant.

We get to the pick up area at 3 p.m. in plenty of time. The Germans flop down on the ground under a tree and go to sleep. Pen and I just sit, talk and smoke some weed. The Taxi shows up only a half-hour late and we all pile in. An hour later we're back at Pen and Kit's. The Germans go straight to bed. Kelly asks me for a report and I tell her of our adventures.

Next morning Eric and Rita are all packed and ready for the bus ride back to Chaing Mai.

I tell them that they are still high and should wait another day, but their minds are set to go, so

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good bye.

Kelly and I stay with Pen and Kit another few days while we finish cleaning the kilo which leave us with about a half pound of pure smoking pleasure then it's off to Chaing Mai for us too. We bid our friends, "See ya next time" and head out.

A week later we are walking down the street and who do we see coming our way, why it's Eric and Rita.

We all say, "Hi" then I ask how they've been and how did they like the opium.

Eric says, "When we got here we checked into our hotel then went to bed and slept for the next 24 hours then woke up feeling a little ill."

I tell him that was just part of the tripp but if he had of smoked some grass then he would of felt much better.

Rita says, "I really like the high. I think maybe it was the best I've ever felt, so calm and so peaceful. Although the hike back wasn't much fun."

I say that next time they smoke O they should do it somewhere they can spend a few days so they can relax and really enjoy the high.

Eric says that he had heard of a village right on the main road that you could go and smoke O so he thought that Rita and him might check it out.

Rita says, "Jah, I really want to try it again."

I asked them name of the village.

They tell me and I say, "Yeah, that is a good place. You can spend days there and get nice and high and no one will bother you."

We all chatted a bit more unit was time to say good bye. We each went our separate way and never saw one another again. I hope they enjoyed their holiday in Thailand, because Kelly and I always do.

FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST

My love Kelly, my friend George, me along with a few other drunks, dopers and derelicts have been camping on some BLM land in the southern Sierras. We're on a hill overlooking a very pretty river for the past couple of weeks and other than the usual lunacy it's been a fairly mellow time. About the only excitement is when Jess Nichols comes by, who is not only totally insane but totally weird too. You see, no one knows if Jess is a Jessica or a Jesse.

He/She stands about 5'6", is fairly rotund and has a medium voice. He/She always wears work boots, bib overalls covered by a poncho, a big bandanna around his/her throat and a big floppy hat covered with roach clips because Jess loves to smoke pot. He/She rides a small motorcycle and is always well armed. He/She is always talking about shooting people but as far as I or anyone else knows, never has. We even asked his/her best friend Jack, a dope dealing gun runner who's known Jess for years about Jess's gender but he don't know either and nobody is ever going to ask Jess.

Wherever Jess goes folks deal with him/her as fast as possible so he/she can be on his/her way. When Jess enters a store the first employee to see him/her yells out, "Jess Nichols is in the store." The manager comes running to give Jess personalized service. No waiting in line for Jess Nichols. Of all the people that we know up here only Jack and George can get along with Jess for more than five minutes.

The first time that I met him/her/it I had just walked into George's trailer and had not even sat down or said one word when Jess says, "Now here's a real asshole who thinks that he knows it all but really don't know shit! Do ya boy?"

George laughs and I had to agree.

He/She had me pegged pretty well, but then he/she says, "And if ya mess with me, boy. I'll shoot yer goddamn nuts off." He then pulls out his/her pistol and points it at me, which I though was extremely rude. So like most other folks I always avoid Jess except when we all smoke grass together. That seems to mellow him/her out a bit, which exactly what we were doing when all the shooting started.

It was right across the road from us but in the trees so we couldn't see what was happening. It went on for two or three hours until George and Jess had had enough and went to investigate. George with his 30-30 and Jess with his/her long barreled .38.

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They came back later to report that two guys in their 50's with their wives were practicing their quick draws and marksmanship for the up coming Frontier Days contest so there was nothing to worry about. However, we should stay away since they were practicing their drinking too, and some of their shots were going pretty wide. The shooting went on until sundown.

Next morning, Sunday, the shooting started up again bright and early and went on until about 3 p.m. when all of a sudden it stopped. We thought that they were probably out of ammo. Then one of their pick ups goes racing out of there and 20 minutes later the place is swarming with every kind of cop car, there's sheriff, CHP., Forest Circus and BLM Rangers, and even the paramedics show up.

We go and ask a cop, what's the haps?

The cops tells us that there's been a little accident then tried to shine us on, but Jess is not content with this flimsy explanation. He/She starts ragging on the cop who knows him/her so the cop gives us the skinny.

The men had spent all Saturday drinking and shooting while the women had just spent it drinking. That night they had a big argument, the wives were bored but the men just told them tough shit! This morning the men had been drinking and shooting while the women were drinking and getting more and more pissed about being neglected. Then just a little while ago, one of the wives get up, walks over to the target area and screams at the men, "I am sick of this shit! So if you're going to shoot something then shoot me, goddamn it!"

Her husband promptly drew and fired, hitting her right between the eyes, dead center, a perfect shot. He'd killed his wife of over 30 years in an instant and will probably spend the rest of his life in prison. The fastest gun in the west.

Jess Nichols nods his/her head saying, "Just goes to show, guns don't kill people, people kill people." He/She hops on his/her bike and is gone.

THE GOLDEN LIGHT

I met Claire at a party in San Francisco where she was complaining about her life. She was saying how much she hated her boyfriend, a workaholic who neglected her, her job, singing inane jingles and commercials for the radio, and her apartment which was out on the avenues where it was always cold and foggy. She was a nice looking girl in her mid 20's so I saw no reason for this lament and said to her, "If you hate it so much then why don't you change it? You're young and good looking with no kids, so why suffer?"

She looked at me like I was crazy or stupid or both, then said "That's easy to say."

I said "Easy to do."

She says, "Okay wise ass, how?"

It was Friday night so I tell her, "Well, I'm hitching up to my tipi in the morning where there's no one around for miles. Why don't you come along?"

She looked at me and said, "You have got to be kidding. I don't even know you."

I say, "So what. If you go and don't like it, will you be any worse off? This is a chance for change, or maybe you just like being miserable and complaining."

This challenged her and after a beat says, "Okay, you're on. What time do we go?"

I tell her that if we start hitching by 10 a.m. that we should be there by dusk.

She says, "Why don't we just take my car?"

I tell her that hitching is better, it's always an adventure.

She says okay, she'll meet me here at 10 a.m. tomorrow, then asks what she will need to bring.

I tell her, a sleeping bag and anything else she will need for a couple days.

She shows up at 9:30 and to tell the truth, I was surprised. I thought I would never see her again. I grab my pack and off we go.

A MUNI bus to Lombard St., stick out a thumb then a ride across the Golden Gate north on the 101. The rides were pretty good because we're at the tipi by 3:30 that afternoon. I show her around, where to get water, where to use the toilet, the inside of the tipi, where she can lay out her sleeping bag.

When she first saw it, she says, "God it's beautiful, I've never seen one before. How did you get it up here?"

I tell her all by hand and foot by myself.

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She asks if it was hard work.

I just shrug.

We spent the rest of the afternoon just talking or wandering around admiring the beauty. I do an I Ching and Tarot for her, something else she has never experienced and she says it was right on. We smoke a doobie then I make supper over an open fire inside the tipi.

After dinner she tells me her life story. Rich kid, grew up in Laguna Beach, father's a doctor, since moving out has lived all up and down the west coast mostly going to college and can't seem to find anything that she really likes, smokes a little grass, drinks a little wine and that's about it. Her boyfriend's a drudge and her job is meaningless.

What can I say, it's her life and her choice.

It's time for bed so I ask her if she wants to sleep alone or together.

She smiles and says, "Do you mind if we sleep separately?"

I say either way is all right with me.

She looks at me then says, "Well then, let's sleep together."

We do and have a fine time discovering one another's bodies.

After, I tell her that tomorrow morning we should leave by noon to get back to the City by dark.

She says, "If it's okay with you, can we spend another day here? It's not like my job is important and I am sure that Ned won't even notice that I'm not there."

I say, "Whatever you like." and we go to sleep.

We spend all day Sunday just relaxing and enjoying ourselves, both by ourselves and with each other then spend that night together too.

Monday morning it's raining and we get a late start. The rides aren't coming very fast so we only make it to the outskirts of Santa Rose by dark.

I tell her that we had better spend the night there. I pitch my tent on a tree covered hilltop and we go to bed.

Tuesday morning before we get out of our sleeping bags Claire asks me what my plans were for the coming winter.

I tell her that I'm going to Hawaii, the Big Island. I've been to the islands a few times but not Hawaii and I hear that it's pretty bitchen. Lots of jungle to camp in where no one will bother you.

She's quiet for a moment, then says "Can I come with you?"

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I ask, what about her life here.

She says, "Whether you let me go with you or not, they're history. You said that this is my chance for change. Well, I'm taking it, so can I go with you or not?"

I tell her that I am a poor guy but I'd be happy to have her if she can pay her own way.

She smiles saying, "Don't forget, Daddy's rich so money's no problem. When do we go?"

I tell her that the weather's still good here for another six weeks so how about after that.

She says that's good, it gives her enough time to take care of her affairs here and that she is immediately moving out of Ned's and into her brother's house. She gives me his address and phone number and says to visit her whenever I'm in the City and to keep in contact with her. That I do and six weeks later we are winging our way to Hilo.

We spend the next month camping in the jungles of Hawaii, hitching around the island, hiking the volcanoes and laying on the beaches, on the black sands of the Puna side, the green side of South Point and the white sands of Kona side. We get on food stamps and in every letter Claire gets a few bucks from Dad, enough to tie her over until the next letter. He doesn't like what she's doing but he loves her and supports her decision.

One morning we are camped in a meadow in the jungle. I always, when possible, face the tent door east to catch the first rays of the morning sun. Just as the sun comes up the tent fills up with a beautiful golden light and the *AUM* is the loudest I have ever heard.

Claire wakes up then asks, "What is that noise?"

I tell her that it's the angels singing.

She thinks that I am kidding and says, "No really?"

I tell her that it's the *AUM*. She asks why is it that she can hear it.

I tell her she can hear it anytime that she stops thinking and just listens.

She says, "Well, I'm thinking now and I can still hear it."

I say, "Look at the light, that's why."

She says, "You mean the color?"

I say, "Yes, but it's more than that. It's the texture and the feeling of it too."

She looks at it then says, "Well, it's making me horny."

I tell her that's because it is Life itself then I say, "Let's have sex for a long as possible with out moving. You just sit on my cock facing me and we'll meditate joined together listening to the *AUM* and

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staring at the Golden Light while feeling my cock deep inside you."

She thinks it sound interesting, gets me hard then slips me inside of her. She starts pumping but I stop her saying, "No movement, just concentrate on the feeling. On the head of my cock up inside of you."

We sit like that meditating for maybe 20 or 30 minutes then she starts getting little shivers up and down her body. I open my eyes and look at her. She looks back at me saying, "I can't believe it but I'm like having mini orgasms."

I tell her to keep concentrating.

After a while longer she says, "I can't stand this any longer." and gets up off of me.

I keep meditating thinking she is done. I am filled with the Golden Light and the *AUM*.

She kicks my leg and says, "Well come on."

I look and she's on her hands and knees with her ass towards me then she repeats, "Come on."

I mount her from behind and start stroking her slowly. With each stroke the Golden Light gets more intense, the *AUM* louder. I start dissolving into it and into her. Just before I do though, I open my eyes and look around. The Golden Light is every where and the *AUM* has merged with it. They are one and the same. I look at Claire but she is no longer there. Instead, attached to me is a giant cock, a cock as big as I am. I'm startled but I do not miss a stroke. What can I do except Love it. I hug it and squeeze it and stroke it and kiss it until it and I are totally dissolved into that Golden Light, The *AUM*. When I open my eyes again, Claire and I are laying together in my tent.

She's looking strangely at me, then she says, "That is the weirdest sex that I have ever had in my whole life."

I asked her if she liked it.

She says, "Yeah, it was real intense, but for awhile there I felt like I didn't really exist. Like I had left my body and was just part of the light."

I tell her that I felt the same way and that we really were part of the Golden Light.

Then she sits up and says, "Hey I don't hear it anymore. I hear just jungle sounds."

I hear the jungle sounds too but I also still hear the *AUM* underlying everything else. It is always there. Just listen harder Claire. Listen to *THIS*.

SIX FAGS ACROSS AMERICA

Here's six short tales of encounters with gay guys in unexpected and out of the way places in the early 1970's when, except for New York and California, homosexuality was hardly mentioned, seldom discussed, always frowned upon, and in most states, totally illegal. Why, a blowjob could get you 5 years of hard time in a state prison.

1) Being raised in southern California I'd never experienced autumn. Since it was late September I thought I'd hitch hike up to the northeast to check out the fall foliage. I was in upper state New York heading towards Vermont and already the diversity of the leaves with their various colors astounded me. From dull oranges and browns to brilliant yellows and reds, plus they came in all shapes and sizes. The floor of the forests were carpeted in ankle deep multi colored splendor that crackled underfoot as you waded through them. I was enchanted by the loveliness of it all.

I'm back on the blacktop hitching after finishing lunch. I had walked into a small cafe in a wide spot on the road with a guitar case in my hand. The waitress asked if I was any good. I told her I was good enough so she said she'd buy my dinner if I would play for the lunch crowd. I played for half an hour with my case open and not only got a free lunch but made a few bucks too.

Since it's a small country road I stand for quite awhile but I sure don't mind. Both the scenery and the weather were beautiful. Around 3 p.m. a car with a lone guy in mid 30's driving stops and asks where I was going.

I tell him and he tells me to hop in.

He says he's driving straight through to Augusta, Maine and I can ride that far with him if I want.

I tell him I'm just up here to see autumn and since I want to take my time I'll probably get out when it starts to get dark.

As he drives we chat. He tells me he's a teacher in Albany and is on his way to see his parents for the weekend.

I tell him that I'm from San Francisco then about my lifestyle of hitching around the country just for fun.

He says it sounds both exciting and dangerous to him.

When it starts to get late he tells me he's changed his mind. He's too tired to drive much farther so how about he gets a room and I can spend the night with him. He'll get a room with 2 beds, plus he'll

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even buy me supper. Sounds good to me.

He stops at a small town near the Vermont border and gets a room. We dump our stuff in the room then head out for dinner. Afterwards, back in the room he asks which bed I want and I pick the one nearest the door. He then suggests that I be the first to take a shower, which I do. I dry off, come back into the room still nude then get into bed. He takes his shower. He comes back into the room, dries off in front of me then gets in bed with me saying, “Ya know, it’s going to get mighty cold tonight and that heater looks in pretty bad shape. So I think it’d be a good idea to sleep together, don’t you?”

I laugh and tell him whatever he wants to do is cool with me.

He tuns off the lights.

2) I’m hitching in the deep south sitting on the curb on the outskirts of a small town in Alabama. I thought the south would be extremely risky for a tie-dyed wearing long haired hippie from California, but I’ve been having a great time. All the southerners, both the hippies and the rednecks, have treated me with kindness and curiosity. In fact, since being in Dixie I’ve hardly ever had to put my tent up and sleep in the woods. When ever it starts getting late whoever I’m with almost always offer me a place to sleep and a meal which is sometimes accompanied with moonshine and afterwards, guitar playing. I break out my Gibson and happily join in.

I’m sitting directly opposite Gay’s Beauty Salon and I just have to laugh. Being 1973 here, deep in the land of cotton, I doubt seriously that the locals have the slightest idea what “gay” means. To live in a place where gay still means happy. Such innocence. But here’s come a pick up truck. I stand up and stick out my thumb. The pick up stops.

The driver, a guy who looks to be around 30, tells me he’s only going to his farm about 15 miles up the road, but I am welcome to ride with him that far. Since I’m not going anywhere anyway, I get in. He says they don’t see many hippies in these parts and asks where I’m from.

When I tell him San Francisco he looks at me real hard then says, “You ain’t one of them queers, are you?”

I assure him that I am straight and love pussy.

He looks kind of disappointed. He looks at me again saying, “That’s too bad. If you was queer, and if your dick was big enough, then I’d take you home and let you fuck me in the ass all night long.” He shrugs, “Oh well.”

I tell him yeah, it’s too bad.

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After a few minutes he says, “Could I at least see your dick?”

I tell him okay and whip it out. He looks at it for a second then says, “Your dick is plenty big. You wouldn’t mind too much if I sucked it, would you?”

I tell him to make himself happy.

He pulls over and right on the side of the road gives me a quick blowjob.

As we get to his farm he says, “Sure you wouldn’t like to spend the night?”

I thank him for the offer then tell him it’s way too early for me to stop for the day.

He says too bad and I get out. As he heads up his driveway I think, ‘maybe they do know what “gay” means in these parts.’

3) I’m hitching on the interstate out in the middle of nowhere somewhere in North Dakota. It’s early morning and even though it’s summer, it’s cold and windy. I sure hope I don’t stand here too long because the rides aren’t coming real fast. Not only isn’t there much traffic but the vehicles that do pass seem to be either full of old folks or truckers, neither of whom hardly ever pick up hitch hikers. Luckily, I have a small tent and a very good down sleeping bag or I would have frozen my ass off last night. As soon as I can I’m heading for warmer climes.

Here comes a semi. Not much chance of a ride but what the hell, I stick out my thumb. Hey, hey! He’s slowing down and stopping. I run up to the cab.

As I am the trucker, a young looking guy, comes around the front of his rig. He asks where I’m going.

I tell him anywhere warmer than this.

He tells me he’s going to St. Paul and it might be warmer there. Then he says that as long as he’s stopped he might as well take a piss. He takes out his hose and whizzes against one of the tires. He repacks his tool then tells me to get in.

As soon as we’re in the cab, he says he’s tired and gets into the sleeper. I’m sitting in the passengers seat thinking this is pretty weird when he sticks his head out and asks if I’m queer.

I tell him no, I’m straight.

He looks at me for a moment then says, “So I guess you wouldn’t like me to fuck you up the ass?”

I say I guess not.

Then he says, “Well, then how about you fucking me in the ass?”

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I tell him I don't do no ass fucking unless there is a shower with lots of hot water nearby.

He then asks me for a blowjob.

I say, "I guess you didn't understand me. I don't have gay sex unless I can take a shower right afterwards."

"So" he says, "I can't give you a blow job either?"

By now I'm getting pissed. This guy is a total jerk so even though I'm not opposed to him sucking me off I say, "No! No ass fucking. No cocksucking. No anything. Don't you understand English."

He gets back in the driver's seat. He's quiet for a minute then he turns to me saying, "Then this is as far as I go. Get out!"

I grab my pack and exit the vehicle. As I do I tell him, "You ain't never going to get any with that attitude. You fucking asshole!" I hit the pavement then slam the door as hard as I can.

He pulls away leaving me in the wind and cold. A place I'd much rather be than riding with a no class so of a bitch like him.

4) I've got my backpack on and am walking down a street in Wichita, Kansas heading towards a freeway on ramp which, I've been told, is about a mile away. The last guy who gave me a ride dropped me off in town because I wanted to get something to eat and rest up awhile before starting out once again. As I'm walking a car pulls to the side of the street.

An older looking guy in a station wagon rolls down the passenger's window and asks if I need a lift?

I tell him I do then I thank him for stopping.

He tells me to get in then asks where I'm going.

I tell him the freeway.

He says, "No. I mean where are you heading for?"

I say, "Anywhere the rides take me as long as they're going in a westerly direction." I had been on the road for the entire summer and wanted to get back to San Francisco more sooner than later.

The guy introduces himself then tells me he was just driving around and would be happy to give me a ride west.

As we rode he asks me to tell him all about the City, but mainly he wants to know about "the sex parts." Since this was a typical request from dudes who picked me up I had a bunch of especially juicy

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stories ready for the telling and launched into one of my favorites. Listening intently his hand starts moving across the seat towards my leg. I notice it but ignoring it I stay with the story. After a while he moves his hand onto my thigh.

When he does I stop my narration and ask what did he think he was doing?

He looks at me with real fear, jerks his hand back then starts crying and telling me how sorry he was for molesting me.

I tell him to cool the blubbering, it's all right. To calm him I tell him I have lots of gay friends in the City so having a guy touching me is no big deal.

He thanks me for being so understanding. Then he tells me that he's been a homosexual for as long as he can remember. However, when he was a young man no one ever came out of the closet because if one did then, if they were lucky, they'd only get beaten up then run out of town. If they weren't, they'd be labeled a pervert and either sent to prison where they'd be killed or killed outright by the upstanding citizens of the community. Even today, here in the Midwest they have to be very discrete, homosexuals are still a secret society.

I tell him he should come out to the coast. There are plenty of gay people there living in their own ghettos and having a ball.

He says he sure would like to but he's got a wife and children and besides, he's too old now. Who'd want to be with an old queen?

I tell him to think about it. It's never too late to change.

He just shrugs.

We ride along in silence for a bit. After awhile we come to an off ramp that leads to a small town. He tells me this is as far as he can take me.

I tell him thanks for the ride and reach for my pack. He tells me to wait a minute as he gets out his wallet. He hands me \$10 saying, "This is for you for being so understanding. You know lots of guys I pick up will curse me when they find out what I am. A couple of them have even hit me or threatened to turn me into the cops and all I wanted to do was suck their peters."

I tell him that's okay, he don't have to give me any money. Him giving me a ride out of town was enough.

He says, "Take the money. I can afford it and you probably need it." As I take the ten he says, "And I hate to ask, but would you mind terribly if I sucked your peter?"

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I tell him to go for it.

He thanks me then smiles as he unzips my pants, takes my cock out and goes down on me.

5) I'm hitching on a 2-lane road in eastern Idaho coming from Yellowstone, one of the weirdest and most bitchenest places on earth. The whole park is full of intensely active extremely hot water and very large wild animals. Hiking there is always a real thrill. In America most of the really dangerous wildlife has pretty much been either killed off or scared away. However, in Yellowstone it's not unusual to be walking down a trail and come upon a big elk with a huge rack of antlers, or a full sized buffalo standing taller on 4 legs than you are on 2. Or the ultimate thrill, an adult grizzly who could very well make you his dinner if he so chose. Whenever I come upon any of them I start looking for a tall tree I can climb, just in case...

Plus, coming into the park from Jackson Hole you pass the Grand Tetons (French for Big Titties, and who doesn't like those?), a magnificent range of mountains that rise up right out of the plain the highway goes through. I spent a week in Yellowstone hiking a little of the back country and hitching the roads. Since it's late September and it's already getting cold so most of the tourist crowd has left but I still didn't have any trouble getting rides. Most of the folks up here are pretty friendly.

I left the park this morning heading back towards the west coast where it should be warmer. The local who gave me a ride wasn't going far but the way I figure it, any lift that helps me down the road is fine by me. After a couple hours of standing I decide to hoof it. As soon as I start walking, a van stops with a guy about my age driving.

He asks if I want a ride?

Why certainly. I throw my pack in back then get in.

He asks the usual questions and I give my unusual answers; I'm from San Francisco and just hitching around the country going where the rides take me while working as little as possible

He's intrigued with my gypsy lifestyle. He tells me that he was born here and, except for when he got drafted and was sent to Fort Hood in Texas for basic training then on to the Nam as a motor pool mechanic, he's never been anywhere else in his whole life. Nor has he ever wanted to go. He, along with his parents, run a small campground a few mile up the road. When we get to his driveway he stops and asks me, how would I like to see the campground? Why, he'll even make us lunch and if I want, I can take a hot shower before hitting the highway again. Sounds good to me.

He shows me around and it's a very pretty place. It's in a wooded valley with a fairly large

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stream running through it, which, he says, has some nice sized Brown Trout in it. Since it's the beginning of the off season there are quite a few empty spaces with only a couple of cars and tents scattered around. We head into the main building where he shows me the kitchen then he says, "While I make us some lunch, would you like to take a shower?"

I tell him a hot shower sounds fine to me.

He leads me into the Men's bathroom where he gives me a towel while telling me to use all the hot water I want.

I take off me jacket and kick off my boots. As I start to unbutton my shirt the dude turns around to face me. He drops to his knees, unzips and reaches into my pants, hauls out my wang, pops it in his mouth then starts sucking. Oh well, I guess he just wanted an hors d'uvre.

6) I'm on historic Route 66 on my way to my all time favorite place on the face of this earth. The Grand Canyon!. It is so awesome that it is almost unfathomable to my poor little pea brain. My God, the space, the solitude, the ages of the solid rock! It is truly a wonder. The guy who picked me up in Gallup is going all the way to Flagstaff, the Gateway to The Grand Canyon, which is only a short 70 miles away. I could be on the rim by this evening watching the sun set over all that immense beauty.

But what's this? We're coming into Winslow, Arizona and, oh yeah, there's that Eagles song. Well, I just have to check that out. I tell the dude to let me out in the middle of town so I can see if that song is true.

He just laughs and shakes his head as he pulls over to the curb. I get out, retrieve my backpack and thank the guy for the ride. He wishes me good luck as I close the door. He pulls away

So I'm standing on a corner in Winslow, Arizona. I whip out my Gibson then start playing and singing, "Take It Easy." And it is a fine sight to see because within a few minutes there's a white Ford pick up with a camper slowing down to take a look at me. Darn! There's a dude driving it instead of a girl. Oh well, you can't have everything, and he is stopping to give me a ride.

I put the Gibson away, shoulder my pack then go up to the window and look in. The driver is a hippie looking guy a little older than me. I ask where he's going and he tells me Flagstaff. Now ain't that a kick. I must be fated to go directly to Flag this day. I throw my stuff in the cab then follow it in and down the road we go. I tell him about me getting out in Winslow because of that Eagles song then I say, "When I saw your Ford pick up slowing down I thought it all was coming true. But then I saw you was a guy."

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He looks at me saying, “Well then, ‘Don’t let the sound of your own voice drive ya craazy.’ so ‘Take it easy’, dude.”

I nod and we both laugh.

By the time we’re on the outskirts of Flagstaff, and after smoking a hooter that he’s thoughtfully provided, we’ve become buds. He tells me he has a really bitchen house out in the country with a hot tub on the other side of town where, right now, he’s living all alone. And if I’m not in too big of rush to get to the Canyon, then I’m more than welcome to spend the night at his place.

I tell him I’m in no hurry at all. I’d be happy to keep him company for the evening.

With that he smiles at me then he reaches over and putting his hand on my knee says, “Oh, by the way, I hope this doesn’t change your mind, but I’m gay?”

I just smile saying, “Hey, I ain’t prejudice.” And down the road we go.

WARNING: FLASH FLOODS

Anyone who’s ever driven in the desert has seen these Warning Signs, and most of the time they have completely ignored them. After all, it never rains in the desert. You can tell just by looking around. There’s not a drop of water anywhere to be seen. The washes are all bone dry, and check out the plants. The scraggy few that are scattered around struggling to grow out of the barren sand look like they haven’t had a drink in years. Flash flood, yeah right!

Well folks, it might not rain much in the desert and there may not be water in those washes very often but when there is, you had better not be in the way because it can easily kill you. A lot of the time there won’t be any warning plus, it doesn’t even have to be raining where you are. One minute you’re under blue skies in a dry wash minding your own business and in the next you’re in a violent deluge fighting for your very life. In fact, most flash floods originate far away and high up in the mountains where it rains either so much or so hard in a short period of time that the land doesn’t have time or simply can’t absorb the volume of water falling upon it. When the water reaches the desert, the sand instead of soaking it up, locks itself together to form a substance as impervious to liquid as concrete. A

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wall of water then whooshes down the canyons at astonishing speeds taking with it anything in its path. Also, it becomes more than just water. It's sand and dirt, cactus and bushes, pebbles and rocks, even boulders come crashing down the washes in a churning tumbling thick muddy brown liquid that sounds like a freight train as it passes. The flash floods themselves usually last only a few of minutes. Although after they've passed there may be a fast flowing river in the washes for hours, and when the waters have finally subsided the desert is changed.

Living in the desert I've witnessed a few of those raging torrents as they roar down the washes and I am always impressed by the power of such an awesome spectacle. Most of the time it's just that since the desert is all but empty of people. However, every now and then some folks will simply ignore the warning signs the desert is giving them and end up in serious trouble.

Old Ed, along with George, Paul, my true love Kelly and I, plus a few other's, are denizens at the hot springs where we are spending the winter. He's called Old Ed because he is over 70 years old. He's been coming out to the hot pools for years living in his campervan that he has fixed up real nice inside and keeps well maintained outside. This morning Ed determined he was running kind of low on supplies and since he hadn't checked his mail for a few days decided it was time to make a trip to the store. He packed everything up and headed for town. It has been a fairly wet winter this year, which in desert parlance means it had rained hard several times this month and in the last few days it had poured a couple of times, but today was pretty nice. Mostly sunny with some clouds and a little wind with the temp's in the low 70's. Not bad for the middle of January.

Some hours later a bunch of us are sitting in the hot pools when we hear the loud roar of rushing water coming down the washes and know exactly what it is. However, with us is a young couple, who arrived late last night and are camping out here for the weekend. They ask us what in the hell is that noise.

George tells them then says to the rest of us, "Let's got check it out." because it's always a sight to see.

We all get out of the hot pool and walk over to the big wash. The big wash is between the hot spring and the paved road a mile away. It's called the big wash because it's over 300 feet across. There's been quite a few times that, after a flash flood, we've been stuck here until the water recedes and the mud dries up. Sometimes it's been for days. Then we'll have to do a little shovel work on the banks making the road passable again. When we get to the big wash we can hardly believe our eyes. There's

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Old Ed standing on top of his van which is halfway across the wash and is surrounded up to its windows in dark rushing water.

We holler at Ed. Is he all right?

Ed looks at the torrent surging around him and just shrugs. There's nothing either he or we can do but watch hoping that his van stays where it is and the water doesn't get any higher or faster washing it, along with him, away. The young couple see this, look at each other then shout, "Oh no! Our stuff!" They go running towards their camp.

We don't pay them any mind, we're worried about Ed. Luckily, the flow starts to decrease and 20 minutes later it's become just a wide shallow stream. We wade through it to help Old Ed down off the roof. The vehicle on the outside is buried halfway up to its windows in rock and mud. We look in the windows and see the inside is full of mud too. The van is probably totaled. Old Ed is extremely upset. How could the happen! When he started across the wash there wasn't more than 4 inches of water flowing through it.

Instead of giving him any sympathy, George tells him, "Why, ya damn fool, how could ya be so stupid as to try and cross a wash with any water flowing in it. You've been out here long enough. You shoulda known better."

The rest of us agree.

This of course, only makes Ed angrier. He cusses us as he gets a shovel out of his van and starts digging. It don't do too much good since it's still so wet that every shovel full he digs out is replaced with more mud.

We tell him to wait until it dries out a little but he just tells us to fuck off. We all head back over to the pools.

As we're sitting in the hot water discussing the foolishness of Old Ed, the young couple comes over and, with the girl crying and the guy looking like he's in shock, tell us that their whole camp including their car, a 4WD Subaru, and their 2 ATC's have washed away.

We ask where were they camped.

They tell us in the next wash over.

The next wash is a much smaller one, only maybe only 20 feet across with real high steep banks so the wall of water that tears through it is always higher and faster. We tell them they were very lucky to have been in the hot pools with us when the flash flood happened or else they would have been killed

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for sure.

They say they don't know what to do.

Paul offers them a ride to a phone but they say, "What about our things?"

George tells them they can follow the wash looking for their stuff but it's probably gone.

They talk among themselves then head back towards the wash.

Old Ed, dragging his shovel, comes up to the pools, takes off his muddy clothes and gets in. He looks to be in shock too. In a calm voice he tells us, "There was only a little water in that wash so I thought it'd be okay to cross. But half way across I heard a rumbling. I looked out and saw a wall of water coming right at me. So I crawled out my window and got atop my van. When that water hit the van shook and started to move, I thought she'd tip over then I was gonna drown. Oh God! My poor van."

We try to console him but he just sits there staring.

Hours later the couple comes walking back up to the pools. They tell us they found their car wrecked a quarter mile down the wash. A mile further they found one of the ATC's. A little further, the other one. Two miles down the wash they found the small trailer they used to haul their ATC's and their camping gear. They found some of their camping things scattered along the way but it was all destroyed and unusable. They tell Paul they'll take that ride to a phone now. They, alone with some of their friends and a tow truck, came back the next day to try and salvage their things but most of it was to busted up to save.

It took Old Ed, with the help of others, days to dig his van out of the mud then more days to clean it up inside and out. He ended up having to replace the engine along with all its accessories, the transmission and the rear end, plus he had to redo the entire the interior. We all though he was nuts. He could have purchased another van for a lot less than it cost to fix up his old one but he told us, "It wasn't the van's fault. It was mine, so the least I can do is fix her up."

The desert is an unforgiving place. If you don't respect her and follow her rules you can very easily end up dead. Always carry twice as much drinking water as you think you will need and always wear a hat. If you hike, bike or buggy let someone know what area you're going to be in. In a car, always carry a shovel. If you get lost, stay in the shade in the day then build a big fire at night, some body will see it. And if you see a wash with water flowing in it, treat it like a railroad crossing. Stop, Look Up The Wash And Listen. If it's safe, only then proceed across at speed. You certainly don't want

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to get hurt because the desert is truly one of the most majickal places on the face of this marvelous earth. Why, just look around you. There's all the immensity of that wonder and beauty surrounding you.

BEACH BOY

I was living in a small campground on the north edge of Matzatlan. I had my hammock strung up under a little palm frond ramada where I slept with my tent next to it where I stored my stuff in. The only other thing I owned was a cheap Styrofoam cooler for beer and ice.

I had almost died a week earlier when an unannounced major hurricane hit Matzatlan at 6 a.m. The wind was blowing so hard that the rain was going through the air horizontally. My tent blew down, my ramada blew down and in a very short time I was knee deep in sea water with huge waves pounding the shore and coming towards me. I ran for the bathrooms closed the door then held the door shut with waves crashing against them for the next two hours. The water got up to my waist then my armpits before the eye hit and the storm passed over. It then abated enough for me to swim out of there and make it to the nearest big hotel where everyone was hiding out in the basement hoping that they wouldn't either be drowned or crushed if the building collapsed. It was another two hours before the storm had passed and it was safe to leave the basement.

When I did Matzatlan had really changed. It was still two or three feet underwater. Most of the trees were gone, all of the windows on the ocean side were broken, a lot of the flimsier buildings had blown away, the billboards and signs were just twisted pieces of metal and the cars were all strewn about, some overturned, some crushed by derbies. I walked back to my camp and saw that everything was gone. So I cleaned up, built a new ramada, dug my tent out of the sand and put it back up and later bought a new cooler then filled it with beer but other than the hurricane I led a pretty idyllic life. The life of a beach boy.

I got up every morning at dawn to check out the surf. If it was good, Bruce, another gringo beach boy and my partner in crime, would go body surfing for a couple hours. Then we'd come back to shore and spend the day drinking the cheap but wonderful Pacifico, which was, delivered with free ice to

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our camp for only \$2 a case. Other than that we just hung out on the beach, talking to other gringo's, trying to pick up the tourist babes and hitting the surf whenever it was up. At night we'd go out to eat at some cheap but delicious restaurant then hang out on the beach drinking tequila and watching the moon and stars. If the surf was flat in the morning I would then run a mile or so down the beach then swim back just for fun.

One day as I was running on the beach when I saw up ahead a little blond babe in a bikini sitting on a towel, since it was still real early there was no other gringo's out. When she saw me coming her way, she flipped her hair back, leaned back on her arms and stuck out her tittles. As I ran by she said, "Hey man, where ya goin' in such a hurry."

I came to a stop, walked back, sat down next to her and said, "Nowhere in particular. So what's the haps?"

She laughed and said, "I've seen you running for the last couple days and thought I'd like to meet you. My name is Megan."

I told her my name and asked her where she was from.

She said "I live in Phoenix and am just down here for a week on vacation. What about you?"

I told her that I lived in a hammock on the beach and had been here for two months.

She said, "Wow, what do you do for money?"

I laughed and said, "As little as possible."

She looked at me then said, "Well, I'm a phone operator. I've only got three more days here and so far all I've done is sit on the beach, so since you live here you should know something more exciting to do."

I smiled at her, moved a little closer then said, "Have you been to town yet?"

She said, "No"

So I said, "Well then, let's go to the mercado and you can check it out. Then tonight we can go out to eat and take in a flick."

She said "But I don't speak Spanish."

I said "Not to worry, we'll go to an American movie where the subtitles are in Spanish."

She said that sounded good to her and told me her hotel and room number.

I got up and told her that I was going to finish my run and swim and that I would see her in a couple hours then I turned and ran down the beach.

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When I got back to camp I told Bruce about the babe and he wished me luck.

About 10 a.m. I knocked on Megan's door. She opened it dressed in a terry robe, said that she wasn't quite ready yet and invited me in. She went into the bathroom but left the door open so we could talk and I noticed that if I positioned myself just right I could see into the bathroom in the wall mirror, unfortunately she didn't drop the robe. When she was done with her make up, she walked back into the bed room and took off the robe but she was wearing her underwear underneath it so she just slipped on a T-shirt and some shorts, gave her hair a brush then said, "Ready."

We rode the city bus to the downtown area then walked to the mercado. On the ride she told me that this was her first time out of the US, and that she was a little nervous.

I told her that she was much safer here in Mexico than almost anywhere in the US. And that as far as I was concerned, Mexicans were some of the best people in the whole world and all the bad stories she had heard about it were from obnoxious gringos who got what they probably deserved.

At the Mercado she was fascinated with all of the fruit and vegetables on display but what really got her was the meat section with whole carcasses lying about. "You want meat, Senorita? I just cut a little piece off for you." the butcher laughed.

We had lunch at one of the mercado's stands then wandered around town. I then took her to a cantina where we drank a couple cold ones and by the time we left we were very good friends, holding hands back to the bus stop. I dropped her at her hotel telling her that I'd be back at 7 p.m. to pick her up.

She said okay then reached up and kissed me lightly.

I showed up at 7, and this time she was ready. We went to a restaurant and had dinner then headed over to La Cinema, a complex that was showing four different films and was packed with Mexicans. We got in line and Megan started holding on to me tightly and looking around wildly. I told her to just relax, that she was just having a bit of culture shock and that she was safe so go with it.

She looked at me and just nodded but didn't relax until we were in the theater and in our seats then she started talking about how strange everything was. After the movie was over I asked if she wanted to do anything else.

She told me that she'd had enough for one day so let's just go back to her hotel. When we got there she invited me in but I stood at the door and asked her, "Are you inviting me in for the night or just for awhile?"

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She looked at me then said, "Well, we just met and I hardly even know you, so I guess it's just for awhile."

I said, "What better way to get to know somebody then to spend the night together?"

But she said, "I know, but I've already had enough new experiences today. I don't think I can handle another one."

So I said, "Okay, then I don't think I'll come in so I'll see ya later." I bent down and kissed her then bade good night and left thinking, 'well I probably won't see her again'.

Next morning Bruce asked how my night was.

I told him and he agreed that she probably wouldn't show up, "So let's hit the waves cuz their pumping today, dude!"

About 2 p.m. I was lying in my hammock, drinking a beer, and watching the waves when up the beach comes Megan. She saw me then walked up to me smiling and said what a great time she had last night.

I asked her if she wanted a beer, which she accepted then said, "I was wondering what you were doing tonight and if you'd like to go out again?"

I told her I had no plans and would be happy to go out with her again and suggested we go for dinner then dancing at the smaller of the two disco's where it starts earlier.

She said that sounded fine to her.

I told her I'll pick her up again at 7 p.m. and we spent the next hour chatting until Bruce came over and asked if I want to go out again since the waves are so good. I told Megan, "See ya." then grabbed my Churchill's and an old zori that I use as a hydro-foil, then Bruce and I spent the rest of the afternoon body surfing.

When we came in Bruce asked if I think I'll get any tonight.

I just shrug and say, "We'll see."

I'm at the hotel at 7 and Megan's ready so out we go. First to eat, then to the disco to drink and dance. While we're there two other young hot looking gringo babes came in, looked around and seeing no other gringo's in the place sat right next to us then started up a conversation. Pretty soon I was dancing with all of them, sometimes as a group, sometimes as individuals. We all partyed together until about midnight when Megan told me she's not feeling to well and would like to leave. We said good bye to our new found friends and took the bus back to her hotel. When we get to her door she said, "I'm

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really not feeling too good Tai. I hope you understand."

I told her, "No sweat." then kissed her good night and leave.

Next morning Bruce wanted to know the skinny so I told him.

He started harassing me, but I told him that I'd rather spend time with a cute babe anytime than with his ugly ass. He just laughed and said he's going to the Zona Roja tonight where for sure he'll get laid, and would I like to join him.

I told him maybe.

Now here's the thing about living in a country that has legal inexpensive prostitution. It's no big deal if you do not get laid on a date with a regular girl or not, because if you're horny, then for \$10 you can easily get some pussy. It might not be as much fun as having sex with girlfriend but physically it feels exactly the same, so knowing this there's not as much sexual anxiety with a date

That afternoon Megan came up the beach again and with her was one of the girls that we partied with last night. They came over to me and said, "Hi." Then told me that the three of them are going to have a party at the two girls hotel because they're all leaving tomorrow and they wanted to make sure that I came.

I told them I'd be happy to.

We all chat for awhile then the girl excused herself leaving Megan and me alone. Megan told me that she sorry about last night.

I told her it's no biggie. Then she got into my hammock with me with her feet at my shoulder. She was quiet, just looking at me so I started to stroke her bare leg but she didn't say anything.

I asked her if anything's wrong

She said, "It's just that I think that I could really like you."

I told her that there's no future in that because after she went back to Phoenix, we'll probably never see one another again.

She said she knows it and that's what bothering her.

By now I'm stroking her thigh. She then got out of the hammock, bent down, kissed me, smiled then said, "I'll see you tonight. Pick me up at 8 p.m. Bye." and down the beach she went. Well, tonight's the night, one way or the other.

I'm there at 8. Megan's not ready so I went in and sat on the bed to wait. She was in the bathroom, again with the door open so we can talk but this time when she's done with her make up, she

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took off her robe and underneath she was nude. I watched her in the mirror as she got dressed and wondered if she knew I could see her. After she was ready, we went to the other two girls party and there were the two girls and two other guys. The girls had bought a couple kilos of giant shrimp and were making tempura with them. Plus, there were a lot of other munchies to eat and of course, warm tequila and cold beer. It was not a wild party. None of us really knew one another so mostly we just stood around talked.

About 11, Megan tells me that she's ready to go back to the hotel. When we got there she invited me in.

I said, "For the night."

For an answer she reached up and kissed me, then drew me into her room. She closed the door then said to me, "I know it's only for the night, but it is my vacation and I deserve to have a little fun being bad." Then she smiled and kissed me again.

Next morning we made love one last time then she packed her bags and got ready to go to the airport. She gave me her address and phone number and said, "If your ever in Phoenix."

I took it but told her I never go to Phoenix.

She said she knows but to take it just in case. When she was ready, she checked out then called a taxi. We kissed for the last time and she said, "Thank you Tai. I had a wonderful time." She then got in the cab.

I said to her, "It was my pleasure. Have a wonderful life!"

She smiled at me as the taxi pulled away.

STUMPED

One-handed Ray has been run out or thrown out of places than anyone that I've ever known. Not only has he been run out of towns big and small but he's also been run out of swap meets, stores, bars and even campgrounds. In fact, he's the only person that I know of that's been banned from two different National Forests by the Forest Circus Nazis. Some places just see him coming and will not

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even let him enter. He's not a dirty person either like you might think, he's always clean and well groomed, and it's not just the way he dresses, though that's a big part of it. After all, in the summer the only thing he wears is a clean pair of designer briefs and black shined shoes. In the winter he'll add a snap button long sleeve cowboy shirt although he never snaps the front closed. This does upset some folks, but it's the signs on the outside of his van that really gets the people going.

The first time my daughter saw them she was 16. She walked up to him and said, "Hey, what do those signs mean?"

Ray said, "Honey, you're just a little too young to know."

"No," she said, "I want you to tell me exactly what they mean."

"Baby," he said, "I just can't tell you."

She got pissed and said, "I am not your baby or your honey, and I think that those signs mean you are a filthy pervert!" then she stalked away.

So now I'm sure that you're curious as to just what these signs said. Well, it's not the usual, "The Wages Of Sin Is Death" or "Baby On Board" or even "Nuke A Gay Whale For Jesus". But going from bad to worse, "I Like To Screw All Night." "Tittle Lover" "Have You Been Stumped Today" "Free Mustache Rides" "Sex Fiend On Board" and the one that gets him in the most trouble, "I Eat Hairy Pussy"

I once asked him if these signs ever really got him any action.

He told me, "Why Tai, you'd be surprised. They get me all I can handle, and that's a lot. It's just the kind of action I like most too, married women in their 40's. They come late at night and leave before dawn. And the sign that gets me the most action is the pussy eating one. Because most of these women have never had it done to them before. And man, you know I love to eat that pussy." He paused while licking his lips then continued, "A few though come for the stump." he said. Then he held up his left arm with the hand cut off right at the wrist that he lost in a car accident, "Man that really drives them wild."

I bet it does Ray, I just bet it does.

BUDDY CAN YA SPARE A DIME?

I've met quite a few folk's who claim to be rich. Well, they have lots of money anyway. Anytime that I hear one of them saying how much money they do have, I always ask them how much are they talking about anyway. Most tell me that it's none of my business and won't say.

So I ask, "Well, is it over a million dollars?"

And if they do say, "Yes." then I always ask them for \$10,000.

At first they think that I am kidding. But I tell them I am not, that I am serious, I really do want them to give me \$10,000.

They always ask me, "And why should I give you \$10,000?"

I tell them, "If you really are rich then \$10,000 should be nothing to you, no more than \$10 is to me because I am poor, but the main reason that you should give it to me is simply because you have it and I am asking you for it."

They look at me and say, "I should give you \$10,000 just because you ask for it? If I gave it to you then I would have to give it to anyone who ask for it, and soon I'd be the one who is poor, so sorry."

I'd promise that if they give it to me that I won't tell anybody where I got it but by then they're usually bored with me and just dismiss me as a kook or worse, some kind of communist.

So far none of them has given me the \$10,000 though once a woman in her early 40's who said that she and her husband were very wealthy did try to give me some money.

Lindsey and I were at an upscale party in the east bay with some richer older people that Lindsey knew because she came from an upper class family. When I heard this woman talking about her homes in Berkeley, New York and Miami, and about how well their business were doing so well that they were donating a sizable amount of money to their church. I broke into the conversation and told her that she was wasting her money and that she should give it to me instead.

At first she was amused and condescending saying, "And why is that, dear?"

I told her "Well, I'm poor and could really use it. And if you really are rich then you're not going to heaven anyway, so you'd be just wasting it by giving it to a church."

She looked at me and said, "Whatever are you talking about?"

I said, "Well, doesn't Jesus say in the Bible that it's easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle then for a rich man to get into heaven? So if you are rich then there is no way your are going to

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heaven, so you can give me the money instead."

She was no longer amused and said, "First of all, I do not believe Jesus ever said that. And secondly, why should I give you any money at all."

I said, "Well, if you are truly a Christian, then it is your Christian duty to help the poor. I am poor and I am asking. Doesn't the Bible say "Ask and ye shall receive?" and smile at her.

She got mad and said, "You are a very ill mannered young man, but because I am a Christian, I will give you some money since you asked." Then she got out her checkbook, writes a check and hands it to me.

I look at it and it's for \$25. I handed it back to her and said, "I don't want \$25. I want \$10,000. \$25 is nothing."

She looked at me like I was nuts and said, "You must be crazy to think that I would give you \$10,000. You're lucky that I am giving you \$25."

I smiled at her and said, "If you don't give me the \$10,000, then that means money is more important to you than people, and you certainly aren't going to get into heaven with an attitude like that."

With that she said, "I think this conversation is at an end."

She walked away from me and went over to the hostess who then went over to Lindsey, who then came over to me and said, "We've been asked to leave."

We do and it was the last time that Lindsey ever asked me to go over to the east bay with her again.

It's really funny about money too. The poor have almost none of it and it means little to them, it's just a tool to use to get other things. Yet to the rich who have a lot of it, it means almost everything. A poor man with only \$10 in his pocket is much more likely to give you a dollar than is a man with 10 million dollars. In fact, the poor man will offer it to you if they know your broke while it would not even cross the rich man's mind. I've been poor my entire life so I have never understood greed, and if I am lucky I never will. After all, money is just paper to play with.

FRANKENHOUND

My love Kelly and I were hanging out with a bunch of hippies up in the woods near a hot spring in Oregon when this thing comes running up to us. It took us a moment to recognize it as a dog, well, part of a dog anyway. It didn't have very much fur on its body and its face had none. Also, its face looked like old leather all stitched together, one eye was gone and the other was kind of bulging out and it had no ears. Its body consisted only of its two front legs, shoulders and body, it had no back legs or a tail but it did seem to get along fine just walking on its front legs. It was friendly too and ran right up to us. Behind the dog walked a young long hair.

I asked him if this was his dog and what the hell was its story.

He said, "My name is Steve, and yes, he's my dog and his name is Otto. He was brought back from the dead when he was electrocuted."

We ask if he wanted to smoke a joint and tell us the tale.

He said, "Sure" sat down and between tokes told us, "Me and Otto used to live in Colorado and one day we were just walking in a field under some high tension lines. Otto saw a rabbit and took off after him. The rabbit came to a downed high-tension wire and hopped under it but Otto ran right into it and got zapped real bad. By the time that I got to him he was on dead with one eye hanging out of its socket and his fur on fire. Me and Otto had been together for a long time so I wasn't going to let him die if I could help it. I beat out the fire, then gave him mouth to snout resuscitation performing CPR on him at the same time. I got him breathing, carried him to my car then rushed him to the vets. The vet took one look at Otto and told me to let the poor thing die, but I told him no way and that he'd better save Otto or I would beat the hell out of him. He told me to calm down and he'd do what he could. He got Otto stabilized then told me that was all he could do. He said that I should take Otto over to the university where they had a vet school. I put Otto back in the car and headed over there."

"I got him there and they took one look at Otto and said that maybe they could save his life but it'd be expensive and that he would never be the same. I told them I didn't care, just save Otto. They took him and told me to go home. Two days later they call me and tell me that I can come over to see him so I go over and see him. They got him in traction and he's all covered from nose to tail in bandages with only his one good eye showing. The professor tells me that they called the TV station and that a film crew was coming to do a story on Otto and me and that I should hang around. I do and

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they interview both me and the professor then take pictures of Otto."

"The next day the TV station calls me and tells me that somebody after seeing the piece on Otto has started a fund to save Otto since the professor said that it could cost up to \$25,000 to save and rehabilitate him. They told me that they were sending the money directly to the university so I wouldn't have to worry about the bill. Man, that really made me happy."

"It took six weeks of intensive care to save Otto then another two months to rehabilitate him so he could walk and take care of himself. I went to see him every day to help him along the way. After they were finished with him they told me that I could take him home and that I didn't owe the a single penny because the fund had grown to more than \$70,000."

"I was so happy the day that Otto came home, but then I started thinking. It only cost \$25,000 to save Otto and they collected \$70,000, so since the fund was for Otto then they should give me the other \$45,000. So I went to see the professor and asked him for the rest of Otto's money. He told me that it wasn't Otto's money but that it belonged to the university since it was sent to them. I argued with him that it was the TV station that sent the money to the university and it was sent there for Otto. He told me that Otto could come back anytime and they would fix him up for free for as long as he lived, but that I wasn't getting any of the university's money. I went and saw a lawyer and he basically told me it's their money. I went to the TV station and they told me it was old news so I contacted the National Enquirer and they ran the story about the university saving Otto, with pictures even, but nothing about me not getting Otto's money. I got a few copies in my car. Want to see them?" I told him maybe later.

I asked Steve how Otto was holding up?

He said, "Pretty good. Sometimes when he gets tired he starts dragging ass and I have to help him put a little but all in all, he's doin' real well."

We hung out with Steve, Otto and the other the hippies for a week then it was time for us to move along. But I can still see Otto running after Steve on his 2 front legs with his Frankenhound face.

I'M OK, YOU'RE OK

My lover Kelly and I are hanging out in the woods with a bunch of other freeks near a beautiful little lake high in the Cascade's for the summer. Martin, one of the hippies we've made friends with supports himself by dealing grass, acid and shrooms at a very reasonable price. This morning we're all sitting around Martin's green Ford van when 3 middle aged straight looking folks approach us. The 2 guys have short hair and are dressed like lumberjacks while the woman is wearing a cowboy shirt and jeans. They come up to us and one of the guys asks, "Hey are you the people with the LSD?"

Martin, after looking them over and deciding they're not cops, tells them it's him.

The guy asks what it is.

Martin tells him it's 4-way blotter.

The guy asks the price for a full sheet (100 hits).

Martin gives it to him and the dude says fine, he'll take it.

Martin hands him the sheet. The dude hands him the cash. The guy then tears the sheet in half and pockets one of the halves. The other half he rips into 3 pieces then hands each of his friends a piece. All 3 of them stick a piece in their mouths and swallow. Martin, Kelly and I all look at each other then at the straight folks.

Martin tells them, "Man, that was a pretty healthy dose you guys just took. Have you ever taken LSD before? Because one of those little squares would of been more than enough to get you off."

The guy says, "Yeah, we've had it before and we know the tripp. We just want to get high, that's all."

I say, "Well, you're gonna get high all right." and laugh.

They shrug then laugh too. Kelly wishes them good luck as they walk away.

It's afternoon, Kelly and I are sitting on a log in the shade on the path that leads down to the lake when we see the 2 guys coming down the trail. Right away we can see that they are loaded to the gills. They're trippin' hard barely able to walk as they stagger towards us while staring up through the trees at the sky. They're laughing and crying at the same time. As they come even with us I say, "How's it goin', boys. Did ya get high?"

Whether they ignored us or simply didn't know we existed at that place in time, I don't know. I do know that they don't acknowledge us in the slightest as they stumble on by each in his own little

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world. I turn to Kelly saying, “I guess they got off.”

Kelly smiles nodding her head then muses, “I wonder what happened to the woman?”

We don’t have to wait long for an answer. A couple minutes later here she comes. She not really walking. It’s more like she’s sliding her feet a few inches at a time in front of her. She not looking at the trees, the sky or anything else that’s surrounding her either. She’s staring straight down at the ground in front of her. As she glides up to us we can hear her saying over and over again to herself, “I’m okay. Yeah, I’m all right. I’m okay. Yeah, I’m all right. I’m okay. Yeah, I’m all right.....”

As she passes I laugh and say, “Hey, are you okay?” But she just ignores me as she shuffles down the path repeating her mantra until she’s out of sight.

THUMBS UP

Damn! Welfare got me a job at a butcher shop and if I don’t take it then they’re going to cut me off of food stamps. It was my own stupid fault too. I had to go and write down that I had worked as a butcher before on my work history form. Oh well, guess I’ll have to tough it out until I can figure a way out of it.

As I entered the shop and saw a middle aged couple working behind the counter. The woman asks if she can help me.

I tell her that unemployment sent me over about the job.

She tells her husband to check me out. He comes around the counter, introduces himself and his wife then tell me to come in back where we can talk. As I follow him into the back room/office I can see that his hand is all bandaged up. He motions me into a chair then he takes a seat behind the desk. He asks about my qualifications.

I tell him I worked for a farm butcher for 3 months a few years ago. Farmers would call him with a job. He’d call me then come get me. We would ride out to the farm in his pick up truck where he would slaughter the chosen animal. I would help him butcher it. We’d cut and wrap the meat then take it to the cold storage place in town. The head, hooves, tail and guts we’d put in a big washtub and later

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he's sell it to some poor folks. For this I was paid \$2 an hour under the table plus, I'd get a few choice cuts of the meat.

This butcher tells me that we won't be doing any butchering. His wife runs the front counter and deals with the customers while he does the ordering and works behind it cutting the meat. Mainly my job will be to grind hamburger out of Australian bull and beef suet, and pork sausage out of pork shoulders after I've de-boned them. Then make patties the following day out of any of the ground meat that doesn't sell today I package and put them in the freezer section. He asks if I can handle it.

I tell him no sweat. Then I ask him about his hand.

At first he looks embarrassed, then lifting his hand he says, "This is why we're hiring you. You understand this is only a temporary job. You're here to help out until this heals. Probably for 6 weeks or so."

I tell him that's great. I sure wasn't looking for anything full time then I say, "So what's with the hand?"

He shakes his head saying, "It's not my hand, it's my thumb. I cut it off on the band saw."

I ask how it happened.

He looks around then says, "If you tell my wife I told you this then I am going to kill you, understand."

I nod.

"Well," he says, "a few days ago my wife and I were in the shop. She was talking to one of our better customers when I see this really good looking young blond babe with gigantic knockers wearing a tight red sweater walk in. I'm at the band saw cutting some steaks from a beef loin when all of a sudden the customer and the babe both scream. My wife turns, looks at me, turns red then starts bitching at me about being a macho pig who can't keep his eyes to himself. All the while the other 2 are yelling and screaming. I don't know what the hell is happening until I look down at my hand and see that it along with the front of my apron and the band saw table is covered in blood."

"Instead of my thumb, there's a stump with a spray of blood spurting out of it every time my heart beats. The babe runs out of the store. My wife is yelling about what a bastard I am. The customer is hollering at her to get me to a hospital. And I just stand there like an idiot looking at my now severed thumb thinking, 'where the hell is my fucking thumb?'"

"Finally my wife calms down and tells me to wrap my hand in a towel then find my thumb. She

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tells the customer to call the hospital and inform them of what's happened and that we're coming in. Then she tells me she's going to get the car and when I hear the horn honk to come out and get in. She leave's the shop. I'm still standing there bleeding because I can't believe this is happening. The customer comes around the counter, wraps my hand in my apron then pushes me towards the door telling me that he'll find my thumb. I get to the curb just as my wife pulls up with the car. She tells me to get in then asks if I have my thumb. I tell her no. She tells me what a dumb fuck I am then she gets out of the car, goes into the shop. A minute later comes out with a piece of butcher paper in her hand. She throws it in my lap saying, "Think you can hold on to this, asshole!"

"She drives me to the hospital bitching at me the whole time about what a thoughtless stupid son of a bitch I am. The doctors sewed it back on telling me since it was such a fresh clean cut that it'll probably reattach itself with no problem. That was 3 days ago and she's still pissed. She told me if anyone asked to just tell them I wasn't paying attention and had an accident."

I asked him how it felt.

He grimaces saying, "Man, it hurts like hell. But I sure ain't gonna say anything about it to her."

I got the job and worked for them for a little over a month before the bandages came off. The doc's told the butcher it looked like he was lucky. He would get to keep his thumb with just a nice scar to remind him of that big titted blond. He told me his wife said that if she ever caught him so much as looking at another woman while working in the shop, she would personally stick something very personal of his in the band saw cutting it off, and it sure wouldn't be his thumb.

PETA

Recently I received a letter from PETA asking me for a donation. This is what I wrote back:

Dear PETA,

Where are your priorities? Have you no human compassion? While you are worried about the welfare of minks, lab rats, circus animals and rodeo horses a minimum of 10 million children, that's a 10 followed by six 0's, will either starve to death or die of malnutrition this year. That means 30,000 die each and every day which comes to 20 dead children every single minute of every single day 365 days of the year including Christmas, Thanksgiving and Easter because Death does NOT take a Holiday. It's sad that the well-being of minks, lab rats, rodeo horses and circus animals are more important to you than that of human babies and children who die the horrible prolonged death of starvation through no fault of their own other than being born in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Next time you ponder the plight of the abused fuzzy bunnies and cuddly puppies how about having a little consideration for dead and dying human animals (the A in PETA.) They could and should be helped by an organization like yours because in the world today no one, let alone a child, should have to starve to death. I sympathize with your concern over the animals because no thing on this wonderful earth should have to suffer needlessly. However, only after taking care of our forgotten, mistreated and dying children should we concern ourselves with the predicament of the animals who, even though may be inhumanely treated, have been raised for a purpose and would not even otherwise exist.

Lastly, why aren't you protesting the deaths of all our food animals? There are billions of them being mistreated and slaughtered every year! Sound a little hypocritical to me if they're not as important to you as the ones you have chosen to protest about especially since there's so many more of them.

I hope you will change your mind and work for the betterment of all of humanity because only when human beings stop suffering will kindness and compassion for not only all of God's creatures but the earth itself replace the greed and selfishness that now fills mankind's heart.

Sincerely,

Tai Oak

ON THE BEACH

"Pssst, want to buy some hash?"

I was sitting on my bungalow porch, surrounded by coco palms over looking the white sandy beach of a warm clear blue sea on a tropical island in southern Thailand. I looked around and saw a little white woman about 5 feet tall and maybe 90 pounds around my age. She looked at me and again said, "Want to buy some hash?"

I asked, "What do you got and how much?"

She answered, "Nepali fingers, \$60 an ounce or \$2.50 a gram. Five gram minimum."

I told her, "Let's smoke some and see how it is."

I invited her up onto the porch and called my girlfriend Kelly out. We introduce ourselves. Her name was Wendy. We all took a seat, burned some finger's and pronounced them good so I bought ten grams.

When I paid her, Wendy said, "I can tell you guys are dopers so just give me \$20 and if you want an ounce it'll only be \$50."

We thanked her then sat around smoking Thai weed mixed with Nepali hash the rest of the afternoon.

She asked us how long we'd there.

"A month" we said. We asked her the same.

"A year" she replied.

"Wow!" we said, "That's a pretty long time."

I then asked her if she knew some of the other ex-pats on the island and of course, she did.

She asked where we were from, "California."

We asked her, "South Florida. But I ain't been back in the states since 1974 and except for a year every now and then when I come to Thailand to do a little business to make some money, I've stayed in India the whole time."

Twenty years in India, this really impressed us. She asked us if we'd ever been there.

"Yeah." we answered, "On and off for the last 15 years."

Then we all talked about the places we had been and some of the more interesting people we had

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met, a few of whom Kelly and I and Wendy all knew.

Wendy's story was unlike any other ex-pat stories we'd ever heard. Most of them either had some kind of cash coming in from their respective countries. A few of them working only enough to make some extra bucks or just to socialize. Or they married a foreign national and lived life overseas working at a job their spouses knew about or provided so they could support themselves and their families. But Wendy had been a temple rat for 20 years in India. An unbelievable feat!

Most westerners who try it don't last more than a couple months to a year at the most. A temple rat is a white Sadhu. These people own nothing other than the clothes on their backs and whatever they can stuff into a large shoulder bag, then they wander throughout India going from temple to temple. All temple in India are open 24 hours a day, every day and with the exceptions of a few who don't admit non-Hindus, anyone can live in the temples for free as long as they like. Most of the temples will even feed you twice a day and all you need is your begging bowl. Wendy told us that in all her years in India, she and with her on again, off again Italian boyfriend Guseppi, had walked around a lot of it including a walk down the west coast from Goa to India's southern tip. A journey of over a thousand miles that took them almost a year. She and Guseppi never worked in India except for scoring dope for the tourist. They simply lived off the temples and the kindness of the Indian people. Their main reason for being in India was simple; cheap plentiful potent dope and an extremely easy going lifestyle.

Whenever they did want some money either Wendy or Guseppi would fly to Thailand with some essential oils and hash to sell to the tourist. Which was what she was doing now. Besides the hash she had the oils to sell but Kelly and I weren't interested. They didn't get you high and we smelled good enough already.

She told us she could also get us grass, acid and mushrooms.

We already had a grass/shroom connection so I thanked her then said, "Just the hash for now."

After that Wendy came over almost every afternoon. We'd supply the weed and she'd supply the hash then we'd all sit around getting high and telling each other amazing dooper adventure tales. A pleasant way to while away a few months in Paradise.

Wendy told us that once she and Guseppi had spent six months on a houseboat on Lake Dal in Srinagar smoking hash. They never once left the boat until they had run out of cash. All their needs were taken care of by the boat people. And the hash was that good!

After a couple months Kelly and my visa's were up so we had to go to Penang in Malaysia to get

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new ones. Wendy told us that she never worried about such formalities. She'd just stay in country as long as she wanted. Then either, using her old well worn passport she'd make herself a "valid" visa stamp, smudging it a bit, or she'd throw away her old passport with the expired visa stamp in it then get a clean new one from the US embassy telling them she'd lost the old one. She told us that she'd never had any problems.

On the way back from Penang I found \$600 in travelers checks in the seat of the mini-van we were riding in. I asked the other passenger if any one had lost them but every one said no, so I pocketed them.

When we got back to the island I told Wendy what I had found. That night she brought a guy over to our bungalow. After he looked at the checks he said he'd give me 2500 Baht (\$100) for them. Since the checks were worthless to me this sounded pretty good but I saw Wendy shaking her head no. I told the dude that I'd think about it.

After he left, Wendy told me the guy was trying to rip me off. If I gave the checks to her, she would give me 4000 Baht.

I gave her the checks.

The next day she went to the stationary store for supplies which she used to make a new ID sheet for her passport with the new name and signature on it. "But Wendy" I said, "it's a guys name."

She told me, "The clerks who cash these are all overworked and underpaid, and they know very little English. Their job is to cash checks so that's what they do, and since it don't come out of their pocket they don't give a shit anyway."

A week later she handed me 4000 Baht and told me that about \$100 went for expenses. After paying me, she had made over \$300 in Baht for herself. A good deal all around.

One night after Kelly and I'd been there for almost five months and were about to leave, Wendy came over with a packet of pot. She told us that it was Cambodian and was suppose to be killer. I rolled up a couple numbers and we commenced to smoking. Twenty minutes later we were all very quiet and very high when Wendy croaked, "Hey Tai, did we smoke both them joints yet?"

"Nooo." I hissed, "We only smoked half of the first one."

Wendy looked at me through silted eyes, stroked her chin then whispered, "Man, this is some really good shit."

It was so good that I told her I'd buy all she could get.

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She nodded.

Next day she came over with just 4 five gram packets for \$4 each telling us that was all she could score because her supplier had smoked some and had decided it was so good that he was keeping the rest, a half kilo, for himself. She told us she knew of another guy who had twelve packets of it and that he'd sell them, but she didn't like him so we'd have to go and get them ourselves. We went, saw the dude and bought them all.

A couple weeks later Kelly and I said good bye to the beach and Wendy. We then traveled around India and Nepal for the next seven months. After a high old time on the subcontinent we went back to the island for a little R&R before returning to the good old USSR. There was Wendy still selling dope but not essentials oils. She had run out.

For extra cash she was now managing a restaurant for some absentees foreigners. We asked her how much longer she was staying. She told us that her 1993 visa had run out in November of the previous year so she would just change the "3" to a "5" then exit Thailand "legally" into Malaysia where the authorities didn't check too close. In a few more months she'd be back in India.

Once I asked her if she ever planned to return to the USA.

She looked at me as if I was crazy then said, "Hell no! Why would I ever go back to that Fascist rat race when I'm already in Paradise. In fact Tai, I think you and Kelly are nuts for ever going back when you got it all right here."

Right on Wendy. Right on!

GEORGE VERSES THE LESBIANS

George hates gays, well, maybe "hates" is too strong a word. It's just that he cannot understand why they do what they do, and it's not that he can't be friends and party with them as individuals. The desert is full of gays, both male and female, and George is friends with most of them. It's just that he doesn't want to be around a lot of them at one time and he certainly doesn't want to see or hear about what they do together which, at best he thinks is really sick. He tolerates the males better than the females. He figures two guys being together just ups his odds with the ladies.

In fact, for a long time George thought that gay sex was a joke, that the guys were saying just to shock him and the girls were saying it just to piss him off. He told a lot of gay males that he'd bet that a couple of guys looking at each other could not even get a hard on. Indian Jonny, a gay friend of ours that we've known a long time, was tired of hearing George's stupid gay guy rap and brought out some pictures of himself saying, "This is me George, gay, with a hard on."

George looked at the pictures and said, "How do I know that you weren't looking at a Playboy when you took these?"

Jonny took the pic's back and said that he'd prove to George that two men could have sex together. A week later he invited George to lunch at his house. After the meal he sat George down in front of the TV, turned on the VCR that he'd rented and slipped a gay hard core porno flick into it. Jonny said that George watched it for 30 or 40 minutes never saying a word then just got up and left without even saying thanks for lunch, which Jonny thought was rude.

George told me the next day, "I watched that movie for 10 minutes and here's these two young good looking guys sucking each other's cocks. When they started fucking each other in the ass, I just couldn't take it no more and left. Why would two guys do something like that to each other, Tai, when there's all that pussy out there to be had, why?"

What could I say except, "Different strokes George, for different folks."

He just could not understand and after that he never did rag on gay guys again about not being able to get it up, but if it was gay guys that drove him nuts, it was gay gals that drove him mad.

Nothing got George pissed as quickly as the presence of a single lesbian on the make. By God, they were stealing all of the women, women George had his eye on, women he wanted in bed with him, not with some pussy lickin' carpet munchin' lesbo. George considered lesbians to be a personal affront

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not only to him but to all males, except gay ones of course. So unless he was partying with the lezi's, he was at war with them.

Once there was a woman named Alex camped at the springs living in her pick up with a camper on back. She and George got along fine until she started taking single women into her camper. One of these girls she picked up was a babe named Nina who George had the hots for. After divorcing her husband she had moved back with her parents until she could figure out what to do next. She met Alex and decided to see for herself what all the hub-bub was about. She'd come out to the springs in the afternoon bringing Mandy her four-year-old daughter with her. While she was busy visiting Alex, she'd leave Mandy with anyone who was at the springs. Mandy was a quiet nice little girl so no one minded looking after her, no one except George that is.

One day only George, Kelly and I were at the springs sitting in the water enjoying the day when Nina drives up, asks if Alex is around, drops Mandy off with us, goes over to Alex's camper then goes in. George starts right in, "That Bitch! How dare she just leave her brat off with us like that while she's off getting her pussy eaten by that fucking lesbo!"

We tell him to cool it, he don't have to watch Mandy, we'll be glad to, but he's incensed and on a roll, "She didn't even ask if we'd watch Mandy, she just goes and has sex with that goddamned lezi in broad day light even!"

Sex in the day made George madder than sex at night. We tell him to let them have their fun, they ain't hurting anyone but George won't be placated.

He raves on for awhile while we play with Mandy and try to ignore him. Finally he seems to calm down then say sweetly, "Mandy honey, come here. I want to tell you something."

Mandy who likes George, goes over to hi.

He says, "Mandy, can you do something for George?"

Mandy says, "Yes George."

And he says, "When you get home today, go tell your grandma that your mom spent the afternoon getting her pussy eaten by a lesbo named Alex. Can you do that for me honey?"

Mandy says, "Yes George."

Kelly and I immediately say, "George, this is not a good idea. In fact, it is a very bad idea, do not pursue this. Mandy, forget what George just told you, he was only kidding."

But George is hot, "Bullshit! Her grandma has a right to know that she is dumping her kid out

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here so she can get her snatch sucked in there." and points to Alex's camper. Mandy is watching all of this.

We argue with George, telling him that not only is he being mean and petty but that he is dead wrong too. This is something that you do not tell George, he can be a lot of things but he can never be wrong. He's really pissed now and says, "Remember Mandy, your ma's getting her pussy eaten by another woman!" then stomps off.

We tell Mandy that George was only teasing and to forget about what he said about her mother. She says, "Okay." and goes back to playing in the water. Nina comes out of Alex's refreshed and asks how everything is. We figure that Mandy's probably forgotten all about what George said and tell her everything's fine, so she picks up Mandy and is off.

We go over to George's camper and it looks like he's packing up. "What's the matter George, expecting trouble?" we ask.

"Hell no!" he answers, "I'm just tidying up." George may be pig headed but he's not stupid.

About two hours later just at sunset, two cars come speeding up the road raising a hell of a lot of dust. They come to a stop right in front of George's. Six very angry people, Nina, Nina's Mom and Dad, her sister and two other guys we don't know start yelling for George. George opens the door and stands in the doorway holding his lever action 30-30 in his arms asking what the hell they want.

They start yelling about how dare he say such things to Mandy and what a mean old son of a bitch he really is. Alex, who hears this, comes over and joins in. George just stands there with his rifle, not exactly pointing at them but not exactly pointing away from them either.

After they run out of steam, George starts yelling at them about how could they allow Nina to be coming out here leaving Mandy alone so Nina could get her pussy eaten. Pretty soon they're all yelling at each other with a lot of name calling and cursing at one another.

Finally George has had enough, he cocks his 30-30, tells them that he's had enough of their bullshit and to get before someone gets hurt. Now it's 7 against 1 but George has a gun and they don't, and everyone knows that you do not fuck with George, not unless you're ready to go all the way because George does not play around when things get serious. When he was a young man he spent time in prison for manslaughter for accidentally killing a guy with his bare hands in a bar fight. Plus, he was a grunt in Patton's front line army in WW II against Hitler's army where he was captured and spent time in a German prisoner of war camp. And he has put more than a few of his "friends" in the hospital. Kelly

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and I watch this drama to see how it will turn out.

The seven decide that it's over for now and tell George that they are going for the sheriff.

He tells them to go ahead because when they hear his side of the story not only will they be on his side but will probably take Mandy away Nina for being an unfit mother.

After a little more yelling and cussing they hop into their cars and roar back down the road.

George points the gun at Alex telling her that it's time for her to be leaving too, she just nods, walks back to her camper and starts packing up.

We go over to George and start harassing him about the foolishness of his action that day but he just puts his gun away and says, "Oh well, no one got hurt and the lesbo's leaving. Sounds like things turned out okay to me."

However, George is leaving too. He thinks that now would be a good time to check out the Dunes Warm Spring about 60 miles away which is not only hard to get to but is also hard to find so no one hardly ever goes there except for a few locals. He tells us that if there's no fallout from this little tet-de-tet to come and get him in a week or so.

After two weeks we've not seen Nina, who we never did see again, the cops or anyone else connected to the Mandy incident so we go tell George who promptly moves back to the hot springs.

George and the lesbians were always having run-ins like this. But George's mortal enemy, his arch rival and most hated foe was Dana, a.k.a. Psycho Dyke or Dyke On A Bike. One of the two most unpleasant beings I have ever had the misfortune to meet, the other was a chicken shit cowardly bully named Floyd who liked to beat up guys but only when they were extremely drunk and usually smaller than him. He didn't like bruising his hands either so he'd use rocks to hit them. Dana, though, was a true psychopath.

The first time we ever saw her, Kelly and I were in the springs by ourselves when she comes riding up on her bicycle with her pack of dogs following along. She parks her bike in the shade and tells her dogs to stay. Then strips and get into the pool with us. We exchange names and chat a bit, she seems pleasant enough, but then we hear a dirt bike coming towards the pools and she starts in about how these assholes are ruining her desert and spoiling her peace.

Kelly and I just look at each other, we've heard this rant before. Lots of people think that just because they're camped somewhere they own it and have a right to say what goes on, and as far as I know she's never even been here before so we just ignore her.

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The guy on the dirt bike pulls up to check out the action and when he does, one of Dana's dogs runs up to him and bites him on the leg. When Dana sees this she's out of the pool in a flash. To yell at the dog? To apologies to the guy? No! She screaming at the guy about how dare he come between her and her dogs. And that he's lucky that she don't sic the whole pack on him which she just might do if he gives her any shit. And that he shouldn't even be riding that goddamn noisy machine in her desert anyway!

The guy is stunned. Not only is he dog bit but here's this naked enraged bitch right in his face. He twists the throttle and is out of there. Dana's still hollering about him invading her space. Kelly and I decide that we've had enough of the hot water and her crazy shit and leave, knowing this is someone to avoid.

The next time we meet her is even worse. Kelly, George and I are sitting in the hot pool for sunrise service, a joint and a soak at sun up when Dana pulls in. She's in a pick up with a camper. She walks over to the passenger door, opens it and helps a girl out who is limping badly. As they get close we can see that the girl is young, 20 at the most and that she has a black eye and a split lip. Dana gently helps her into the hot pool then gets in herself. Dana starts talking low to the girl saying how sorry she is that she lost her temper. But that she (the girl) shouldn't have made her (Dana) so mad. Especially after she (Dana) had hit her (the girl) the first time. So that it's kind of her (the girls) own fault that she (Dana) beat her (the girl) so bad. The girl ain't talking and we're out of there knowing that this is someone (Dana) to stay away from at all cost. She was no longer in our universe and we refuse to ever acknowledge her existence again. The next time she tried to speak to us, we just turned our backs and ignored her, which is how I treat anyone who ever perpetrates a violent act against another human being.

Dana was always fighting with somebody. She wasn't that big either, just an average size woman about 35 years old but she was mean as a junkyard dog. In fact, one of the best most vicious fistfights I ever saw was when Dana and another dyke got into it over a German girl that they both wanted. They duked it out for a good five minutes before Dana got the other dyke down and then pounded her face into a bloody pulp while we all watched. Dana left the dyke bleeding in the dirt then went and claimed her prize.

They went off together hand in hand, true love, but George was her favorite enemy. Where ever George parked she would park a hundred yards away just to spite him. If he parked at the springs so did she. If he moved away to the tree line, a mile away so did she. They were always fighting and arguing

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with each other over something or other. It went on for years but then it all came to a head when one of Dana's dogs wandered into George's camp. Now George had a big mean looking pit bull who was one of the best people dogs I've ever known. Bull (what else?) loved people but he hated all other dogs with a passion, except for females in heat of course. Any male dog that came near his camp he tore a new asshole. George got into a lot of trouble over this.

Folks would bring their tore up dogs over and tell George that he'd have to pay the vet bill. George told them to fuck off and if they didn't want their dog tore up then to keep them out of his camp or on a leash. So when one of Dana's dogs comes wandering into Bull's territory, he leaves in real bad shape. He crawls home to Dana all tore up and Dana knows exactly what's happened. She grabs her .22 and runs screaming over to George's. George who saw Bull at work and even congratulated him on it, knows why she's coming. He sees she's armed and grabs his 30-30. He meets her at his door.

She tells him that he is paying her vet bill.

He tells her that next time there won't be no vet bill. Because if he ever sees one of her dogs in his camp again he'll save Bull the trouble and shoot the son of a bitch himself then drag the carcass off to where the coyotes and vultures can get at it! And anyway, Fuck Off! And Get The Hell Out Of His Camp!

Tempers flair and shots are exchanged. George tells us that she shot first, because if he had gotten the first round off, Dana would be dead since he always hit what he was aiming at. But when she fired first, he ducked firing back from the hip missing her. Dana wisely hotfoots it out of there but then she stupidly goes for the cops.

When she tells the cops the story they tell her that she's lucky that she's not hurt or worse. What the hell was she doing in George's camp threatening him with a gun anyway. And actually firing a shot at him over a dog fight? They can hardly believe that anyone's that stupid. They confiscate all her guns and tell her to move the hell away from George.

The cops come out to George's to get his version. They tell him to avoid her. But George is still hot and tells the cops that if she ever comes around him with a gun again that he won't miss next time. He'll drill that Bitch right between her eyes and then for good measure, kill all of her dogs too.

The cops ask George for his guns to hold for 30 days as a cooling off period. He gives them his 30-30 and his 22 but keeps his 38 S&W revolver just in case. Dana must have learned her lesson that time because after that she always stayed well away from George and his camp, and even kept her dogs

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away from Bull.

George either fought or partied with the lesbians up until the day he died. And it's funny too because the lesbians did get the last laugh on George even though it was unintended. The last sex that George ever had in his life was with two lesbian's in a sandstorm in his Airstream. But that's another story.

SUPPERTIME

My lover Kelly and I are on our way from India to Nepal, and have decided to spend the night on the border before tackling the grueling 12-hour journey up and over the Himalayan foothills tomorrow. We're staying in your basic low end Indian hotel, which means a small cinder block cubicle with an even smaller rope bed covered with only a thin bedspread and a ceiling fan spinning lazily above it. The toilet and cold water shower is outside. But what the hey, it's only \$3 a night and it's just for one night. Tomorrow we'll be in Kathmandu where we'll us get us a real luxury place. One with a double bed and the bathroom with hot water. After unpacking the essentials, toiletries, bug repellent and hash which we smoke just a taste of, we go in search of some grub seeing as it's supertime.

We walk into the restaurant that's attached to the hotel and ask the proprietress if she's open for business. Although the place is completely empty she assures us she is. We sit down and she hands us the menu. Now here's the thing about Indian restaurants especially out in the boonies. Even though they always have an extensive menu, sometimes running 2 or 3 pages long, the chances of getting anything that's on it are slim at best. But it's still always fun to try so we point to a few thing and ask, "Do you have ____ tonight?" Each time we receive a negative shake of her head. Finally we ask her what does she have. She smiles then answers, "Oh, we have some very lovely rice and dal, and if you like I can make you some chapatis." This is your typical Indian/Nepalese rural meal, something the locals eat almost exclusively. We tell her that sounds good to us but then just to harass her a little I ask her, "I see you have chicken on the menu. Would you happen to have any of that tonight?" She's quiet. I can see that she's thinking. After a moment she smiles again saying, "Oh, most certainly we have chicken tonight, but it's very expensive. Why it would cost at least 60 Rupees (\$2) a plate." I ask Kelly

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if she'd like some chicken and she says sure. I tell the mistress 60 Rupees a plate is acceptable as long as it includes the rice, dal and chapaties. She tells us it does however, since chicken is a special order it'll take an hour to prepare. Since we ain't going anywhere we tell her that's fine by us. She asks how we want it prepared. Kelly and I confer then say; "Boneless chicken chili would be good." The proprietress gives us an affirmative shake of her head and proceeds into the kitchen.

A minute later we hear her hollering in Hindi. A few moments after that we see a teenage boy enter the restaurant then go back into the kitchen. Next thing we see is the boy out in the yard with a big butcher knife chasing the chickens around. Since he's young and agile it only takes a couple minutes to snag one. As soon as he catches one the other chickens split. They've seen this trip before. He walks over to a wooden table that's in the yard, lays the chicken down on it and with one swift downstroke of the knife severs the chickens head from its body. He then lets the chicken go and we all watch it flop around the yard until it run out of energy. The boy tosses the head on the ground, picks up the body the guts and skins the carcass. He throws the chickens' feather skin on the ground next to the head and walks into the kitchen. Pretty soon Kelly and I hear the sounds of dinner being made.

True to her word about an hour later the proprietress walks out of the kitchen bearing two steaming plates covered with rice, yellow dal and boneless chicken chili. Her son is right behind her with another plate of hot chapatis. They lay the food before us, smile then take their leave. We sample our meals and it was well worth the wait. The food is delicious. Now hears a funny thing about fresh killed chicken for those of you who've never had it, it don't taste like chicken. Instead it has a clean fresh light meaty flavor and unless you're eating some old rooster or layer, it's real tender.

Well, it's just about sundown, Kelly and I are sitting at the table enjoying our meal and we're not the only ones. We can see the proprietress and her son having the rest of the chicken for dinner in the kitchen. And outside in the yard we see that the other chickens have returned, along with some crows, they are pecking at the skin and head of their fallen comrade. Insects are buzzing around patiently waiting their turn so that all gods' creatures are being fed. Thank you for your life my friend, for it I am truly grateful.

DODGING THE DRAFT

Collin walks into our commune on 25th St. in the City and he is both pissed off and scared. It seems he's just received his draft notice. He's pacing our living room telling us there's no way that he's going to Vietnam to fight and die for some senseless bullshit cause. Joanne rolls up a fatty, lights it then hands it to Collin telling him to kick back and toke on this awhile so he can get things into perspective. He takes the doobie and sucks in a hit as he sits down next to Joanne on the sofa saying he just don't know what to do. All he knows is, he ain't going in no fucking army. Since Collin is both young and good looking Joanne decides to give him a little aid and comfort. She gets up telling Collin to come on downstairs to her bedroom where they can talk about it. Collin smile then gets up and follows Joanne taking the joint with him.

A few weeks later we're having a party to celebrate the summer solstice and in saunters Collin, who's looking much more calm and relaxed. I offer him a beer and a toke then ask, "Howzit hangin' bro?"

He takes a hit, holds it then lets it out. He smiles real big saying, "Man, things are great! I'm on my way up to BC Canada in a couple days to wait this draft shit out. But who knows, maybe I'll like it so much I just might stay. I mean, I hear the beer is cheap, the grass is potent and the babes are free and easy."

I laugh as I hand him a brew saying, "Well, good luck man, but I hear the cops are watching the border pretty good these days just looking for dudes like you. And if they catch you they send you right to the nearest Army fort where they immediately cut your long-assed hair, turn you into a grunt then ship your butt straight to the thick of the action in the Nam."

Collin looking serious glances around and drops his voice telling me, "That's not happening to me man. I met a dude who fixed me up with some genuine fake Canadian ID."

I asked him, "What the hell is genuine fake ID?"

Collin tells me, "It's an ID with a real Canadian's name and birthdate except it has my picture on it. Plus I got the birth certificate to go with it." I had to admit that was a pretty sweet deal and since I probably wouldn't be seeing him again, wished him luck.

Over a month later Collin walks into our commune and he is both pissed off and scared. Needless to say we are quite surprised to see him asking him just what the hell is he doing back here in

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the City?

He sits down on the sofa and after smoking a hooter regales us with this twisted little tale; “Oh man, you ain’t gonna believe what happened to me. I hung around the City partying until a week before I was suppose to be inducted the split for more northern friendlier climbs. I hitched up to Seattle and stayed with some people I knew. Partied a bit with them then set out for Vancouver. I got a ride to Blaine then sat there on the on ramp for most of the day. There was plenty of traffic but no one was stopping so I figure I’ll just walk across then hitch from the other side. I mean, it couldn’t be no worse there and as least I’d be safe. Or so I thought.”

“Well, I stroll across the American side with no problem so I think I got it dicked. Then I walk up to Canadian Customs and flash them a smile. One of the dudes asks me my citizenship. I tell him Canadian. He asks where I was born. I tell him Toronto. He asks why I’m walking across. I tell him I’m hitching and the rides are slow, and since it’s such a beautiful day well, I’d though I’d just hoof it. He asks for some ID. I whip my genuine fake out and hand it to him. He asks me what I was doing in the US and how long I was there. I tell him I was visiting some friends for a few months. He looks at it then checks some book he got in front of him. Up until now everything is cool. He looks bored just doing his job. Then all of a sudden his face changes. In fact, he looks kind of scared.”

"He tells me to follow him that there’s just some routine question that needs to be cleared up. I don’t like what’s happening but what can I do? So I follow him into the Customs shed. He tells me to take a seat. I do. He walks into the back. The next thing I know there’s about a dozen Mounties standing around me with guns drawn telling me to get face down on the floor NOW! Or they will blow my fucking head off. Jesus H. Christ! I’m so frightened that I just sit there. One of the Mounties then grabs me by my hair and throws me to the ground telling me if I move I am a dead man. They yank my arms around back and cuff my hands real tight then jerk me up on my feet all the while telling me if I try anything funny that I will be very sorry. Man, I tell ya I am in a state of total shock. I don’t know what the hell is going down but I do know that it ain’t good.”

“They put me in a cell, uncuff me then leave without any explanation at all. I sit in that cell all night wondering what the fuck went wrong. I’m thinking, ‘Shit, they can’t be this pissed of just because I tried to cross into Canada with a false ID.’ Well, next morning when a guard brings me some coffee and donuts I ask him what’s up?”

"He glares at me saying, “You really think you could just waltz back up here after what you’ve

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done and be welcomed with open arms.' He shakes his head then say, "You're in for it now me bucko. Oh yes, they're going to give it to you good."

"I say, "But all I did was try and get into Canada with a fake ID."

"But he's already out the door. They bring me lunch and diner. When I try to question them about why I'm there, they just ignore me."

"The next day after breakfast a guy in a suit enters my cell. He looks at me with real hate then says, "We'll be transporting you to Vancouver city jail later today where you'll await extradition back to Toronto. There you'll be tried for the murder of Miss Mary Anne Stodard. And from the looks of the evidence against you, you'll be found guilty and then spend the rest of your miserable life rotting in prison where you belong."

"I'm dumbfounded but I know I gotta tell this guy that I ain't that dude so I say, "Wait a minute man, I'm not Randall Owens." Then I tell him the whole story about how I'm just a draft dodger with a fake Canadian ID."

"Of course, he don't believe a word I say. He just gives me some more shit about going to prison for a long time then leaves. They come in a few hours later, cuff me hand and foot then put me in a van and drive me up to Vancouver. The whole time I'm trying to tell them who I really am but no one will listen."

"Finally a couple days later my court appointed lawyer shows up and I tell him the story. I can tell he don't believe me either but it's his job to check it out. I sit there in jail while my lawyer has them sent my fingerprints to Toronto for comparison with the "real" Randall Owens. All the time I'm waiting for my prints to come back all the cops are treating me like shit telling me I'm lucky to have a cell to myself because the other inmates would just love to have a go at a guy who beat his girlfriend to death. I tell ya man, I was shit scared the whole time."

"Anyway, almost two weeks later they drag me into an interrogation room and tell me the prints don't match. I feel real relieved until they tell me that I am now under arrest for trying to enter Canada illegally and can receive up to 6 months in jail for said offence. They take me back to my cell where I sit for another 3 or 4 days. Now the guards treat me a little better, more like just another dumb fuck up who did something stupid and got caught."

"Well, one morning they cuff me again and take me to court. The judge reads the charges and asks how I plea. I tell him guilty. I mean at this point I don't care because 6 months in jail sounds a

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whole lot better than life in prison. The judge lectures me about how irresponsible I was while I just hang my head. He then asks if I've learned my lesson."

"I tell him I sure have.

"He then sentences me to be deported from Canada for life telling me if I ever return that I'll go straight to jail."

"Man, I am so relieved I actually smile and thank him. They take me back to jail where they give me my own clothes back then put me in a van and drive me back to the border. There they simply cut me loose and tell me to walk back across to the American side. As I'm walking I think, 'man I sure hope they don't check any book because since I didn't show up for my induction, I am now officially a draft dodger subject to immediate arrest and jail time. But the US Customs don't even hardly look at me. They just wave me through. Anyway after kicking back at my Seattle friends place for awhile I hitched back down here to regroup"

Wow! What a story. We all ask what is he going to do now? Now that Canada is out is he going to accept being drafted?

Collin leans back in the sofa, takes a toke then says, "Fuck no to that bullshit! I'm gonna hang out in the City dealing a little dope until I got enough bread to fly to Sweden and apply for asylum. I've been told it's pretty easy to get once you're there. And beside, I hear the beer is real good and the babes are beautiful and free with their favors."

I remind Collin there's probably not a lot of pot there but he just shrugs saying, "Well maybe not yet, but I plan on taking plenty of seeds with me. After all, a guy's gotta make a living."

We saw Collin a few times after that, then he disappeared and I always wondered if he made it to Sweden.

DEAR OLD DAD

Here's a few Father–Son tales you might enjoy:

1) The Commune: I had been drafted and sent to San Francisco in 1966 then discharged in 68. There I married Lindsey and enter into the hip life in '68' when we quit our jobs and moved into our first commune. Needless to say, my parents were less than thrilled. In fact, even though we talked by phone a few times a month, they had refused to visit us. That is, until our daughter was born in 1972. Since this was their first grandchild they decided to brave the undertaking to the wilds of hippiedom. At the time Lindsey and I were living in a 4-bedroom 2-story house with an assortment of freeks of other various sex and drug predilections, and the house's décor reflected that. It had all the usual hippie accoutrements of posters, beaded curtains, incense burners and the always present, ever popular, marijuana plants. Plus, there were statues of foreign gods and strange symbols painted on the walls. A week after Lindsey and our new daughter had gotten out of the hospital my Dad calls and tells me that he and Mom will be up to see the new baby in a couple days. And they have reserved a hotel room so we won't have to worry about putting them up

In the evening a few days later my Dad calls and tells me he and Mom are in the City.

I ask if he wants me to bring Lindsey and our daughter over for a visit.

He says, no. It's late and they are tired from the long drive (they live in San Diego) so they will come over to our place tomorrow after breakfast.

I tell my Dad to have a late one because, since we tended to stay up real late, we usually didn't get up until noon.

He says, okay, they will see us at 12.

Next morning bright and early at the crack of noon Lindsey, the baby and I are awake and waiting when we hear a knock, knock, knocking at our front door. I answer, "Hey, hey, good to see you! Come on in Mom and Dad."

They enter and we all hug. Then they see Lindsey holding the baby and it's all over but the crying. They are so happy! Mom takes the baby telling Lindsey what a good job she did and what a wonderful and beautiful baby she is. Dad congratulates me telling me that now I'm a real man with real responsibilities. And it's a very happy moment between us all. Mom then hands Dad the baby the hugs

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and kisses me telling me how much she loves me.

I tell them let's go into the living room where we can all be more comfortable. We do all laughing and talking at the same time. However, as soon as we walk into the living room everything changes. Since I had told our commune mates that my parent's were coming for a visit, they had all gotten up early to meet them. When my parent's see all the freeks and the hippie décor they got very wary. And I can't really blame them either. After all, for the last 6 years the media with all it's wild sex and dangerous drug stories had portrayed us hippies as evil incarnate. So when they look around at the half dozen or so hippies in various stages of drug induce awareness and weird dress, their smiles leave their faces and they just kind of freeze. I try to lighten the moment by introducing my parents to my friends but I could tell it just isn't working. My parent's are nervous and they refuse an offer for some coffee or to sit down on the sofa

After a few minutes of chit-chat my Dad tells me that he and Mom are leaving. He says they'll be in the City for a couple days and Lindsey, the baby and me can visit them at their hotel room.

I try to get them to stay awhile by telling them that everything's cool but Mom hands the baby back to Lindsey and they're on their way out the door. Just as they are leaving, my Dad takes me aside then says, "How can you live like this! Why, you're no better than a bunch of animals."

I laugh and agree.

My Dad just shakes his head saying, "At least when you visit us at the hotel, put on some decent clothes." Then they walk out to their car.

After this my parent's never again visited me either in San Francisco or Northern California where I lived in a tipi for a couple years. However, we did remain friends by keeping in touch by phone and letter. And Lindsey, the baby and I would go down to San Diego 3 or 4 times a year for a visit. As long as we didn't do any of our 'hippie crap' in their home a pleasant time was had by all.

2) The New Girlfriend: I've brought my lover Kelly to my parent's house in San Diego for a visit. Since Kelly and I are living together I wanted to introduce her to my Mom and Dad. And since we've been together for over a year now and I've told them so much about her they are curious to meet her too. Kelly and I hitch to San Diego then take a city bus to my parent's home getting there in the early afternoon. Mom and Dad seem happy to meet her and we all chat until dinner time. As we're having supper I notice that my Dad keep glancing over towards Kelly. I think he must be taken with her and I can hardly blame him either. After all, she is a babe. My Mom seems to be at ease with her too.

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She and Kelly are having a nice rapport. After dinner we help my Mom with the dishes then retire to the living room to chat a bit more then watch a little boob tube together. Everything is going smoothly until I go to the bathroom. There in the hall, my Dad meets me and asks me about our sleeping arrangements?

When I tell Dad that Kelly and I plan to sleep together he says, “Well son, since you and Kelly aren’t married your Mother and I can’t allow you to sleep together in our house. You know it’s against our morals.”

I tell Dad, that’s cool. We’ll just sleep in our tent in either the back yard or, if that bother’s them, out in the field behind their house.

Dad thinks a moment then says, “Don’t set your tent up just yet. I’ll talk it over with your Mother.”

I tell him that whatever they are comfortable with is okay with me. I tell Kelly about the conversation and she says, “Whatever.” She doesn’t care where we sleep as long as it’s together.

Right before bedtime my Dad takes me aside and tells me that after talking it over with Mom, they’ve decided Kelly and I can sleep together in their house. Even though they do not agree with our lifestyle, still I am their son, and they love me and won’t put me out.

I thank him, hug him and tell him that I love him too.

Since then Kelly and I have stayed with my parent’s in their home a hundred times and we’ve all pretty much gotten along. And even though after our over 20 years together, they still do not believe in our ‘shacking up’ have come to love Kelly too. In fact, whenever I talk to my Dad by phone he always asks how Kelly’s doing then he’ll admonish me, “I hope you’re being nice to little Kelly, son.”

After I assure him I am he says, “You’d better be, because you don’t know how lucky you are to have her.” But I do know, Dad. I do know how lucky I am to live this wonderful life with the beautiful and amazing Kelly.

3) The Dinner: My Dad having just retired, had plenty of time on his hands. So since it was summer and I was living up in the Sierra’s near a very lovely lake with lots of trout streams going in and out of it, I invited Dad, who loves to fish, to come on up and we’d do a little fishing together. He says that sounds good to him and we make plans to meet in a week. I give him directions to a primitive (no fee) campground right on a river where they stocked Rainbow’s twice a week and tell Dad which days to come when he’d be assured to catch his limit.

A week later Dad pulls in with his boat and he’s ready to camp and fish. After setting up camp,

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since it isn't a stock day we just hang out enjoying ourselves in the woods. Dad does a little fishing but doesn't catch anything other than a few sucker's, which aren't very edible are fun to catch. Next morning bright and early Dad gets me up and tells me he wants to put his boat in the lake and try his luck there. We drive to the lake then spend the day boating around it, again not catching very much but having a real good time together. We spend the night sitting around a campfire just talking and waiting for tomorrow: stocking day!

Today's the day. About 9 a.m. up the road comes a big Forrest Circus water truck that's just chucked full of hatchery Rainbow Trout anywhere from 9 to 15 inches long and just waiting to get caught. Dad finds himself a spot on the bank and lines up with the other fishermen who know the trip. Since the fish have been hatchery raised and know no food other than artificial, and they are hungry after their long journey, it's Potski's Balls 'O' Fire that they go after. Within an hour Dad has his limit. But he so jazzed about catching the Rainbow's that he does catch and release for another hour.

Dad proudly shows me his keepers and says, "Well son, I guess we're have fish for dinner."

I compliment on his beauties then say, "Dad, since we have more that we can possibly eats, why don't we share some with old George? He'll be glad to cook them for us. And eating them in his Airstream will be much more comfortable than eating them here. Plus, we won't even have to do dishes."

Dad smiles and says that sound like a good idea to him.

George is a friend of mine that's my Dad's age. Except unlike my Dad, who is totally straight, George is an old hippie who lives by himself in his trailer, which is always somewhere out in the boonies. My Dad has never met George before but has heard me talk about him so he is curious to meet him. He asks if George will mind us coming unannounced.

I tell Dad that George always loves company so it's off we go.

George is camped about 20 miles away on a hilltop overlooking a very picturesque river. We pull in and get out. I introduce George to my Dad. Dad shows the trout to George and asks if he'd lie to share some for dinner.

George says, you bet. He take's the fish saying he'll be happy to fry them up. Right away they hit it off. After all, they are the same age and they both grew up in the depression in the Midwest. And they both experienced the horror of World War II. My Dad in the Pacific Theater and George in the European. They spend the rest of the afternoon sitting outside under George's awning reminiscing.

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Soon it's suppertime so we all retire inside the Airstream. George fry's the trout along with some potato's and canned corn so a fine dinner is enjoyed by all. After dinner, George whips out his corncob pipe then gets out a baggie of stash, packs the pipe, light's it and takes a hit. My Dad is sitting there watching this not saying a thing.

George then hands the pipe to my Dad saying, "Would you like a toke?"

Dad looks at the pipe asking, "Is that marijuana?"

George assures him it is.

Dad tells him, "Sorry, but I've never smoked it in my life and I don't intend to start now."

George laughs saying, "Well, then you don't know what you're missing. Sure you don't want to try some?"

Dad stands firm.

George smiles then hands the pipe to me.

I tell him, "Not tonight George."

He looks at me like I am crazy because for as long as he known me, he's never seen me turn down a toke before so he asks, "Why not, Tai?"

I tell him that I'm not smoking out of resect for my Father.

George just shrugs saying, "All the more for me."

When he finishes the pipe he brakes out some cards and we spend the rest of the evening playing "Pitch" for a penny a point.

It's getting late. Time to leave. Dad asks George if he'd like to go fishing tomorrow?

George says no but then tells my Dad that he's welcome to come by anytime for dinner, some cards or just to socialize.

Dad says he just might do that.

They shake hands and we leave. As we're driving back to camp Dad asks me, "Son, you really don't smoke marijuana, do you?"

I tell him, "Sorry Dad, but I've been smoking pot on almost a daily basis for over 25 years. And as far as I can tell, it ain't hurt me a bit."

Dad says, it don't seem to have hurt me any then he tells me, "But son, please don't let your Mother know. It would really upset her."

I promise I won't tell her.

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He then asks if I'd ever smoked marijuana in their house?

I tell him that I never have and I never would.

Dad pats me on my shoulder saying, "That's good son. Now let's just forget about it."

After that, my Dad would visit George whenever he was around and George would smoke his pot while my Dad just ignored it.

4) The Nude: My lover Kelly and I have rented a shack out in the desert for the winter. We were living in our VW Van at the hot springs but it's been getting kind of crowded lately and this place is cheap so, what the hey! Plus, now that we're more 'normal' my parent's can come for a visit since they live only about 120 miles away because they would never even consider visiting us out at the hot springs. One day my Dad calls and tells me that he's doing a little cement work and needs some fine clean sand. I tell him there's plenty of pure blow sand he can have free, just for the shoveling. He says that Mom and him will be out on the weekend to pick some up.

They arrived and we all have a very pleasant lunch together then my Dad is ready to work. He asks where the sand is located. I tell him out by the hot pools. He's a little hesitant since he knows the hot springs is a notorious nudie place but then relents because he really wants that sand. So leaving Kelly and Mom at the house, Dad and me venture forth.

When we get there I show him where the blow sand is and we drive up to it. He admits that this is some especially fine sand and we start shoveling it into the back of his pick up. After we're finished I ask him if he wants to visit George for awhile because he's parked near the pools.

Dad says, sure. He likes George.

Just as we park and get out by George's Airstream, Shanti, a completely naked lithe young Indian beauty who's a friend of Kelly's and mine that we haven't seen in a year, comes out of the trailer. As soon as she sees me, she runs up to me, throws her arms around me and gives me a kiss saying how nice it is to see me again. It seems that her and her honky husband have just come out to the hot springs and are planning to stay all winter.

I tell her it's great to see her again then introduce my Dad. Shanti goes to give him a hug but Dad steps back and puts out his hand. Shanti smiles, shakes his hand and says it nice to meet him. Dad just stands there trying not to drop his gaze and to keep his eye's on Shanti's face. It's a struggle but good old Dad's morals prevails.

Finally Shanti realizes that she's making my Dad uncomfortable so she hugs me again saying

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she'll see me later then she leaves. Dad is standing there speechless.

I tell dad, let's go into the Airstream and see George. Instead, Dad turns to me and says, "Buy Tai, that girl was naked!"

I tell him it was no big deal.

Dad says, "But Tai, not only was she beautiful but she hugged and kissed you. And she was naked! What would Kelly say if she saw that?"

I tell him, "Dad, Kelly wouldn't care. Hell, since almost everyone out here is naked all the time, if Kelly saw a friend of hers, male or female, clothed or nude, she would without even thinking, hug them too. It just don't matter to us one little bit if we got our clothes on or not."

Dad shook his head saying, "I just don't understand you people."

I tell him, "It's okay Dad, everyone is different." Then I laugh and say, "Some of us are just a little more different. Now, let's visit George."

Dad still shaking his head says, "Yeah, I guess." Luckily, George had his shorts and a T-shirt on.

As we leave George's I ask Dad that since he had never seen the hot pools if he's like to stop for a look see. I tell him it's a real pretty place, and just to rib him, that they'll be lots more naked girls to look at too. Dad turns to me and says, "I think I've seem enough for one day, son. Yes, I believe I've seen enough."

I am so lucky. Not only did my Mom and Dad raise me with Love and Kindness but they accept me as I am. And let me tell you, that has not been easy for them. They are after all, completely straight. I'm a full blown freek. They worked all their lives believing in the American dream. I know we live in an oligarchy and have never worked unless I absolutely had to. They neither smoke nor drink, let alone do any drugs other than what's proscribed for them. I done every illicit drug there is and I drink daily. I only quit smoking cigarettes a few year ago because I started getting angina pains. They believe in a Christian God. I consider myself a Humanist Zen Sufi Taoist with Animistic/Buddhist/ Hindu leanings. But for all are differences we do have some thing's in common: Acceptance and respect for one another. And above all, Love for each other. I am so lucky to have parents like these. I can only hope that you do too. In fact, why don't you call your Mom and Dad right now and have a little chat with them, then tell them you Love them. I guarantee you won't be disappointed.

WHY CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG

As many of you know who've read some of these tales I am 100% utterly and completely against perpetrated physical violence of any kind. Anyone who initiates a physically violent act is always with absolutely no exception or excuse WRONG!

When I grew up there was a saying, "Sticks & stones can break by bones but words will never hurt me."

Even though as a kid I didn't adhere to this hokey old saying as I got older I came to see the wisdom in it. I know it's true, words can hurt you. However, words can never hurt you physically and resorting to a physical violent act simply because someone hurt your feelings, insulted you or has even verbally threatened you is again, always wrong, period!

There are only two defensible reasons to commit an act of violence. 1) in self defense of yourself, your family or your friends but only after you or they have already been attacked physically. 2) Mutual combat. That's it, those two and only those two. However, if you are physically attacked then you do have not only the right but the duty to defend yourself or loved ones by any means necessary.. Using any means to stop the attacker until you feel safe even if it means killing the perpetrator.

This has been my philosophy since I was a young man. It ain't like I haven't had cause to start a fight. Remember when hippies first started we were universally hated by all of society. I've been called to my face every vile name you can think of, I've been refused service in places of business, I've been spit on, had non-injurious things thrown at and on me like water and empty cans, I've even been threatened with violence, and never once did I react with violence because it is always the wrong response.

We all have the right to a peaceful life without fear of physical violence. We're all human, we all make mistakes, some on purpose and some innocently but as long as we weren't violent then no one has the right to attack us simply because we did or said something that made someone angry.

I have also carried this axiom into my life. If you do perpetrate an act of violence and I find out about it then whatever your excuse is, my reaction is, you are no longer in my universe. Meaning, I will never again speak to you or acknowledge your existence even if you are in my presence. I will simply turn my back on you.

This has happened to me several times in my life. Once a very good friend of mine who I'd

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known for over 8 years screwed up royally so I had no choice but to delete him from my life.

One night he, his girlfriend and a friend of his all got really drunk and stoned. His buddy suggested a 3-way. My friend said it was okay with him but his girl said absolutely no way. The guy not taking no for an answer instead pulled out a knife, put it to the girls throat and told her this 3-way was happening whether she liked it or not. Now here my friend being bigger, stronger and younger than the dude should have defended his girl and kick the shit out of his “friend”.

When the guys finished the girl immediately split to the nearest phone and called the cops. The cops showed up and the girl took them back to my friends place where she accused them of raping her. They of course, denied it saying she was into it until the very end then got pissed because the guy insulted her.

The cops asked the girl if she was physically hurt and if so could she show them the damage. Since she wisely hadn't resisted she had nothing to show, no wounds or even bruises. The cops then informed her that she could press charges. But they told her without any physical evidence then it would simply be a she said-he said thing and would very probably not even make it to court. The girl asked them for a ride to the nearest Greyhound station which they provided.

I heard what had happened before I saw my old friend. When I did see him first thing I asked him is did he do this horrendous act. He hung his head and admitted he did. I then told him that he was no longer in my universe.

His response was a lame, “But Tai, I was drunk!”

I told him being drunk was not an excuse then told him, 'Good bye.' and turned my back on him. Even though we do see one another on occasion I have not spoken to him since.

I know some of you reading this will see this tactic as excessive but as long as any even tolerates an act of physical violence then we are as guilty as the perps are. Unless or until the perpetrator does some kind of penance for their violent act other than rationalize or apologize then it is up to each one of us to punish them non-violently, and totally shunning them is the best I've come up with.

I will not tolerate any form of or excuse for violence in my life not from a man, a woman or dog. Anyone, except a child who physically attacks me will be dealt with in kind measure. The very few times I have been physically attacked I always responded with all the force and rage I can muster. With men and dogs I will use any weapon, any tactic, any means to stop their attack, With women I throw them to the ground telling them if they get up I will put them in the hospital. This bullshit about it's

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okay for women to hit men is just that, bullshit. There is no excuse for perpetrating physical violence, it is always wrong no matter who or what you are.

Luckily neither me or any one who attacked me was hurt badly or killed, but if any of them had it been I would have felt absolutely no remorse because they started the violence. The only way to deal with the physically violent once they start it is to become more violent then they are. Hurt them way worse than they hurt you because that's the only way a person learns that hitting hurts. Hurt them bad enough and maybe next time they feel the urge to attack someone they'll remember the time they were hurt worse and refrain from their violent behavior.

Every single living being on the earth has the right to life and not be physically attacked first for any reason what so ever other than being a food source because unfortunately, life feeds on life. For me this includes all living things from as tiny as a gnat to the blue whales, from a small weed to the great redwoods. Unless I need sustenance and you don't physically attack me then, you are welcome in my space.

Now days about the only things I harm directly are the biting stinging insects and only then when they actually do bite or sting me. Indirectly are the plants and animals that I eat.

As long as we're peaceful all of us have a right to live a life unmolested. To spend our short time here on this beautiful and savage planet dancing under the sun in harmony with one another in peace and joy.

THE WORLD IS ROUND

That's a saying in India for when you part from your friends instead of saying "see ya later" because the Indians know that life is strange and you can never tell what's going to happen or when or if you will ever meet up again. I've found that saying to be pretty true too. There's people I thought I would see again and never do, and people I thought I would never see again and do, sometimes over and over again, sometimes just once more but half a world away. Sometimes it's not a big deal either, like if you're traveling in Thailand and you happen to see someone on your plane then again in the street in Bangkok, then again in Chiang Mai or Sukothai in a restaurant, then again on Ko Samui or Pukhet on the beach. You might even catch the same mini bus to Penang or Kuala Lumpur and see them again in Singapore. They're all on the tourist trail so running into the same folks over and over again is pretty normal even though there are thousands of tourist in Thailand at any given time. Or it might happen over a shorter more intense length of time.

The last time we were in Manali we were up in the mountains in a tiny little town called Juri that is famous for it's extremely high quality hash. They make lots of it right up the hill in Malana, a totally weird place. We saw a couple of Aussies that we'd met in Agra a couple weeks earlier. We both said to each other, "Hi, how ya doin', blah, blab, blab..." then parted.

A week later we were both on the same bus back to New Delhi. The next day we saw them in our hotel lobby, the next day in a restaurant, the next at the Post Office, the next in an incense shop and the next at a chemist, then we never saw them again. Or it can happen the other way around, you might spend months hanging around with some folks really getting to know them and becoming good friends, exchange addresses, promise to meet up again at some specific place and then never hear from them or see them again. Life is strange. The strangest though is when you meet people that you never expected to see years later in far off and out of the way places.

The first time that it happened to me was when I was hitching in Oregon and some freeks stopped and asked if I needed a place to crash since it was getting late. They had a small house in the woods right outside of this little town up in the mountains.

I said "Thanx" and hopped in.

They took me to their home and made me dinner. Just as it was getting dark a pick up pulled up and out jumped Rooster and his banjo. I had met Rooster only one other time before. Three years ago

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in another small house outside a little town up in the mountains about a thousand miles away in California. I was at some freeks house who were having a party where Rooster came and played his banjo all day. And why had Rooster shown up here now? Why to invite them to a party at some friends of theirs tomorrow.

I saw him come in the door and said, "Hey, remember me?"

After a moment he did and we talked of what had happened in our lives for the last three years. He'd been living place to place, I'd been hitching around. He said that since we were old friends, I might as well come to the party too which I did. The following morning after the party I left and never saw Rooster again.

The second time it happened started when, having nothing better to do one day, I was hitching the Pacific Coast Highway just for fun. I was in Laguna Beach standing on the PCH heading north when this hot little red sports car with an even hotter looking babe stopped. Since this wasn't my usual type of ride I just stood there and thought maybe she had stopped for some other reason but after a few seconds she waved at me. I ran over to the car and smiled. When she asked where I was going I gave my usual "Anywhere you are" routine.

She told me she was on her way to Venice Beach and that I was welcome to accompany her. I threw my pack in the back and got in telling her that she sure wasn't the kind of person who usually stops for me. She just laughed then said, "Well, maybe I'm not your usual girl"

As she drove we chatted. She told me her name was Chandler. I asked if she would like to partake in a little herb. She said sure so I whipped one out, fired it up, took a toke then passed it to her. She took a hit and passed it back. When the J got about half way down I took out my green onyx dube tube, put the roach in it then passed it back to her. Chandler took one look at the stone and said, "Where'd you get that?"

I told her I had just come up from traveling in Mexico and had bought it down there.

She took it then said, "There's someone in Newport I want you to meet if that's okay with you?" I told her, no problem.

A few miles later she pulled into a gated community with a guard who took our names then called the guy we were to visit. We were allowed to proceed to the house. Chandler parked, we got out, went up to the door and were greeted by an older hippie looking dude. He hugged Chandler then she introduced him to me. His name was Captain FarOut. We went into the living room where, after we

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were seated, Chandler told Captain FarOut she wanted to show him something. Then she said, "Go ahead Tai, show him your dube tube."

I got it out and tossed it over to him.

He too looked at it then said, "Where'd you get this?"

I told him the story.

He then called out, "Hey honey, wanna see a rip-off?" and a tall thin babe appeared out of the bedroom.

She looked at the stone and asked Captain FarOut where it came from.

He told her the tale. She just laughed then went back into the bedroom. Captain FarOut followed her. When he came back out he had a box in his hands which he passed to me then said, "I invented these last year. I call them toke stones and I even have the patent for them. So what you have, my friend, is a counterfeit."

I looked inside the box, which was full of white porcelain toke stone with different designs on them.

Captain FarOut said, "I'd like to give yours to my lawyer, although I doubt it will do any good, so would you trade me yours for a few of mine?"

I told him sure and picked out a half dozen.

We then chatted while smoking a doobie until Chandler said she had to get going. As we were leaving Captain FarOut gave me some potleaf stickers saying he made and sold these too and thanking me again for trading stones with him. Chandler drove to Venice Beach where we parted company.

Four years later I was hitching on the Kona Coast on the Big island of Hawaii when this beat up old Toyota with potleaf stickers pasted all over it pulled over and stooped. I went up to the window, looked in then said, "How's it hangin' Captain?"

He looked at me and said, "Do I know you?"

When I told him about the toke stone incident he remembered. I got in and he asked where I was going.

When I gave him my "Anywhere you are." routine he said, "Me and a bunch of other stoners are living free on Spencer's Beach until they kick us out at the end of the month. Wanna come?"

I told him it sounded good to me then said, "Last time we met you were living in Newport Colony like a rich dude, so what happened?"

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Captain FarOut laughed and said, "Man, that was a long time ago and it's an even longer story. And I hate to dwell in the past so let's just forget it and smoke some of this ultra fine Puna Butter I got."

I happily agreed as he reached into his pocket, got out a joint, stuck it in one of his toke stones, fired it up, took a hit then passed it to me.

The next happenstance was between Thailand and California. Kelly and I were staying in Krabi before it got popular. There were only four bungalow places with about 20 bungalows each, some of which were real rat shacks with no bathrooms and when it rained which it did a lot, they leaked badly but they were very cheap. We met a real interesting guy there too. He was an escapee from LA who had been traveling in Thailand and had seen a Thai girl singing and was hit with The Thunderbolt. Even though he spoke no Thai and she spoke no English, he courted and married her, and they have been living in Krabi ever since some 15 years. Even he can't believe it. Anyway, after our having been there for two weeks we decided to leave. We were told that every morning at 7 a.m. a mini bus came by the bungalows and would take you to the nearest big town three hours away where you could catch a big bus to anywhere in Thailand.

Next morning we got up at 6 a.m. to catch the mini bus. Our bungalows were first in line so we got our choice of seats. By the time we got to the last set of bungalows there were only two seats left. The manager told the driver to wait he had three people to go. We waited five minutes, then ten, when it got to be fifteen. I said to Kelly that I would bet her a buck that the tourists we were waiting on are Frogs.

Kelly said no way she'd take that bet. Because of course, they were. When you travel a lot you find that certain nationalities have certain traits. The French and Spanish are always late. Israelis are always rude to everyone. Germans are always nice to each other but are always rude to the native population. The English though outwardly friendly are really condescending and reserved. The Irish and Scots love to get drunk and bash the Limeys. The Americans and Australians are always the loudest but with different accents. The Canadians always have a maple leaf somewhere on them. The Scandinavians love to party but only with each other. The Italians love to argue with each other. The Dutch and the New Zealanders are the nicest white people on earth. The Dutch because they're friendly and don't care what you do as long as you don't do it in their faces, and the Kiwis simply because they really are the friendliest white folks I've ever met in or out of their country. If you meet Germans who are really nice, they're usually either Austrians or Suisse-Deutsch. The exception to this is dopers. It does

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not matter what country they're from, they're there to party and they don't care with who.

Anyway, when the Frogs finally did grace us with their present's twenty minutes later. The three of them, two guys and a girl, saw that there were only two seats left. They pouted in only the way the French can then asked just what were they suppose to do. The driver said that either they could share the two seats or wait until tomorrow. They did not like this one bit so they talked it over for another five minute then decided to take the two seats, the girl sitting on the two guys laps then whining and complaining in English for ze whole trip, which they absolutely hate to speak.

When we got to town it was raining. The driver jumped out, opened the back and the set everyone's bags on the road. When the Frenchy's saw this they had a shit fit. How dare he (the driver) treat them like this, did he think they wanted a wet pack with wet clothes in them, blab, blah, blah... Kelly and I grabbed our packs and got out of there before we had to hear anymore. We saw them four months later in Yogakarta walking down the street, no biggie, it was on the tourist route. We didn't say anything to them and they didn't even notice us.

Two years later. Kelly and I are camping outside of a medium size town up in the Sierras. We needed some supplies so we went into town which was big enough to support a couple of supermarkets. We always went to the older one even though it was more expensive because it had the friendliest staff of any market we have ever been in, plus they had free coffee for you while shopping. Just as we were walking out the door I saw them, Le Manage Trois checking out. I say to Kelly, "Hey look, it's Le Froggays from Krabi."

Kelly looks and says, "Yeah, so what? I'm getting one more cup of coffee."

However, I go up to them and say, "Hey, remember me? We took a bus from Krabi together two years ago."

They think and pout for a moment then their eyes light up. Oui, they remember. What a horrible ride that was.

I ask them what they are doing here. It's not a major road and there are no tourist attractions within a hundred miles.

They say that someone in Fresno told them that this was a short cut to Death Valley.

Well, in miles it is but in time it's not, plus it's July and Death Valley this time of year has a daytime air temp of 120+ with a ground temp of 140+. At night it might cool down to 100, but I certainly do not want to spoil their vacation so I don't tell them about the temps. Instead I say, "It's a real

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nice place, beautiful and stark. You'll like it a lot."

They ask me the best way to get there from here.

Got a map?

They do.

Then let's have a look. I tell them that once they get over the mountain there are three ways down into the Valley then point them out to them on the map. I talk real fast so I won't waste their valuable time.

They ask what is the best way.

I give them the pro's and con's of each way. When I see that they are totally confused, I tell them happy traveling, nice to see them again then walk away, leaving them scratching their heads and discussing the routes in French. I never saw them again but I do hope they had a nice journey.

The last tale I have to tell about unusual meetings is not only the best but the most synchronistic of all. It started out when Kelly and I decided that we wanted to spend the winter in the Yucatan. We'd already traveled extensively in Mexico, our favorite country, but had never made it to the Yucatan. Mainly because it was 3000 miles from San Diego and there was so much in between to catch our fancy. Why, you could spend a lifetime on the west coast alone and never see it all, then there were the mountains and deserts but I digress. We were going to Merida then onto the East Coast of the Yucatan, home of the Maya.

We left San Diego and just eight short fun filled days of trains and busses later but at a cost of less than \$50 each, were standing on the white sands of Isla Mujeres. It's an international low end hippie version of Cancun which was just a few miles to the south. We found a place, Coco's Loco's, right on the beach that you could pitch your tent for one dollar a day which included toilets, showers and a small kitchen you could use. If you didn't have a tent then for another dollar a day they would rent you a hammock which you could hang in a shed they had built for that purpose. Since it was mostly heads and freeks, almost everyone there was friendly.

The long time stays, which we became part of, included: A young German couple who're buyers for an import shop in Germany, a Canadian-Japanese couple, two young punker girls from Boston, a cripple footed English girl, who ran the concession stand for the Mexican manager. A construction worker from Minnesota, a couple French-Canadians and their arch enemies, a group of French from France. Then there was a space case American, who dressed like he was in India and thought of himself

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as a Yogi. and the young Mexican guy who ran the place. Other's came and went but the rest of us stayed all winter. We may sound like an odd mix but except for the French faction, we all got along really well because we all loved tequila (\$2 a litre), beer (\$2 a case), and mota (dirt cheap). We partied together every night. We'd start in the morning with beer and grass, in the afternoon we'd gamble with cards or dice and who ever lost had to buy that nights supply of booze which was both fair and fun. Even though Kelly and me partied with all the long stays we soon settled down to a core group of Herman and Astrid, the Germans, Pat, the construction worker, Colleen and Mary Beth, the punkers and sometimes Lynn, the English girl.

Every day was pretty much the same: Up at sunrise for a swim in those clear warm gulf waters. A breakfast of huevos rancheros, tortillas and refries. Hang out on the beach until noon. Then a lunch of carne, tortillas and refries (our favorite restaurant was "Los Manos De Dios where the owner, a woman, would come out and while you were sitting there, spray insecticide all over your table to show you that there were no bugs in her place.) Then go back to the beach and swim again. In the afternoon we'd gamble. Then Pat, Herman and I would go to the Fishery to check out the days catch. We usually bought a two-kilo bag of shrimp tails (\$4), some big silver fish (\$2 or \$3) and sometimes lobster tails (\$2 each). On our way back to Coco's Locos we'd stop at the Mercado and pick up a shitload of fresh fruit and vegi's. After watching the sunset and fighting off the evening mosquitoes, we'd make dinner in the kitchen and feed any there who wanted to eat then clean up the dishes and get ready to PARTY! We would all sit around until midnight, drinking and gambling. (the peso at that time was only worth 4 cents but they were the size of a silver dollar so betting a peso at a time you couldn't lose too much but they sure made a satisfying clink as you tossed them into the pot.) About the only excitement we had was harassing the Texas Sadhu.

Once when he was giving us his holier than thou rap about being so pure; no meat, no dope, no booze, no sex. Which to us = No Fun! Pat tossed him a habenaro, the hottest chili pepper in the world. A pepper so hot that even Mexican males who eat a tremendous amount of hot peppers treat with respect, eating only the tiniest bits at a time. He told the Texas Sadhu if he was so pure then he should be able to eat it transforming its firey heat into pure cosmic energy.

The Texas Sadhu didn't even hesitate, he popped that hell fire right into his mouth and chewed. But not for long before he turned bright red, started sweating profusely and then promptly fainted.

We all laughed like hell thinking it was really funny but Lynn gave us hell, for some reason she

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liked him.

The only problem we had was watching out for the cops who liked to spy on us in the dark and try to catch us smoking mota so they could collect the morbida from us but if you were careful, it was cool. Only the Texas Sadhu ever got caught and then the dumb shit refused to pay off the cops so they took him straight to jail where he spent three weeks.

At Christmas we had a big party that included everyone there. Instead of cooking ourselves we all decided to go to a nice restaurant. About 20 of us took over a good portion of the place and ate and drank for the next three hours. Just as desert came, the Canuk with the Jap wife who was talking at the time said, "Excuse me." He leaned back, turned his head then puked up his entire Christmas dinner all over the floor.

His wife was embarrassed, appalled and highly pissed off while the rest of us were highly amused.

We all laughed and hooted.

The manager came over and told us to get out NOW!

We paid the bill and left with the manager telling us never to come back again. We had a lot of really fun times in that tropical paradise and were sorry when the winter was over and it was time to leave.

That year Kelly and I traveled back to the US of A then Kelly got an apartment in San Diego while I bicycled Europe for three months. She joined me in France where we lived in a campground in Amions for a month, then on to Vlagenbos campground in Amsterdam for the rest of the summer. There Kelly sold jewelry she made on the Dam until we had enough money to buy plane tickets to Karachi via Terahan during the hostage crises where we weren't allowed off the plane during refueling because we were told, we might not be allowed back on and be taken prisoner.

From Karachi we took the train up to Lahore where we smoked our brains out on some of the bestest cheapest hashish in the world. From there we went to Amitsar and hung out with the Silks at the Golden Temple before Indira had it machined-gunned. Then onto New Delhi, Pokhara, Kathmandu, Varanasi, Calcutta and Madras all by 2nd or 3rd class Indian train or bus. From Madras we went by train to Mysore then bus via Combatore to Trivandrum where we spent a couple months. Then onto Kanya Kamurie, India's southern most point.

From there to Ramaswara for the ferry to Colombo, Sri Lanka. We took a mini bus down the

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coast to Hikkidua for Christmas. Hikkidua was the same kind of place as was Isla Mujeres, an international low end hip beach resort town. It was so beautiful it was exquisite. Close your eyes, now picture the most perfect lush tropical paradise your imagination can conjure up, that's Sri Lanka. And cheap? It was cheaper than India, cheaper than Nepal or Pakistan. It was one of the most exotic places that I have ever been. It was majick before the pinheads ruined it with their stupid war over religion, may they all rot in hell for destroying that paradise.

Anyway, here we are at Christmas having lunch in one of the many tourist restaurants and who is this walking into the place exactly one year later and exactly half a world away? Why it's Herman The German. "Hey, hey, how ya doin'?" Neither of us can hardly believe it. The Indians are right. Life is strange and the World is round.

A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY

It's a beautiful day, I've borrowed my friends 1944 600cc BMW motorcycle. It's painted black with red pinstripes and an Iron Cross on the gas tank. I'm cruising around the Sierras up in big pine country on a twisty turny mountain road with the warm wind blowing in my face and a cute babe who I just picked up in the last town behind me.

I was sitting on the bike in front of a little market, sipping a bottle of brew when a cute little hippie chick wearing tight blue jeans and a T-shirt comes up to me and says how much she likes the bike. I tell her all about it, leaving out the part that it's borrowed.

She asks me for a hit of beer and I oblige even though I can see that she's not 21. I mean, what the hell, a little beer has never hurt anyone. After chatting a bit and finishing the beer she says that she sure would like a ride. Being a generous person, I say "Hop on." and off we go.

As we're riding along she says in my ear, "Can we go faster." and I give the throttle a twist running up the speed. Now, the faster I go, the tighter she squeezes me especially on the curves so I go as fast as I can. When we hit a straight-away she relaxes her grip a bit then she lowers her hands until they're resting right on my crotch which she starts massaging and getting me hard. She then unbuttons

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my Levi's and takes out my tool. When ever I gun the engine she starts twisting my throttle until I'm as hard as rock and there we are, riding down the highway in the woods with her squeezing and stroking my cock until finally, I cum in the wind.

Man, I am one happy dude, but she is not done yet. She's still working my rod even though it's starting to get a little soft. She starts biting my neck and sticking her tongue in my ear then whispering, "I want to fuck." which sounds good not only to me but to my little soldier whose starting to stand to attention again while being squeezed and massaged by those tender young hands.

I see a logging road up ahead and pull off into it. I putt up into the trees until I can no longer see the highway and stop the bike.

She whispers in my ear, "Leave the motor running." then hops off the back of the bike, kicks off her shoes, takes off her jeans and shucks her panties, then she hops back on the bike, only this time in front facing me. She finishes unbuttoning my jeans then slides herself right onto my now rigid shaft. She starts pumping her pussy up and down with my big solid cock going in and out of her hot wet slit, and every time that she slides down my pole I gun the engine.

Yeah, Man Oh Man Twist That Throttle! Grrrunnn...Grrrunn... Grrrunnn.....Grrrunnn....

Grrrunnn.....Grrrunnn.....Grrrunnn.....Grrrunnn.....Grrrunnn..... Grrrunnn.....Grrrunnn....

Grrrunnn.....Grrrunnn.....Grrrunnn.....Grrrunnn.....Grrrunnn.....Grrrrrrrrrunnnnnnnnnnn!!!!

ONLY IN SAN FRANCISCO

Here's a few short tales from the late 60's and early 70's that could only have taken place in the hippest most happening city on earth.

The Usher: While reading the paper something caught my eye, 2001: A SPACE ODDESSY was in town playing at one of the older theaters that had a big screen plus, it was being shown in stereo and 70mm. They even had a bargain matinee. I was there. I asked the other's who inhabited the commune on 25th St. with me if anyone else wanted to see one of the best films ever made. Everybody except Kerry said no. They all told me they had better things to do that day. Oh well, they're loss.

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Kerry and I went to the corner store, bought a couple cans of beer and some munchies, then took the MUNI to the theater, bought our tickets then went in. Since it was the first showing and early in the day the auditorium was fairly empty so we sat right in the middle of the center section. While waiting for the flick to begin we popped open our brews and snacks. Then lights went down and after the previews the movie commenced. Entranced, we watched the ape scene. As soon as the space scene started I asked Kerry if she want to smoke a doobie. Of course, she said yes.

I fired that puppy up, took a toke then passed it to Kerry. She took a hit and passed it back. All of a sudden there's a beam of light shining right in my face. Oh shit, we're busted! We'll probably get thrown out.

However, the usher simply says, "I'm sorry sir, but there's only smoking in the side sections. You'll either have to move over there or put it out."

I tell him I'm very sorry and we will happily move to the side section.

He thanks me, turns off the flashlight and leaves.

Kerry and I get up and move over to the side section and finish the J. A bit later we sucked down another one while the movie got better and better.

As we left the theater I saw the usher so I went up to him. Smiling I handed him a joint telling him to enjoy. He thanked me as he pocketed the hooter, then told us to come back anytime.

The Security Guard: My commune mates and I decided to hit the Filmore West on Saturday night. Joe Cocker with Mad Dogs And Englishmen were playing, and we'd heard they were hot. Plus, Joanne was dating a record executive who gave her, and us, free tickets. He was even promoting the warm up band so this time we'd even get to go to the pre-show buffet and have backstage passes. Since I was growing a lot of grass in our house, I always took a bunch of hooters with me where ever I went, especially to rock concerts. Depending on how much pot I had I would roll up anywhere from 10 to 60 joints. Then once the main band was cooking I would stand in the middle of the crowd light a doobie, take a hit then pass it left. Light another doobie and pass it right. Light another one and pass it forward. Light one more passing it back. I would do this until I had run out of weed. I'm happy to say I got turned on to a lot of different dope by other freeks who appreciated my effort.

We've been fed. The warm up and secondary bands have played their gigs so now it's JCwMDAE. And they are rocking! Cocker is singing his guts out while Leon Russell is prowling the stage keeping the band tight. This is one of the best concerts we've recently been to. It's time to pass

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out the ganja. I start lighting them up and passing them around. There's a tap on my shoulder.

Fuck! It's a security guard. I sure hope he don't 86 me, this music is too good to miss. I smile, yes?

He says, "Are you the guy passing out the J's?"

I shrug.

He says, "It's okay, there's no problem, man. But, you see those two?" He points to a couple standing about 30 feet away.

I tell him I see them.

"Well," he tells me, "Make sure you don't share any of your dope with them. They're nothing but a pair of rip-offs."

I thank him for the info then hand him a hooter.

He tells me to enjoy the concert and splits.

After that I make sure I don't pass any doobies their way.

The Cops: I'm attending one of Joanne and Kerry's weekly parties at their flat on Petrerro Hill. They are always loud and they always run late due to the copious quantities of drugs and booze involved. Plus, since Joanne and Kerry are a couple of hot young sexually liberated hippie chicks, the parties are always well attended.

It's after 2 a.m. and the stereo is turned up to max when there's a knock at the front door. Kerry, being the perfect hostess, answers. Immediately the festivities come to a screeching halt because standing there are 2 of the City's finest. The boys in blue are here and there can be only one reason for their presents. We're busted! The booze is set down, the dope is furtively stashed, the music is turned off and our clothing is rearranged. The cops just stand there watching, they've seen it all before.

Kerry swallows saying sweetly, "Yes officer, can I help you?"

The older one asks her if this is her place?

She nods.

He then tells her, "It's late and we've had a noise complaint. So you're going to have to turn down the radio and keep the party to a low roar. Understand!"

Kerry assures him that she does. The cop says, "That's real good, because if we have to come back here again tonight there will be trouble because you'll all be going to jail. Understand!"

Kerry says she understands perfectly. He stares at her for a while then says, "Okay then, just

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keep it down.” and turns to leave.

The younger cops smirks saying, “And get that pot plant out of your front window because the next cops who see it might not be as understanding as we are.”

We look over at the curtains and sure enough, there’s a flowerpot with a marijuana plant growing out of it. As he leaves he shakes his head and laughs saying, “Fuckin’ stupid hippies.”

I’ve lived in a lot of places and only in San Francisco, and maybe Amsterdam, could these events have had the outcome they did. Anywhere else, at the very least, I would have been kicked out or the event would have been shut down, but the City in those days was something special. In fact, when I lived there, 1966 to 1975, where ever I went I always carried some weed on me to use as barter. Not only did I trade for goods and services from other freeks but from the private sector as well like, stores, gas stations and theaters. I even traded joints for service from city employees. If the driver of the MUNI bus looked hip I’d give him a doobie instead of the fare. Or if we had neglected to pay our utility bills on time and the PG&E or garbage guy showed up demanding immediate payment or else, I’d simply hand him a hooter or 3. He would always be happy to cut us some slack. Even the top administrators really didn’t care too much about the use of pot among its denizens, as this last short tale will illustrate.

The DA: The Mighty Quim had just scored a quarter pound of some fine Colombian gold. Since he had copped it in Noe valley and it was a nice summer’s day, he decided to walk back to his commune on 22nd St. He put the dope in a brown bag and started strolling. At a corner he didn’t see any traffic so he crossed against the light. A beat cop saw this blatant disregard of the law and stopped Quim to chews him out. The Mighty Quim told the cop that he must be joking. This was way too chickenshit to believe. The cop got pissed and asked to see some ID because he was giving Quim a ticket. And by the way, what’s in the bag?

The Mighty Quim later told us, “Man, right then I wanted to book, but I figured the cop might just be pissed off enough to shot me. And it sure ain’t worth getting capped over a little weed so I handed him the bag.”

The cop looked inside, saw the grass, smiled then told Quim that he was going straight to jail. He cuffed Quim to the light pole and called for back up. The paddy wagon came and took the Mighty Quim to the hoosgow where he spent the next 3 days.

As The Mighty Quim tells us, “The pigs come and get me out of my cell. I tell them it’s about

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time I got arraigned so I could make bail and get out but they tell me I ain't goin' before the judge. They say the DA wants to see me first. They shackle me then lead me over to the DA's office where I have to wait another couple hours while watching a lot of suits going in and out. Finally I get called in. The DA tells me to take a seat."

"He says he sees that I don't have any criminal record. And since it'd only be a waste of his time to prosecute me for possessing only 4 ounces, the most I'd get is a couple years unsupervised probation, that he's willing to drop all the charges if he doesn't hear my name in the next year. However, if he does then he will prosecute me to the fullest extent of the law and he'll even charge me with intent to distribute. Do I understand. If I stay clean for a year, not even a parking ticket, then I'm home free."

"I tell him that I understand perfectly. From now on he will never again know I exist. He says that's good then tells me to go back out into the waiting room and wait for a cop to escort me back to the jail where I will be released as soon as possible. I thank him then leave. Pretty cool, huh?"

We all had to agree it was not only pretty cool but that he was extremely lucky too.

The Mighty Quim lights a joint then smiles saying, "Don't I know it, man. Don't I know it."

We were all very lucky to have lived in and experienced San Francisco during that wonderfully free era.

THE DEATH OF TAI OAK

The vision begins:

My own true love Kelly and I are renting a room in a house that I've never been in before living with another hippie couple and a single dude who I haven't met before. I decide to write out my Last Will and Testament leaving everything I own to Kelly. I sit by myself in the living room writing it out. After I'm done I call my roommates out of their rooms and ask them to witness my signature. They think it's kind of funny but they comply. When we're all done I call Kelly out of our room and hand it to her. She reads it, asks me what's it's all about then starts crying. I hug her, tell her I love her and that everything's all right. She stops crying and tells me she loves me too then she goes back into our room.

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Just then there's a knock at the door. I open it and see my friend George who died years ago standing there, and he does not look too good. He's real gaunt with a lot of liver spots all over his skin like he just kept aging even after he died. I give him a hug saying, "Hey, hey George, it's great to see you again."

After giving me a hug he steps back then tells me, "It's nice seeing me again too Tai." I say, "Well my friend, how they been treatin' ya?" George puts his left thumb over his left shoulder saying, "Ask him."

I look over his shoulder and see Death standing there at the bottom of the steps, and He looks just like you'd expect Him too, except I didn't see no scythe. He's tall and He's wearing a long flowing hooded dark gray robe that looks empty inside, but you just know it ain't. Except I notice that when He moves or the wind blows I can see He's wearing a Santa Clause outfit under his robe which makes me smile. George tells me, "You're suppose to go with him." George and I walk down the stairs then George says, "I gotta go this way." and points west.

I tell George, "Hey, it was sure nice seeing ya again. Take care."

George says, "Yeah, you too Tai." Then he turns and walks away.

I look up at Death then say, "Nice meetin' ya. What the haps?"

Death takes my left elbow. When He touches me everything in the scene goes black. I could still see the things around me but it was all black in black outlined. I say, "Wow, this is weird." Death doesn't answer so I say, "Sorry about all the chattering, but I am kind of nervous."

Death ignoring me starts guiding me to the East. We're walking on a road that seems to be on the crest of a hill. When I look north towards Death I see nothing but Him, but when I look south I see a huge black city that follows the down slope until it reaches a gigantic black bay. Looking at it I think, 'This looks just like downtown Seattle at night except there's no streetlights.' Everything is still black on black except in each window of every building there's a small pinpoint of white light. I turn to Death saying, "Man, this city is magnificent."

Death doesn't answer. Instead he point straight ahead of us. I see on the south side of the road we're walking down there are some 3 story Victorian houses like the kind you see in San Francisco, and again each window has a pinpoint of white light in it. I see the last house is at the top of the hill about 300 feet away. As I'm looking at the house I realize I'm hearing the *AUM* and I notice that the pinpoint of white light in the window on the third story nearest the road is a little brighter than the rest so I keep

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watching it. As I do it starts getting brighter and brighter, then all of a sudden the light explodes outward like an atomic bomb with an intensity so bright that it obliterates everything in its path, including Death and me, until there remains only the blinding white light and the *AUM*.

The vision ends.

JUDGE NOT

Kelly and I have just gotten back from Asia where we had spent five months on a beach on an island in Thailand and six months traveling around India and Nepal, and were now visiting Indian Jonny at his house in the desert. He was happy to see us and invited us to dinner the next night. He also told us he would be inviting a new friend of his so she could meet us.

"She?" we asked since Jonny was gay, she could mean either sex.

"Yes" Jonny said "A real she. I've been hanging out with this really beautiful female named Stacey. She has an exquisite little body and she's not afraid to show it off. Whenever she comes over she strips down to her panties for the entire visit. Just wait until you see her Tai."

Then he looks at Kelly who says, "Like I care."

Indian Jonny then tell us her story. Stacey is a rich girl, 20 years old, playing hippie. She drives a VW camper van and hangs out with the Rainbows in Bus village. She has a young hippie boyfriend and two dogs, and whenever her boyfriend pisses her off which is quite often, she becomes sexually promiscuous so since she young, rich, beautiful, and she fucks, everybody just loves her.

I say to Jonny, "Gee Jonny, the way you're gushing over her, maybe you should go straight and fuck the hell out of her."

Jonny just grimaces.

Kelly seeing this says, "Yeah Jonny, maybe a little hot pussy is all you need to straighten you out."

Jonny ignores her and changes the subject. After awhile we leave promising to be back for dinner tomorrow.

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Next day we get to Jonny's early so Stacey's not there yet. While Jonny is making Chili Colorado, the best I've ever had, we sit around smoking dope and watching Jonny cook. Just before dinner is ready a green VW bus pulls into Jonny's drive and out hops a tall thin girl with brown shoulder length hair. She comes in and Jonny introduces us, she hugs us then says how she's heard so much about us and is really glad to meet us, then she goes into the living room and takes off most of her clothes. I look at her and have to admit that she really does have a nice little bod and I can see why Jonny likes her body, she's got a very tight butt. Dinner's ready so we all sit down and start chowing down.

Stacey says, "Jonny tell me that you have just gotten back from a year in Asia. Tell me, what did you do all that time over there?"

Between bites I say, "Mostly we just hung out and smoked dope."

Stacey laughs and says, "No really, what did you really do."

Kelly says that's really what we did, "We hung out and smoked all the grass and hash we could."

Stacey, a little perturbed says, "You can really mean that. You had to do something else."

I say, "Not really, in fact, we stayed in this one place for five months and almost never left. We just sat around with the other heads and smoked Thai weed."

Stacey says, "Well, you must have toured some sites?"

"Not really"

"Studied the culture?"

"Just the dope culture"

"At least went shopping?"

"Only for dope."

"I can't believe you" she says hotly, "You wasted a whole year in Asia just smoking pot. What about India? You did something else there, didn't you."

Kelly says, "We hung out with a yogi for a couple of months."

Stacey cools down a bit then says, "And what did you learn from him?"

Kelly says, "Not much."

Stacey asks, "Why not?"

I say, "Because we're not his disciples, we're his friends, so we just hang out with him."

Kelly says, "Yeah, we treat him like a regular human being. He gets enough ass kissing from his disciples so he doesn't need that from us."

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I say, "Like I said, mainly when we go anywhere, we just hang out and do dope."

Stacey's mad again. She stand up and says to us loudly, "How can you people waste an opportunity like that, let alone wasting your lives using drugs!"

Jonny breaks in trying to cool thing down by saying, "Listen, let's just all enjoy our meal, shall we. It really doesn't matter if Tai and Kelly want to waste their lives smoking pot."

Now Kelly breaks in, "What do you mean 'waste our lives'. I've never known you to turn down a toke, Jonny."

Jonny says, "Come on Kelly, you know what I mean. Let's just all settle down and finish our dinner."

So silence settles over the table until Stacey says,, "I'm sorry Jonny, but I'm going to have to leave. Nice meeting you Kelly, Tai." Then she gets up, puts her clothes on then leaves.

After she's gone Kelly says to Jonny, "What's her tripp."

Jonny says, "She's anti-drugs in general and especially pot. I should have warned you."

I ask, "And she wants to be a hippie. Is she crazy or what?"

Jonny says, "She thinks that it's pot that is the cause of hippies lethargy, that if we didn't smoke it, then we'd be more politically active and things would change for the better."

I say, "Well, that's rich kids thinking all right, and any way, when was the last time she was oppressed."

Jonny just shrugs

So Kelly says, "I think we should fire up a joint right now." which we do.

A few days later we're go over to Jonny's and there's nearly nude Stacey (for some reason she never removes her panties) and she's there to use Jonny's phone. We say "Hi" and everything seems cool.

We all chat together for awhile, then Stacey says, "I think I might be pregnant so I have to call around and see who does abortions here."

Kelly says to her, "Don't you use birth control?"

Stacey says, "No, I don't put anything unnatural into my body."

Kelly tells her, "Then you're going to keep getting pregnant."

But Stacey answers, "No I'm not, because I believe that I have control over my body."

Kelly and I both laugh over that one. I say, "You must be joking. We as human beings can't even

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control our own puny little emotions, so how the hell are you going to control your entire body. And if you're pregnant now, I'd say you're not doing a very good job controlling yours."

Stacey looks at me like I am stupid then turns to Kelly saying, "You know what I mean, don't you."

Kelly says, "We do not control anything about our lives. It's just our inflated ego's telling us we do, but then ego is a notorious liar. We can no more control our bodies than we can the earth spinning around the sun."

Stacey is aghast and says, "How can you as a woman, say something like that?"

Kelly says, "Because, it's true."

Then Kelly and Stacey started arguing over whether a person, especially a woman, can control their own bodies.

Jonny stepped in saying, "Listen you two, if you want to argue then you're both going to have to leave."

So they stopped.

Stacey made her abortion calls while Kelly, Jonny and I smoked a number.

When Stacey's done with her calls she says to Jonny, "Do you know of anywhere I can find a home for Robin's (her boyfriend's) dog?"

When Jonny asks why Stacey says, "We're breaking up and he don't want it any more."

I ask her, "If it's his dog, why don't you let him get rid of it?"

She says, "He just too irresponsible."

I say, "The guy is 20 some years old and he can't take care of a dog himself?"

Stacey says, "That's right."

I say, "Maybe if you didn't do it for him, he'd do it for himself."

Stacey says, "Some people do need other people to do things for them."

I say, "You're right Stacey, so you won't mind if Kelly and me moves in with you then you can do everything for us too." and laugh.

Stacey stands up saying, "I'll see you later, Jonny." She puts on her clothes and walks out. After that whenever we see one another we're polite to each other but that's about it.

Shortly after that Kelly and I leave the desert and don't return for almost a year. When we do we go over to Indian Jonny's house to visit him to catch up on all the local gossip which he's just chucked

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full of it. When he gets to Stacey he tells us, "Man, you won't believe what happened to Stacey. After spending the winter with the Rainbow's, she hook up with the Deadheads for the summer and spent the whole summer following the Dead and, get this, she started snorting coke, then shooting smack."

We go, "What!"

And he says, "Yeah. By the end of the summer she was a full blown coke head and a stone junkie."

I say, "Well, I guess she must have choose it, after all she does control every aspect her own life. Does she smoke pot yet?"

Jonny says, "Of course. Also, she had a couple more abortions last year and she's still not on the pill."

We just shake our heads and say, "Typical."

Jonny continues, "She's sold her van and daddy bought her a very nice school bus which she's fixed up real pretty inside and has a bitchen paint job on the outside. So now she's a real hippie."

I say, "Except for the fact that daddy still supports her. Not too many hippie have rich parents."

Jonny says, "Now don't be jealous Tai."

And we all laugh at that.

Kelly asks, "Is she still a junkie?"

Jonny answers, "Nah, her parents put her in Betty Ford for a month, so for now she's not doing anything." Another rich girl perk, but we all agree that it's a good thing.

A week later Kelly and I are visiting Jonny's and in walks Stacey. We all say "Hi" then Stacey says, "Have you heard? I've got a bus now."

We say that we did then I say, "We also heard that spent the summer hooked on smack and coke and had to detox. But I guess that's not as bad as us smoking pot."

Stacey give Jonny a dirty look then says sadly to me, "You guys just don't understand."

I look her right in the eyes saying, "You're wrong Stacey. We understand all to well. We understand that we are all just human. With all of our frailties and foibles and all our wants and desires. That we are all just trying to get though this life with all of us doing the very best that we can. It was just foolish of you to think that you could control any of it. I mean, life happens and we all have to just deal with it."

But Stacey's not listening. She's already decided that I am nothing but an insensitive ogre. She

just shakes her head and walks out of the house. We see Stacey from time to time but whenever see us she avoids us and hasn't spoken with us since that day. We hear that she's doing well though living in her bus, eating veg, smoking dope, fucking guys and is now Queen of the Hippies.

THE VISION QUEST

This is NOT a Vision Quest for neurotic yuppies who want to feel good about themselves or for juvenile delinquents who need to learn to co-operate with each other and society. This is the Vision Quest that you do alone, that can kill you or drive you insane if you are not prepared or do not have the heart and balls to see it through. For this Vision Quest you must be physically, mentally and spiritually ready and you must have The Will. Did you read the tale "A Natural High"? Do you have the Will Power to do the fast for at least 10 days? If not, then do not try this. Just sit back and relax and read this as you would any other fairy tale. It might be something interesting to read about but it's not something that you would want to try.

I've met lots of people in my life who are looking for God, for a miracle or for just Faith in themselves. I've told them about the fast and the Vision Quest. Of the hundreds that I've told, maybe five have actually done it and they all found exactly what they were looking for, what they needed to sustain themselves in their lives and are content. The others all say that it sounds interesting but like too much work, that they'd rather be unhappy and anyway, what would happen if they really found what they were looking for, then what, huh? I know a few folks who do the Vision Quest. One young guy I know does it every year. He says "Sometimes I just gotta go up on the mountain and show my soul to God and see what He has to say about how I'm doing in my life." now that's the attitude to have.

I've done the Vision Quest many times, some of them you might read about in these stories, other's I'll just keep to myself. I've done them in every kind of natural setting, the Green Cathedrals of the forest and jungles which are truly majickal, on the Mother's bare body in the deserts where the Power lies, and on the shore engulfed by the immensity and eternity of the Ocean. Each ones a different path to the same end, so pick whichever one suites you best to find yourself.

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So, if you're not going to just read about it and do it then here's what you'll need to prepare yourself. First you have to ask yourself if you really want to do it. Are you physically, mentally and spiritually ready to risk your life and your sanity in order to accomplish it, and do you have The Will? If so then read on, if not then wait, if you truly want it then the time will come, for this is not something not to be lightly undertaken. Choose your favorite time of year and of the month, full moons are majickal, new moons mystical. Choose your favorite type of setting, just be sure that there will be no other people around to bother you. If you work, choose the least stressful time of the year and take your vacation around it. I guarantee it'll be one that you'll never forget.

About a month before your chosen date with your Fate, do the 10-day fast to clean all of the poisons out of your body and to get your Will ready. For the rest of the months eat only natural foods, fruits, nuts, legumes, vegetables, beans and whole grains. Eat as much as you like, you'll need your strength. Eat no meat, dairy, processed foods, nothing preserved, canned, frozen or freeze dried, no white sugar, only the natural sugars that you used in your fast or honey, no chemicals, drugs, alcohol or psychedelics except maybe a little grass. Some people I know drink only distilled water but I've never noticed any difference. Stay away from stressful situations. Stay away from the horrible media; no TV programs, no newspapers, Time, News Week or National Enquirer, remember no news IS good news. Listen to only music on the radio, again no news or talk shows. Instead, read a book, listen to music, call a friend, your parents or your children for a chat, watch one of your favorite videos or take in a nonviolent movie, make love with your spouse, play games with your kids and loved ones. Talk to people but stay away from politics and religion or the news, watch the sunrise and set, and the moon and stars spin around the sky at night. Do some low impact exercises, like yoga, biking, swimming or walking, and meditate a little. Relax and enjoy your life and those around you. If you have spiritual advisors, consult with them. You should be happy and at peace, then when Fate comes, you will be ready. In fact, you might be so contented with this type of life that you might not even want to do the Vision Quest, and I say good for you, because being happy and content is what this life is all about. The Vision Quest can wait until next year or the year after that, there's no hurry, you've got your whole life to get around to it.

Okay, you've had your month of clean living and are ready to go for it. Take your pack and put into it: a change of clothes, a hat, a jacket/raincoat, a towel, your basic toiletries but leave the razor at home. Then some bug juice, some medical supplies including a sharp knife and tweezers, matches, a

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lighter, a 2 gallon collapsible water jug (or two if your going into the desert), a quart water bottle. For nighttime, your sleeping bag and a tarp big enough to cover yourself in case it rains and a foam sleeping pad. And lastly, a few pounds of trail mix (no sugar added). Take a pint of maple syrup for quick energy. Leave your watch at home. You've chosen an area to do it in but not a specific place because you'll want your instinct, your Will and your Fate to lead you to the exact spot. Don't tell anyone what you are going to do, just tell everyone that you love them, thank them for all they've done for you then go. When you get to the area, start walking and look for a stick that suits you that you can use for your walking stick. Keep walking, munching the trail mix as you go. If you see a way that appeals to then take it, follow your instincts and your Heart. Relax and enjoy the walk, don't think, just go the way that pleases you.

After a day or two of walking you will find your place, you'll know it when you see it. Sit down, tell the place why you are there, ask if you can stay. Meditate on it, feel it, if it's right you'll know, if not then keep walking until you do find the right spot. If the place tells you that you are at hOME then go back to the closes water source and fill your jugs. You may want a small fire so collect some sticks to burn at night. Draw a circle about 10 feet in diameter with your stick, clean all of the loose debris out of it, leaves, rock sticks, etc. Set out your stuff, make sure everything you will need for the next couple days is inside the circle, because you are not leaving until your ordeal is over, or you die

As long as you stay inside of the circle you'll be safe. There aren't many man eating predators left in the wild so the only dangers that you will have to face inside the circle will be from your own Mind. But let me tell you folks, they can be killers. Now all you have to do is wait. Find a spot that you feel the most comfortable in and sing some songs that have meaning to you. If you brought your advisors with you, consult with them, meditate, do yoga, pray, chant mantras and watch the miracle unfold all around you. Try not to think. If your mind is too active, I've found a good way to quiet it is to simply count your breaths. The mind will want to intrude upon your counting but just ignore it, soon it will shut up and you will have peace. Eat nothing, drink a sip of water only when you are really thirsty. If you feel that you must sleep then take a 20 minute nap otherwise stay awake, watch and wait. When night comes if you feel the need, build a small fire and meditate on it, but it's better if you can just watch the night. Stay awake. Do not sleep or eat. Pay attention to what is going on all around and within you. Within the next 1 to 3 days it will happen. What it will be for you I can not say. That is for you to see, but it will fulfill you and all of your desires. After it's over you will know what to do. Usually it's pack

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up, erase the circle, thank the place and leave the way you came but sometimes not, in any event you will know.

See, it's not so hard to become part of this miraculous totality. All you need is a healthy body, an accepting Mind, a strong Spirit, an open Soul, and a Will of ice on the verge of melting. Then you too can look upon the face of God and be complete.

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT

I did see my friend one Fast Fred more time. I was hanging out with a local band, playing roadie up in Nevada City. The band had gotten a gig at the community center in North Columbia for a Saturday night. After we were all set up and the doors were opened, in walks Fast Fred with Lisa on his arm. We see each other and it's, "Hey hey, what's the haps?"

I tell them my story and they tell me theirs. They had gotten tired of the Truckee area and had relocated to up here in about the same situation. They were living on someone else's land in their gypsy wagon and Fred and his brother were still planting trees. Fred asked me if I wanted to go home with them after the concert and since I had nothing better to do said, why not. We hung out together taking turns dancing with Lisa and some of the other hippie babes. When the band was finished we helped them put their equipment away then I told the band, "see ya later" and left with Fred and Lisa.

Fred still had that Land Cruiser and as we drove to their new digs Fred told me that one reason that they left Truckee was that they had heard of this New Age commune that was going on up here and that they were thinking of joining it. He said that tomorrow morning I could go with them and check it out. I told him that I wasn't too enthused about any religion either old or new age. But what the hey, I do try to keep an open mind. Lisa said that the commune had built a giant geodesic dome to hold services in. That it was all white and was full of really good energy and people. I asked if they had any good pot to smoke and they said no, so I broke out my stash and we toked up. The rest of the ride was pretty much in stoned silence.

When we got to their place it looked about the same as their last camp. The gypsy wagon sitting

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by a creek under some trees at the end of a logging road. We smoked another doobie, chatted a little then turned in, Fred and Lisa in the gypsy wagon and me under the stars. Next morning we had breakfast and a wake up joints then headed over to the New Age commune.

When we got there, I said that the land didn't look right and Lisa told me that the commune was located on an old hydraulic mining area and that's why it looked so sculptured with the trees were so short. The parking lot was full vehicles of every sort and age but all the folks standing around looked like hippies around our age with lots of kids. We got out of the Toyota and started walking towards the dome following a steady stream of other people.

As we were walking, I heard these two young boys about 10 years old who were behind us talking. They were saying, "Are you afraid of the Devil?"

"I don't know, are you?"

"Well, He can steal your soul and send you to Hell. So maybe I am."

"Yeah, me too."

When they said that, I turned around and said in my deepest growlingest voice with my eyes bulging out and looking wild, "Are you two afraid of ME!"

They looked up at me with big round eyes and said, "What?"

So I bellowed again "Are you afraid of ME!"

With that they plucked up some courage and said, "Why should we be scared of you?"

Because" I yelled, "I AM THE DEVIL!" Then laughed like a fool.

The boy's mouths fell open and about that time a woman, probably their mother, came up to them, grabbed them by their arms and said to them, "Don't listen to him, he's not the Devil. He just a crazy old man."

But I laughed and hollered, "No boys, I AM THE DEVIL! So if you're not afraid of me then you don't have to fear the Devil."

The woman drug the boys away but they were staring at me until she got them out of sight.

I was laughing but Fred said, "Why did you do that Tai?"

I told him that trying to scare kids with the Devil was a bunch of shit and I wasn't going to listen to it. And what kind of New Ager's believed in the Devil anyway?

They just shrugged and we walked on.

We got to the dome and it was huge, the biggest I had ever seen. We went inside and it was one

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big room with no furniture but it had a small slightly elevated stage. The acoustics of the place was the best thing about it. The whole dome was filled with whispers. You could hear the person you were talking to, but you could also hear conversations of folks across the room and when you moved the conversation changed. Lisa said, "I told you this was a high energy place."

And I had to agree, it was bitchen. When the dome was full of people, a guy with a couple girls trailing behind him came into the room. He greeted everyone and bade us to sit down, which we all did on the floor. Then he gave a benediction that ended with all of us chanting the AUM. After that he launched into his sermon, and I could hardly believe it! It was the same old tired guilt trip bullshit that all the churches of the world have been laying on us for the last five thousand years, only it was dressed up in different words. Instead of sin, it was karma, instead of heaven, it was nirvana and instead of hell, it was reincarnation. I looked around to all the supposed hip people listening to this asshole with rapt attention and I couldn't believe it. After another maybe 10 minutes of this shit I stood up and said, "How can you people listen to this bunch of crap?"

Then I walked out with the preacher saying what did I mean by that? But I certainly wasn't going to debate the creep, it wasn't worth my time so I just left.

I then walked into the nearest stand of trees and meditated until I heard the people coming out of the dome. I stood in the trees until I saw Fred and Lisa walking back toward the Toyota then I joined them.

When they saw me Fred looked angrily at me and said, "How could you say that to them in there?"

I said, "Come on Fred, that's the same old oppressive horseshit that we're suppose to be liberating ourselves from. You don't believe that garbage do you?"

Fred says, "Well no, but at least they're trying."

I said sarcastically, "They're trying all right."

But Fred didn't see the humor in that and said, "I told you, we were thinking of joining this commune. Well, I guess that's over now especially with you yelling about being the Devil. And then insulting not only the High Priest but the whole congregation."

I said, "Then you are lucky. What a bunch of uptight maroons."

Lisa said, "Come on now Fred, they can't blame you for what Tai said. Now let's all get in the jeep and go home before someone gets mad."

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Fred said okay and I just shrugged.

On the ride home everyone is quiet. I ask if they want to burn a number?

They don't want to so I smoke one myself.

When we got back to their camp Fred said to me, "Ya know Tai, everyone can't be as hip as you. Some of us need something to believe in."

I said, "Then believe in yourself and this wonderful universe that we are now in."

But Fred said, "Maybe that's not enough for some folks."

I look at Fred and said sadly, "Then I feel sorry for you and them, because we exists here and now in this miracle that we're living in. What could be more improbable or implausible than THIS! It's something more than I could even hope to fathom. I can hardly believe how incredibly lucky I am just to be here participating in all of this majickal marvelous beauty right now. "

Fred doesn't know what to say, so I tell him that I'll just grab my pack and leave.

Lisa said, "You don't have to go, Tai."

I went over to her and hugged her. Then got my stuff, walked back over to Fred and told him, "So long, buddie." and shake his hand.

He asked if I wanted a ride to the road. I told him, "It's such a beautiful day I think I'll just walk out."

He said okay then, "You know Tai, you're always welcome here." and hugged me.

I told him, "I know." Then I shouldered my pack and walked off into this wonderful miracle that is this Life thinking of something the philosopher Arnold once said, "Is it so small of thing to have enjoyed the Sun, to have lived light in the spring?"

HOLI HEY!

The biggest noisiest most colorful party in the entire world happens every year on the second full moon of the lunar calendar when close to one billion souls in India, Sri Lanka and Nepal, that's almost every man, woman and child, party for 3 nights and 3 days. It's total anarchy, chaos, madness, and heaven for the entire Indian sub continent, and it's name is Holi.

It actually starts two weeks before with a festival called Shiva Ratri dedicated to Lord Shiva, the God of Creation and Destruction, Lord of the Dance. On the night of the second new moon of the lunar year when the new moon first shows its horns is the signal for it to begin. Some families stay at home to celebrate, some go to temple along with all the Sadhus, Babas, Yogi's, Swami's and other assorted Holy men and women of India. The ones that stay at home will say prayers, burn incense, sing songs, chant mantras, do puja (a mixture of ghee, milk, and honey that they then smeared on the Shiv-Ling and other manifestation of Shiva), put tika (colored chalk and flower petals) on their foreheads. Then eat and drink bhanj for the next night and day. Every member in the house hold from the youngest child to the oldest adult will partake of this holy sacrament, get high and worship Shiva, The Good God. According to archaeologist, Shiva has been continually worshipped in this manner non-stop for the last 15,000 years making him the oldest God in existence. OM NAMA SHIVA!

At the temples things are a bit wilder. When the moon shows itself, the priest lights a giant bonfire that will keep burning for the entire festival. In fact, the admission to the temple is wood. When the fire is lit a great cheer arises from the faithful and is followed by much dancing, singing and chanting. All the Holy Men assemble and bhang is passed out to be eaten or drank. Chillums are packed with a mixture of tobacco, ganja and charras. A live coal is dropped into the chillum, BOM SHIVA, BOM BOLI! The chillum is passed around, where first the holy smoke is offered to the God then is sucked into the lungs of man. Huge billows of the Holy Smoke come wafting out of the temples and you can get high just standing down wind from one. This continues as long as Shiva Ratri lasts. The music gets louder, the dancing wilder and the singing and chanting more intense. Everyone is High on Shiva and his Holy Host. This is also one of the major holidays for the Nega Babas. They come from their caves, huts, trees and their wanderings to assemble by the thousands, all naked with uncombed hair down to the ground. They're covered in ash to celebrate this most Holy of Nights and when the sun rises the revel still doesn't stop. The tired are replaced by renewed and the tired rest, eat

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more bhang, smoke more chillums and are renewed themselves. The dancing, music, singing and chanting go on for the entire day and into the next night, and still, it doesn't stop. It just gets more intense, more Holy. This goes on until the second morning, only then does the priest allow the fire to go out and this is the end of Shiva Ratri. Though most of the revelers are still so high from the 36 hours of worship that it will take them a couple days to come down and leave the temple. And this is just a prolog to Holi which last twice as long and is much more intense.

Holi, dedicated to Lord Krishna an incarnation of Vishnu, the God of Preservation, starts on the first night of the next full moon. After it's completely dark and the full moon has risen, all the fires in all the households in all of India are extinguished and everyone in every village assemble in a field closes to the headman's house where a great pile of wood has been placed. When the full moon reaches it's zenith, the headman and the village priest say a prayer then the headman lights the bonfire. The people immediately start dancing and singing around the fire. This goes on for a couple hours, then each family takes a faggot from the fire and returns home to light this years household fire which will burn continuously until next years Holi. The next morning all are ready to play Holi. The men and the children are armed and the women have prepared the Pasad, the Holi food. Everyone puts their oldest white clothes on and wait.

The children are the first out of the houses at dawn, they form a mob and wait for the first adults to show their faces and when they do, the children attack showing no mercy. They're armed with every kind of squirt gun filled with every color liquid, red, green, fuchsia, purple, vermilion and turquoise. In their hands is a paste made of mustard oil and all the dye colors. They squirt the adults and rub the paste into the adult's hair, face and clothes. They attack with viciousness following the adults until the adults run for shelter into a friends home but there's no refuge in there either. For their friends have paste that they rub all over each other. They have powdered colored chalk in all the bright colors that they throw on each other. And they have buckets of dye that they pour all over one another. After everyone is soaked and colored from head to toe, the women bring out the Pasad. Everything's that eaten or drank contains bhang. The children come in for the Pasad and are fed. They also remind the adults that they're waiting just outside and that the adults have to visit all of their friends to take Pasad with them in the next 3 days. The children have plenty of time. While they're waiting for the adults to reappear, they amuse themselves in other ways. There's each other to color and there's also the cows, goats, dogs, pigs, horses, chickens and donkeys to color, and there's the cars, trucks and tractors, the outside walls of all of

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the houses to color, even the trees and rocks to color.

The musicians of the village form a band for a parade of music and dance through the village streets and the children attack with glee. The Priests and Holy Men come out into the streets to chant and pray and to bless the people, and the children show them no mercy. Even mothers and grandparents, the most venerated members of the village, are joyfully attacked by their own progeny. No one and nothing is safe. All are colored and all are Holy.

This continues throughout the whole day and late into the night. Friends are visited, bhang is eaten, color is anointed. After the evening meal is finished the children are put to bed to rest up for tomorrow. The women go into the kitchen, but instead of cleaning up, they turn on each other, they throw, pour and smear color all over one another shrieking with delight. The men retire to a common room to eat more bhang, smoke chillums, drink homemade wine and spirits and to play cards and gamble. This goes on until everyone is just too high to stay awake any longer. Quiet descends on the village for a few hours.

At dawn, everybody gets up washes off yesterdays color, puts on their now multi-colored clothing, has breakfast and is ready to play Holi for another day which is wilder than the first. More music, more dancing, more color, more food and more bhang. Everyone is Holy, intoxicated with life and possessed by the Great God Krishna. No one can do any wrong. The second day is more intense than the first. The people are still high from the first day and still have the energy to party. The men start smoking, drinking and gambling earlier. Everything becomes a blur of sight, sound, smell, taste and touch with no individual meanings. The second day then ends like the first.

By the third day only the hardy are out in the streets. The children make a half hearted attempt to form a mob and attack. The women and older folks stay in their homes to eat and rest. Only the young men are still out there, they still have the energy. They are still Holy. They have no one else to play Holi with but each other and they do so with a vengeance. They still eat the bhang, smoke the chillums, drink the alcohol and cover each other with Holy color. By sundown of the third day even they have had enough and go home to rest.

Kelly and I have played Holi in India a few times. It's our favorite holiday festival in any country in the whole world. Total chaos reigns for 3 nights & 3 days. We immerse ourselves in it and are renewed by it. Most tourists hide in their hotels for Holi, it's too wild and strange for them. But if you can get into it and fully participate in it you will experience India and its culture at its greatest.

YOU GOTTA FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT TO PARTY!

At the hot springs Lauren, a dedicated head, tells everyone that she is out of pot, something she dose not like one little bit. Does anyone know anywhere any of us can score some? It's the dry season so we all just shake our heads and tell her if she can find anything decent we'll be happy to buy some from her. However, Mike, one of the regulars, tells her he knows someone in Yuma with kilo's for \$500. But Mike is kind of flaky so most of us don't have a lot of faith in his ability to score anything good. None the less, since Lauren is desperate and has the cash, she says that sounds good to her.

She and Mike make plans then leave for Yuma the very next morning in Lauren's car. None of us see either of them for about a month. Then one day Lauren shows up with this story:

"When we got to Yuma we drove straight to Mike's connection but he was completely out of grass and didn't know anywhere else we could score some. Plus, since it was dry, he didn't even know when he would receive his next shipment so there was no use of us hanging out and waiting. Mike and me talked it over. I told him I certainly didn't want to go back to the hot pools empty handed. So Mike says that if they go over to the City Park and hang out we just might meet a dealer there. (A accurate but very dangerous assumption, since this is Yuma, Arizona, a city right on the border of Mexico.) Within a short time we meet a guy who says he can get me a kilo for \$600. I look the dude over. He looks like a head so after thinking about it I say okay. The dude asks to see the cash. I dig it out of my pocket and show it to the guy."

"As soon as I do the asshole whips out a badge and a gun screaming, "Hold it right there! You're both under arrest."

"I take one look at the cop, get really pissed off then yell, "The hell with this shit!" and take off running down the street."

Here Lauren laughs then continues, "While I'm was running I'm thinking, 'Fuck these cocksuckers if they think they can take me without a fight!' So I get an idea. As I'm running I also start stripping off my clothes, dropping them right in the street until I am stark naked. (Lauren has numerous tattoos all over her body, one of them is of Pegasus, which covers her whole back.) I think, "let's see how these pigs deal with a naked chick."

"The cop, after hand cuffing Mike to a bench starts chasing me. Since taking off all my clothes

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slowed me down quite a bit it don't take him long to catch me. When he does I start yelling, "You motherfucker! You can Kill Me but you cannot Stop Me from Smoking Pot!"

He don't know what to do. He's holding me by my arms and telling me to put my clothes back on."

"But I scream, "Help! Rape! Someone help me!"

Some other people come over. As soon as he sees them he shows them his badge then tells them that I am under arrest. And for them to call 911 and tell them that an officer is in need of assistance."

"I start yelling at him, "Fuck off Pig! Kill me! Put in prison! Do what you want. But I ain't goin' to stop smoking weed!"

"He tries to reason with me but I just cuss him."

"He drags me back to where Mike is, then he cuffs me to Mike. Mike is just sitting there bawling like a baby. The cop leaves us and goes and picks up my clothes. He comes back and asks me to put them back on. I just glare at him and cuss him some more."

"He then asks Mike why he's crying like a baby."

"Mike tells him that he's never been arrested before."

"The pig tells Mike to stop blubbering. Why, it's no big deal. We're just going to jail, that's all. This statement just makes Mike cry harder and me cuss him louder."

"By the time back up comes we have quite an audience. I can laugh now because we were a real sight. A hippie looking dude standing over a grown man crying like a baby and a pissed off naked screaming woman. The cops discuss what to do with us. They try to calm us down and to get me to put my clothes back on, but it just makes me madder and Mike cry louder. They decide they want no part of this action so they put us in the back of separate cop cars then instead of jail, they take both of us to the nut house."

"When we get there they just lead Mike away because he's not crying so hard since he found out he ain't going to jail. But they try to reason with me to at least put my clothes back on."

"I tell them, "Fuck Off and Die You Pigfuckers! You can Kill Me! You can Lock Me Up! But, Fuck You, if you think you can Stop Me from getting High! I ain't puttin' on no clothes or cooperating with you in any way. Go ahead and do your worse."

"And now I'm so mad I start crying. They gently get me out of the cruiser and lead me into the loony bin where they have me sit down. There they give me a shot of liquid Valium, which calms me

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right down. They ask if now I will put on a hospital gown."

"I refuse and again tell them I won't cooperate with them. They can either kill me, lock me up or free me. They give me my very own room. The first few days I won't even eat their food. But then they tell me that if I don't start eating then they will be forced to force feed me. The next 3 weeks are pleasant enough. Since I'm naked everyone pretty much leaves me alone, except for once a day when I have to see the shrink. Hell, they even keep me high on the liquid Valium so I won't harm myself since I told the shrink that I'd rather be dead than stop smoking pot."

"One day they come into my room and tell me that if I put my clothes on then I'm free to go. I ask about the charges against me?"

"They tell me there are none. The DA decided not to prosecute."

"I ask about my cash?"

"They say that I can put a claim in for it with the county."

"I ask about my car?"

"They tell me it's in impound and I'll have to pay to get it out."

"I ask about Mike?"

"They tell me that Mike will be let loose in a couple days with no charges against him either."

"I tell them, "Fine. You can bring me my clothes."

"They do and after one more visit with the shrink, with him telling me I need to seek out professional help, I sign some papers and am now a free woman. I hitched back and here I am."

I ask her if she's going to get her car back and is she putting in a claim in for her money.

She says, "Naw. Their both gone. I'll just chalk it up to experience. The ride ain't worth the impound fees, and for the bread I'd have to go down to Yuma to hassle over. And anyway, I'm sure they'll never give it back to me."

Mitch shows up a few days later with his story. They had put him in the observation ward for 30 days then had cut him loose with no charges filed against him.

I tell them how lucky they are. What were they thinking trying to buy a kilo off the street?

But Lauren and Mike just shrug. And even though Lauren still has no grass and is still pissed about being ripped off by the cops for the \$600, both she and Mike have plenty of pills from the nut house to get high on.

TAHITIAN INTERLUDE

I, along with my lover Kelly, have been lucky enough to have traveled through and lived in some of the most beautiful places on this wonderful earth, but none of them have matched the exquisite, almost aching, beauty of Bora Bora. We've been on the jungle beaches southern Mexico and the Yucatan, the island jewels of the Caribbean and the lush rainforest of the Olympic Peninsula. We've lived in that paradise called the Hawaii Islands. We've been to Nepal and Kashmir where every morning you awaken to the splendor of the majestic Himalayas. We've traveled the glorious islands of south Thailand and the superb islands of the northern Philippines. We stayed in southern France where it looks as charming as a painting and on the picturesque isles of Greece. We've lived on the lush volcanic island Java and even on the magnificent Bali, which is said to be the most beautiful place on the planet.

But none of them can touch the stunning splendor of Bora Bora, not even any of the other beautiful islands of Tahiti. It is the most gorgeous spot on the earth. Bora Bora is quite simply, perfect. There is nothing you could either add to it or take away from it to make it more lovely. It's a small lush tropical island with a cindercone rising up to the sky out of its center. It's surrounded by a clear shallow lagoon which itself is encircled by smaller islands called motu's. Outside the motu's is the coral reef with the waves of the mighty blue Pacific breaking upon it. Kelly and I were fortunate enough to spend an entire month on Bora Bora and for the entire stay, we were totally enchanted.

Kelly and I flew into Papeete from New Zealand and were floored not only by Tahiti's beauty but by the prices as well. And we thought Kiwiland was expensive! Man O Man, it was going to cost us \$50 a day to simply camp and eat. Fruit, fish and pork were about the only things locally grown or produced, everything else was imported and most of that came all the way from France. Camping was \$10 a day per person just to put up a tent and have use of the bathrooms. We headed over to the dock the very next day and that night caught a freighter for Bora Bora. Next morning we had arrived and we were astounded by Bora Bora's splendor. But first things first. Where's a cheap place to camp? As we got off the boat all the other tourists, almost all of whom were from Europe, headed straight for the islands only campground. After they'd left I started asking some of the locals if they knew of anyone who, for a small fee, would let us camp on their property. I was directed to one of the island's bus drivers.

When I found him he told me that he had a house right on the beach on the back side of the island and we could camp in his backyard for only \$10 a day for the both of us, he even had an outside

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shower and toilet. Plus, since he was the bus driver he would let us ride in the bus for free anytime he was driving. What a deal! We accepted and got on the bus. We were the only one to camp at his house for the entire month that we stayed with him and his family. His wife let us use their kitchen and a few times we even had meals together. Much better than camping and sharing a bathroom with a bunch of arrogant eurotrash who all know they are much better than anyone else.

During our time there Kelly and I, using the bus driver's bicycles, rode around the entire island, then a little at a time, we walked around it. Whenever we got tired, we'd simply stop and wait for the bus to come by. I even hiked through the jungle up to the cindercone to check it, and the view, out. Also, a couple times a week the bus driver and his family would take a boat trip across the lagoon to one of the motu's where they had a large garden to tend. When ever they went Kelly and I would tag along. While they were farming, we would lay on the beach and swim in the sea. The beach was covered with debris and if you disturbed any of it, hermit crabs would come scurrying out, each wearing a different type of shell that they had appropriated. There must have been thousands of them.

Swimming in the ocean was unbelievable. The water was the clearest I've ever seem. It was so transparent and clean that if it weren't for the sun glinting off its surface, you wouldn't have known it was there. It was just like looking through pure glass crystal. Plus, the air and water temperature are about the same so it hardly mattered if you were in the sea or on the beach. Also, this is where the reef started, and the sea life was both abundant and varied. I'd take a mask and snorkel with me, dive in then spend hours cursing the reef looking in wonder at the myriad of life in all it's many shapes and sizes. From tiny fish, who were almost totally transparent to large parrotfish that shimmered all the colors of the rainbow. There were clams as small as a dime to ones as big as a dinner plate. Coral that looked like a brain and coral that looked like a delicate fan waving in the breeze. Octopus and eel, crab and sea urchin, starfish and cowry all inhabited the reef. But the most impressive were the giant manta rays. Huge bat like things that silently swam by me. I've swum in a lot of tropical seas and this was one of the best. I loved every second of it. When it was time to leave, Kelly and I would help the family load their boat with the produce they'd harvested that day and back across the lagoon we'd all travel.

Kelly and I loved the whole time we spent on Bora Bora. We were sorry when our funds finally ran out and we had to take the big silver bird back to the US. Bora Bora is truly a Paradise. Some people I've talked to who've visited there have told me, "Yeah, it is really beautiful, but it's so dull there. Once you've seen the island there nothing else to do. After a couple days I was ready to leave. I

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don't see how you stood it for a month. As far as I'm concerned, it ought to be called Boring Boring."

I have never understood this type of thinking. What more could these people want from life? Nothing to do! My God, you exist. You're alive! Just look around you. The sun up in the sky shining down on you in the day warming your body. A gentle breeze is blowing past you caressing your skin. At night there's the moon and stars circling over your head. There's the sea to swim in and under, to frolic and to fish in. Plus the land itself to live on and play on, including all the interesting people, animals, places and things to interact with. Nothing to do. There's so much to do and, with our short lives, we have so little time to experience even a fraction of the extraordinary miracle of our life on this wonderful earth.

Bora Bora is the most exquisite place I've ever been. And if it's not the most beautiful location in the entire world then I'd sure like to know where it is, because where ever it is it must be killer!

A FABLE: THE SHORTEST MAN IN THE WORLD

There once was a boy living with his family on a prosperous farm in northern India. Vinood was a happy and carefree lad of 10 years and just about to enter puberty when one day while working out in one of the families fields he was bitten by a cobra. Being bitten by a cobra in India is considered both a blessing and a curse. Vinood lingered on deaths doorstep for 3 days and 3 nights then he gradually started getting better until after a month he seemed fully recovered. However, in the village he was no longer called Vinood. He was now called, "The boy who was bitten by the cobra" and everyone in the village including his friends and relatives started treating him differently. Not better or worse, just as someone different. Someone who had been bitten by a cobra and who had survived death.

Everything went okay until all the boys his age had gone through puberty. While all the other boys had grown taller, he had remained the same height as he had when he was bitten, about 5'4". This was a real disaster. The village he lived in was made up of tall people, some of whom were the tallest in the region. In fact, there lived in the village a man who was over 2 meters tall and was the tallest man in

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the entire area. He was a great source of pride to the village. Whenever any other tall man came into the village he was immediately taken over to the tall mans house and measured up. No on had ever been taller. Now Vinood was looked down upon by the adults of the village and taunted not only by the other village children but by his friends as well. Only his family seemed to accept him. Since Vinood now had no friends he now buried himself in his schoolwork. When the other boys had a cricket game, he learned English, while they played soccer, he studied math and when they flirted with the girls he stayed home and read books.

Within a year Vinood became the top student in his class but he was not happy especially when he found out that he would never marry. No family in the region would ever consent to allow one of their daughters to marry such a short man. In India this is considered very bad. If a man cannot marry and have children then he will never be anything more than a boy. Even your own family will be ashamed of you. Vinood spent the next few years either working on the family farm or studying or going to school. Since his peers would have nothing to do with him he was mostly alone and lonely, and always wishing that he could be normal.

On day a travelling Yogi came to his families farm asking for alms. Being that his family was pious they welcomed the Yogi to stay for dinner and to stay the night in the animal shed if he liked. The Yogi consented. That evening the Yogi entertained the family with tales of the Gods and of his travels to other far away parts of India. After supper the Yogi retired to the shed and, after performing his nightly ablutions, prepared for sleep. However, Vinood having been enraptured by the Yogi's tales decided to unburden himself. He slipped out of his bed and into the shed. There he told the Yogi of all his misery and woes. The Yogi waited until Vinood was finished then patted Vinood on the back and chuckled. This made Vinood very angry.

Here he had told the Yogi his deepest feelings and fears and the Yogi was laughing at him! Vinood told the Yogi that he was sorry for wasting his time. When he got up to leave the Yogi told him to sit back down because he wasn't laughing at Vinood problem but at the fact that it was such an easy affliction to overcome. Intrigued Vinood sat back down and asked what he meant. The Yogi asked Vinood why didn't he just move to a village where all the people were the same height as he was? Vinood sat there dumbfounded. He had never in his entire life considered a life outside of his village. It was quite simply, an unfathomable idea. To leave his whole world behind and live in a foreign place, a place without his family? He couldn't even comprehend such a thought. Why, who would look after

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him and his needs? Who would he talk to and interact with? Where would he work and what would he do? It was so incomprehensible that it was scary and he told the Yogi this.

The Yogi said to him that his choice was very simply. Either he stay in his village with his family where he'd probably never amount to anything, or he strike out into the wider world and see what his fate had in store for him. Vinood, incredulously asked the Yogi where this place of short people might be? The Yogi told him that there was such a village of short folks less than 300 kilometers to the west. Why, Vinood could be there in a week of walking or in only a day if he took the bus. Vinood wanted to ask the Yogi more but the Yogi was tired and told Vinood to leave. After all, the Yogi had more wandering to do as soon as the sun came up tomorrow. Vinood went to his bed but did not sleep. He lay there thinking about what the Yogi had said to him. To leave his village and his family? Could he do such a thing?

Vinood thought long and hard about it. In fact, for the next year he thought of little else until one day while working in the field with his Father, he broached the subject. His Father after a long pause, and to Vinood's surprise, told him that he thought it might not be such a bad thing. If Vinood did stay in the village he would never be given any respect for being so short even though he was a good worker and the top in his class. Vinood then asked his uncles and brothers. They too, thought it might be for the best. When he asked all his other relatives, only his Mother and his favorite sister told him that he should stay with the family where he was loved and accepted. Vinood then decided to leave his family and village and travel to the village of short people the Yogi had told him about. When he told his family his decision they gave him a going away feast and a little money so he could take the bus. Bright and early one morning Vinood said good bye to his family and village and boarded a bus.

He rode all day and that evening just before sundown he reached the village the Yogi had told him about. When he disembarked the bus he looked around and was happily surprised. Just as the Yogi had promised, everyone around him was just about his height. Sure, there were some that were taller but there were plenty who were shorter too, including most of the women. Vinood sat down on one of the bus benches where, since he had very little money, he planned to spend the night. Right away some of the other boys about his own age who were hanging around the bus station and acting as touts, came up to him and struck up a conversation. Who was he? Where was he from? And what were his plans? Vinood told them. One of the boys said Vinood could come home with him where he could partake of his family's evening meal and then sleep with him and his brothers on the roof of his house. Vinood

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gladly accepted.

Within a short time because he spoke some English, Vinood got himself a job at a tourist hotel as a roomboy and within the year he had been made night manager and hotel bookkeeper because he was not only good with numbers but he was honest too. He never tried padding the books for his own benefit or overcharging the tourists. My lover Kelly and I met Vinood years later where he told us his story. He was still working at the same hotel except now he was the manager, the bookkeeper and the procurer. Plus, he had married a local girl who was not only shorter than he but had born him a son. Vinood was considered such a success that even when he visited his family and his old village everybody there was proud of him and his accomplishments. Everyone was happy to see him.

So the moral of the story is: If you're not satisfied with your life, you can change it. After all, what have you got to lose? You might even find happiness.

I WANT MY MOMMY

I've been through Agricultural Inspection, have checked my bags and gotten my boarding pass. There's still an hour before my flight Honolulu-San Diego is ready for boarding so I have plenty of time. I go back to the coin locker where I had my shoulder bag stashed and check the contents. Okay, there's a quarter pound of Maui-Wowie, two one pint jars of Majick Mushroom Honey (receipt follows), four airline size bottles of Rum and a prescription bottle of 10 mg. Valium. With let's see, 6 of the 10 tabs left that I talked a doctor into giving me for my fear of flying. Yup, it all seems to be in order and, oh yeah, just in case of emergency, a windowpane of Clearlight in my shirt pocket. Yes, we're ready to fly high.

I go to the snack bar and buy a coke. I tell the girl not to fill it all the way up because I wouldn't want to spill it then it's off to the men's room where I add a teaspoon of honey and one of the bottles of rum. I pop a Valium and drink the coke to wash it down. I wonder if I can risk smoking a joint in one of the stalls but no, it's a little too crowded and besides, I'm good for now. I head for my gate, the only thing left is the Security Check. I've been through them lots of times and there have never been any

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problems.

Once, one of the guards pulled the bottle of honey out, looked then laughed and showed it to the other guards. She gave them back to me and wished me a good trip but most of them are even too bored to look, if it ain't a gun or a bomb then it 's not their problem. I breeze right through but what the hell is this up ahead?

Secondary Agriculture Inspection Station? Shit! And me with that quarter pound in my bag. Well, I can pretend that I forgot something, turn around and go back to the men's room then tape it to my body. But that still leaves the honey, or I can just brazen it out. The Valium and the rum have kicked in. And besides sometimes you just got to have faith. So Fuck It! Here's goes nothing. "Morning gentlemen, what's happening?" I ask.

There's a couple of young dudes on duty, "We're here to make sure that you're not taking any agricultural products back to the mainland with you." says one of them.

The other's trying to be funny says, "Wouldn't want any nasty old bus destroying our crops, ya know."

So I say, "What about all those boxes of fruit and flowers they sell in the gift shop here?"

He says, "Oh, they've been inspected and approve."

Yeah, I just bet.

One asks me where I'm going.

San Diego, I tell him.

Then he asks, "What's in the bag?" pointing at my shoulder bag.

"You know, personal shit." I answer looking him right in the eyes.

"No fruit or vegetables?" he asks.

"No, not a one." I answer truthfully.

They look at each other then back at me and say, "Have a nice flight."

And I'm through and home free.

The flight is called and we board. I'm seated next to a straight looking guy about my age who says his name is Brian. After we take off I start chatting with my new companion and find out that he's a dooper. He had just cut his hair and shaved to avoid the hassles. I buzz the stewardess and ask for two cokes. After she brings them, I add a teaspoon of honey and 1/2 a bottle of rum to each one, "Cheers!" We drink and my new friend admits that that was pretty good so I order two more cokes and we do it

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again. We bullshit for half an hour, feel the buzz and decide that as long as I have one more bottle of rum, what the hey!

By the time is served lunch we're both in fine shape. We must be having fun because every time the stew passes us she gives us a troubled look. After lunch Brian decides that since I was so generous with my stash that he will reciprocate and orders two more rum and coke but this time no honey, he's buzzed enough already. The movie starts and we order another round to see us through it. We must be getting a bit too loud because the stew comes by and asks us if we'd like to watch the flick.

"Not for a \$2 headphone fee." we say so she offers them to us for free. We go, "Okay."

But after awhile we get bored with the movie and order two more drinks. The stew tells us that these will be the last two, and that we're getting too loud and are bothering the other passengers.

We promise to be good saying, "Sorry." but the stew look doubtful because we're also laughing at the same time.

The flicks over, we're getting no more booze and still have over an hour of flight time left. Brian leans over and asks if I'd like to do a little coke. He's says that he has some ultra fine Peruvian Flake.

I say, "Sounds good to me, let's do her."

The plan is: He'll go into the toilet, chop some up, do two, then chop some up for me and when he comes out, I go in and they'll be a couple lines on the counter waiting for me. Sounds like a real good plan to me. We go to the forward lavatories.

He goes in while I guard the door. But what's this? The cabin door to the cockpit is open and there's the crew, laughing, joking and having a good time. I think that I'll join them. I enter and say, "What's shaking guys?"

They stop laughing and ask what do I think I'm doing in there.

I say, "I just wanted to stop in and say "Hi" and to check out a big jets cockpit, seeing as how I've never been in one."

They tell me I can't be in there and that I have to return to my seat

"But you let the little dudes come up here for a ride and even give them some wings." I protest.

Someone has a firm grip on my arm from behind. It's my stew. She says I must return to my seat at once.

"I just wanted some wings." I whine as she's pulling me out the door.

One of the pilots says, "Give that asshole whatever he wants, just keep him in his seat."

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As she guides me past the toilets I remember, the coke! I tell her that I have to use the can and step in front of the one that Brian's in.

She looks and says that the one next to it is vacant.

I tell her that I know that, but I want to use this one.

She's got work to do and she's tired of playing around with me so she makes me promise that I'll return to my seat as soon as I'm done, and if I do then she'll have a pair of wings for me.

I promise.

She looks doubtfully at me, she's seen this kind of trouble before but then she turns and leaves.

Brian is out the door and gives me the high sign. I go in and there are two fat white lines on the counter, which I immediately snort. I look into the mirror, not too bad. I start feeling the rush. Man, this is good coke. Geeze, what a rush and...

Who the hell are all of these people (?) and why are they staring down (?) at me? And where the fuck am I anyway?

Let's see, I was on a plane to San Diego, and this is definitely not an airplane. So it must be San Diego. But who, and more importantly, why, are all of these people staring at me? And why am I looking at the ceiling? Oh oh, now there's a cop and he's talking to me, and he's going to want some real good answers.

So, first thing to do is, decipher just what the cop is saying. "Are you hurt? Do you need a doctor? Can you understand me? You've fallen onto the carousal. Can you get up?"

I understand! Now, it's always been my policy to always tell the cops the truth. Well, as much as possible anyway. Because they always know when you're lying to them so I say, "They gave me too much liquor on the plane and now I'm as drunk as a skunk!"

The cop is relieved, this is something that he's seen and has dealt with before. "Can you get up and walk?" he asks.

I hold up my hand and he jerks me upright. My pack is half on, half off my shoulder. I must have fallen picking it up. I wonder how many times I went around on the carousel before they cut the power. I tell the cop that I'm all right.

He asks me what I plan to do now.

I tell him, "I just want to call my Mommy and tell her to come and get me and take me home."

The cop is thinking: Either he can arrest this prick for being drunk in public, which means

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paperwork for him and maybe trouble for the airline, or he can pawn the problem off on somebody else, i.e. the jerk's mother. Since he doesn't know that the jerk is loaded down with all kinds of illegal substances, his choice is simple.

He leads me to the phone banks, gives me a dime and I dial. "Hi Mom. I'm at the airport.---I thought I'd come home for Christmas.---Yeah, San Diego.---There's a cop here who'd like to know if you can come and get me?"

The cop takes the phone "Hello.---Yes, your son's here and he has had a little too much to drink and needs a ride home.---Yes, I understand.---Yes, I'm sure you are.---He'll be at the baggage claim area's phones.---Okay, thank you Mam." He hangs up. "Okay, your parents will be here to pick you up in half an hour. I want you to sit right here and wait. If I come back here and you're not here then I'm going to arrest you. Understand!"

I hang my head contritely, "Yes sir, I understand."

As soon as the cops are out of sight, I am out the door. Fuck him. I ain't waiting inside when it's much nicer out on the curb. If he bugs me I'll just tell him that I had to puke.

Man, it's been a mighty long half-hour but here comes P and M now, and they don't look too happy. "Merry Christmas!" I say.

"Where have you been?" they ask. "We've been looking all over the airport for you for over an hour."

"I've been right here waiting for you." I answer.

"You were supposed to be inside. We even had you paged a few times and the cops are looking for you too." they tell me.

This is not good news so I stand up then say to them, "Well then, let's go."

"Are you sober, can you walk?" they want to know.

"Hell yeah, I feel fine! It's good to see both of you again. Let's go home." I say and give the each a hug and a kiss.

They hug and kiss me back then say, "Okay Son, let's go home. Oh, should we tell the police that we've found you?"

I tell them that we don't need to bother them, they already have enough to do. As we walk away, I reach into one of my pockets and there's a plastic pair of airplane wings in it. Merry Christmas Everyone!

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RECIPE FOR MUSHROOM HONEY

If you have a good source of psilocybin and don't have the time or it's too humid to dry them, then this is the next best way to preserve them: Get a clean glass wide mouth jar with a tight fitting screw on lid. Fill it about a quarter full with light honey (Orange blossom is good). Pick the shrooms and put them into the jar until it is completely filled, then shake vigorously until all of the mushrooms dissolve. This will turn the honey black and raise the honey level higher. Repeat until the jar is full of black sweet liquid. This will last indefinitely. My favorite way to take it is, keep it by your bedside and take a couple tablespoons as soon as you get up in the morning. It sets up your whole day and there's not a better way to start one except for maybe Peyote Tea.

FRIENDS I HAVE LOST

I've lost a lot of friends during my life for all different kinds of reasons. Most just moved away and didn't bother to tell anyone where they went: Return To Sender. No Forwarding Address. Address Unknown. If you try to phone some computer voice tells you, "This number has been disconnected and no new number is available." These folks either just forget or don't seem to care and so are gone. And I understand this as I too have up and left a place on the spur of the moment then carelessly misplaced, lost or forgotten some good friends phone number or address never to see or hear from them again. The ones that I don't understand, are the friends I have lost due to their change of life styles or the ones who simply never want to see me ever again.

Sometimes it's because they come out of the closet. They're gay now and can't have any of us hetro's around to remind them of their perverted past when they indulged in the opposite sex. I've lost a lot of really close friends both male and female this way. "Sorry Tai." they'll tell me, "But I've got my gay life and my gay friends now, and I'd just rather you didn't come around anymore."

Or sometimes it's because they turn to Jesus or Allah or Krishna or some other God or Guru or

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Life Philosophy. They cut their hair, shave off their beards or shave their legs and armpits then exchange dope and partying for their new "Holy" book or person, congregating only with only those of like mind and spiritually. At first, some might try to convert you but once they've decided you're a lost cause, they will give you the same speech as the gays use only substituting God for gay.

Others simply go straight. They're tired of being poor or high all the time. Or they're just tired of constantly having to deal with freeks or the cops, both of whom are always a hassle. They just can't handle being Free any more. They decide they want a nice house, a nice car, a good paying job, a nice spouse, maybe a couple of nice kids and a good dog to come home to in the suburbs. Since they now have kids, a wife and a job, they certainly can't have sex, dope and you around anymore so it's, "I know we're friends, but please don't come around anymore. I've got a reputation to maintain and besides, I have to much to lose now."

Of course, some will still smoke grass every once in awhile, but now it's got to be the expensive \$400 an ounce killer nug name brand rip off shit. Also, it's never if front of the children. It's behind their locked bedroom door with incense burning. Their kids of course, know what Mom and Pop are up to. Hell, even with the incense you can still smell pot, but the kids don't care because they're smoking their own cheap weed in their bedrooms with their door closed, so now everyone is participating in the lie. You know it is kind of funny in a sick way too. Because 30 years ago these same people were hiding behind locked bedroom doors, except it was from their parents instead of their kids. What a sad joke.

The friends I've lost that I understand the least are the ones who decide they simply do not want to be friends with me anymore. They haven't changed their life styles or moved. They just don't want me in their lives. "I love you Tai." they say, "But you've gotten too ____ (fill in the blank; crazy, stupid, dangerous, sick, weird, etc.) lately. I will always remember the fun we had, but from now on, please just stay out of my life. Good bye."

I still have some of these folk's addresses and every now and then just for fun, I'll send them a post card from some exotic place I'm in. Or sometimes a Christmas card in which I'll include my current address. Sad to say, never have any of them ever answered back. I am sorry you don't want to be friends any more or even want me around, but it's your life and your choice. And really, it's too bad for both of us. Life is too short to take too seriously. As my friend Paul says, "If ya ain't got your friends then you ain't got nuthin'. Because real friends are the most important things in life and you

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can't have too many of them." Right on Paul! I totally agree as long as you include your family as your friends, because you never know when Death is going to come along and snatch one of them away from you forever.

Sometimes you know He's coming for somebody, but sometimes you'll be partying with a friend one night, then the next morning they will be dead. Sometimes it's an accident, sometimes it's not. I've lost a lot of friends, far too many, to all the ways of dying; accidents, suicide, cancer, aids, heart attack. Or the self-induced forms of slow death; alcohol, heroin, downers, which are all just forms of suicide too, they simply take longer getting there. You can even pull them aside telling them, "Hey man, if you do not cut it out and quick, then you will be dead and soon!"

They'll either deny it or looking you right in the eye say, "Yeah I know, but who cares." or, "So what. Life sucks anyway." or, "It's none of your business what I do so keep your opinions to yourself."

Even if you tell them you really do care and that this life is wonderful. They won't listen. Then one day they will no longer exist and you will have lost another friend.

Then there are the sudden suicides. Someone will come knocking on your door and when you open it there will be one of your friends looking sad shaking their heads and saying, "Did ya hear? (Insert name here) ___ killed themselves last night. They ___ (jumped off a building, took a bunch of downers, blew their head off, slit their wrists, etc.)."

My first reaction is: I always smile because they've got to be joking. Life is far too sweet, far too much fun and way too short for anybody to do that. Sure, we've all thought about doing it. There is quite an attraction to eternal peace. But to actually end it all when you are still young and healthy... The person at the door just has to be kidding. They never are. Then I get mad. How dare they leave me with one less friend in this world! Most of the people I've known who actually did kill themselves did so suddenly. They almost never talked about it before hand other than saying something like, "I wonder what it's like to be dead." They just go into their room one night or out for a walk one day and then, you never see them again. They almost always leave a note, most of which do not make a hell of a lot of sense like; "Life is a rerun, so..." "All Death Is Suicide, so..." "It's my choice and my fate, so..." "I have completed my journey in this life and there's nothing left for me to do on this earth, so..." And my all time favorite, "Well, here goes nothing..." All of these people were under 35 and healthy. I just do not understand it.

But if the suicides are bad, then it's the accidents that are the worst and the hardest to accept.

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One minute your friend is partying and enjoying life then a car goes off a road, or they trip and fall, or they touch some bad wiring and are no more. If it's an adult then it's absolutely horrible but if it's a child then..... Well, there's just no way to describe the pain and the anger. They say that time heals all wounds but I don't believe this is true. Maybe you might think about the people you have lost to death less, but whenever you do the ache is still there. And it always hurts just as bad.

These are the friends I have lost. I don't need to name them. You know who they are. They're the same friends and loved ones that you too have lost over the years. I am so glad that I got to know you all and got to share your lives with you even for this short time. It has been so much fun. To all of you who are no longer my friends and to all of you who still are, I Thank You!

And to paraphrase Mr. Spock: "LIVE LONG, BE HAPPY, AND PROSPER"

A MANTRA

This is a mantra that I learned a while back that has helped me out a lot, especially when I screw something up due either to my own carelessness or ineptitude. It has brought me understanding about my action and my place in the universe. I hope it will do the same for you. Quietly chant these three words of six syllables until you achieve enlightenment.

OHH-WHAA TAH-DOOR KAI-YAMM

And remember: Life is far too important to take seriously

Don't Worry, Be Happy!

May Peace Be With You All.

MAJOR EVENTS

I have had 7 major events in my life so far that have radically changed my life and my way of thinking. Most of them you have read about in these tales but because they have so much meaning to me I am going to tell you about them one last time, so you can skip over this part if you want to but it will be mercifully short.

The first major event was that I was born an epileptic and I knew from a very early age that I was going to die. I cannot take any credit for this event, as it was preordained. However, having death as my constant companion has influenced my entire life. Perhaps these other events were preordained too but that's something I will never know. It may all be just a pleasant fantasy that we have a little something to do with our Fates. Because, as human beings we like to think that we are capable of thinking things through then carrying out our wants and desires with resolute action. But as I said, who knows?

The next major event happened when I first took LSD. It showed me that I really did have a choice in my life. That I did not have to follow the old way the way I was brought up to believe. I could think and be anything I could imagine and that all choices were equally valid. Also amazingly, I could be happy. If it hadn't been for LSD I would have probably always believed The Big Lie and worse, lived it.

The next one was being turned on to the I Ching. It tempered the freedom of LSD with wisdom and compassion. Yes, it says there are unlimited choices in life but a person can make themselves strong and give meaning to their life by consciencely limiting their choices and by remaining true to themselves. And of course, everything changes, nothing is permanent. So roll with the punches little white boy.

Shortly after I started doing the I Ching, Carlos Castenada's book, "The Teachings of Don Juan, A Yaque Way of Knowledge" came out. This book showed me that there was still real majick in the world. Not circus magic or Bible type miracles, but majick and miracles in every day life. The total mind blowing Majickal Miracle of Life, Love and Conscienceness on this Wonderful Planet in this Awesome Universe. WE EXIST NOW! What could be more majickal and miraculous than this.

After that came the all the mystical psychic experiences that I have had. Maybe the shrinks are correct, maybe they are just delusions or psychotic breaks with reality. I freely admit that I could be

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dead wrong. Maybe The Big Lie is really the only true reality, but what the hey, my reality works for me. It's my majick, my myth, my miracle and has always strengthened me and sustained me, has always been correct and it has never let me down. What more can you ask from a belief structure. I have total faith in my reality and it in turn supports me. I am content.

Next is the ride that I got with the astrophysicist while hitching in the Rocky's. I know that some of you probably think that I just made her up as a vehicle for my demented view of reality but the ride really did happen. We did discuss all of the things that I have reported. Sure, it's not verbatim and we did talk for over three hours, but the conversation is accurate in it's content. She really blew my mind and it took me years of thinking about it before I finally understood what she had said. Although I now believe it's not "I perceive therefore I appear to be" as she stated but "I perceive therefore I act." When I finally did understand what she was saying, it scared the living hell out of me. "Reality is nothing more than simple Faith in our own belief structure that we make up as we go a long." Now it gives me comfort.

The last major event in my life is living with and loving, and being loved by Kelly. If it hadn't been for her, all the rest of the things would not have mattered even one little bit. In fact, they probably would have driven me completely insane. It is our Love for each other and of our Life together that gives me Joy and keeps me going. What a Woman!

So these are the things that have changed my life for good, or the gooder, and I will always be grateful for each one of them. And to all of you out there who have shared with me this wonderful majickal journey that we call Life in this miraculous universe, Take Care and ENJOY! I Love You All

THE MAJICK FISH

After an educational but failed attempt at living together in Tucson, my lover Kelly and I decided to go our separate ways for awhile. She would go to Maui to hang out and I would hitch around Mexico. I'd never really been there before and spoke only a little border Spanish but I figured what the heck, I would learn as I go. I hitched down to Nogalas, crossed the border and stuck out my thumb. Of course, that's not how one hitches rides in Mexico so I stood there a fairly long time until an old man in an even older station wagon who knew our strange US ways and spoke some English stopped. He told me that he was going to Hermasillo and I could ride with him that far. He also told me the way to hitch in Mexico is, you waved at cars with your palm down and any driver who gave you a ride at least expected you to offer them a few pesos for the lift.

I thanked him for the ride and the info. After that I always got rides fairly easy. This was a time in my life when I was really poor. All I had with me was one change of clothes, a towel and a ground sheet all rolled up in my sleeping bag. In my shoulder bag I carried my toiletries, a knife, the I Ching and the Tarot.

When the people of Mexico saw how little I had and that I carried a Tarot deck (they didn't know about the I Ching) they always treated me like a VIP. They refused to take any money from me for the rides, would buy me food and some would even take me home to spend the night. A few even offered me their own beds to sleep in and would hardly take no for an answer. This was my first real experience with third world people and without exception I have found their generosity to be pretty amazing all over the world. No matter how poor they are, they always give more than they can afford to, then refuse any compensation you offer. You're being their guest is enough for them. It was a truly humbling experience and I had a great time. After the first few times this happened to me, I would hide a couple pesos somewhere for them to find after I had left. Because although I was poor, these folks were poorer in money, though certainly not in spirit.

Almost everyone I met spoke little or no English so they'd teach me a few words of Spanish. I hitched from Hermasillo to Guymas, then down the coast to San Blas, next inland via Tepic to Guadalajara, then back over to the coast to Manzanillo, inland again to Morales and finally back over to the coast and down to Acapulco all in about 6 weeks. By then my money was getting pretty low so I though I'd kick back in one place for awhile until I was almost broke before heading north again. Of all

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the places I had been the place I liked the most was a small village on a beautiful bay just north of Manzanillo called La Barre de Navidad

It took me a week to hitch back there. When I did I stayed at the same place as I had before. If you walked up the beach about a klick north of town there was a huge fresh water lagoon that was covered in blooming water hyacinths. On the narrow strip of sand that separated the lagoon from the sea there was a fisherman's shack made entirely out of palm fronds. It was one large room with a porch overhang and a sand floor. I asked the people of the village who the owner was. They told me it was nobodies and to use it if I wanted. I'd hang out under the porch during the days, swimming in the flowered lagoon or body surfing the waves of the warm tropical sea. At night I'd sleep on the sun warmed sand under the ever changing moon with the twinkling stars spinning above me in the blackness while listening to the ocean pounding the shore.

In the evenings I would go to town for supper which was extremely cheap and exquisitely tasty because I ate only in peoples homes. Each house specialized in one dish. You would sit at the table they had placed in the street, eat, then pay them almost nothing for some of the most delicious food in the world. First I would go to the tamale girls house to eat 4 or 5 of those sumptuous little morsels. Then over to the enchilada woman's house for half dozen of those tasty rolled up treats. Next it was on to the posole woman's table for one of the best tasting soups on earth. Finally, if I was still hungry, I would end up at the tacos guy's place and scarf down a few of those little goodies. All of this might cost me 2 or 3 bucks. I ate like this every night for a month and never got tired of it. In fact, my mouth is watering right now just thinking about all that delightful food. After supper, I'd go to one of the Cantina's for my Spanish lesson. There's no better way to learn a foreign language than hanging out in a bar with the natives and drinking the local poison which is always cheap, potent and a hell of a lot of fun. You get drunk, sing songs and learn a few words of the lingo, some of which you might even remember the next day.

After I'd been there a couple of weeks, I asked Miguel, a friend of mine, how my Spanish was coming along. He told me, "Well Amigo, it's not too bad." pauses then smiles, "For a 2 year old!" All the hombres and putas laughed but I took it as a compliment.

There is only one kind of man in Mexico, and he is Macho! However, there are two kinds of women; mothers, sisters and wives, and whores. Mothers, sisters and wives never go to a bar or socialize with strangers. If you want any female companionship, even just for talking and dancing or

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just kidding around with then it's either the whores or it's no one. They're a lot of fun too because like most Mexicans, they know they're going to die some day so they don't take life or their jobs too seriously. The only two things that really concerns them are their family and their God. A lot of the Mexicans males asked me to stay at their homes with them for free but I loved the shack on the beach so much that I declined their generous offers. The whole time I stayed there I kept my bedroll at the shack and neither it nor I were ever bothered. After a month I was almost out of pesos so sadly I bid my Amigo's adios then hitched north.

I hitched up to Puerto Villarta to get the ferry across the Sea of Cortez to Cabo San Lucas on the tip of the Baja. I got there an hour too late and missed it. I asked when the next one was. I was told in four days so I asked where a good place to crash was. The locals told me to just stay on the beach in front of the Holiday Inn, that way I could even use their facilities. This was a totally foreign concept to me. In the US if you sleep on the beach by a hotel or even near someone's house, you will quite bluntly be told to leave. If you don't and quickly, the cops will be called. When they arrive, you'll either be ticketed then told to move along or the cops will just throw your ass in jail. But this was Mexico, so...

After it got dark I spread my bag on the sand besides the hotel. As soon as I did, a security guard on horseback rode over to me and asked what I was doing. I told him about missing the ferry and being too poor to afford a room. He got off his horse, came up to me and said, "Okay Amigo, no problem. I just wanted to know what you were doing here."

I asked him if I could use the hotel's toilets.

He told me, "Si Amigo, and use the pool and cabanas too."

I thanked him.

We shook hands and he got back on his horse then he said, "Sleep well, Amigo. I'll keep an eye on you and make sure no one molests you. Good night Amigo." then rode off.

We chatted together each night after that. This is the biggest difference in attitudes between third world countries and the US, Canada and parts of Europe. In the west everything is based on money and on law. "It's nothing personal. It's just the law and I'm only doing my job." says Aldoph Eichman as he ushers you into the showers. Which is total bullshit! IT IS ALWAYS PERSONAL!

In the third world the attitude is, "If you don't do anything to annoy me. And I won't get hassled for it, then who cares." A much more human approach in dealing with each other. I love the US, both it's people and the land but because of the "it's the law" mentality, if I ever get enough money together to

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leave it for good, I will. There are just too many beautiful places on this wonderful earth, filled with really nice human beings to put up with that bullshit way of thinking. People's happiness is much more important than any of the abstract and mostly unjust laws.

Four days later I caught the ferry and crossed the water to Cabo San Lucas. Cabo then was nothing like it is today. They did have a harbor filled with rich people's boats from the US and a big hotel on the spine of the mountain with a less expensive hotel on the point across the bay that had a trailer park behind it. However, the rest of the place was just your typical Mexican village except it had a small Supermercado for the gringos. Once you walked half a klick northeast there was nothing but desert, sand dunes and empty beach all the way to Cabo San Jose. A distance of 10 kilometers. Nothing, no people, no houses, no resorts, no trailer parks, nothing but nature. I was very impressed and decided to spend a few days alone on the beach before heading back to the good old USSR. At the Supermercado I bought enough supplies to last me a few days and a big plastic jug for water then headed up the beach. Even though it was high season there wasn't another single soul on the entire beach for as far as I could see.

I walked the surf line where the sand was hardest. There was nothing but high sand dunes on my left, the sparkling blue sea on my right and the white sandy beach stretching straight ahead of me.

I had walked a good half-hour when I saw a circle of seagulls up ahead standing at the surf line. When I got up to them instead of flying away like gulls always do, they parted and formed a semi circle around a large silvery object. They were quiet too, very unusual for gulls who are always cawing and fighting with each other. As I got close enough to see it, the big silver thing was a fish the size and shape of a large meat platter. I thought the gulls had been eating it and I had interrupted their feast. But I was wrong. The fish was alive and untouched. It was just laying there on the sand working its gills but otherwise it was in perfect condition. I walked up to the fish as the gulls quietly watched me. When I picked the fish up it said to me, "Please throw me back into the sea or I will die."

The gulls then screamed at me, "Nooo! He's ours!"

The fish looked at me saying again, "Please throw me back so I can live."

I told the gulls, "Sorry."

Just as I threw the fish back into the sea it said to me, "They are waiting for you just up ahead. And thank you!"

The fish hit the surface of the ocean and disappeared. The gulls screamed at me in anger then

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flew away.

WOW! What a tripp and I had not smoked any mota in almost a week or even had a beer in over two days. I was completely straight. And who are "they". Well, there was only one way to find out. I started walking up the beach again.

As soon as I did, I heard Spanish accented voices saying, "Here he comes."

"Won't he be surprised to see us here."

"I hope he'll stay with us."

"I think he will like it here."

"Hey here! We are over here."

I looked around and saw nothing.

"Up here Amigo, beyond the dunes."

"Come and join us Amigo. We have been waiting for you."

"Si, join us."

I turned left and walked up the dunes. When I got to the top and looked down the other side, I saw the Cabo San Lucas Graveyard. The voices were saying, "Yes, it is us. Come join us."

"Come and stay with us."

"We have a very beautiful place here. Won't you come join us?"

"We have the Desert, the Earth, the Sky, the Sun and the Sea. It is Paradise Here!"

"You can stay with us Here In Eternity if you want to."

"Yes, come and join us. You will like it here."

"Si, join us Amigo." they all said with friendly welcoming voices.

I stood on the top of the dune and looked for a spot. There was a small cleft to my right. I walked over to it. As I did the voices asked me,

"Where are going Amigo?"

"We are this way."

"Come join us Amigo, and be at Peace."

When I got to the cleft I felt it. Yes, it was right. I turned and faced the graveyard then said, "Thank you for your most generous offer Amigo's, and you do indeed have a beautiful place here. So I will spend a few days with you, but I am still a young man and am not ready to join you just yet. I still have my Life to Live. When it is over then I will happily join you here."

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"But Amigo, you never know when Death will come. He may take you when you are far from here. Then you will not be able to get back to us. Join us now so you can be sure to stay with us."

"We welcome you Amigo."

"Si Amigo. Come and join us now." they said.

I thanked them again then drew a majick circle in the sand around me. As I closed the circle the voices stopped. I sat down on the sand and spread out my things to await my Fate.

I sat there the rest of the day and all that night. I watched and I waited. I slept a little, but when I did the dead came to me in my dreams beseeching me to abandon This Life and to join them Here In Eternity. I would thank them then wake myself up. Next morning I did yoga, meditated and consulted my advisors. They told me to be patient. I sat, I watched and I waited all day and all night never leaving the circle, but other than the beauty happening all around me, nothing else occurred. The next day I again consulted with my advisors. They said that it would soon and to prepare myself. When the sun reached it's 10 o'clock position, I decided to bring things to a head by starring into the sun. I had been practicing sun staring for years and it was always an instant high. The doctors say that it's bad for the eyes but as far as I know, it has never hurt me. I can stare at the raising or setting sun for a good 10 to 15 minutes with almost no effects other than seeing a golden halo of light around everything. However, staring into the noonday sun takes real Will Power even for a few seconds and then it will blind me for some minutes afterward. Later I'll see things as ghostly translucent objects bathed in a golden light. Then for a half an hour after that I'll be able to see but there will be a golden light surrounding anything I look at directly. And I will be very high the whole time. So let's get the show on the road. It's mighty hot sitting under the blazing tropical desert sun on this empty beach and I really do not want to spend another day here.

I glance at the sun. It is really powerful. Then I think, 'Fuck it!' And using my Will I stare right into that golden burning orb.

My eyes want to tear themselves away but I don't let them. They blink, they blur, they water. Tough shit. "Look!" I command.

And the sun is the sun no longer. It's a big black hole in the sky that is sucking all the energy of the universe up into itself. Cracks form in the sky all around the sun and it becomes a big black cornea. The sky has now become an immense blue eye looking down upon me. The universe stops. There is no sound, no wind, no time. I have entered eternity and I no longer exist. There is only The Eye and I

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looking into one another, and I am at Peace. I stare into The Eye for maybe a second, or maybe it's forever. I don't know and it doesn't matter. It is just The Eye and I that exist in that instant, and we are complete.

I tore my eyes away from The Eye and was instantly blinded. I sat there contemplating what I had seen and experienced. I was high and at total peace within my self. After my vision came back I packed up and got ready to leave. As I erased the majick circle, the voices of the dead asked me if I was going to join them now that I had seen.

I told them not at this time and thanked them again.

They said, "But Amigo, it is so nice here with us. Where will you go? What will you do?"

I told them I didn't know, but that I would think of something. I bid my new friend's adieu, walked out to the road and flagged down a ride going north.

THE LAST TALE

IT'S HAPPENING RIGHT NOW!

GEORGE'S "OH MY GOD" PINTO BEANS

Now that I fed your mind a few tasty tidbits, it's time to sit back, relax, smoke a doobie, grab a beer and a spoon, and enjoy the bean that won the west. This dish is cheap, easy to make, will feed all of your hungriest friends including your Eager Eater, and is spicy, hot and dee-licious, what more could you ask for from a meal. (If you want to feed less folks, half this, more folks then double it. George always made at least this much because he loved the leftovers. He would have a tasty breakfast waiting for him when he woke up with even some leftover for lunch and dinner.)

Take a pound of dry pinto beans. Sort them, throwing away all the small, deformed and broken ones and any small rocks too. Put them in to a big pot then rinse them a few times. Cover them with double the amount of water, throwing out any floaters and skins. Let soak over night. Next day about 3 or 4 hours before you want to eat them, dump out the water and rinse them again. Then fill the pot back up with fresh water to about 2 inches over the top of the beans. Bring to a boil then turn down to a simmer. Add the following all coarsely chopped; 1 entire head of garlic. 2 large white or yellow onions. A dozen fresh or pickled jalapinos (I seed mine, George never did. Also, Wimps add half as many, machos a habenero or three) 2 carrots, 4 or 5 bay leafs. A good pinch of oregano and cumino's. One of the following; A quarter pound of either bacon or bacon ends, smoked ham (any kind will do), salt pork or 1 ham hock (Veggie's leave the meat out and add some salt. It won't be as good but it will still be tasty) Bring the beans back to boil, cover, then turn down your fire to it's lowest setting until the beans are just barely bubbling.

Sit around with your friends, smoke a joint, drink a beer, and stir them beans at least once every 15 minutes (you cannot over cook beans but you can burn them if you don't stir them regularly. If you do burn them then do not stir up the ones on the bottom of the pot or it will ruin the whole batch). Sit and stir them suckers for a good 2 hours. Then, fish out the salty pork pieces and put them aside. You can either re-add them later, eat them now or feed them to your dog. Add more water if necessary, it should always cover the beans by at least an inch. The pintos should now be close to done, so add the following;

A fresh never been frozen pork butt, pork shoulder, pork roast, pork chops or country style pork ribs (make sure they have never been frozen by ringing the butcher and asking him, because if the pork is fresh the meat will just fall off the bones when it's done. If it has been frozen you will have to cut the

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meat off the bones. Also, I trim most of the fat off of my piece of pork, George never did "The flavor's in the fat, dummy!") Simmer still stirring every 15 minutes for another hour or so until the meat does fall off the bones or you know it's done and you have to cut it off. Now dig the meat, skin and bones out of the pot. Cut or shred the pork meat into chunks then put the meat, and if you want, the salty pork pieces, back into the pot.

Test a pinto. It should be as tender as a baby's butt when you bite into it. If it is, bring the beans back to a boil, stirring constantly. Then cut off the heat and let them puppys sit for about 15 minutes to rest and cool.

While the beans are resting, grade up some cheddar, jack, colby, longhorn or any other cheese that suits you. Finally chop up another onion, some cilantro and a few more jalapinos. Serve the pintos with some salsa, warm flour tortillas or sourdough French bread with real butter and lots of cold beer.

A tasty treat that can't be beat! Enjoy, and don't worry about offending any of your friends with that annoying gas, because George guarantees you, "There's not a fart in the carload!"

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OM HARI OM

*Thank You Mother
Thank You Father
Thank You The Ancestors
Thank You My Friends
Thank You My Allies
Thank You The Ten Thousand Things
Thank You For This Day
Thank You For This Life
Thank You For This Consciousness
Thank You For This Miracle
And For Allowing Me To Participate
In This Existence With You
Here And Now
It Is An Honor
And A Privilege
Since You Don't Owe Me Anything
Yet Still Give Me All Of This
But Mainly It Is My Pleasure
Just To Spend This Bit Of Time Here Now With You
And I Do So Appreciate It
Thank You For What You Give Me This Day
And Thank You For What You Do Not
I Thank You For This Great Mystery
That I Will Never Comprehend
But Which I Gladly Accept
I Thank You And I Love You
With All My Heart
With All My Mind
With All My Soul
And With The Very Totality Of My Being
Thank You Especially For The Love
And The Peace
And The Joy That You Give To Me
Asking Nothing In Return
And For Your Beauty
And Your Grace
And Your Kindness That You Always Show Me
No Matter What I Do
Thank You For Filling Me With Your Golden Light
That Burns Me With The Pink Fire Of Bliss
Surrounded By A Golden Vibration
For I Am Truly Blessed
Of All Things In My Life
May I Become Worthy Of This Majickal Gift*

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*That You Have Bestowed Upon Me
By Using This Opportunity
That You Have Given Me
To Acquire The Sublimity
The Consistency
And The Strength
To At All Times
In All Ways
Walk The Tao
Consciencely
In Harmony
And With Greatness Towards All
Becoming A True Being Of Light
For I Am But An Egg
Thank You For Sharing This
Your Dynamic Emanations
In Which We Sing
And Dance
And Laugh
And Play Together
On This Bountiful Planet
Spinning Under This Beneficent Sun
In This Awesome Universe
For This I Am Truly Grateful
And I Most Humbly Thank You
For Granting Me
This Safe
This Peaceful
This Pleasant
This Beautiful Day
In Which To Live My Life
On This Wonderful
This Marvelous
This Magnificent Mother Earth
Who Sustains Me
And Who Completes Me
Thank You For This My Friends
I Am Content
For I Hear The Om
I Feel The Chi
I Walk The Tao
And I Am Fulfilled
I Am This
OM HARI OM*

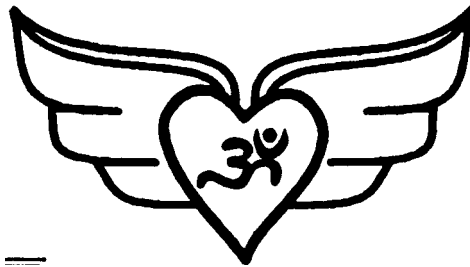
Swami Puneananda

About the Author

Tai Eagle Oak was born and raised in and around San Diego, California where he finished high school then at age 19 was drafted into the US Army. Upon his release from the service he entered into the hip life and has never looked back. Tai met Kelly in 1973. Shortly after which they started living with each other and have been together ever since. When not traveling the world, they are usually living out of their VW Van roaming the west coast of America. So, if you happen to see them, stop and have a chat. They're always happy to meet new friends, and as Kelly says, "Maybe we'll see ya around if your not too square."

Kelly and Tai can be reached at: omkijai@yahoo.com.

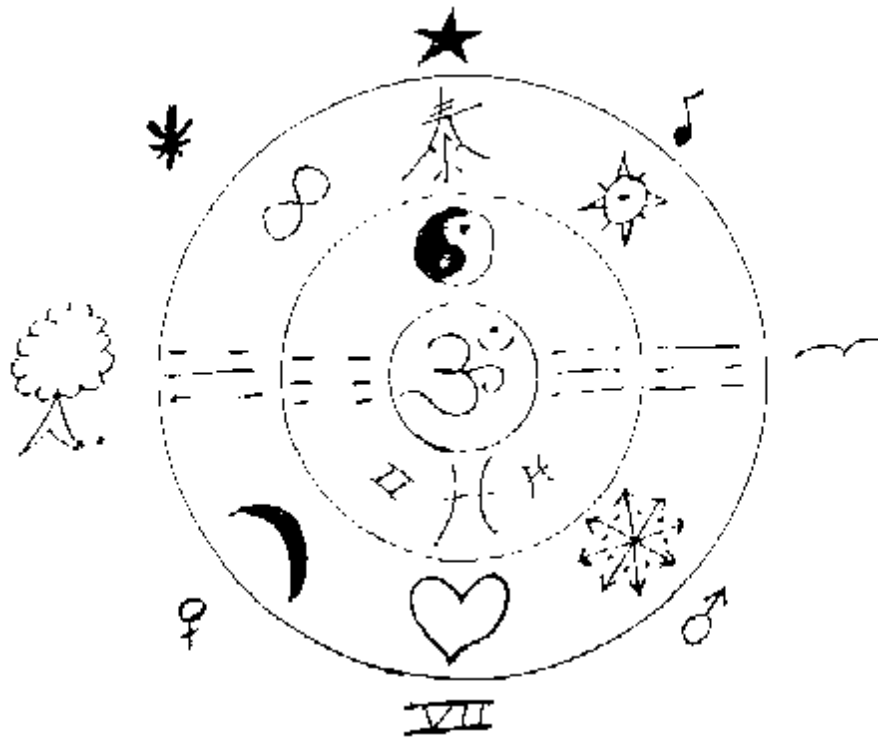
OM KIJAI



Kelly & Tai

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The symbol below is my Shield. It is a mirror image. Right is right, left is left. To look at it is to know who and what I am. These are the things within which strengthen and comfort me, and without that complete and nourish this, my being.



***Love And Peace To You All
Keep Smiling And Enjoy the Life!***

EPILOGUE

Well folks as it says in “The Last Tale”, it's happening right now so I'd better get back to it. After all in this wonderful but mysterious life you never know who or what you might run into so you have to be ready at all times. Cuz if your not ready why then some big time fun just might pass you by. And we sure wouldn't want that to happen now would we?

This is your old friend and storyteller saying I hope you all enjoyed reading these twisted little tales as much as I did living them. I wish you all as good of life, or even better, than then one that was graciously granted a fool like me.

Time and this magjickal life we have on this fantastic planet pass all to quickly. A blink of the eyes, a turn of the head and all of a sudden it's gone never to be seen again.

So until next time, go party with your friends, grab yourself a girl (or boy), get high any in way that turns you on with them and always remember to Enjoy The Life!