

2014

Up Down and Sideways

Richard Denner
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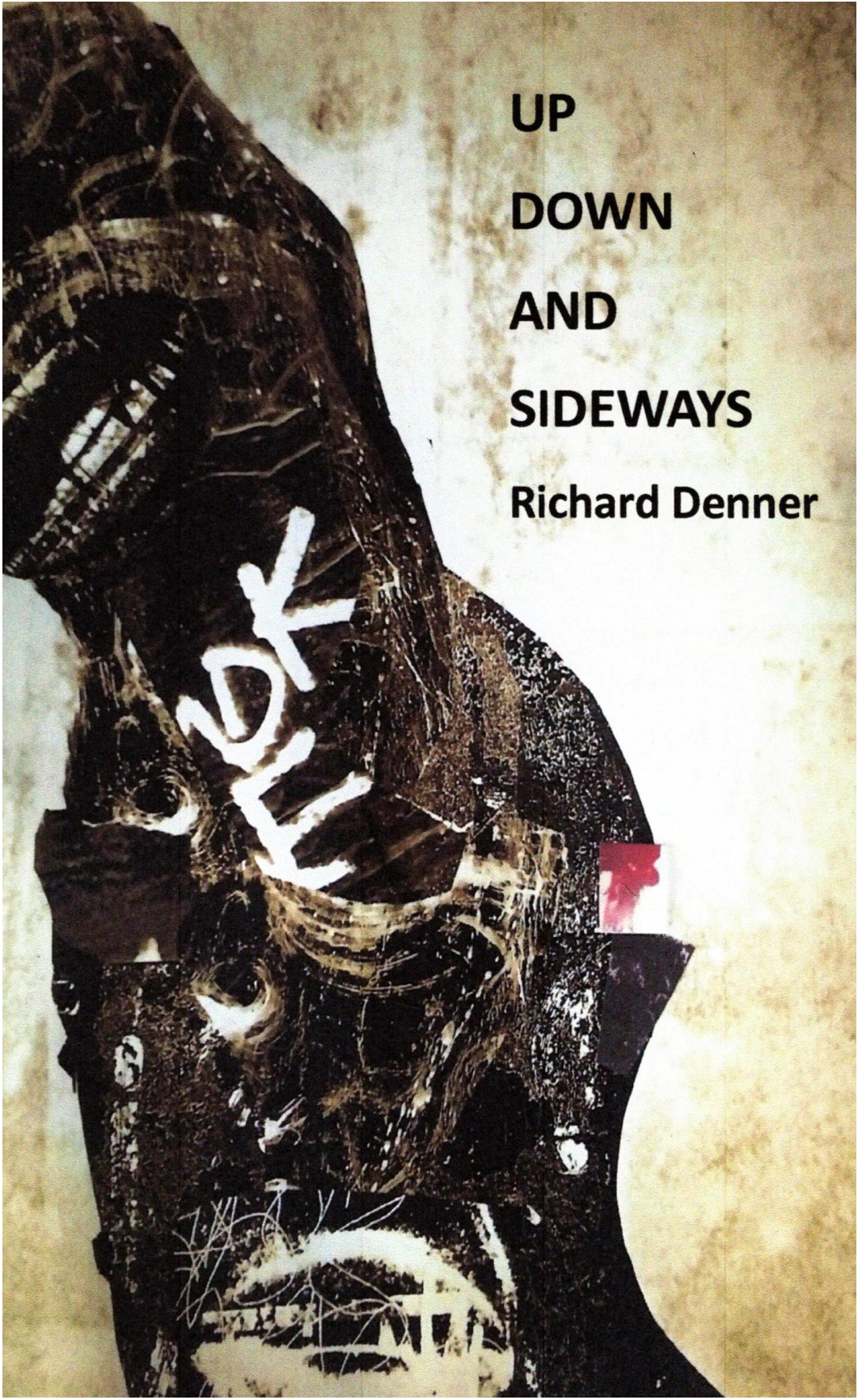
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Recommended Citation

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**UP
DOWN
AND
SIDEWAYS**

Richard Denner



UP, DOWN, & SIDeways

Richard Denner

D Press 2014 Santa Fe

Artwork by Claude Smith

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

How did a Berkeley Beatnik become an American lama in the Tibetan Buddhist tradition? The answer is simple. He sat for years at the feet of a master, and he completed a three-year retreat in the mountains. Jubal Dolan was “uneducated” at many American colleges. He received his PhD in the School of Hard Knocks.

Printer, poet, yogi, monk, Jubal Dolan can herd cows and walk high steel. He is a scholar and a scoundrel. As fellow poet, Eve West Bessier says, “...he has lived each day not once, but once again to savor its very tonic and to gain all there is of truth and beauty from the bough's sweet fruit.”

From a Dzog Chen perspective, both worldly and spiritual dharmas come into play. All knowledge, every craft, art and science, any thought, impression or feeling can contribute to revealing truth about the nature of reality.

Jubal likes to tinker, to experiment, to try things out. He feels it contributes to the process of enlightenment to be familiar with the tack and tackle of every art and trade. One's view is broadened by knowing what is up front and what is hidden; by understanding the means of production one can better appreciate the packaged product. Jubal wants to know the base, the path, and the fruit of both his labors and his meditations

Here follows a list of topics, a lexicon, which reflect the various worldly dharmas of which Jubal has had some training or hands-on experience. He has vigorously pursued answers to why and how things work, as well as become familiar with materials, why they are chosen and how they are wired, rigged, and structured. Always curious, he asks, “Just what the hell is going on here?”

So, an abcdeary. Some of the topics in the list could be subsumed under broader categories, but Jubal emphasizes they represent special areas of influence on him.

ANIMALS: PETS, PREDATORS, GAME, & ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

When Jubal went riding on his first horse, Patches, an old rodeo trick horse, Spot was at his side. Spot was part Dalmatian and part mutt. Jubal loved this dog and this horse. Jubal's sister, Jo Ann, had a cat named Fluffy. Long-haired, probably some Persian there. At the same time, or within a day or two, Fluffy and Spot both gave birth to a litter of six. Picture brother and sister sitting on the grass in the back yard of their home, covered in carnivores.

While he was caring for the cat with kittens, he stepped back and his heel came down on one of these kittens, breaking its spinal cord. He was heartsick and stayed up all night nursing it with an eye dropper and with prayers. He fell asleep, and in the morning he found the kitten dead.

Forward in time to Yeshe Ling. Jubal relates this story: "I am walking up a trail, deep in conversation with my friend Sophia. We are talking about *tigles*, tiny rainbow spheres, when I see a flash of light shooting down the trail, and a young chipmunk runs under the sole of my boot. With its spine crushed, blood running from its mouth, and it writhing in the dust, I tell Sophia to walk on ahead, as she'll not want to watch what I'm going to do. I've lived on farms. It's considered reasonable to put down a suffering animal.

"A blow to the head with a rock, and the creature is still. I dig a small hole, put in a few leaves to make a cushion, and lay the body of the chipmunk in the grave. I say a mantra, and then I cover the chipmunk with earth and place a cobble on top.

"During a Dharma talk, the subject of killing comes up, the difference between accidental and intentional acts of killing, so I tell about my encounter with the chipmunk, and SengeRinpoche tells me that the first act was accidental and didn't involve me in the animal's karma in a negative way, but that my decision to put it out of its misery was more serious in its repercussions, that I should have left it 'to burn out its karma' without interfering with the process. Such is the difference in views between East and West."

"What do you conclude from that?" I asked.

“My chances of being reincarnated as a chipmunk are very high,” he replied.

There are worse fates than being a chipmunk on Yeshe Ling land near the open air kitchen. The chipmunks were so well-fed on scraps that their bellies touched the ground. But then, this did make them easy prey for the gopher snakes.

Jubal had many pets: goldfish, parakeets, a red hen that he named Henry which he kept in an oil drum, and when it was out and about, Jubal would catch it by chasing it until it was exhausted. When Jubal’s dad bought a 1500-acre cattle ranch near Red Bluff, California, the previous owners left behind their pet deer, two bucks and two does, Mule deer, which were much larger than the local species.

The deer had been raised from fauns in the hopes of them creating a herd for the purpose of hunting. Both bucks had forked horns. They stayed close to the ranch houses and would often eat dog food out of the same pans as the dogs. The does were pregnant, and when they gave birth they settled in a thicket near the barn for a short time, but once the fauns became active, they left the area inhabited by dogs and humans.

The bucks remained. They would walk right into the house if the door was open. Jubal’s mom didn’t like this. They frightened her. During the next hunting season, Jubal found one of the bucks hanging over a barbed-wire fence with a gunshot wound in its flank. The other buck made itself scarce. “They were fascinating pets but not very practical in a hunting area,” said Jubal.

The cat killed the goldfish and the parakeets. The guinea pig Jubal got from Cutter’s Laboratory in Berkeley, which had been vaccinated for everything (except pneumonia), died after he gave it a bath, not realizing guinea pigs take care of their own hygiene. Besides learning discipline from taking care of his pets, Jubal learned two important lessons: animals are fragile beings, and you suffer when they die, if you are emotionally attached to them.

Perhaps, it is callused but one develops a different attitude when it comes to livestock. The ranch at Red Bluff came with fifty head of sheep, which Jubal’s dad soon sold. It wasn’t that Sean Dolan didn’t know something about sheep. He had a degree in animal husbandry from the State University of Iowa at Ames, and he

had been a Farm Bureau agent in North Dakota before he joined Harper's Insurance Company and pioneered opening offices in the Southwest during the '30s. He was more of a cattleman at heart, and he wanted the S Bar D to be a cattle ranch.

The family had another ranch north of Willits, California, with a herd of fifty very old cows and their calves that roamed over rough, mountain terrain. Because the cows were passed their prime, to attain better results in fertilization, the cows were artificially inseminated. Maybe not a guaranteed result, but it was an interesting process.

On the day the vet came to render his services, Jubal watched with amazement as the vet took a vial from his valise and inserted it and his arm up to the armpit into each cow's vagina. Risky business standing behind a cow, which in fear would often shit and which might just decide to kick. Time and again, the vet performed his operation without incident, but the foreman's dog got excited and started to bark and prance around. The dog was being nothing more than a distraction, but it angered Stan, the dog's owner, and he pulled out his long-barreled .38 and shot the dog. Only, he winged it, and it began to howl and turn in tight circles. This action of his foreman did not sit well with Jubal's dad. He asked the vet to put the dog down, which the vet did with an injection of a drug.

The Old West meets the New West. This was not the first time Jubal had seen an animal euthanized. His beloved Patches had grown old and gone off his feed. The vet said, "This horse is 20, if he is a day," which is ancient for a horse. Jubal watched from his bedroom window and cried, as the horse collapsed and died. This killing and dying are part of the ritual of handling livestock. It requires a high degree of emotional detachment. It has been said that we are all killers, and for some, it is part of their livelihood.

On his cousin's farm in Iowa when Jubal was age 9, he got a taste of bloodlust, and this affected him deeply. He helped his cousin, Aiden, to slaughter the runts from several litters of pigs. He caught them and smashed their skulls with a hammer. He became frenzied in a violent passion, and when the last runt was dead, he stood, overalls soaked in blood, and looked to the heavens with tears in his eyes and asked,

“Why?!”

An answer was not forthcoming from God, but when Kira, Aiden’ wife, chastised Aiden for letting Jubal get so involved, Aiden replied that it was just part of “life” on the farm. The experience marked Jubal, but it was also instrumental in helping him check his behavior on several occasions when he became enraged. And when it came time for him to go to war, he avoided the draft. He considered war morally wrong; he also knew he would be good at killing men.

Other animals, working horses and pleasure horses, I leave for the “horsemanship” section. Game animals I’ll write about them in the “hunting” and the “fishing” sections. As for predators, on the farms and ranches where Jubal worked there were skunks, hawks, raccoons, bobcats, and coyotes. Of coyotes, Jubal says, “Raising cattle is just an excuse for shooting coyotes.”

In the mid-70s, Jubal and his wife, Angel, and his son, Alvin, were caretakers of an 800-acre cattle ranch, about 20 miles outside Robber’s Roost, Washington, in an area known as Badger Pocket. There is a book at the dPress website entitled *Cowsongs* which contains poems about his experiences looking after a herd of 300 cows and their calves. The ranch was the old Jake Ingersol place, the Diamond Hanging J Floating I. Here are a couple of poems:

CANIS LATRAINS

Coyote runs with the herd.
Cows pay no attention.
I take a bead—
Trickster says, “Caio, Dude!”
and weaves through my sight.

RIGHT LIVELIHOOD

At first we were cowhunters.
Texas in the 1830s. We were called

Cowboys because of our youth.
Cowpokes poked cows to their feet
through the slats of cattle cars.
A cow to a cowboy is anything
he can drive.

ARCHITECTURE

“America is a place that has no ruins,” said Henry James. By this he meant that it has no culture. “Give it time,” said Jubal. “We may not have the Colossus of Rhodes, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Pyramids at Giza (the only Great Wonder of the Ancient World still in existence), but we have the Hydrogen Bomb, with which we can make wonderful ruins. We even have the Neutron Bomb, which only destroys living matter and leaves buildings intact.” Jubal may be overstating things with his humor noir, but many fine buildings have been built in America since the time of Henry James (1843-1916).

“Architecture is a place to go into to get out of the rain when you are gardening” — a snide remark by a member of the Berkeley Hillside Club, a social organization formed at the end of the 19th century, which took inspiration from the Arts & Crafts movement. After the Great Fire of 1906, there was a renaissance of building in the San Francisco Bay Area.

One of the most fondly remembered architects is Bernard Maybeck (1862-1957), a maverick and true genius in his profession. Maybeck did not receive many commissions for large structures. He is known mainly for his unique houses. One notable exception is the Palace of Fine Arts in San Francisco that he created for the Panama International Exposition, in 1915. He converted a swampy area that other architects had rejected into a mystic vision celebrating the glory of art. It was designed to convey the impression that the viewer had stumbled upon a Roman ruin hidden among a tangle of foliage.

There were large planter boxes on the two wings that extended from the main

dome that had caryatid-like figures standing outside the boxes and from whose eyes water was to flow and nourish the ivy covering the palace. The ivy and the tears of the muses bewailing the failure of the arts to take firm root in California never became an actuality because the construction engineer calculated that the wood frame and stucco would not support the weight.

The palace was nicknamed “The Wildflower.” The people of San Francisco so loved this structure that it was not taken down after the exposition was over. Although it was made of non-durable materials, it held together for over half a century. In the 1960s, because of its state of dilapidation, it was demolished and then rebuilt according to the original plans in pre-stressed concrete. (See *Palace of Fine Arts* [sic] by Eric Johnson, dPress, 2007, www.dpress.net) The dome is visible above the roofs of family homes near the marina. How came Jubal to be so familiar with the work of Bernard Maybeck?

After he dropped out of Cal and began a regimen of self-education, one of his favorite haunts was a wine bar called The Steppenwolf. It was there he met Price Charlston, Professor of Esthetics at the university. Price lived in a Maybeck, situated on Highland Avenue, near the campus. He was gay and a gentleman, and he liked Jubal’s company, regardless of Jubal being straight and a bit rough around the edges.

Price realized he had an eager student for a friend and devoted much energy introducing Jubal to the world of Epicurus. They would take long walks in the hills, and Price would point out the details of beautiful homes. He took Jubal to museums, like the Legion of Honor and the De Young in the city, and discussed theories of art with his always-hungry-to-know companion. Price’s main texts in his classes were Croce’s *Aesthetics* and Santayana’s *Sense of Beauty*. The esthetic of Benedetto Croce (1866-1952) is an expressionist theory. Art is an expression of an impression and is representative of a fundamental, or intuitive, mode of human experience (Geddes MacGregor, *Dictionary of Religion and Philosophy*). George Santayana (1863-1952) saw the world as consisting of essences, which can be experienced through esthetic appreciation (Ibid.).

Jubal had not traveled to the European countries where the great art and architecture that Price alluded to were to be found, but he looked at the pictures, and he read the books, and he used his imagination. He did not need to travel to find beauty. It could be found at his doorstep. And Jubal has seen some ruins. When he was in Hawaii, on the Big Island, he saw the ruins of Pu'ukohola Heiau, a temple built by Kapoukahi on the Hill of the Whale, built by a human chain of rock, long before Captain Cook's arrival in the 18th century; and he has twice been to Mesa Verde, in Colorado, and seen the Anasazi cliff dwellings (circa 900 CE).

Jubal has been inside Saint Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue in Manhattan and inside Grace Cathedral on Nob Hill in San Francisco and was suitably impressed. It is not the size or age—of course Jubal would love to walk the streets of Paris and Rome and Athens and Madrid and breathe the air of heritage into his being, to see Michaelangelo's paintings in the Sistine Chapel, the Temple of Athene on the Acropolis—Jubal is content with the scale of Maybeck's Christian Science Church on Dwight Way, in Berkeley, and he loves houses.

VISIONARY DESIGNS

Lu and I drink tea at Nefeli's on Euclid
then hike around the Berkeley hills
looking at houses

This is the Lawson house
built by Bernard Maybeck in 1908
after the great earthquake

Making a connection between past
and present

The house resembles a Mediterranean villa
linking the earthquake
to the volcanic destruction of ancient Pompeii
each linked to each

I'm planning a house to look like a jet crash
to connect the present with the way the planet
will look over the next hundred years

ART

"What have you to say about art, Jubal?"

"Isn't that the little guy that works at the post office?"

"Be serious, for a minute."

"Jubal was born on the steps of the post office in Silicon Valley."

"You're parodying Jack Spicer in *A Fake Life of Arthur Rimbaud*, and Silicon Valley was called Santa Clara County when you were born. Don't you have something meaningful to say on the subject of art?"

"I could say about art what Jean Cocteau says about poetry: Art is indispensable, but for what I don't know."

Jubal is being Jubal, happy and free. I'll have to just do what I can. In the poem "Visionary Designs," Jubal mentions walking in the Berkeley hills with Lu. This is Luis Garcia. Luis Garcia, or 'Sito' to his friends, had a tremendous impact on Jubal as an artist. In Buddhism, he would be considered Jubal's root teacher, his Tsawa'i Lama, the one who showed him the essence of his mind as an artist.

Jubal had been close friends with real artists before he met Lu at the Mediterranean Café, in 1965, following the Berkeley Poetry Conference. He had lived for two years near Aptos, California, where there was an enclave of bohemians, some famous and some less well-known. Before the freeway was constructed along that stretch of the coast, there was a restaurant located at a crossroads called The Sticky Wicket. An unusual name for a restaurant, but it was owned by an Englishman, Vic Jowers, and his wife, Sidney. Vic had been a war-correspondent during WWII, and Sidney had taught math at Vassar. A "sticky wicket" is a British euphemism, derived from

the game of cricket, for a difficult situation, a mess, and anyone who has been in the restaurant business can understand the connotation.

The Sticky Wicket was a popular spot with the locals and with the Big Sur crowd, who would stop on their way to and from the city. Jubal met Jean Varda, a collage artist, who was hanging his fabric collages in the main dining room. One collage in particular interested Jubal: two women-in-waiting in lovely gowns in conversation by a canopied bed. Varda told Jubal that it was a wedding night, and one woman was saying to the other, "I just hope he takes off his boots when he gets into bed."

Jubal enjoyed the humor; it intrigued him that there was a narrative. He was new to the world of art. He was also surprised that you could make a picture from everyday materials. This encounter with Jean Varda was in 1961. Many years later, Jubal saw a charming film by Varda's daughter, Agnes, called *The Gleaners*, which was shot in France and explored the lives of people who gathered fruits and vegetables abandoned after the harvests. The film also touched upon art made from found objects, and this aspect was gratifying to Jubal who, by 2007, had long been a collage artist.

Other notable artists in the Aptos area were Lew Harrison, a composer, and Leonard Baskin, a sculptor and print maker. Jubal visited the home of Leonard Baskin with the artist's niece, Marianne Baskin, who later became an accomplished flamenco dancer. It was a musical experience to accompany Lew Harrison to the hardware store in Santa Cruz to buy a few washers for a prepared piano piece he was working on—to see the great man tinkering and tapping sundry objects for their tones was illuminating for Jubal. Again, art coming from common materials.

The artists that had the most impact on Jubal's development in these early stages were closer to Jubal's age, artists living an artist's life in the style of Puccini's *La Boheme*. They would buy paints and brushes before they would buy food: Kira Taylor, Pierre D'Alvern, Don Webster, and Tomas Marcellus.

Tomas had been incarcerated in Vacaville Mental Institution because of a heroin addiction, but his artistic skills had come to the attention of the resident dentist, who acted as an advocate for Tomas's release. Tomas had developed a technique

of building up oil glazes that gave his portraits luminosity and depth. Kira had a teenage daughter, and they lived in Santa Cruz, as did Tomas Marcellus. Kira painted with audacity in an impressionistic style.

Pierre was a sculptor. Welded metal, carved wood, stone, even concrete would blossom under his touch. One piece in sculpted concrete, a woman seated on the edge of a ring of stone, was so large that the door and the jam had to be removed to get it out of the studio.

Don painted in an abstract expressionist style. He had been given a garage full of house paints, and he had collected a pile of plywood scraps from the Cabrillo College building site.

Jubal had seen a short film called *Day of the Painter*, where the artist uses every method he can think of to paint; he even fires a flare gun loaded with paint, as a final statement, to complete his masterwork. Then, he takes a skill saw and cuts the large board into smaller pieces, just as an art dealer lands his plane at the end of the pier, looks the collection over, pays for one he likes, and flies off with his painting. The painter then throws the remaining paintings in the water and walks down the pier. Jubal saw this movie with another film: *The Horse's Mouth*, starring Alec Guinness who plays the eccentric artist Gully Jimson, a character based on William Blake and Dylan Thomas. Jubal loved these films, and now he was emulating the lives of these fictional characters. And thus, when he met Luis Garcia, he knew his role.

JUBAL: Are we going back to Berkeley, now?

RICHARD: Yes.

JUBAL: But what about The New Vic Theatre and the plays?

RICHARD: We'll get to those.

JUBAL: What about the romantic interludes?

RICHARD: All in their proper place.

JUBAL: What about the dancing on the table tops?

RICHARD: Jubal, first things first.

JUBAL: But you're leaving out important material.

RICHARD: This is not about your shenanigans, Jubal.

JUBAL: But they're related.

RICHARD: I know, and it will all be told.

JUBAL: Just a taste...to set the stage.

RICHARD: Well, after your love affair with Lindsey Talbot, who played the boy in Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, and your wife, Natasha, who played Nicole, a servant in Moliere's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* had her affair with Pierre D'Alvern, who played Vladimir to your Estragon, all was fair and square according to the mores of theater.

JUBAL: And then?

RICHARD: Then, you took your wife, your pregnant wife, and your infant daughter, Katrin, by car to New York, an adventure that will have to wait...

However, now that we have traveled to New York, there is an aspect of Jubal's art dharma that should be mentioned. Being unsuccessful at selling Kurtz Vacuum Cleaners, Jubal took to wandering the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in a further endeavor to broaden his knowledge and in desperation of what to do with himself.

He was brought to his knees before El Greco's "View of Toledo." After viewing Van Gogh's "Starry Night," he felt he wanted to eat a sandwich of cobalt blue with lettuce and tomato. He paid an extra 25 cents to stand in line to view Rembrandt's "Aristotle Contemplating a Bust of Homer." In those days, you could ride a mile in a cab for 25 cents, money, he says, that might have been better spent by going north in the city to visit The Cloisters.

Now, back to Berkeley. It was here that Jubal first came into contact with Tibetan art. For Tibetan artists, the definite outline is of utmost importance in their thankas. These paintings depict deities and are used as supports in meditation practices.

Precise and highly proportional use of form, line and color allow these artists to render their experience of visionary realms. The line is a spiritual energy. This was so for William Blake (1757-1827) as well. Blake takes a radical stance on this issue.

The great and golden rule of art, as well as life, is this:
That the more distinct, sharp, and wirey the boundry line,
the more perfect the work of art; and the less keen and
sharp, the greater is the evidence of weak imitation,
plagiarism, and bungling.

—from *A Descriptive Catalog &c. No. XV, Poetry and Prose of William Blake*, ed. By Geoffrey Keynes, Nonesuch Press, 1967)

Blake detested what he termed, “the infernal machine called Chiaro Oscuro,” which he equated with the mechanistic universe as conceived by Bacon, Newton and Locke—the “Satanic mills” of causality. (*William Blake*, Kathleen Raine, Thames & Hudson, 1970, page 20.)

Blake would not have approved of the painting of light developed by the Impressionists, after the invention of photography, and much of modern art would be anathematized. He might acknowledge Hellenistic traces in the lines of Picasso, Dali, Matisse, and Cocteau, though their forms would be repugnant to him.

The “definite outline of the almighty” may be more the province of spiritually oriented art, where the source of illumination comes from within, and the use of shadow and perception of depth are not so critical. Blake had his art roots in Gothic art, and he was reaching across the horrors he perceived in the so-called Age of Reason towards a vision of a pure land.

But I am beginning to write on Blake, and there is a chapter on him yet to come. What of Jubal and Luis Garcia? They are artists working after the Second World War, 1945 into the present. Much of what was disturbing to artists of the first half of the twentieth century—the acceleration of events, the fragmentation of culture after WWI, the increasing industrialization of nations, the astonishing flow of information, the effects of applied science, and the relativity of values—all this is taken pretty much for granted by artists now.

During the days of urban renewal, in the '60s and '70s, architects were faced with an esthetic challenge to create buildings that would fit into neighborhoods where there was a mishmash of styles. So, they borrowed a bit of this and a tad of that and came up with an eclectic blend. This using mixed media and the incorporation of a variety of painterly styles in one work is evident in the pictures of many post-modern painters and certainly in the work of collage and assemblage artists.

William Blake would consider Jubal's art ugly, the work of Fumble and Bungle, but Jubal is undeterred. He admires Blake's bold pronouncements, his iconoclastic beliefs, his view of the eternal artist and the imaginative principal, and above all his perseverance in an age that dismissed his art as old-fashioned, when in fact it was modern and revolutionary.

I am still writing about Blake. Let me turn decisively to the work of Jubal. Most of Jubal's artwork is signed "Dylan." Jubal says, "I, too, am a poet who was deeply influenced by Dylan Thomas." Here is his artist's statement from *Dylan's Assemblages*, D Press, 2007:

I contemplate and move objects around until things "fall into place." I like there to be a fit, and I try to interlock the shapes of the objects to give structure to the piece—an architecture of mind—keeping nails, glue, wire, staples, screws, welding to a minimum. I bring disparate objects together—eggshell Styrofoam, curtain lace, blurry photos and plastic water pipe—hoping for a most fortunate accident of composition. Look for nothing behind the junk.

Although there is the use of combining found-objects and of pasting together paper images in the folk art of the 19th century, as well some mixed media in the early work of Picasso, it is Kurt Schwitters, a German artist of the 1920s who is considered the father of collage. He created what are known as "Mertz," after finding a scrap of newspaper torn from the word "commertz." The idea that this fragment of commerce could be recycled into the economy intrigued him. That which is rejected, ignored, cast aside, is still a part of the system, and the artist threads it back into the fabric of society. This art was considered decadent, meaningless by the Third Reich, so Schwitters's work was burned, and he fled to America.

I am not a trained artist. I took printmaking and a class in drawing from Terrance Choy at the University of Alaska in the early 1970s. Mainly, I have hung out with artists that eat, drink and dream art, and I've watched them work and sat in cafes and walked the streets, talking with them. I go to museums and galleries and look at the pictures. I was 19 when I went to my first art show at the San Francisco Modern Museum of Art and saw Robert Motherwell's blue collages of Gualois cigarette wrappers mixed with paint. I saw an exhibit of Brancusi and Giacometti sculptures and a retrospective of Kandinsky paintings. All of these exhibits strongly affected me—the "tearingness" of collage in the work of Motherwell, the solid presence of the Brancusis, the organic economy of the Giacomettis, the ethereal precision of the Kandinskys. Later, other famous and not so famous artists would have effect on me. Luis Garcia's collages, for example, revealed to me that materials are everywhere, and I still strive for the sense of alignment I feel in his work.

I have used the skills of a carpenter, a plumber, a printer, a painter—trades I work at and enjoy—to make my artworks. The best carpenter is the one who can hide his errors. However, here I like to see the "errors," the crustiness, the broken, bent, wrinkled, burnt, twisted materials, the wire, thread, nails, and the seams in the cut paper. I paint with junk, exploring space, positioning this "trash" to reveal its overlooked beauty.

INTERVIEW WITH JUBAL DOLAN

I made my way, wearing snowshoes, along the faint traces of a trail in the deep snow to Luminous Peak, the cabin where Jubal is in retreat. He has finished his traditional three-year retreat, but he remains ensconced. He welcomed me with a big smile and a hot cup of tea.

RICHARD: This tea has an interesting flavor. What is it called?

JUBAL: Lapsang Souchang. It comes from the Fujian province of China. Smokey, some people say it tastes like boot polish. I have some other choices, if you'd prefer.

RICHARD: Don't yogins avoid becoming attached to fine teas?

JUBAL: Well, there's no reason for throwing away good tea. Enjoy your tea, and then we'll get down to business.

RICHARD: Do the Tibetans have a tea ceremony like the Japanese?

JUBAL: Not that I know of, but they do use tea as an offering, and I have heard that, if there is a limited amount of tea available, the first steeping is called the "nirmanakaya" and the second is the "sambhogakaya" and the third is the "dharmakaya." Each kaya, or dimension, is progressively more rarified, until it is tasteless. (Jubal laughs.)

RICHARD: Can you tell me about your assemblages?

JUBAL: Assemblage is a process of making a painting by combining found objects. Assemblage has its roots in collage, and collage has its roots in folk art. Picasso added real newspaper and pieces of a guitar to one of his paintings. Schwitters used found materials. Philip Whalen said, "Kurt Schwitters tore it all into COLOR." Abstract Expressionists, like Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg took assemblage to new heights of composition and absurdity. It is not all to be viewed in a serious vein. There is also humor in this work, although some critics see it as "anti-art" or "the end of art." A gallery curator told me that my Cowboy Funk pieces were too dirty to hang on her walls. The outdoors does cling to my combines, which is another name for these objects, and I feel they are akin to environmental artworks.

RICHARD: Many of your assemblages hang on sheds and fences. I saw a number of these as I walked towards your cabin. Do you see them primarily as belonging outdoors? You also make collages and boxes, right?

JUBAL: Yes, the collages and boxes are made of more delicate materials. They are more intimate. The junk pieces I like to see outside. They highlight an otherwise overlooked structure, and the various objects around old buildings seem to become a part of the assemblage itself.

Once, when I visited Don Webster, an artist I knew in Aptos, I swept up a bunch of debris into a wooden box, and I decided to pour in some glue. Why not? Of course, it didn't hold together, but it was a start. If you want a combine to hold up under

the force of the elements, you have to give some consideration to how you construct it. I often begin by laying the parts I have collected on the ground and leaving them. I rearrange them a few times, taking into account how they fit together, structurally and esthetically, and how I am going to eventually mount them, what wire, nails, screws will be used.

When I am satisfied with my composition, I start with the background level and begin to build, changing things as necessity dictates, as the materials demand. It never comes out as I planned, but that is half the fun. I do tend to overwork my pieces, not to let well-enough alone, to get cute, “to put a bird on it.” Literally.

At the gallery I mentioned earlier, where the curator was concerned about the crustiness, the rustiness, the flakiness, I did get three works accepted in a community show and won first, second and third prize in the mixed-media category. I asked the judge, later, why the one piece received third place, and she told me that the little hand-crafted bird I had added to a projecting piece of metal was silly. Maybe so, maybe not; I had added it mainly because I didn’t want someone to poke out their eye. There’s a bird in Rauschenberg’s “Canyon.” Maybe, if I had spray-painted my bird black, it might have flown.

RICHARD: Where do you find your materials? How do you choose?

JUBAL: There’s a lot of junk out there to choose from, too much really. I set rules for myself, like I will only pick up pieces of stuff I find along the roadside on my morning walk. Occasionally a piece “presents” itself and goes to complete a work still unfinished. People give me things: “Jubal could use this,” they say. Sometimes, I find a huge stash of materials, on a ranch or in a junk pile. I get excited. I want it all; but I settle on pieces that interest me. Another rule is to use things from other projects I’m working on, say, doing some plumbing or fixing a garage door. I may incorporate the broken parts or the left-over materials in my art.

When I lived on a ranch near Robber’s Roost, Washington, there was a mound of junk out in the desert. The guy I worked for had problems, work pressures, girlfriend pressures—he was a man in a mid-life crisis—and he used my shoulder to cry on. We had a good working arrangement, a rent-free house and a monthly

salary, but the added “psychologist” part on my days off had not been part of the original deal, and it became oppressive. I continued to do my chores, but I took out my frustration by covering a large shed with junk. This was my first big work. My boss sold the spread, and the man who bought it was going to bulldoze the “Tack Shack,” as it was called, but his wife said it was a treasure, that she loved it, and it was saved from destruction. Kind of a happy ending, unlike the fate of the wall in *The Horse’s Mouth*.

The opening scene of Sam Albright’s video, *The Collage Artist*, takes place in front of the Tack Shack. I appear in a black tweed overcoat and fisherman’s cap, working on my art. I get in a battered GMC van and drive down 4th Parallel Road towards Robber’s Roost. Mt. Rainier can be seen above the Manastash Hills, and there’s a great shot of a hawk cutting the air in front of the van. The video follows the activity of an artist preparing a retrospective art show. There are three parts: the ranch scene and trip to town; a café scene, shot in Windy City Books with a part that is an interior monologue; and a final, Chaplinesque scene with Martin Campanile and myself, accompanied by Craig, Chris’s three-legged dog, carrying a mysterious box around town. The video was shot just prior to a show I had at Gallery One with Don O’Connor and Bruce McNaughty. If you go to the gallery at my dPress website, you can see photos of this show by Darina Prather.

RICHARD: Jubal, what is the source of your inspiration? What makes you create?

JUBAL: That’s harder to describe than how I make my art. You know that I am also a writer. I go back and forth and sometimes combine both mediums. When the poetic muse takes a vacation, I do visual art. They’re related activities. In collage, you cut and paste images; in poetry, you take an image from your mind and put it, in the form of a word, on the page. The brain might function differently, but the impulse to make art is the same. Both are means of expression, like giving birth to something that wasn’t there beforehand, an urge to procreate. There’s a time for flirtatious-like curiosity with an idea or image, and then of conception, gestation and delivery—even before I begin to work—then, you have to nurture this baby. The actual making of the poem or collage involves all the trials and hopes and disappointments of getting this baby to grow, but I don’t like this analogy much.

Maybe the drive to create is something more transcendental, like communing with the Absolute. Or it might be totally mundane, like wanting fame. If you think too much about this, you'd never do it.

RICHARD: What might set you off, be a catalyst?

JUBAL: Anything. As Borges points out, everything has its poetry, its beauty, even if you can't see it. A blank page is a formidable thing, perfect in its blankness, but once you make a mark on it, you are committed. The work moves, changes, and you can find yourself lost, weary and confused. Stop. Leave it. Sleep on it. It's easy to botch things. Or, go on. It's your call. Sometimes, from a mess, a masterpiece emerges. I recall Henry Miller's short story, "The Angel Is My Watermark," where an image of an angel appears in his ruined watercolor. After he had tried several ways to save it, he tried scrubbing it in the bathtub; and presto!

RICHARD: There's a question I've wanted to ask someone who is both a creative artist and a meditator. Do you find there to be a conflict between these two activities?

JUBAL: I didn't quite finish answering your last question, but I think what I have to say will lead to that, ok?

RICHARD: Of course, go ahead.

JUBAL: William Blake said a work of art consisted of three parts: one part came from myth, a part from the art tradition, and a part from your own genius. It is my view, a work of art also has its source in three locations: in an outside place, an inside place, and a secret place. By the "outside," I mean the context for the work to be done, perhaps a commission or an upcoming show, and this imposes a deadline. This pressure acts as a stimulant. The "inside" is your own personal standards and the methods, the skillful means, you have developed to make art.

For example, my way of writing is described in *My Process* (dPress, 2002, see Vol. 8 of *The Collected Works of Jubal Dolan*). I explain how I write into the book. I use linked text boxes in a computer program to create a book format. The open pages "call out" to be filled; and from here, it is out of my hands. The book becomes an editing process. I print out a copy, sew it up, edit, and print it again, until I am

satisfied. There are usually pieces left over, and these start the next book in a series. The “book” is never done. It is done when you put a cover on it and call it done. With my assemblages, I may begin with a frame and fill it. Or, a wall demands attention. I make a few strokes, and the composition begins to expand and take on a life of its own. This is why it’s hard for most people to dedicate themselves to art, to live in the moment and give up their structured lifestyle.

Then, there is the “secret” place that is a source for the work of art. I may be inspired by a beautiful woman, or I may find I am writing or making a picture to please a friend. I discovered recently that I wrote many poems to Allen Ginsberg and Jack Spicer. I want to be in that Circle of Hell where Dante put the poets. As Jack once said, “Poetry is a conversation among the dead, and the poets get it second hand.” It is in this secret place that strange knowledge comes to the artist, and it is here that meditation is helpful.

Is there a conflict between making art and meditation? My experience is that there is room for both, that they are compatible and enhance each other. Aspects of the creative process are meditative: there is the focus of *shamatha*, of maintaining a mindful presence in your work; and there is a kind of seeing, or insight, that arises from the *vipashyana* aspect. It is impossible for the mind to reach complete stillness when making art, especially with writing, where logic and the law of contradictions are in play, yet the mind stream is channeled, directing the flow of energy toward realization of what is really real.

After a session of meditation, where the discursive mind is given rest, I find my creativity enhanced, my hand steadier. The continual search for bliss in visionary fantasy, addiction to the god-like power of creativity, the revelatory ecstasy of epiphany are all mistaken directions to pursue, if you want lasting transcendental wisdom. Finally, there is no meditation; all dualistic notions are subsumed under equanimity, in a simple state of awareness. Blah, blah, blah!

If you have brought your art onto the path, then it is a form of practice, and your view, your practice, and how you carry this out in your life are unified, were always a unity. You need to develop confidence in this. It doesn’t mean having a Big Ego.

You develop what the Tibetans call Vajra Pride, which also requires you to maintain humility and compassion for others. You don't need to be acknowledged by others. You acknowledge yourself. I could go on, but I think this is a good place to stop.

RICHARD: Thank you, Jubal.

JUBAL: You are entirely welcome. Blessings. May the two-fold accomplishments of mine and others be of benefit—no, that's not it—through the two accumulations, may the two-fold benefit of mine and others be accomplished.

BLAKE

What the hammer? What the chain?

In what furnace was thy brain?

What the anvil? What dread grasp

Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

—from "The Tyger"

One can sense the presence of the blacksmith and feel the heat of the forge, as the questions fly like sparks off his anvil in this central stanza of Blake's poem. The questions are rhetorical, like the questions in the Book of Job: "Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?" We are with Blake in a forging house, at the creation of the world, and we are then asked, "Did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the Lamb make thee?"

Spelling was still arbitrary at the end of the 18th century. The y in Tyger immediately jumps out at me, and the lower case "he" in lower case could imply Lucifer (or since Blake mixed his mythology, the smithy might be Vulcan) and not the Almighty, but the "Lamb" could not be mistaken for anything but a symbol for Christ, Jesus. A dichotomy is being erected between the creators of Lambs and Tygers, as there is between other characters in the two books, *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*. It doesn't matter who is alluded to, really; it is that the question is raised at all which confounds the reader. We would naturally assume God created

both, since, at the time the poem was written, Darwin's theory of evolution was not known, "The Tyger" being etched sometime between 1789 and 1794 and *The Origin of Species* to be published in 1859.

I wonder if Blake would have dismissed Darwin's theory with contempt, as an extension of the mind's rationalistic projections, or if he would have been attracted to the organic and evolutionary aspects of the idea and embraced it in contrast to the mechanistic theory propounded by Newton then in vogue. Blake was so very original and saw beyond "Nature." His was a cosmological-psychological view, more in line with Tibetan Buddhist metaphysics than with any religious or scientific concept then present in Western culture. Blake and Tibetan Buddhism? That is going to have to wait...

More to the point is Blake's use of metallurgy in the making of his tiger. *Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience*, which is subtitled *Shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul*, was written during the early stages of the Industrial Revolution, when the blast furnaces were going full tilt and the "Satanic Mills" were in continuous operation. This was a time when libertarian and anarchistic freethinkers pointed out the social injustices, religious hypocrisy, and political tyranny. William Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, Thomas Paine—William Blake was among them.

Blake's language was different. As Mark Schorer points out in *William Blake: The Politics of Vision* (Vintage, 1959, page 3):

To trace the dialectic of innocence and experience, he tried to express (and correct) the ideas of political thinkers like Paine and Godwin in the vocabulary of religious thinkers like Boehme and Swedenborg.

According to Schorer, through his poetry and art, Blake tried to "synthesize the contraries of a visionary temperament and a social intelligence." In his review of Mark Schorer's book, Alfred Kazin, in *The New Republic*, emphasizes this point:

...Schorer has done what so many Blake admirers have wanted to do...He has taken Blake out of the company

of mystics...and has shown him as a poet and thinker who accepted and corrected the revolutionary thought of his time. We, who have never corrected it enough, but show signs of abandoning it altogether, can now, better than ever appreciate Blake's relation to our age.

Jubal entered the University of California at Berkeley in 1959, the year Mark Schorer's book and Alfred Kazin's review were published. Schorer also came to the University of California at Berkeley that year to teach a course on William Blake. The Schorer book was popular. It appealed to layman and scholar alike. *The Portable Blake*, with an introduction by Alfred Kazin, published by Viking Press, came out about this time, as well, and was on every intellectual's bookshelf. William Blake, due to careful scholarship, was having a revival. Bob Dylan would soon sing, "The times they are a changin'." In 1959, you could already feel the wind blowing through the billows of discontent and fanning the flames of revolution.

Academically, during Jubal's first year at Cal, things went from bad to worse to grotesque. He took English from Professor Thomas Parkinson. In class, he was asked if he had ever read the same book twice. He claimed he had read Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* twice. Parkinson said, "And then you probably wondered why you ever read it once." This smarted. He had never been treated this way in high school. Jubal turned in his first in-class Blue Book essay on the subject "My Home." At the next class period, Parkinson announced to the class that he had received from one of the students (Jubal went unnamed) the worse essay he had ever read. Jubal knew it was his, and this was confirmed by a huge, red "F" on the first page of his composition.

Jubal was devastated, but he knows now that Professor Parkinson did him a favor with this humbling experience. Jubal understood that he could not write a passable essay. He could diagram sentences, decline verbs, and spell in a haphazard fashion, but he had yet to learn how to organize his thoughts. The upside of the class was his being introduced to *Walden* by Henry David Thoreau.

Another book that was a text in Parkinson's class was *The Organization Man* by

William H. Whyte. It is an analysis of post-war changes in corporate structure from a time when an individual's ability to initiate action was appreciated to one that heralded a collective approach. A theme of Whyte's book suggests a Machiavellian need to be cunning and ruthless to survive in corporate life, and when Jubal considered this in conjunction with Thoreau's essay *On Civil Disobedience*, it made a diabolical mesh in his mind.

In the spring of 1960, Jubal took an English class from Professor Traugett. When he was instructed to write an essay on a poet of his choice, Jubal chose to write on William Blake. Oh, miserable wretch, had you but taken the time to outline some of your ideas or perhaps consulted with another student on your first draft! No, you stupidly and naively (in the sense of unsuspecting detection) plagiarized most of your essay from Alfred Kazin's introduction to *The Portable Blake*.

Everyone in the English Department had read Kazin's essay, and they were about to hear about yours. Kazin's essay was the brilliant work of a man of mature years, and you were a freshman not dry behind the ears. Were you intentionally putting a loaded revolver to your temple? If so, it made a nice hole, a hole which you then fell down, turning your life inside out. That is a convoluted thought, I know, but it requires a stretch of imagination to understand—not so much your flagitious disregard for literary standards but your choosing such a noteworthy piece to plagiarize. You were lucky. Professor Traugett was kind. He promised to only give you the grade of D and not bring your action to the attention of the Dean of Men, which would mean your expulsion from college.

Traugett was a man of his word. Jubal got his D. It was the best grade he received that semester. And his name was already on a list before the Dean for subversive activities. He was a member of SLATE, a student organization putting forth a slate of candidates for student government offices. Jubal, mentored by Carey McWilliam's Jr., had been haranguing students from the planter boxes in Dwinelle Plaza about various university injustices; and he was a resident of Gilman Hall, which had been investigated by the F.B.I., after Archie Brown, a card-carrying member of the Communist Party, had been invited to the dorm to speak, while the House Un-American Activities Committee was holding hearings in San Francisco.

Jubal was sure Big Brother was watching. The only thing to do was to drop out and go underground.

Sounds romantic, but all it really meant was that he quit going to class and began hanging out at the Mediterranean Café on Telegraph Avenue. The decision to drop out was precipitated after he had an interview with his Commanding Officer in R.O.T.C. This course was mandatory, along with signing a loyalty oath to the United States of America. He had received a failing grade of 65 on his tests for the previous semester. 66 would have given a passing grade of D. He was told that a review of his test scores was impossible because they were “top secret.” Jubal told the Captain that he could get the same kind of F without ever going to class or to a drill period.

In his chemistry class, the substance that Jubal had been given to analyze remained an “unknown”, and this Jubal dropped in a wastebasket as he left the lab. His *Aeneid* in the original Latin went unread, and the squiggly notes he had made in his physics class, Atomic Radiation and Life, were never to be deciphered. The predictable rotations he had been taught electrons travelled were revealed to be as uncertain as the next steps he was to take. William Blake would not have approved of Jubal’s plagiary, although he might be flattered by the young poet’s attention, but the old poet would have been proud of Jubal’s social and political vision. For Jubal, it was a glad day.

BOATS

Why boats? You could count the number of boats Jubal has sailed on with your fingers and the number of boats he has skippered on the fingers of one hand—a couple of dinghies and one 14-foot outboard motor boat. What can Jubal have to say about boats, be it sailing vessels, gravy boats, or being in the same boat? I’ll let Jubal tell it.

Thank you, Richard. I have always loved boats. I grew up in the San Francisco Bay

Area. Lots of boats, coming and going. I was born a couple of weeks before Pearl Harbor was attacked. Lots of boats sunk. As a little kid, I played with boats in the bathtub. I remember a blue and red, plastic tugboat, a version of "Tuffy," a tugboat in a children's book, kind of a cross between "the ugly duckling" and "the little engine that could." A little boat, not so handsome, but muscular, who shows he has special talent by rescuing a gorgeous ocean liner in distress. This rescue fantasy has always been modified by another aspect of my character, represented by the story line of "Ferdinand the Bull," the slacker mentality.

But to boats. I was always excited when we boarded the ferry boats between Richmond and San Rafael on our family's excursions north. The clanking of planks, the grace of the maneuvers to the dock, the smell of diesel, the throb of the engines, while climbing the narrow passages to the upper deck, the transition from being on land to being on water, the screech of seagulls, the salt air, the sense of departure with a blast of an air horn; and then we were underway. Thirty minutes, across the bay on a ferry boat, a boat with bows at either end, but still I would get the sense of plunging into a new destiny with sea breeze in my hair and the gentle roll of the waves beneath the boat.

And there is always the chance for romance, even on a ferry. My second wife, Angel, and I drove our VW camper to Prince Rupert, British Columbia, after we had been married by a Justice of the Peace in Reno, Nevada. We debarked on a ferry, named after the Prince, for a trip up the Inland Passage to Ketchikan, Alaska. It was a honeymoon cruise. After two years of living in a cabin in Tongass National Forest, we took another ferry further up the passage to Haines, and there we began our drive up the Alcan Highway to Fairbanks.

Once, long after Angel and I had divorced, I met Cheryl White on a ferry ride between Port Angeles and Seattle. I had been visiting David Pond, my astrology teacher and friend. When he dropped me off at the terminal, he said he knew the lady in the gray van ahead of us in line, and, if I wanted a ride from the terminal on the other side of the Sound, to introduce myself, give his name as reference, and she would assist me. Assist me she did, and a passionate time we had of it in the weeks to come. She owned a flower shop. After a month planting trees on Mt.

Baker, I took the ferry from Anacortes to see Cheryl, and...

RICHARD: Jubal!

JUBAL: Yes?

RICHARD: Boats.

JUBAL: Yes, to continue:

I like the nautical terms—an entire language of objects and actions. Take this passage from Melville's *Moby Dick*, for example:

...Ahab, troubledly pacing the deck, shouted out—
“To the braces! Up helm!—Square in!” In an instant
the yards swung round; and the ship half-wheeled
upon her heel, her three firm-seated graceful
masts erectly poised upon her long, ribbed hull, seemed
as the three Horatii pirouetting on one sufficient steed.

A bit literary, I know. I'm not sure who the “Horatii” are—perhaps circus riders—but the “braces” are ropes belonging to all the yards of the ship (Smyth). The “yards” are long, cylindrical timbers suspended upon the mast of a vessel to spread a sail (Smyth). “Up helm—Square in”: “helm” is a term for all steering arrangements of a ship (Russell). The definitions are from my Norton edition of *Moby Dick*. [Author's note: The Horatii were male triplets who saved Rome in battle during the reign of Tullus Hostilius, the legendary third king of Rome].

Captain Ahab's ship, the *Pequod*, was a whaler, circa 1850, but sailors' vocabulary is still in use and salty as ever. On a cruise ship, like the *Love Boat*—“abaft” would still be towards the “stern,” which is behind, and “abeam” is still a line at right angles to the vessel's length, as “aft” is toward the stern, and “athwartships” is across the ship and is opposed to “fore-and-aft. Russell claims “alow” is a term for below, but is only used for alliteration, ‘She had studding sails aloft and alow.’ “Avast!” is an order to stop doing anything, as in “Avast! An iceberg!”

On one of my nautical adventures in Alaska, Angel, Alvin and I went to Ketchikan in the 14 ft. outboard we had borrowed from our friends, Derek and Maurine Gass.

We stopped at the pier and I “parked” the boat with the “front” pointed toward shore, which had I known the terms, would be “docked with the bow leeward,” or opposite to that from which the wind was blowing, “lee-shore,” and as the tide came in, water lapped into the stern, and the boat sank.

We were watching Orson Welles’ *Citizen Kane* on the tube and drinking homebrew at Kent Redmond’s place, when Derek phoned to say the harbormaster had phoned him that his boat was underwater. It was dark outside. I knew the boat was going nowhere. We spent the night at Derek and Maurine’s, and the next morning we took a look. Only the roof of the cab was above water, that and a couple of life jackets. Nothing to do but bail. With work, the boat was afloat, and Derek and I lifted his 30 horsepower Johnson engine out of the brine, took it to his place in town and stuck it upside down into an oil drum filled with fresh water in order to flush it out before it began to corrode.

I was tinkering away at the engine, when I looked up, and there stood Rachel, a smile on her lips like a sunrise, her breasts straining the buttons on her blouse, her hips designed to recline.

RICHARD: Jubal!

JUBAL: I know, but it is related to boats. She was camped out on a seiner in the marina and was trying to catch me in her net.

RICHARD: And?

JUBAL: And nothing, Angel came down the stairs, saw that we were standing much too close, gave the chick a piercing look, and Rachel disappeared into dream dust.

RICHARD: What did Angel say?

JUBAL: She said that I would flirt with one deva too many sometime; but it wasn’t that day. We went back to Deep Bay after I got the boat shipshape.

RICHARD: Back to your yarn, Jubal.

Angel and I named our son, Alvin, after a converted gill netter that made passage between the airport on Matanuska Island and the bigger island of Ketchikan. The Alvin was sometimes moored to the pier next to the Sourdough Bar, where Angel

for a brief time worked as a waitress. She was one of the first women to serve drinks in a bar in Ketchikan, in times when bartenders wore firearms.

It was after hours, like 4 in the morning; we'd been dancing to the jukebox. We had a bottle of wine and were walking down the pier. The deck of the Alvin was awash in moonlight and seemed to invite us to board. We lay midships, drank our wine, and looked at the constellations. I will spare you the graphic details, Richard, but the stars were very bright and the water exceedingly calm as we heaved to.

RICHARD: Funny, to name your boy after a boat.

JUBAL: It was that or Allen Ginsberg Dolan. But that's another story.

RICHARD: Do you have another boat story?

I could tell about reading Rimbaud's "The Drunken Boat" on the crumbling bulkhead of the experimental concrete ship Kaiser built during the Second World War that protruded from the beach at Aptos. Most of my great sea adventures take place on a dinghy. Some of these stories are told in *Deep Bay: Works and Days* (D Press, 2003).

There was the crabber our friend, Eric, brought out to the cabin, that sank in our cove. Some passing hunters reported this, and one day while we were tripping on mushrooms, a Coast Guard cutter suddenly loomed over us, and an air horn blew, awakening us to ordinary reality. The captain of the ship said he could ticket us for a number of violations, but he was lenient, raised the crabber, and towed it away.

And there was the old trawler Eric brought out, which we took to town to get stove oil. On the return trip, we were nearly swamped by the wake of a Japanese oil tanker. Another close call was the time our friend, Al, took us to town in his motor boat, and we ran into bad weather. Whirlygigs, or water spouts, nearly capsized us, and we took shelter in someone's summer cabin along the inlet. When the storm subsided, the tide, fourteen feet of it, was out, and we spent the night marooned.

Here is a story I haven't related elsewhere. I rowed my dinghy across Moser Lake to Deep Bay, about a half mile, where the weekly mail plane landed, weather permitting. This week, our friend, Misty Lee, was coming to visit. She was flying in

from Ketchikan and planned to spend the week. It was one of those rare days when it wasn't raining (150 inches per year is not uncommon), and the water was unstirred by wind.

Gliding through this calm, I looked at Misty sitting in the stern, clutching her purse, her bags at her feet, and she was looking at me, not exactly with panic in her eyes, but with an understanding that the water line was close to the upper edge of the gunwale, and we were without life preservers. It's hard to describe the mood we shared, a feeling of being on a small boat on a great body of water, calm, quiet, serene—a mystical moment. Melville gets close:

...seated in his boat, light as a birch canoe; and so sociably mixing with the soft waves themselves, that like hearth-stone cats they purr against the gunwale; the tranquil beauty and brilliancy of the ocean's skin, one forgets the tiger heart that pants beneath it; and would not willingly remember, that the velvet paw but conceals a remorseless fang.

Moby Dick, Ishmael's reflection, Chapter 114.

I believe a paw conceals a claw, and a jaw conceals a fang, but the rhyme would have ruined the passage. Also, a "fang" is a long, tapered part of a thing, and this is a good place for me to tapper off.

RICHARD: You made a simple moment seem cosmic.

JUBAL: Well, you can have a high nautical adventure in the bathtub. Have I told you about the time I found my wife in the bathtub eating a bloody buffalo steak?

BUSINESS

Jubal did not climb high on the corporate ladder. His dad did. Sean Patrick Dolan

(1900-1998) was thrifty and industrious by temperament. He was granted a Master of Business degree from the University of Minnesota in 1928. He became a District Manager for Harper's Insurance Company and established full-time agents for the company in New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada, before he became State Director of Golden Agencies, in 1938, with a regional office in Berkeley, California. He retired with a pension, at age 65, feeling it was, as he said, "a privilege to have worked for the greatest insurance company in the world." I note that Sean was designated a "Y-man," due to the separation of Golden Agencies from the main administration of the regional office.

Jubal could have followed in his father's footsteps. The path was there, and Jubal did work for a short time in the Administrative Services Department as a bindery clerk. After a fist fight on the loading dock, following an argument over a lunchtime poker game, a fight without a decided winner, Jubal realized this was not exactly what was meant by "fighting your way to the top." He was told by his boss that no one was going to call the Big Boss onto the carpet, but that Jubal needed to think about his actions and how it reflected upon his father.

Jubal's father may have heard about his son's behavior, because he was soon to suggest to Jubal that he take his wife (Natasha) and baby daughter (Katrin) to live at the family's beach house in Aptos and re-enter college at Cabrillo College, then in Watsonville (the Artichoke Capital of the World). Jubal decided this was an opportunity to rebuild his life and his grade point average.

Jubal no longer aspired to be a brain surgeon. That notion dissipated when Jubal threw the "unknown" into the trash can when he left Cal. Now, he was determined to become a poet. Where this notion came from is hard to guess. Only the Muse knows for sure. There is no tradition of artists in the Dolan family tree. Jubal is an adopted child; it may be in his genes. His mother claimed his biological father had been a musician. Perhaps it was a combination of wanting to redeem himself in the English Department of the soul and a nudge from the ghost of Joaquin Miller. (See *Juanita of the Woods*.)

The sort of books you would have found on the shelves of Jubal's family home

would have been: *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, *The Extra Mile*, and the works of Horatio Alger. Jubal may have simply needed intellectual stimulation, although these works by Dale Carnegie, Norman Vincent Peal and Edward Guest were to have an effect on him.

It was through the advice of poets that Jubal gained courage to start his own business. During the Berkeley Poetry Conference, in 1965, Jubal told Gary Snyder that he had plans to go to Alaska, make his fortune, and open a bookstore in Berkeley. Gary said, "Berkeley has enough bookstores. You should go to the hinterlands and find a town that needs an infusion of culture and start a Berkeley bookstore there." Jubal asked Allen Ginsberg, "Can I be a good poet and a good businessman at the same time?" Allen said, "Just be good!"

Jubal envisioned having a little place along the roadside where he could be a friend to man. Windy City Bookstore, selling new and used books, gourmet coffees and teas, cards and prints and gifts, opened at 204 Audion Avenue, in Robber's Roost, Washington, in 1978. Jubal had not made his fortune in Alaska, but his friend, Tim Roberts, had by working on the oil pipeline. Tim offered Jubal and Angel seed money, and with some of the money they bought The Caffeine Conspiracy from Cady Cook, lock, stock, and coffee grinder. Tim went a step further and married Cady, not realizing that the business of business is business. The marriage did not last nor did Jubal's and Angel's for much longer.

After twelve years of marriage, Jubal was single again. Angel kept possession of their house and their son, Alvin, and Jubal kept Windy City Books. In a few years, Tim would want out of the partnership, needing some ready cash, and Jubal gave him all he had in his savings. Tim said the amount would suffice, as the original seed money had been a gift, but I am sure he expected a greater return on his investment. Windy City Books was never a money maker. Jubal made a modest living, breaking even, getting by, as the store grew. But the store was a success in other ways. In the seventeen years Jubal was a sole proprietor of this business, he looked forward to work and would open his shop with gladness and a sense of pride.

He remembers the day he became a member of the American Booksellers Association. He received a decal to put in the window, a red binder with data and forms to make single title orders from publishers, and a poster with a picture of Charlie Chaplin embracing a young woman (maybe Mary Pickford) with a caption that read, "Booksellers Make Better Lovers!" Jubal was in business.

It is an angst-ridden condition, bouncing from job to job, with people asking you what you do and you wondering what you want to be. You say, "I haven't made up my mind" or "I'm just a student of Life." Now, Jubal had a profession. A man came up to him at a party and, when introduced, said, "Oh, I know you; you're Windy City Books, Cards, and Prints."

Jubal learned the basics of buying and selling books from Moe Mavkowitz of the legendary Moe's Bookstore, in Berkeley. Jubal and Angel worked for Moe, and Moe had taken a liking to the young couple. He had a trade policy, so you could bring your old books in and either get hard cash or a piece of "Moe money" with the terms of trade printed on one side and a picture of Moe in a top hat, holding a glass of champagne, in the center of a dollar bill design, rendered in cartoon-style by Joel Beck.

New books, in the days before chain bookstores took over the market and made it tough on the independents were bought from publishers and wholesalers, usually at 60% the retail price. Chain stores can buy in volume at a much lower discount and often sell a new book at a lower price that an independent store can buy it. Used books are bought from various sources, from private libraries, from other dealers, from customers in the store. If a customer offers to sell books, you need to make an appraisal that the customer is willing to accept, one amount in cash and one in trade. There is an art to making this value determination. Moe had honed it to a science.

Jubal created his own style of management and atmosphere from a variety of stores. In Berkeley: Big Daddy Creed's, Farrel's, Cody's, Shakespeare & Co. and the Continental; in San Francisco: City Lights Bookstore; in Portland: Powell's; and in Seattle: Elliot Bay Bookstore and Puss 'n Books. But, at heart, Windy City was always

a branch of Moe's.

Creed's Bookstore was on Telegraph Avenue, between Haste and Channing, mid-block on the west side of the street. Big Daddy, who may have gotten his nickname because he resembled, with his bulk and beard, the folk singer and actor, Burl Ives, who played the character "Big Daddy" in *The Cat on the Hot Tin Roof*, usually sat in the front of his store at a large desk and could often be found playing chess with one of his cronies. You sat the books you had to sell on the edge of his desk with the spines facing him, and between chess moves he would give you a dollar amount, like a popish pronouncement. You could take it or leave with your books. If he bought the books, they would sit there until an elderly lady would appear from the stacks and set them somewhere, usually on the floor along the already clogged aisles.

Farrel's was another story. Located just south of Dwight Way on the east side of Telly, it was more of a cubby hole. Mr. Farrel sat behind a high counter, wearing a Japanese silk robe and sipping whiskey from a glass he kept hidden. Scruffy, intelligent, he liked to engage you in a discussion of any interesting book you might be considering. This appealed to Jubal and is a trait he developed as a bookseller, the dialogue, not the whiskey. There was usually a lovely beat chick shelving books and doing casual dusting in the background, another fixture of bookselling that Jubal admired and would incorporate at Windy City Books.

Cody's was begun by Fred Cody, on the north side of campus, in the late '50s, and was an innovative enterprise because it was one of the first bookstore to only sell paperback books. Cody built a remarkable new store on the south side of campus, on the corner of Haste and Telegraph, where he expanded his inventory and began a reading series that lasted at that location for over forty years, until the store closed in 2006. There were photos of great poets and novelists and a president hanging in the gallery. A stoical Philip Whalen looked at a smiling Bill Clinton in adjacent frames. Jubal read there in 2002.

The Continental, just down the street from Moe's, closed its door for the final time, in 2012. It seemed to Jubal no one was ever in the store. It was quiet, a sanctum,

full of interesting curios, art in ornate frames, and books with gilt pages. Jubal liked the eclecticism.

City Lights is a world-famous bookstore. It was founded in 1953 by poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti and publishes many of the Beat poets. It became famous after publishing *Howl* by Allen Ginsberg, which led to an important obscenity trial, which exonerated Ferlinghetti, as well as Shig Muroa, the manager of the store, for selling an obscene book. Jubal would drop by the bookstore anytime he was in the area and browse and, perhaps, buy a book, say, *Kora in Hell* by William Carlos Williams. Jubal remembers, afterward, sitting and reading this book with amazement at Enrico's sidewalk café. Jubal would develop his D Press in tandem with a bookstore and a coffeehouse.

Powell's Books, in Portland, made Jubal realize a bookstore might have no limits in terms of size. A rabbit warren of books, Powell's claims to be the largest independent bookstore in the world; it is actually a chain of bookstores surrounded by a town. This bookstore might be the archetype of the library described by Borges: "The universe (which others call the Library) is composed of an indefinite, perhaps infinite number of hexagonal galleries." The geometry of the structure does not resemble Powell's, but the possibility that it contains all the books creates a feeling of awe.

Elliot Bay Bookstore sold new books, and downstairs there was a café surrounded by shelves of hardback books by authors whose works were no longer in demand. Jubal and his son, Alvin, would develop a café surrounded by shelves of books for sale. Jubal wanted to offer a juicy hamburger with a thick romance novel on the side. Alvin thought this obscene. Jubal opted to sell excess books by the pound using a large UPS scale.

Windy City Bookstore was first established on Audion Avenue, in Robber's Roost, and then moved next door in the same building to a larger space. Jubal was lucky to have a landlady who appreciated having a bookstore in her building. She said she remembered a bookstore with a samovar when she was in college. A man opened a cigar shop and newsstand next door, and when he moved, after he had

finally alienated his clientele with his bigoted remarks, Jubal cut a hole in the wall and established Café Rose, the second espresso bar (after the Better Day Café) in eastern Washington. In a few years he would move to the corner, after being informed the housewares store was closing and that the space was being considered by the owner of a chain of used bookstores. One of the things Jubal had learned by then was that business does not remain static.

Robber's Roost is a college town. Students study to become teachers at Central Normal School. Robber's Roost is also a rodeo town. Robber's Roost Rodeo is a major stop on the rodeo circuit. For a bookstore to survive in Robber's Roost, Jubal catered to a diverse group of people: students, professional people, ranch wives, the handicapped, cowboys and professors. He kept up with the trends and what best sellers would help pay the rent. He began with a very literary inventory, rode the wave of New Age titles, and finally settled on a general inventory, where Stephen King helped to subsidize Shakespeare. Raison d'état: the right book for the right person at the right time at the right price.

Jubal relates a story he heard Bob Hope tell on TV about when he was a kid, selling newspapers in New York City, and a limo pulled up to the curb, a hand extended out of the window holding a five-dollar bill (a large sum of money in those days), and a man asked for a newspaper. Hope did not have money enough to make change and lost the sale. The young Hope, who in time not only became a famous comedian but also an astute businessman, was given a piece of sagely advice: always have plenty of inventory on hand and enough money to make change. This from John D. Rockefeller.

Jubal built his business by continually increasing his inventory. He found the town folk had an insatiable hunger for his choice of merchandise, whether it be a mainstream novel or something a little off-beat. Cash flow was a continual problem, and he relied, like most retailers, on the Christmas season to make enough revenue to pay delinquent bills and get a foothold on the coming year. Still, by tax time in April, he would be hurting and would have to leave Windy City Books in the hands of one of his friends, and go into the woods to plant trees.

Another business lesson Jubal learned was the damage done by a shoplifter. This might have been the fruit of his own earlier karma as a book thief. One stolen book creates a loss to the store that is hard to recover. With the margin of profit on a new book being 40% the retail price and the cost of overhead being close to 15%, the loss takes the profit of nearly three books of the same price, to break even. Now, Jubal could understand the ramifications of his actions years before. It took him seventeen years to work off that karma.

These were good years. The Windy City was a local institution. It was a place to hang out, share knowledge with friends, a place for his children to learn something about the world. It was a place to grow and be a member of a community—and yes, it was a place to meet girls.

. . . .

JUBAL: Well done, Richard. It is a story that took many years to live and would take many years to tell in full detail. My friend, Sabina Adler, kept a journal of her Windy City experiences, which she hopes to someday turn into a novel. She says that no telling of events related to Windy City Books would be complete without mention of my romances. I hope you won't feel it out of place to include the following prose poem:

A HILL CALLED BRINGER OF LUCK

*starting with day A and proceeding to F and backing back to B realizing F leads to U
if you mean to get to C a Chinese box where you let me into a room with a door I
can go through but you can't and I let you into a room with a door you can pass
through but I can't*

*starting with pieces the book **Pieces** and your face the typeface I said I didn't like it
the boldness but your face was receptive and I liked it especially the freckles on your
nose E dim of ME freken from ON freknur you perusing poetry and I assuming the
role of the dark Host of the Ethereal and it was slow and easy standing there
imagining a secret place at another time I get out of a car I get off a horse down the
street from the Silver Dollar we enter a Quonset hut with a false front*

you touched the omphallus of my heart and the current was sufficient to set the wheels ping-pong a new beginning merely by placing your hand on that slim volume the waters rushing apart and we begin to step out on real ground

I feel like I have the hands of a chimp signing to the barman for two beers finding seats by the ribs of the beast I take off to take a whiz wondering if I should leave you alone but noting the flag pinned to the curtain and the dark faces I know we are on native soil

the head is full of patrons pissing away the night four dudes at the bowl and one peeing the length of the trough three guys in front of me putting theirs under his arc and I try not to get hit thinking what a shot of the pool cue to find this corner pocket I observe there is no subject there is no object so I zip up to an accordion and guitars

I get out of a car I get off a horse on Umptanum Ridge and smoke while you change your shoes I wear galoshes lore on how to live in the woods and I step into the creek and feel the firmness and rhythm of your grip

you are a stranger in the twilight apprehensive I might strangle you with barbed wire in a hollow by a snag while I'm nagging myself for not bringing a compass since I'm into true north and I want to tell you about the Big Dipper how the Indians see a great bear looking for a place to lie down and the French see a casserole and the Egyptians a hippopotamus with a crocodile on its back asterisks the casserole the possible exception expressing ancient and astonishing wisdom

we have to re-evaluate the past but that seems like a lot to lay on you our first date so I talk about the contours of the land and you about the bouquet of bullet holes in an enameled stove and your childhood in Illinois the girls of Fairberry wanting to be on their own going to Bloomington to work at Harper's my grandparents lived nearby in Chenoa and the summer nights full of fireflies whose tails we pinched to make engagement rings and wearing sheets in abandoned farm house rooms like Klu Klux Klan and when the gypsies camp by the river and set up a sideshow my uncle makes them vamoose and my destiny goes with the fortune teller

the Queen broods on her Byzantine chalice like me she's dreamy like you she's

sympathetic to the man of dejected aspect deserting the cups of his felicity and all that I possess house and archives is riot reflected in the Chariot reversed

our treasures and our hearts are there when we begin a short hike that gets shorter and shorter as we climb scree it is wise of me to show you sage by rubbing the leaves in my palms no matter the waterfall is out of reach hunters shoot at the cliffs kids roll rubble from a cave the site of the archeological dig is a mystery nature at her best is a blast of sage

I get out of a car I get off a horse and walk beside you a woman a man talking about rock we stop by a standing stone describing the basalt formation in antediluvian times but it leaves out how each star of the Big Dipper of each constellation has several kinds of influence each star has a form in the landscape

driving along riding along everything shimmering the branches in the field vine maple? elderberry? wild rose sage rose rose of the desert a red shimmering along the road I saw it and you were happy I saw it too even if I didn't know what it was

CAMPING

In *Walden*, Thoreau says that the three necessities for survival are food, clothing and shelter. In architecture, the three basics for shelter are the mound, to keep the ground water out of the fire, the fence to keep animals away, and the roof to keep the elements at bay. Simple. And then, the fence becomes the walls, and the mound become a hearth, and the ground is tilled. You get a few goats; you perform rituals; and you've got a start on civilization.

Longchenpa's teacher would not let his students camp out for more than a month, so that they wouldn't get too comfortable and become attached to their "home." The great yogi, Milarepa went about naked, or with a single sheet, and lived at times on nettles, so it is possible to get by with very little, if you have the training. Jubal, as a boy, threw up tents made of Army blankets or lengths of canvas, built forts and tree houses and pretended he was Robinson Crusoe or Daniel Boone. Jubal joined

the Berkeley Y.M.C.A., and between ages 10 and 12, he attended Guwalla Summer Camp, in northern California, where he learned some woods craft, swam and hiked, and by the end of each summer had become quite feral. He had his hair cut Mohawk-style, until his mother saw it.

Jubal learned the “facts of life” on a camping trip to Lake Pillsbury with a family friend. He guesses it might have been a put-up job by his dad, who would have found the task embarrassing. So, Rufus Cook, a man just back from the Korean War, who lived with his wife in a downstairs apartment at the Dolan’s home in the Oakland hills, told Jubal innumerable dirty jokes. After each joke, Cecil explained the details. Soon, Jubal got the jokes without a need for commentary. Many were easy, the books with scatological puns for titles. *The Yellow River* by I.P. Freely and *Antlers in the Treetops* by Hugh Goosedthemoose are two that he remembers from that night around the campfire. Others he needed help with, the traveling salesman and the farmer’s daughter jokes were less obvious. The “Hillbilly Virgin” was an eye-opener for Jubal, who had never thought about incest. As a pastime, Jubal does not tell jokes because someone is almost always the butt of a joke, a woman or a person of ethnicity.

Tibetans have an earthy sense of humor. The only time he can remember having a hysterical time with dirty jokes was with a group of Lama Tharchin’s students at Parmalee Gulch, near Denver. The lama loved hearing these saucy stories, and his students regaled him all evening. This was the night Jubal and Pamela James started being friendly and the night spent in an old, flowered bus. Pam and he would later share a tent at Yeshe Ling in a little glade just above the sweat lodge. That area and the low ground between there and the outdoor kitchen under the big elm tree seemed enchanted.

Or it might be haunted. Lama Prajna had her camp in that area one summer and grew ill. The dakinis performed an exorcism, and after Lama Prajna got better, she moved to higher ground. There are no shortage of ghost stories around a camp. There was one about the dilapidated cabins in Hidden Valley, vacated by settlers who had died of fever or, from another source, died from eating a three-bean salad that had gone bad. This area was also considered a burial ground, where the Utes

had brought their old horses and put them out to pasture to die.

When Jubal was 14, he went with ten other boys and the track coach from San Rafael High School on a two-week trek in the Goddard Range, east of Bakersfield, California, in the Sierra-Nevada Mountain Range. This was the summer of 1956. Camping equipment was not as sophisticated as it is today. The track coach and leader of the expedition had been written up in *National Geographic* for his innovative approaches to camping. He had designed an aluminum pack with compartments for food and clothes, and he worked out a deal with a company that made dehydrated foods to try out their new products.

Not the tastiest of fare, yet everything tastes good in the open air with a fresh-caught, pan-fried trout, after a full day of hiking. Each hiker carried a share of the supplies. Their own personal items they kept to a minimum, a T-shirt, a long sleeved shirt, a heavy sweater, changes of shorts and socks, and one pair of jeans with a patch sewn onto the seat. After two-weeks of clambering around on granite slopes, everyone's butt was exposed.

Jubal managed a 40-pound pack, which seemed heavy at first, but each day the pack got lighter as he got stronger. By the last day, he felt he could fly. The air in the mountains is lighter, and he had many euphoric moments on this adventure. This was the longest time he had been in the wilderness without excessive adult supervision, as well as the longest time he had yet had bearing up under a daily physical challenge. He won the fishing pool with his 14" Rainbow Trout.

The first thing the boys did on their return to the horse ranch and outfitters, where they had parked their bus, was to stuff their stomachs with hamburgers, French fries, and milkshakes. Not a good idea, after eating dehydrated, non-greasy food for two weeks. Jubal's euphoria remained in spite of his stomach condition, and when he got back home and began to tell his tale, an alarming flow of obscenities came from his mouth, much to the chagrin of his parents and the embarrassment of the coach. After a few awkward moments, all was forgiven. He was home safe; he had a good time; and his parents, too, had enjoyed their time alone.

I'm not sure if what tree planters do, living in the woods, can be called camping. It's

more like “crashing” in the woods. They sleep when and where they can, in tents, in vans or campers, wrapped up in tarps, along the roadside, in ditches, in culverts, in barns, under park benches, anywhere they can find shelter before it is time to bag up their trees and hit the slopes. The force of their endeavor is more like a military campaign than a nature hike. They work in rain and sometimes snow, although after the snow gets a couple of inches deep, they are asked by the Forest Service Inspectors to stop. Then, they sit in their vehicles, called “crummies” (because of the condition of their rides) and wait for the weather to break. If it does, they bag up more trees, take their hoedags (long hoes), and leap again into the slash.

Jubal wrote a book of tree planting poems, *Timberlines* (D Press, 2003), and I refer you to it for more details on the kind of camping that comes with pine needles in the milk.

One of the most arduous trips Jubal took was with Angel and Alvin in a VW camper, given to them as a wedding present, on their way up the Alcan Highway, through British Columbia and the Yukon, from Haines to Fairbanks. Jubal’s poem “Truikin’ the Alcan” hits some of the highlights, but there are many untold episodes. The trip began ominously with the VW breaking down five miles into Canada. A mother bear and her cub had just crossed the road, and the engine gave out. Jubal gave Angel his 30.30 and showed her how to lever a shell into the chamber, and then he put on his coat and started hiking back to the boarder guard’s shack to phone for a tow truck. He made the trip without incident and contacted a mechanic who said he would help them. Turned out the mechanic was a Good Samaritan and did not take advantage of them. They were told they could camp out at the Harbor View Garage until the mechanic could get them on the road again. The only new VW engine they could locate would have to be shipped from a plant in Kentucky, but the mechanic knew a man who lived out of town and had several old VWs and might trade an older engine for the busted one for its core value.

Jubal and Angel and Alvin were charmed by the town of Haines. There was no TV or radio, and the main café where the locals drank coffee and gossiped had a wall of books. Someone might say, “Well, I guess I’ll just go home and read.”

On the road again, they stopped at a place called Mosquito Lake. Why would anyone stop to camp at a place with that name? No sooner did Jubal open the door to the camper than he was swarmed by mosquitos. He bumped hard into a tree ahead of him and then bumped hard into a tree behind him before he got turned around and managed to get back on the main road. Back on the dusty, rocky road. Back to one glorious vista after another.

Now, Jubal is in Luminous Peak doing his three-year retreat. It was his goal to do this, a goal he set himself during the early, formative years of developing the land at Yeshe Ling, when the sangha camped out each year, in the Tradition of Tibetan camps, to hear the Vajrayana teachings and do practices. He planned to build a cave grotto, but his lama, Lama Seng Gyapa, said that this was unnecessary; and so, he dwells in a 12'x12' cabin with a deck. He originally planned to enter retreat after taking teachings by Rigdzin Kumaradza on the long mountain retreat, called "Extracting the Quintessence of Accomplishment," but this had to be postponed, and he returned to Santa Rosa, California, to care for his elderly parents. This took up the next ten years.

CAREGIVING

After Jubal and Angel's stint at the Diamond Hanging J Floating I Ranch, in Robber's Roost, Angel wanted to go back to Berkeley to live. Berkeley had changed since their last visit; the Summer of Love was long past; and after the Death of Hippie and the tragedy at Altamont, many Hippies had moved from the Height-Asbury district in San Francisco to Berkeley because it was considered a liberal environment. The influx of refugees put stress on the cheap housing market, and the couple were hard pressed to find an apartment they could afford. They looked further and found El Cortez Apartments on the corner of Manila and McArthur Blvd., in the heart of Oakland's red light district.

Angel found it exciting with so much street life. Jubal found it convenient, working nearby at his uncle's garage, Kip's Square Deal Service. Alvin found it difficult being

the only white kid at his grade school at Oakland Tech. The experience for Alvin became dangerous, as he was daily held up for his lunch money and came home, one day, with a black eye. He was moved to a school in a different neighborhood, a school that had only one African American kid. Here, Alvin found a boy whom he could relate to, and the two boys became friends. Alvin was learning about racial prejudice and developing a nurturing spirit.

Jubal, too, was doing some caregiving. He was working for his uncle, who was struggling getting a new business going, after he had been let go from the car dealership he had worked for in Berkeley. They were doing well, for the times, putting spare gas tanks into pimps' cars during the oil crisis, in 1974. This was his last hurrah before his final heart attack.

MAC THE MECHANIC

Square Deal Mac died of overwork
He knew too much to be of use
In an up to date fix it shop
"Square" has a negative connotation
His art could not be assimilated
He has parked his rig in the Maker's garage

During these days, Jubal published *The Scorpion* (D Press in Berkeley, 1975) at Árif Press, under the tutelage of Wesley Tanner. It was a fine, letterpress edition, handset in Baskerville type. Wesley taught Jubal how to thump type. This is one of Jubal's finest books. It was a productive time for Jubal. His friend Luis Garcia helped him build stanzas ("round up his doggies") for the now classic "Diamond Hanging J Floating I Blues."

Angel's parents invited her to go with them to Sweden. They were going to attend festivities in Stockholm surrounding the erection of a statue dedicated to the memory of Augustus Palm, Angel's great grandfather who had been an early Marxist and helped established Socialism in Sweden. He had be jailed many times and

exiled, and now his day of glory had come. Angel went to the festivities, and Jubal went back to Robber's Roost to find a job and a place for them to live.

Upon his return to the windy city of Robber's Roost, he visited Mack and Rebecca, friends with an old house on a couple of acres, called Strawberry Farm, and there Jubal met a friend of theirs who was leaving town and offered Jubal both a place to live and a job. The house was on Pfenning Road, between a lumber yard and a grave yard, and the job was at a nursing home. Jubal took him up on both.

Angel hated the house. It was on the cold side of a hill, built by what might be called cowboy carpenters, and had leaking sawdust insulation. But Angel could always make things cheery with a bright tablecloth, fresh-cut flowers, and some of her hot, buttered biscuits. They would snuggle in bed on cold mornings, smoke a joint, read poems from Creeley's *For Love* and be merrily married.

Jubal worked hard at Sunnyview Convalescent Home, but he ran into political difficulties. He was efficient and got rooms painted quickly, after a patient had died, changed light bulbs, oiled machines, sponged up piss puddles, and found time to help the nurses' aides lift a bulky body or tuck in a sheet. He built a ramp with a set of steps for the physical therapist, and he established a large garden.

However, much as he was appreciated by the manager who had originally hired him, he was a difficult individual to the manager that came next. The staff had been promised raises and other perks, but the new manager knew nothing of this. Jubal took the staff's complaints to Employment Security, and when some of the staff was laid off after trying to form a union, an Administrative Judge was called in to arbitrate. The judge ruled in favor of Sunnyview, and he told Jubal that, regardless of his altruistic motivations, and he respected Jubal's ideals, they had no relevance in the market place.

Jubal was out of a job. On a walk, he found \$300 on the sidewalk near Safeway. He decided he needed a vacation. There was a poetry convention scheduled to begin at Fort Worden Recreation Center, near Port Townsend. So, he went. This was the site for the movie, *An Officer and a Gentleman*, starring Richard Gere and Debra Winger. Life was gay at Fort Worden. At night, there were poetry readings, and

during the day there were workshops. Young poets read their poems and partied all night.

Jubal was gratified to see in the appendix to *The Collected Poems of Philip Whalen* (Wesleyan University Press, 2008) that a poem he had type set at Copper Canyon Press, "Zenshinji," was listed. He gave Philip Whalen a copy of *The Scorpion*, and Philip told his class that it was the finest book of poems he had seen in a long time. Jubal expressed his gratitude when he found Philip eating an ice cream cone on campus, and Philip said, gruffly, "I wouldn't have said it if it wasn't true," turned and walked away. Jubal had just been hit on the head by a Zen master.

When he got home, Jubal was going to get hit on the head by his angry wife.

RICHARD: Jubal, I am having trouble telling this story. I am going off course. I am trying to tell about you being a caregiver, and now I am led, again, into telling about one of your love affairs.

JUBAL: It's fine, Richard. If the tale yaws, let it yaw. It will find its way back. I want the sexual truth told. My involvement with women often determined the way the needle of my compass pointed.

RICHARD: It does not seem fitting for a pure monk.

JUBAL I wasn't a monk, then. Tie up events at this poetry conference and what that led to, and you can jump ahead to the main caregiving episodes.

RICHARD: So simple...

Jubal said goodbye to the beautiful Wilhelmina, who was returning to her pot farming husband in Northern California, took the ferry back to Seattle, drove over the mountains to discover his wife had finally decided he had dallied with one too many devas. Jubal had to find new digs. Fast forward two decades.

The move from Wolf Creek to Santa Rosa was a sudden one. Jubal got a call from his dad, in the spring of 1998, that his mother was ill and that he was needed at home. Jubal never really considered the house in Santa Rosa his family home. He had been raised in Berkeley and Oakland. His parents had retired to Santa Rosa. Jubal had stayed there for brief periods, recouping after his stay at the mental

facility in Mendocino and after his divorce from Angel. Now, 108 Oak Street was to become his permanent address.

He found his mother, age 89, completely exhausted from caring for her husband, age 97, who was rapidly showing signs of dementia. Jubal took her place at the helm and threw up a jury-mast. It was not smooth sailing. Sean Dolan had been captain of the ship for a long time. An executive of a large company is not used to taking orders, but his mental condition continued to worsen, until his physician prescribed drugs to keep him totally becalmed.

Jubal has written of his experiences carrying for his dad in a series called “The Episodes,” which is a section of the memoir he wrote, called *Sean* (D Press, 2005). Sean was born in Iowa, in 1900, and died in California, in 1998.

Here is one of the episodes:

EPISODE 2

Around midnight I hear a thump in my dream—a wrecking ball, bouncing off the wall, a plane crashing through the roof, an avalanche, no, don’t freak, it’s only a tidal wave. I’m up in a flash because I know that it is Dad falling.

Sure enough, there he is on his back behind the door, laughing. I ask him what’s so funny, and he gleefully tells me about “a forest of huge trees and tiny houses, very neat and clean, with roads elevated above a field, so clear I could touch them.” A few simple images can seem profound in a dream. Terrifying or exhilarating, so much meaning, yet all just a touch beyond comprehension.

I check him for cuts and bruises. A scrape on his knee, a scratch on his cheek, a bump on his elbow. I help him to his feet. Mom is up now and puts a bandage on his knee and helps him back to bed. In the morning, his dizziness persists, so I make an appointment with his doctor. A little fussing about what color shirt and which hat, old or new slippers. Bring the car to the front of the house, back out the wheelchair, bump down the steps, and we’re on our way.

The tech at the clinic is gentle and instructive about the process. He helps Dad onto a platform for a scan. I’m reading a magazine. There’s a Gary Larson cartoon with

cows in a classroom I don't get. We wait for the computer to print out the results. The photos show nothing irregular, no tumors or broken blood vessels, so the doctor feels that if Dad had suffered a stroke it would have been very small. The diagnosis seems to be that it is the continued deterioration of blood circulation due to hardening of the arteries. Old age. He's 98.

He has a good appetite, a good sign. Mom and I talk things over, trying to get a game plan for the next day, or we will be ground to dust by all of Dad's small needs, just getting him dressed, brushed, shaved, washed and polished.

At breakfast, he wants to tell me about driving a team of horses to the train station near his family's farm in Iowa. He had trained these horses from colts, and he was proud of them and felt he could drive them anywhere, sure they would co-operate. The steam from a locomotive spooked the team at a place where there was a telegraph pole, and they shied and bolted, one horse going on one side of the pole and one going on the other, stripping off their harness and smashing the yoke and tongue of the carriage. Scraped up the horses pretty good. He said it took a lot of coaxing to get them to pull again. After this experience, the horses were not of much use. Dad feels useless now that he can't walk and guilty for being a burden.

Important to be mindful of the luxury of my freedom of movement, of my control of my body, and my ability to care for myself. Sitting, standing, walking, eating, to be joyful. One minute everything is stable and clear and the next minute, stupid and wobbly. And fear gets up. Demons dance. Dad begins to worry his retirement benefits will stop. His company fail. Social Security go bankrupt. His savings run out. Somebody sue. A comet may strike. Martians invade. My legs are failing. I'm going blind. I can't hear. I can't have a bowel movement. Stark photographs.

This is going to take some getting used to. Mom can't handle it all, but there is no stopping her from taking the lion's share. Dad is able to take baby steps, stand and turn. He doesn't want his leg muscles to atrophy, so I help him walk, although he tires after a few steps. Depression sets in because he doesn't want to be helped. I hold his hand and tell him I love him and that I want him to relax and be with us as long as he is able.

I begin to see a change in his attitude like he has passed a barrier and put his trust in us to care for him. He seems humble. Quiet. Still wishes he could read the small print, but so do we all. I'm thankful for this incarnation and opportunity to gain wisdom and merit. Accepting the condition, "All offers subject to credit approval" found at the bottom of the page.

Jubal stayed on, after his father's death, to care for his mother. Blanche Dolan was born in Indiana, in 1909. She had many stories to tell and told them well. Her proudest achievements, other than being married to one man for nearly 60 years and raising two children, were her being the first woman employee at Harper's Life Insurance Company, at the home office in Bloomington, Illinois, in 1928, and of being a fifty-year member of the Order of Eastern Star and the Daughters of the Nile.

The couple were married on New Year's Eve, 1938. In 1940, Sean was offered the job of Assistant Director of Agents, in California, and they moved away from the Southwest. Living in Berkeley, on Colegate Avenue, they applied with an adoption agency for a child. Before long, Blanche received a call from a woman with an odd sense of humor at the agency, who told her that they had a little boy up for adoption, but she wanted Blanche to know that the baby was black. Blanche said she did not care what color he was, that she wanted him.

The marriage of Sean and Blanche was, to some extent, an arranged affair. Both of them were working at Harper's, and when Sean was offered the job of developing agencies in the Southwest, he became a rising star in the company. Mrs. Harper, the wife of the founder of the company, looked around the secretary pool and picked Blanche as a suitable helpmate for Sean. Jubal's mom says she always knew that her marriage would be sudden and unexpected. She said, "Blanche is willing!"

Jubal's caregiving responsibilities were light. His mother could take care of herself for the most part. She wanted him mostly for companionship, and he was handy around the house, mowed the lawn, did repairs, shopped for groceries, and cooked some of her meals. They would go out to eat, when she felt Jubal needed a break.

Her favorite restaurants were IHOP and Denney's. Jubal introduced her to the Willowood Café, in Graton, just up the street from where he had a part-time job at Cold Mountain Books.

Jubal took a number of part-time jobs. He worked for Quick Print Copy Shop as a "consultant," because he was the only one who knew how to do "paste up" the old way, without a computer, by hand. He got another job through his friend, Tamara Slayton, a teacher at the Waldorf School, Summerhill. He taught a class in poetry, collage and tarot, which lasted through the year 2000. He produced two editions of *Aluminum Baby*, a zine of student writing and artwork.

Tamara lived in one of the houses on a horse ranch, owned by a man named Hyde, and she got Hyde to hire Jubal to do odd jobs. Hyde was an eccentric person. He was not alone in his hatred of President George Bush, but after the planes crashed into the Twin Towers and Bush began pushing for a war on Iraq, Hyde went ballistic. Every conspiracy theory that came his way was kindling for Hyde's monomania. He was a Captain Ahab in his mania to destroy the nightmarish Moby Dick of a president.

"He has lost his heart," Tamara said. He would take an old hearse with two of his horses to anti-war rallies. He posted provocative banners on his fences along the road. "Honk to Impeach Bush" drew so many complaints from nearby neighbors that the Sheriff made him take that one down. There were others, a couple hundred yards of them. All fine, in Jubal's opinion, but when Hyde started hiring people to picket stores he thought were supporters of the war and then firing them if they would not attend his rants at city council meetings, Jubal began to question Hyde's tactics. Then, Jubal slid off a roof and broke both legs.

Jubal was 63 years old. He decided to take his Social Security early and retire. He worked on his computer creating chapbooks. He decided he could help others get their work into print. Poets are in constant anguish. Jubal decided this was a niche where he could be a bodhisattva. He tried to do one book for every poet he met, regardless of their taste in verse or style of writing.

He also worked on his own poetry. He readied the manuscript for *Collected Poems*:

1961-2000 to be published by Comrades Press. His *Collected Books of Jubal Dolan*, published under the D Press logo, ran to twelve volumes. He collaborated with David Bromige on *The Hundred Cantos*, with Nancy Dougherty on *Silk*, and with Gabriela Anaya Valdepeña on *Roses of Crimson Fire*.

Each year, Jubal returned to Yeshe Ling, a volunteer, to “do his thing” as they put it. However, after his mother fell and dislocated her arm, falling from a curb outside a hardware store where she had gone to buy a hose to water the garden, Jubal’s caregiving duties now kept him closer to home.

He had been at Yeshe Ling for two weeks, working and receiving teachings. He was taking a nap in his tent above a drainage he called Rattlesnake Gulch, across the wash from a yurt, known as Stupa View, when Alphonso, Lama Prajna’s son, came to tell him of his mother’s accident. He got a flight out of Durango, to San Francisco, and took a bus and a cab for the last leg of the journey. He found his mom sitting in front of the TV with opened cans of food at her feet. One look at her black and blue arm and shoulder, and Jubal knew it was a serious injury. He phoned Dr. Bataille, the family physician, who ordered them to his clinic and who, without further ado, sent them across the street to a surgeon.

“What were you thinking, Mom?” asked Jubal.

“Oh, I thought it would heal on its own,” was her reply.

After Blanche’s arm healed, she, in turn, cared for Jubal, after he had a hernia operation. Jubal, too, is tough. The following year, he trained in the *Yeshe Lama* yogic practices with a bulging intestine poking out of his abdomen. After he broke both legs, he stuffed one bandaged leg in an oversized boot, and with the other in a leg brace, he threw away his crutches and let pain be his guide. When he had bracyl-therapy for his prostate cancer, where they invasively insert tiny radioactive seeds, he said, “It’s no worse than a kick in the groin by a steel-toed boot.”

Jubal shopped and cooked dinner for his mother. She would eat her comfort foods, stewed tomatoes with Wonder Bread or baked beans with brown bread, which she would heat on the stove. She might forget to put water in the cup with the instant tea she used, and the cup would explode. We all forget little things, but it became

more noticeable with Blanche. And then she fell, again. She did not break anything this time, but it scared her. She wanted Jubal to help her walk down the hallway to her personal bathroom where she changed her own diaper. Then, one day, she asked Jubal if there was any way he could help her to die.

Jubal told her that, as a Buddhist monk, he could not assist her in that, but he said that as long as she was eating, she would be shitting; and as long as food was going in and out, she would be living. Maybe she took this as a hint. She was 98. She confessed to having a full life and being tired. All of her peers were dead. Her children were now elders. She said she felt herself to be “a leaf from the winter before last, still hanging on the tree.” Her main worry was, “How much longer, Oh, Lord?”

When she said she was not hungry, Jubal did not coax her to eat. She took to her bed. She was reluctant for him to help with her diapers, but he told her he had changed lots of diapers when he worked in the rest home, and she relented. There was not much of a mess, since she was not eating much food. She began to sleep long hours. Jubal knew the signs. A gang of crows began to perch in a tree above her bedroom. Maybe they could smell death.

Jubal kept watch. He worked on three large collages: one of Tara, one of Vajrasattva in yabyum, and one of Guru Rinpoche. He did his art and checked on his mom. She continued to breathe, faintly, and she began to shrink. She asked for nothing. On December 6, 2007, in the early hours of the morning, he heard her call, “Jubal, I need some help!” He rushed to her. She wanted to sit up and have some water, but when she tried to drink, she choked and said that there was a heavy weight pressing on her. Jubal told her to relax. She took a couple of breaths, the last being a death rattle. Jubal laid her head back on the pillow.

Jubal tugged a lock of her hair to direct her consciousness towards her crown chakra and softly chanted OM AH HUM in her ear. He stood and looked, and then he straightened her garments and folded her hands on her chest. He knew rigor mortis sets in, and he covered the lids of her eyes with a couple of coins. Feeling faint, he went back to bed to get more sleep. In a couple of hours, he returned to her

bedside to begin the practice of *Xitro*. He practiced all day and into the evening. He phoned Yeshe Ling and asked Lama Prajna to do Powa. Later, he found out that SengeRinpoche, with whom his mom had a connection, had done the Transference of Consciousness.

Waiting too long to contact the Coroner's Office would be risking trouble. Jubal wanted to keep his mother's corpse for three days to do the proper rituals. He phoned the sheriff, who came with his deputy, a young woman in training. They needed to inspect the body in case there had been foul play. Then, he needed to phone Dr. Bataille, who said it sounded like congestive heart failure from Jubal's textbook description, and that although he had not seen Blanche in some time, he would sign the death certificate. Next, Jubal phoned the undertaker to see if everything was in order concerning his mother's burial plot next to Sean's grave and the kinds of arrangements she had made—no ceremony, no embalming, a simple burial in a simple coffin—and if he could keep her home for a couple more days for “a kind of wake.” He was told to keep the room as cold as possible and to phone when he wanted the body picked up.

Nancy Havel and Laurie Ludwig came to practice with Jubal, and other sangha members kept Blanche in their prayers. Jubal says, “It's an amazing experience to meditate on the corpse of your mother. There is no death, only the absence of life. Everything is impermanent. The body decays, and this is soon apparent.”

Jubal had an interview at the funeral home with a woman who was in a hurry to get all her customers either buried or cremated. Jubal did not let it bother him. Everything had been nicely arranged by his well-organized and far-seeing parents. He stood by the gravesite, alone, after the coffin had been lowered by a mechanical device into the ground. He recited the hundred-syllable mantra of Vajrasattva. Later, after the grave had been closed, he came back and did Chöd. He had never felt at home in Santa Rosa, but now he felt rooted.

If he was to return to Yeshe Ling and do his long retreat, he had to sell the house and deal with a life-time's accumulation of stuff—a huge mandala offering. Jubal created a list he calls “The Six Categories of Dispersal”—Save, Give Away or Donate,

Dump or Recycle, Sell, Return, and Destroy. This last is for special objects like sacred ritual items and love letters, best done at night under a full moon. Jubal gave 200 boxes to thrift stores, filled eight trash barrels of shredded documents (medical and tax records of forty years), and made many trips to the dump. He took a pickup truck load of family heirlooms to Alvin's house, in Robber's Roost. Amazing the welcome one receives when arriving with jewelry, furs, quilts, and a satchel of rare coins. A crate of photos and memorabilia was sent to his sister, Jo Ann, in Virginia. And then, once the house had been sold, he auctioned off the furniture.

One box Jubal found in his mother's sewing room contained a packet of letters from David Cole, Jim Whelage, and Marianne Baskin, written to him, while he was in Mendocino State Mental Facility, in Talmage. In this box, to his surprise, was his tattered copy of *William Blake: Politics of Vision*. His mother had also saved a box of his baby clothes with a stuffed raccoon, a transition toy, which Jubal christened "Rosebud" and took with him into retreat.

CARPENTRY

Jubal is not a journeyman carpenter. He is a fix-it man, a Jack-of-all-trades, perhaps the King of the Jacks, since he is allowed to do his own thing on Yeshe Ling's land. This means he is allowed to work, without supervision, on projects that interest him or arise in the flow of impermanence that need attending to. He gets room and board for his services with the perk of attending teachings. What more could a monk ask?

Still, Jubal has wielded a hammer on some fine projects. The Kittitas Deli, in Robber's Roost, is a masterpiece of design and execution. It is an adjunct to the Better Day Café, owned by Fred and Patty Reverdy, a café with a history going back many decades, to the 1920s. Before telling of the Kittitas Deli, a bit of history is in order. After the Second World War, the town of Robber's Roost shriveled, and many businesses that had closed during the war years remained closed, and the buildings were vacant. In the early '70s, some vegetarian-type Hippies opened The Green Inquisition in the Better Day Café's location. If nothing else, the name alone

probably intimidated customers. Nathaniel and Deb Palmer established a branch of the Seattle-based Paco's Tacos in this location, after the last bit of broccoli had been given an estrapade.

The restaurant served outrageously generous tacos along with pizzas and sandwiches. It drew an increasing number of students and counter-culture youth that were beginning to settle in the Kittitas Valley. With hard work and good will, Nathaniel and Deb made their business thrive. They did spend one winter living in a tipi, but the restaurant was their home away from home, and when the business could be called a success, they sold it to a communal group called Dream Farms.

Paco's Tacos was now a group enterprise with most of the workers living on a few acres outside of town, where they had a productive organic garden. Dream Farms continued in the tradition of Paco's Tacos, but Fred and Patty decided on a new direction for their restaurant. The Sufi wings came down, and the Better Day Café was reborn.

Next to, and actually an architectural part of, the Better Day Café was a small store that once housed a barber shop. When Nathaniel Palmer opened the P.T., as it came to be called, Jubal and Nathaniel inspected the premises and found clippings of hair around the antique chairs that dated to the time the barber shop closed in the 1940's. Nathaniel had no particular use for the space and let two young men, who needed a project for their alternative high school, to open a bookstore. Later, a man named Jack would occupy the space and open Jack's Books & Records. When Fred and Patty bought the building, Jack moved around the corner, and the old barber shop became the Kittitas Deli.

Chris Shambacher and Jubal were hired for the renovation. First, they gutted the existing structure, down to the ground and down to the brick wall. New flooring, a balcony with an office, a new kitchen area for the main café, a walk-in refrigerator, Fred spared no expense. Italian tiles for the floor, art deco glass façade to continue the lines of the café along the street front, curved chrome lines, the Kittitas Deli was beautifully realized.

Jubal learned to be a better craftsman under Chris Shambacher's tutelage. If his

work was not satisfactory to Chris, he was told to tear it out and start over. Chris had a sharp eye for detail. Jubal watched Chris in preparation for an important cut, stop and walk around the block before picking up his saw. Many people would not hire Chris because he took longer than other workers to do a job, but Fred knew that if you wanted the finest craftsmanship, Chris was the man.

After selling the Paco's Tacos, Nathaniel became an independent building and home inspector. Besides the house he lived in, he owned an 800 square-foot bungalow on Capitol Avenue. He had had a dream of a continuous curve, and he was trying to make this manifest in the interior of the bungalow. The foundation, plumbing and electrical work was updated and improved, but he ran out of capital for the house on Capitol and put the shell up for sale.

Jubal worked out a deal with the Farm Home Administration to buy the house on condition it was fully restored. Nathaniel was satisfied with the terms, and with a loan from a bank, Jubal and Nathaniel, along with an occasional helper, set about finishing the continuous curve Nathaniel had started. There is an open ceiling with a curved wall made of sheetrock by cutting small incisions, wetting the whole piece and carefully molding it to the studs. This gave the living room a spaciousness unexpected in so tiny a room. The bathroom has a shower and a small tub at the same level as the sink with a skylight in a space no bigger than a large closet. The walk-in shower is based on an Archimedean spiral.

The house was completed on time and met the criteria established by the government for the F.H.A. loan, and Jubal had the perfect home. Not his first F.H.A. home, but one where he claimed he would remain a bachelor. Then Trixie came into his life.

This story requires me to go back and make a short travelogue of Jubal's moves in Robber's Roost. The house he and Angel bought, right before their divorce was a F.H.A. house. The Farm Home Administration is a government program that allows low-income people to buy a home with a loan payment adjusted to their yearly income, and when their income reaches a certain level, they refinance their home

through a bank without government assistance. The house Jubal and Angel bought was in the 300 block of N. Sorenson Street. The house Jubal and his next wife, Zelda, bought after their daughter, Zoe, was born was a F.H.A. house in the 300 block of S. Sorenson. Jubal's house on Capitol is the street that divides the city streets north and south. Until he lived in the Capitol Avenue house, he always had the feeling he might one day cross Sorenson Street, and the sidewalk would open and swallow him. On Capitol, he felt there was a marginal path of egress from the ominous ley line.

After Jubal left Angel and before he met Zelda, he lived in a garage that he had renovated with insulated interior walls and floor. He used the facilities in the main house, which was owned by Jon Mills, a sociology professor at Central Normal School, who had kindly given Jubal shelter. Jon was a nurturing soul. He was going through the stages preparatory to having a sex change operation. Jubal finally found a person to give the polyester jumpsuit to that his mother had made under the assumption that this was what men were wearing these days. Maybe so, in San Francisco, but not in Robber's Roost. Jon, however, loved the outfit and was never afraid of wearing something outlandish.

Jon went on sabbatical for a year, and Mona moved into the main house with her down-syndrome child, Collete. Jubal and Mona had an on-again-off-again affair, until one Thanksgiving Day, they made love in a snow bank on their way to a party at the Paco's Tacos. At the party, Mona proceeded to change partners and bring home a new lover. All in the spirit of free love; but this time, Jubal was hurt. When Zelda came into Windy City Books to buy a complete set of Proust's *Remembrances of Things Past*, Jubal's hurt disappeared. They fell in lust; lust turned to love; and then the love disappeared. Enough said. Jubal rented a little cottage on Vagabond Street, behind the house owned by the novelist, John Bennett. Zelda sued for divorce; they did battle; she wanted the moon; she got the house, the car, custody of Zoe; and 17% of Jubal's income, a standard settlement. Jubal kept Windy City Books.

Jubal lived in the cottage for nearly two years, until he met Krystal. Krystal is one of the great loves of Jubal's life. Krystal studying to be a teacher. Getting straight

A's. Having an auto accident chasing Neil, an older, married man down the canyon road in a fit of unrequited love. Krystal's long recovery. Krystal's love triangle with Jubal and Neil. Krystal ripping off Jubal's shirt while making out in the front seat of her Pinto. Jubal helping Krystal and Pete Mann create the Arcadia Daycare Center. Krystal's affair with Pete. Jubal dragging Pete out of the front room and beating him with his fists. Jubal and Krystal living together for nearly three years. Krystal kicking Jubal out of the house on Calgari Street after he threw mashed potatoes into her daughter's face for being a smart ass. Krystal being a quick study as a collage artist. Krystal and Jubal drinking a fifth of gin every night. Krystal locking herself in the bedroom after a tiff and firing a gun. Jubal breaking through the door expecting to find Krystal dead but finding she had shot a hole in one of his empty shoes. Jubal coming home from tree planting and finding all his possessions boxed and the boxes nicely labeled. Jubal moving into an old house, known as "the hobo house."

None of this has much to do with carpentry, other than this old rattrap of a house needed plenty of repairs. Jubal used his skills to improve things. He was living in this house when he met Trixie.

Another Thanksgiving Day. This time the celebration is at Jubal's friend Sabina's mother's house on Whidbey Island. Jubal had connections on the island. A group known as the "Wild Women of Whidbey" were friends of his, being part of Lama Prajna's sangha. Shirly, Sabina's mother, was a Buddhist, too, but not a part of that group. Trixie was interested in Tibetan Buddhism, and she and Jubal hit it off. She invited Jubal to her birthday party, in Seattle. Trixie is a Sagittarius, and Jubal is a double Scorpio with his part of fortune in Sagittarius. Again, a woman hard for Jubal to resist, and they became lovers.

Jubal's misgivings about his relationship with Trixie began after they had accepted to go on a weekend Sufi retreat with Angel, Jubal's ex, and her partner, Scott. On the day Angel and Scott came to pick up Jubal and Trixie in Seattle, it snowed, not much, an inch, nothing by Robber's Roost standards, but Trixie became hysterical and refused to leave the apartment. Perhaps the snow, perhaps not. Jubal had seen his first wife under pressure. Natasha was from solid Ukranian stock. Her father had been an albacore fisherman well into his 70s. Natasha is a

materfamilias. Angel was the daughter of an electrician and plumber, who had been a labor organizer in the 1930's. Her mother was a dyed-in-the-wool socialist. Jubal had watched Angel knitting in the stern of a trawler as a Japanese oil tanker bore down on them, and as they were tossed about in the wake, she never dropped a stitch. Zelda, with her delicate frame, had wielded a hoe dag with Jubal on Satus Pass. No one ever said she did not have guts. If you ever rode with Krystal at high speeds, firing a six-shooter out the window, you know a little snow was not going to spoil her day.

Trixie was pregnant. Jubal gave her an engagement ring. He showed her his house on Capitol Avenue. She considered things, gave him back the ring, and got an abortion. Later, he heard Trixie married a doctor who had won a Nobel Prize. Jubal says, "It's not bad to take second place and be the winner of the Ignoble Prize."

. . .

RICHARD: There is one carpentry story I have not told, the story of you being asked by Katrin, your daughter dying of AIDS, to build her a coffin, but I want to tell that in a later chapter. ("A Death & a Birth" in *Death*.)

JUBAL: That's fine with me. Why don't you just nail down the lid on this one with a poem for each of the sweethearts?

LEAPS AND BOUNDS

for Mona and Collete

leaps and bounds
the heart's a kangaroo

a pouched animal
with a punch that'll

knock you on your ass

natives call them “boomers”

BEEPER

for Angel and Alvin

Siamese, Himalayan, Persian
With schizoid face markings
He’s only been outside once
And won’t wash his asshole.

He pisses on his tail,
And his farts are enough
To collapse my lungs.
He’s a stinker.

Alvin sets up his dolls,
And Beeper dash-twists
Into Big Jim’s camper
And out the other side.

A saber-toothed tiger strikes
Big Jim and Tonto at tea.
Big Jim loses a leg
And Tonto a hand.

As the Masked Man
Readies Silver to mount
A Delacroix feline
Leaps with open claws.

Alvin shouts, “Damnpissshit!”
I say, “Alvin, watch your language.”
Beeper upchucks on my muckluks.
“Letmestranglethesonofabitch!”

Angel comes from the kitchen
And soothingly asks us to cool it.
Alvin points to the puke.
Angel hands me a towel.

Tucked under the covers,
Beeper looks like Blake's Tyger
With his long ancient whiskers.
He's done his best.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
for Zelda

Here it is, your birthday,
and you're 34. Four
is before five, bunnytoes,

and three is one
before four. Remember,
too, I'll love you,
never counting the decades.

AN OLD RUSSIAN RECIPE
for Natasha

Love is composed
of basic ingredients—

shared solitude,
clean sheets,

and the fire
in our bones.

HERMIT AND TROUT
for Krystal

I'm a hermit
talking to a trout.
I touch you softly
and you dart away.

I can't make you
make up your mind,
although I've caught
your heart in a net.

You might love me,
since I'm someone
you can love
more than yourself.

It's September,
and the laughter
of the leaves
mocks me.

NATURE HAS NO MEMORY
for Trixie

Nature has no memory.
The past vanishes like winter wind.
I look out your window,
down the steep hill shadowed
deep with leaves.

I gaze on the sun,
a lake of joy and pain.
Can I trust the day?

CELEBERTY

Here are three stories, the first two by Jubal and last one by me: “Deadman Finds Happy Trails,” “Notable for Not Being Notable,” and “A Bit of Notoriety.” The first two stories are played out on the world stage (or at least on the national level), the first one through the American press and the second one through the press and the internet. The last is a local story.

Jubal realizes he was caught up in events that originated outside of himself, and although he appears to be a hero in one story and in another a cause célèbre figure, he was, for the most part, swept along—not that he did not enjoy himself.

DEAD MAN FINDS HAPPY TRAILS

Retailing at Christmas time gets hectic. I was in my bookstore, taking a short break, drinking an espresso with my friend, Webster Hood, when the phone rang.

"Windy City. Jubal, here. How can I help you?"

"Hello, my name is Sally Macdonald. I'm a reporter for the Seattle Times, and I'm trying to find a Roy Rogers lunchbox. I've been told you have such an item in your store. Is this true?"

"Yes, I've got a Roy Rogers lunchbox. It's a Roy Rogers/Dale Evans Chow Wagon. Why do you ask?"

"Is it for sale?"

"No, not really. I have been asked several times if I would sell it, but I have told people it is not for sale. Everything in the store is for sale, but the buck stops there. Are you scouting for a certain antique dealer who persists in asking me to name a

price?"

She laughed. "Goodness, no. My situation is entirely different. May I explain?"

"By all means, go ahead."

"A couple of weeks ago, the Times ran a feature article on Roy Rogers. The story was a reminiscence of growing up with Roy Rogers and the gang at the Double R Bar Ranch. It was a full page spread with pictures, and soon after the article appeared, a letter arrived from a lady, who asked if anyone might know where she could get a Roy Rogers lunchbox. She said she and her friends had been scouring antique stores without luck, and that she was getting desperate. I asked her why, and she told me it was for her husband's ashes. I said, "What!?" She told me she wanted the lunchbox because it was her husband's wish that his ashes be stored in a Roy Rogers lunchbox. I was incredulous, at first, and she said she knew it was a strange request, but she had been looking for six months, and she wanted to give her late husband this last gift after twenty-five years of marriage."

I said, "I don't believe a word of this. I bet you are trying to trick me out of the lunchbox by concocting this story."

"Really, Sir, this is the truth. She says she will pay almost anything for an authentic Roy Rogers lunchbox. I asked around the newsroom, and a colleague of mine, Randee Fox, said she had seen one in your bookstore when she was visiting Robber's Roost. Believe me, although this story seems farfetched, it's true."

"I think I will have to talk to this woman in person, just to be sure. Can you give me her phone number?"

"Yes, I can give you her number. Really, this is on the up and up. Trust me."

She gave me the lady's name and her number, and I said, "Ok, I'll give her a call, but this sure sounds bizarre."

"I know," she replied, "but you'll see I'm telling the truth."

After she hung up, I said to Webster, "You won't believe what I just heard." I told him the gist of the story and, then, I dialed the number I had been given.

"Is this Mrs. Beverly Gibson?"

"Yes, I am Beverly Gibson. Who is calling?"

"My name is Jubal Dolan, and I am the owner of Windy City Books in Robber's Roost. I just received a call from a Sally Macdonald, who says she is a reporter from the Seattle Times, and she told me you were looking for a Roy Rogers lunchbox. Is this true?"

"Oh my, yes. I have been looking everywhere. Do you have one? I need one, ever so bad."

"Yes, I have one. It's been in my store for years. It's sort of like a mast head. I keep pennies in it."

"Did Miss Macdonald tell you what I wanted it for?"

"Yes, she did, but I had a hard time believing the story."

"Mr. Dolan, my husband, Bruce, was a great fan of Roy Rogers. As a kid, Roy Rogers was his idol. He always had to be Roy when the neighborhood kids played cowboys. He sang 'Happy Trails' as his own theme song. He told me, 'When I die, skip the funeral urn and just keep my ashes in a Roy Rogers lunchbox.' Is there any chance you would sell me your lunchbox?"

"Excuse me for a minute, Mrs. Gibson. Let me consult with a friend." I looked at Webster, who was listening to my conversation and smiling. "Webster, you teach ethics, if I've told people I won't sell the lunch box under any circumstances, I shouldn't back down, should I?"

"You should stick by your guns, or in this instance, your lunchbox, Roy," he said.

"Mrs. Gibson?"

"Yes?"

"I have made my decision."

"Yes?"

"This lunchbox has sat on a shelf in my store for twenty years. My ex-mother-in-law

found it in a secondhand store and gave it to my son, Alvin. After he grew up, it wound up in the store. It sits with some Old West books in a little display. Once, a friend was going to a Roy Rogers Show, and he asked if he could take the lunch box with him to get it autographed. I don't think it was actually signed by Roy, probably by his son. It's signed Roy Rogers and Trigger in green ink. The signature has faded to where you have to know where to look to see it. An antique dealer offered me \$300. She said in New York, it would fetch more, but I told her, "No deal. It's a keepsake. So, I don't think I can change my mind about selling it, now." At the other end of the line, I could hear a sigh of disappointment. I waited a beat, for dramatic effect, and then I told her, "On the other hand, I could give it to you."

"My goodness," she exclaimed, "do you mean it? You would give it to me? Oh, that is marvelous."

"Give me your address. I will wrap it up and mail it to you."

"Mr. Dolan, you are just too kind."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Gibson. It is my pleasure."

I wrote down her address. I dusted off the lunchbox and put the pennies in a jar. I found a cardboard box and some bubble wrap, and I made a tidy package for Beverly Gibson. And for Bruce. I mailed the box that afternoon, and I thought no more about it. A couple of days later, I got another phone call from Sally Macdonald. She was full of enthusiasm about my kind-hearted gesture, and she asked if she could write a story about what I had done.

I said, "Sure," and I told her pretty much what I had said in my conversation with Beverly. I concluded with, "I'm an old hippie. It seemed sort of cosmic to me. Now, Bruce can rest in peace, and I won't be bothered with people always wanting that lunchbox." That was a week before Christmas. I should have anticipated what the newspapers were going to do with this story. The next day, on the front page of the Seattle Times there was a picture of Beverly holding the Roy Rogers/Dale Evans Chow Wagon and a story by Sally Macdonald entitled, "Roy Rogers Fan gets Last Wish." Then, the phone began to ring.

Associated Press picked up the story, and it was run as a piece to make you feel

good in every newspaper in the country. People phoned to thank me for being an angel. A guy phoned wanting to know if I wanted to buy more Roy Rogers paraphernalia. I got cards and letters from everywhere. The tabloids competed. The National Enquirer wanted a story, but World News beat them to it. I reiterated what I had previously told the Seattle Times, and at the checkout counter in Safeway I saw a piece on the back page of World News under the heading "Dead Man Finds Happy Trails" next to a sighting of Elvis. It was surreal. They didn't change a thing. The TV program, Ripley's Believe It or Not, contacted Beverly, and they filmed her in her home in Federal Way. She was standing by her mantelpiece. She took down the Chow Wagon with Bruce's remains, and she told the interviewer about how her husband had had several surgeries and painful chemotherapy and that his last wish was to be kept in a lunchbox. It was a brief interview between pictures of the smallest park in the state of Washington and the largest apple. My uncle, Remos, a great storyteller himself, phoned from Albuquerque, to tell me that he was reading a newspaper, and as soon as he saw "bookstore in Robber's Roost" he knew it had to be me.

NOTABLE FOR NOT BEING NOTABLE

"Jubal, you're famous!"

"I am? How so?"

I was talking to Belle Randall, in Seattle. She had phoned to tell me that I was mentioned in The New York Review of Books, in a review by Nicholson Baker of a book entitled *Wikipedia: The Missing Manual* by John Broughton (Pogue Press/O'Reilly, 2008). More than a book review, Baker, who is a respected novelist, had written a very informative and entertaining essay, "The Charms of Wikipedia" (Vol. 55, No. 4, March 20, 2008, www.nybooks.com/articles/21131). It begins: "Wikipedia is just an incredible thing. It's fact-encirclingly huge and it's idiosyncratic, careful, messy, funny, shocking, and full of simmering controversies—and it's free, and it's fast."

He goes on to relate the background of this online encyclopedia, how it evolved, how it's structured, and how for some people it has become a fascinating project.

For Baker, it became a mission.

The uniqueness of Wikipedia is that it is a reference work written by strangers who contribute anonymous articles on any subject they wish—or re-write articles or vandalize them. Beginning in 2001, in eight years, Wikipedia amassed over two million articles on diverse subjects, all written without editorial oversight. “It worked and grew,” said Baker, “because it tapped into the heretofore unmarshaled energies of the uncredentialed.” I, too, had been intrigued by this openness, and in a blatant act of self-promotion, I created a page for myself. I did not read the rules or follow the guidelines for creating my page. I designed my page by entering the “edit” area on the page of another, more famous poet and copied the formatting codes. Voilà, I had a profile on Wikipedia.

Baker mentions, in his essay, that Broughton’s manual is useful in keeping one from breaking wiki-rules but he notes that the original rule endorsed by the founders was: “Ignore all rules.” In this spirit, I proceeded. It wasn’t long before a notice appeared on my page that tagged my profile as a “stub,” and I realized that there were wiki-elves at work behind the screen. The term “stub” meant that the article was short and needed help.

So, I expanded my profile to include a short bibliography, and Jonathan Penton, my webmaster, added a couple of links. Unbeknownst to me, the halcyon days of just offering information for the sheer joy of adding your two-cents worth were over, and delitionists were on guard. Soon, my profile was tagged “not-notable.”

Baker designates himself as an inclusionist. He makes edits to improve and expand articles, and he is protective of articles which he believes have merit, that are slated for deletion. He tells how he became a crusader:

But the work that really drew me in was trying to save articles from deletion. This became my chosen mission. Here’s how it happened. I read a short article on a post-Beat poet and small press editor named Jubal Dolan, had been a student in Berkeley in the Sixties and then, after some lost years, had published many chapbooks on a handpress in the Pacific Northwest. The article was proposed for deletion by a user named Pirate Mink, who claimed that Dolan wasn’t a notable

figure, whatever that means. (There are quires, reams, bales of controversy over what constitutes notability in Wikipedia: nobody will ever sort it out.) Another user, Stormbaly, agreed with Pirate-Mink: no third party sources, ergo not notable.

Dolan was in serious trouble. I tried to make the article less deletable by incorporating a quote from an interview in the Berkeley Daily Planet—Dolan told the reporter that in the Sixties he'd tried to be a street poet, "using magic markers to write on napkins at Café Med for espressos, on girls' arms and feet." (If an article bristles with some quotes from external sources these may, like the bushy hairs on a caterpillar, make it harder to kill.) And I voted "keep" on the deletion-discussion page, pointing out that many poets publish only chapbooks: "What harm does it do anyone or anything to keep this entry?"

An administrator named Nakon—one of about a thousand peer-nominated volunteer administrators—took a minute to survey the two "delete" votes and my "keep" vote and then killed the article. Dolan was gone.

Notable/not-notable...endless argument. Baker claims, "...a lot of good work-verifiable, informative, brain-leapingly strange—is being cast out of this paperless, indefinitely expandable accordion folder by people who have a narrow, almost grade-schoolish notion of what sort of curiosity an on-line encyclopedia will be able to satisfy in the years to come."

What led up to my profile's demise? One doesn't often get to see the various elements in a sequence of events, from cause to effect, but on-line in virtual reality the record is there. Here is a bit of the history retrieved from Wikipedia.Org/wiki/User:Balloonman/afd/Jubal_Dolan:

I've been pondering the notability of this person and I can't decide whether there should be a Wikipedia article about this subject or not. There seems to be some claims to notability in the article, but I can't find any reliable third party sources to back them up (most of the current sources seem to be unreliable or edited by the subject of the article), searching for the two listed books brings up little or nothing, and one them appears to be self-published. —Pirate-Mink 15:04, 17 January 2008 (UTC)

Note: This debate has been included in the list of Poetry- deletion discussions.---
pb<talk>18:24, 18 January 2008 (UTC)

DELETE I agree with the lack of reliable third party sources. I will revisit this discussion if some (any) good sources are posted.---
Stormbay (talk) 04:00, 22 January 2008 (UTC)

KEEP The man is a publisher and a poet with an extensive bibliography, part of the sixties Berkeley scene. Many poets publish on chapbooks—there is a long and rich tradition of this. What harm does it do to anyone or anything to keep this entry?---
Wageless (talk) 03:51, 23 January 2008 (UTC)

Wikipedia Deletion review/Log/2008February

JUBAL DOLAN (edit/talk/history/links/watch/logs)

This article about a poet who was deleted last month based on Wikipedia:Articlesfordeletion/Jubal_Dolan. The sparse discussion consisted of the nomination, one person who supported deletion (but said they would “revisit this discussion if some (any) good sources are posted”), and one person who wanted the article kept. This last person also added some material to the article, including an additional source—the article already had several sources, but these weren’t considered sufficiently “third-party”—but neither of the other two, nor the closing administrator, seems to have noticed this. Based on, I guess, a calculation that this is 2-1 in favor of deletion, the discussion was closed as “delete”. Now in the first place, I disagree and think that at a minimum, the nomination should have been relisted for more discussion. The failure to consider new evidence also means the arguments for deletion need to be re-evaluated. Fortunately, the person trying to save this article happens to be Nicholson Baker, and took time to write about this in The New York Review of Books. So, arguably the article could have yet another source now. Poetry often languishes in obscurity, making research challenging for those who don’t know their way around, but let’s not compound the problem in this case.---
Price Snow (talk) 18:15, 29 February 2008 (UTC)

Standard gripe about no apparent discussion with the deleting admin before bringing it here. Many of these sort of cases should be resolvable with a little

discussion.---81.104.39.63 (talk) 18:53, 29 February 2008 (UTC)

as a scary desk sergeant or whatnot. Regardless, here we are.---Dhartung (talk) 23:26, 29 February 2008 (UTC)

OVERTURN, there was no consensus. The nominator said "I'm not sure if..." the only delete comment was hesitant and said "if sources..." and the keep was fairly confident it should be kept. There was no elaboration in the closing statement as to how the outcome arrived at delete. Closing as delete was a mistake.---Jerry (talk) 21:32, 29 February 2008 (UTC)

OVERTURN, lack of consensus, this should be relisted and given another chance.---Mbimmler (talk) 17:54, 1 March 2008 (UTC)

OVERTURN, I thought it was a quick delete. I suspect that only marginal notability exists but the article deserves due process.---Stormbay (talk) 21:06, 1 March 2008 (UTC)

. Hi, I know Jubal and found his page when people were beginning to assert his lack of notability (I did not participate in the deletion debate). My comments on the talk page, where I disclose my conflict of interest and add a couple of sources, are presumably visible to admins. At that time, it is mentioned that Jubal started his own page. If it would be helpful, I can start a page for him from scratch.---JonathanPenton (talk) 03:39, 2 March 2008 (UTC)

OVERTURN, Came here from NYRB as well. Which I suspect now serves as an additional source.---Relatarefero (talk) 09:53, 2 March 2008 (UTC)

OVERTURN, insufficient consensus to delete the article. I would have relisted the debate.---Hut8.5, (talk) 10:37, 2 March 2008 (UTC)

And so, I was back, a cause célèbre figure. I wanted to thank Nicholson Baker. I left a message at his fan club site: "I would like to thank you for coming to my defense in your book review, 'The Charms of Wikipedia.' I think it was well-written, entertaining and thought-provoking. On a personal note, being a Buddhist monk, I am charmed to be notable for not being notable." He replied by email: "I wish I had your Buddhist attitude toward literary vicissitudes."

A BIT OF NOTORIETY

Another bit of notoriety befell Jubal near Christmas 1993, in Robber's Roost. Earlier that year, he had met Tracy Ridley walking up Pine Street. It was night, and he could plainly discern her attractive body silhouetted through the thin dress she was wearing by the streetlight. They walked together and sat on her porch and talked. She kissed him goodnight. The next evening, he gave her a rose and a poem.

The touch of your tongue on my lip
My palm on the curve of your hip
A cut rose in a vase—another,
Invisible rose growing here

Jubal came to stay nights with Tracy and her son, Earyl, in her dilapidated duplex. She wrote short stories. He liked the one where the heroine drops Acid on top of a pyramid in Mexico. He asked her why he had not seen her at Windy City. She said she did not want to be stigmatized as an "artist."

In the early hours of the morning, there was a pounding on the outside wall of the house and the cry of "Fire!" Smoke could be smelt in the bedroom. Tracy woke Earyl, and they all hurriedly, but only partially, got dressed. They exited through the front door. The cat was the first to flee. Flames could be seen near the rear of the house where a tenant lived. There was not time to rescue the fish in the aquarium.

The house burned quickly. Firemen poured water on the blaze, but it was obvious the house was going to burn. Earyl, Tracy, and Jubal stood wrapped in blankets in the snow-covered street. Someone took their picture.

When the commotion subsided, the three of them and the cat rode to Jubal's house, on Capitol Avenue, in Tracy's car. Tracy was in shock, and as soon as it was light, she returned to her house. She picked through the debris, but there was not anything that wasn't ruined. The aquarium was smashed and the fish lost among the ashes.

There are good Samaritans in Robber's Roost. Jubal found a fully-decorated Christmas tree and many wrapped presents and useful household things on his

front porch. It made for a Merry Christmas, of sorts.

After the holiday, Jubal was in the Better Day Café. As he was walking past a booth, Bob Goedeke stopped him said, “I saw your picture on the front page of the Valley Star. Looks like you have a new girlfriend.”

. . .

JUBAL: Have we reached the end of this chapter?

RICHARD: Yes.

JUBAL: Is there anything else?

RICHARD: Would you tell me about how the “o” in Dolan became a “y” in Dylan?

JUBAL: I’ll tell you that the sign “YY” means “friends” among the Indian tribes of the Southwest, and we are becoming friends; but that is not the source. You will have to wait. I will make it your Christmas present.

COMPUTERS

Everyone is in yabyum with their laptop. “You can google me,” says Jubal, “but remember I’m a monk.”

Jubal learned to surf the web from Kutar, who was the bookkeeper at Yeshe Ling, when the office and bookstore was in downtown Wolf Creek. The finances were kept straight on a computer, and a newsletter was created on a computer, but the bookstore was still managed without this tool of the maras (devils). As Blake says, in “London”:

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infant’s cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear.

We are bound by our reason (our so-called “good angel”), who Blake perceives lures

us into “Newton’s sleep” (the world created by a rational metaphysics) and away from imaginative truths.

Jubal bought a computer when he moved to Santa Rosa to care for his parents. It was an old Compaq with one gig of memory, and Jubal put himself online and began to use it. Jubal is a printer-poet in the tradition of William Blake. “Any man of mechanical talents can produce an infinite number of volumes with a computer, so I proceeded to give it a try,” claims Jubal, misquoting Blake. The sheer volume of work Jubal produced over the next decade is astounding.

The history of D Press is like a history of printing in microcosm. There are poems with illustrations from woodblocks and etchings, letterpress editions with photo gravures, books done on typewriters and on mimeograph machines, in offset printing, and finally in layouts done on a computer and printed on copy machines. *A Book from Luminous Peak*, of which this volume of *Jubal’s Worldly Dharmas* is a section, was initially done in hand-calligraphy with watercolors and reflect the earlier tradition of illuminated manuscripts before the invention of the printing press.

The *Gutenberg Bible* was printed around 1486 CE. It was probably the first large book printed with moveable type. The text was laid out in double columns, as hand-copied books were done. By inserting pieces of lead of varying widths between the type pieces with the individual letter raised on the face, the typesetter could make an even edge to the line of the sentence on the right side of the type case, producing what is called “justified” line ends. This is not possible with a 20th century typewriter because each letter (an “i” or an “m”) was allocated equal space. I.B.M. made a hybrid-computer-typewriter in the 1970s that replaced the teletype machines that had replaced the linotype machines. Each stage in technology tried to find a way to justify lines.

Computers made this easy. You just “click” an icon and the machine changes the lines to be justified on the left, the right, centered, or on both sides. As of late, newspapers online and in print have abandoned this look as old fashioned, but some of the earlier terminology holds on, for example “cut and paste,” from when

such an operation was done with scissors and wax.

Jubal's first book, *Breastbeaters*, published by Berkeley Pamphlets, in 1963 (and perhaps the shoddiest chapbook ever printed) was run offset on plates burned in an orange crate in a closet using a 200 watt bulb. Some of the early chapbooks Jubal printed in Deep Bay, Alaska, on the antique Kelsey hand press he bought, along with several fonts of worn type, for \$50 from a Seventh Day Adventist printer, in Ketchikan, might vie with *Breastbeaters* in workmanship and unfortunate title choices—*Chainclankers* and *Linoleum Nudes* are contenders. Jubal was teaching himself how to print.

Grant Risdon, an artist and logger, taught Jubal the art of cutting and printing with linoleum blocks. This allowed Jubal to add color to the backside of his highly stressed pages. Jubal would print five poems and cut five blocks and then staple the book with the staple facing the spine, covering the barbed ends with electrical tape. Simple as these books were, they allowed Jubal to re-invent himself as a poet after his post-*Breastbeater* creative block.

The poems that comprised his entire output up until the time Jubal met Luis Garcia had the feel, at least to him, as being warmed over English Department hash. The "Poems of Berkeley" were comprised of riffs off Blake, Poe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Hopkins and Company. The "Poems of Aptos" (labeled "D.T. Poems") were obvious imitations of Dylan Thomas. He could see that; he was sure others could, too. Even though he was praised for being "so lyrical," it did not feel right.

The poems Jubal wrote on Meth and Acid around the time of the Berkeley Poetry Conference, in 1965, did feel original. True, there was the strong influence of Luis Garcia, but as Luis put it, "You are forging your own blade." Details of this time in Jubal's life can be found in the street poet section of *Berkeley Daze: Profiles of Berkeley Poets of the '60s* in the 2008 online edition of Big Bridge.

In the cabin at Deep Bay, Jubal wrote his poems inside the type case and printed them much as he would thirty years later, "writing into the book." Some critics said they were not poems, which Jubal took as a compliment. Once, a person asked, "Where's the poem?" Jubal loved that. Ryōkan asks:

You say my poems are poems?
My poems are not poems.
When you dig that my poems are not poems
Then we can talk poetry.

In 1972, Jubal took D Press to Fairbanks. He was able to use a storage room as a studio, and with the temperature sometimes 40 below zero, he printed *Head Soup* with three-color linocuts for credit in the Art Department. He also expanded his printmaking knowledge by taking a class from Professor Terrance Choy. This was the last D Press book Jubal set in movable type on the Kelsey hand press.

Living in Oakland, in 1975, Jubal reconnected with an old roommate, his friend Wesley Tanner. Wesley helped Jubal really learn how to thump type, a name which comes from the sound lead type makes when you rapidly drop it into the type case. Wesley is presently considered one of the pre-eminent fine book designers. In *The Scorpion* (D Press in Berkeley, 1975), you can see evidence of his early skill. On the title page, there is a faux-engraving created by first laying down a light beige tint with a blank plate and the overlaying of this background with a photoengraving of a scorpion, which gives the effect of the residue of ink left from a true engraving. Another example of Wesley's skill is where Wesley "signed" his name in type by cutting a notch in the body of the type and moving the e under the serif of the W. Two hundred copies were printed in Baskerville type at Árif Press by Wesley Tanner. The printer's devil was Jubal Dolan. Moving back to Robber's Roost, Jubal began to write what he calls his hayseed verse, but after his divorce from Angel, he moved towards unrequited love lyrics. In 1980, under the watchful eyes of Suzi Barto, at Record Printing, he produced *New Gravity*; in 1982, *Flake On Flake*; and in 1982, *Said Just So*, all in editions of 250 copies. Since these editions were run on photo offset presses (where a page of type is "burned" with an intense light onto an aluminum plate prepared with photo-sensitive chemicals), Jubal could incorporate other artists' work.

New Gravity has a photo of the author, holding a bundle of trees lit by a shaft of morning light, taken by William Morris, now considered a revolutionary glass blower. *Flake On Flake* has a drawing by Luis Garcia and *Said Just So* has a photo of

a Jubal assemblage taken by Richard Brailey. All three books have reproductions of Jubal's sensuous linoleum cuts of nudes interspersed among his poems. These three books are the archetypes for the next generation of chapbooks Jubal would come to produce on his computer.

In the 1980s, personal computer technology was rapidly improving. For books like *Night Deluge* (1986), *Blood Dust* (1988), and *Curve of Wind* (1989) Jubal still took typed copies of text made on a typewriter to a typesetter with a computer, who then produced a long, thin strip of computer-printed copy, which next was laid out by hand on sheets of letter-size paper and then copied on a Xerox copy machine before the chemicals tuned the strip brown. Color copying was being developed but was, as yet, unavailable to the public. Black, white, and shades of colored paper only. Jubal produced a dozen books in this fashion. In 1994, *Blank Flower* and *Too Many Horses Not Enough Saddles* had color covers. These last two books, along with *Turn Beauty Turn* (1997) are not only a testimony to evolving print technology but to Jubal's poetics, as he began to incorporate new meditational experiences into his poems, experiences reflecting his deepening involvement with Vajrayana Buddhism.

Soon there was a proliferation of do-it-yourself copy shops and the arrival of print-on-demand. The book industry was going through dramatic changes along with the computer revolution. Giant chain stores made it nearly impossible for independent stores to survive in the new book trade. The chains could buy books in quantity and discount them at a price that an independent could only buy at. Just as, earlier, the tax laws which made held inventory taxable changed how a bookseller determined what books to keep on the shelf and what books a publisher dared print, now the chains were altering the landscape, and the bottom line was more and more the driving force. Yet, it is never as it seems. As Jung says, "You cannot buy the well; if you try, it springs up somewhere else." A new form of publishing was emerging. Print-on-demand makes it possible for anyone who has access to a computer to get their writing and art into print and the books into the distribution system.

Jubal met Verian Thomas online. Verian was the editor of Comrades Press, based

in England and founded, in 2000, to print in book form some of the writing it had received at its online magazine. Jubal had published poems and short stories at Comrades, and he was honored to be asked by Verian to have a book published. Verian's "Foreword" to Jubal's *Collected Poems: 1961-2000* can be read at Jubal's website www.dpress.net for more details of the horserace that ensued.

There is a lot of criticism concerning print-on-demand publishing: the taint of the vanity press, the stigma of not being good enough to be published by a "real" press, the limitations of design, and so forth. Jubal had been self-publishing for nearly forty years and jumped at the opportunity to have Comrades Press publish him. For more on this issue, read Belle Randall's excellent essay, "Having Tea with Blake: Self-publishing and the Art of Jubal Dolan," which is the introduction to Volume 1 of *The Collected Books of Jubal Dolan*.

The early days of print-on-demand, like any new process, were full of difficulties and confusion. About everything that could go wrong with a project went wrong. Jubal worked via email and phone with several different layout artists, each new one not seeming to know what the previous one had been doing. Fortunately, at present, one more or less designs a book by oneself, using templates at the print-on-demand source. What once was nightmarish and complex, is now simpler. Both Jubal and Verian were pleased with the result, but after a number of such ventures, Verian, like many small publishers before him, called it quits.

Jubal went on. Jubal enjoys the acclaim and occasional dollar he makes. He is one of that rare breed who does not do his art for fame or money; he simply does it. "I like the process," he says, "the hum of the copy machine, the texture of paper, and the bliss of completing something from start to finish. I see it in my mind's eye. Like the painter Francis Bacon remarked, 'I imagine what I'm going to paint will be a smile like a Monet sunrise, but it always comes out a scream.' Still, I write it; I print it; I put it out there. And I thank you for reading me."

Previously, I had written "He does not do his art for love or money," but I changed it to "fame or money" because he does do his work for love. Certainly a part of his output was written to win the affections of women, and by all accounts he was

successful. This could be due to his hardworking Venus in Capricorn, but I also mean “love” in a mystical sense. He writes:

I needn't know what I am
Just love the uncreated absolute
Stripped of self and the myriad things
Thru love alone, for love alone

When Jubal took his first Acid trip with Jack Wizard, Jubal and Jack rented a cabin at Dietrich's, in Big Sur. On a walk in the redwoods, they came upon a bench with three butt-shaped indentions carved in the seat, one marked “thinker,” one marked “worker,” and one marked “lover.” Jubal did not know which place to sit, so he laid down across all three. Jubal is a thinker-worker-lover at heart.

Jubal worked hard on his computer through the final, sad days of the Clinton presidency and through the two horrific terms of the Bush gang. He did his best to raise bodhicitta for the president and his minions—Cheney, Rumsfeld, Wolfowitz, Pearls, and the neo-con lapdogs on the Fox News channel. He felt the first term of George W. Bush was illegitimate and that King George's War on Iraq immoral and illegal. “Does samsara have to be this bad?” he asked himself. He wrote poetry against the war and protested to no avail. He did calm abiding breathing whenever he picked up a newspaper or turned on the T.V. At last, when he went into retreat, the adults seemed to be in charge.

There were many factors that led to Jubal becoming a monk. The political reason was that he felt it was of benefit for the public to see him in robes, so they could realize there was a different path. It is hard following a solitary path, when everyone is going the wrong direction. The factors that merged that prompted Jubal to take his vows will be discussed in a later chapter. It is apparent here that it helped him focus on his writing, publishing, and artwork. If you count the poems in his *Collected*, you will see he wrote more in the ten years he lived at his parents' home in Santa Rosa than in the thirty years preceding. The Shield's Library at the University of California Davis lists thirty-six books being published before 1998. Two hundred sixty books appeared by the time he left Santa Rosa to go into retreat, in

2008.

These later books were printed in small editions, usually thirty-three copies, which in terms of demand was sufficient, and rather than running a book into a second printing, Jubal would move on to a new one. He sees them as serial. The D Press website evolved along the way of Jubal's printing adventure. It is the work of several webmasters: Jonathan Penton, Peter Max Lawrence, Christine Curran, and a lad named Jess. Jubal thinks of it as a "cyberstupa." When he came out of retreat, Jubal felt the website was full enough, containing as it does, four separated sites "duct taped" together, and he decided to open a new site that he could manage himself. This is Kapala Press www.kapalapress.net and is designated "the Vajrayana tributary of dPress." It contains new D Press titles along with work from *A Book from Luminous Peak* and a blog.

Let us turn now to Jubal's Santa Rosa romances. From the above description of Jubal's activities, you might have assumed he was busy. Busy he was—but not in being a Lothario. Why no love affairs in Santa Rosa? Jubal attributes it to his ley lines, possibly Neptune in Virgo influence this territory. There is also the revelatory and disturbing experience of erectile dysfunction compounded by the diagnosis that he had prostate cancer. He was given a drug, Lupron, in order to reduce the size of his of the prostate gland before the implantation of radioactive seeds, a procedure called bracyltherapy. (See *Drinking from the Cancer Cup*, D Press, 2002.)

Lupron is also used in sex change operations. After one expensive injection, and Jubal had four, his libido took a vacation. He reflected on this turn of events. "It was an interesting perspective," he says, "very equipollent. Hats, coats, dogs, cats, men, women, all about equally attractive. Not." He asked his doctor if it would come back. "Not like before," he was told. He decided it was, again, time to reinvent himself. Foolish to be an old poet with a withered limb and be frustrated chasing dakinis, and with this insight, he took another step in the direction of monkhood.

Let me amend this. There was one brief love affair in Santa Rosa, but it was long before Jubal moved there to caregive his elderly parents. It was in 1964, and Jubal

had just been released from Mendocino State Mental Hospital. He stayed with his parents and worked at a company called Concept Development Co. This sounds like a high-tech company, but their big idea was T.V. Bingo. The idea was for viewers to play Bingo at home while watching the tube. Jubal was in charge of the warehouse. Besides pushing hand trucks with boxes of I.B.M. cards around the facility (This does have something to do with computers.) and taking care of shipping and receiving, Jubal was happy to assist a group of young women who walked in circles within a ring of small shelves, collating bingo cards, which were then glued into packs. One girl (Jubal can't remember her name, but she had light, brown hair, so I'll call her Jeanie) liked to flirt with Jubal, and she became his favorite. Jeanie worked part-time and went to Santa Rosa Junior College. She was a cheerleader and very energetic. They had one date and made love on her bed in her apartment, while her roommates were out. Her room was festooned with pompoms. She told Jubal it would have to be a one-time thing since she could not be seen with a long-haired artist type. The next workday, Jubal saw her going out to lunch with his boss. Jubal got the idea and walked off the job. Bingo!

CRAFTS

“We have no art; we do everything as well as we can.”

—Balinese saying

On the one hand, Jubal's work is artless, naïve. He makes no apology for it being derivative and having the feel of being tossed off. On the other hand, it is studied and draws on solid traditions. Jubal's art reveals his joy. I overheard a girl, observing Jubal's assemblages, say, “I have fun with these.” Jubal tries to find a happy mean between the high finish of the craft-oriented art and the futility of art for the sake of art. Typecast him as “sophisticated art brut.” His is a Dzog Chen approach, a direct way of looking, an open way allowing all experience, negative

and positive, to flow through his being.

Since he has experience working with materials and tools in many trades, Jubal is not afraid to try his hand at different art forms. He has made jewelry, done etching and engraving, cut woodblocks, sculpted in clay, made videos, acted in plays, written poems, played the piano, sang, and danced. He has been a mechanic, working at Kip's Square Deal Service, in Oakland, done highly detailed house painting on Maybecks, in Berkeley, built an Art Deco deli with Martin Campanile at the Better Day Café, in Robber's Roost. He knows how to fabricate metal, forge steel and cast aluminum. Tile work, concrete, sheetrock, wood, paint and plaster—where a harmonious balance of elements bring about an esthetic moment, we call it beautiful.

Bernard Maybeck created many of his houses in the early part of the 20th century, when the level of craftsmanship was high and materials were plentiful. He did not do conventional architectural drawings. He would ask his client to sit with him at the site of the proposed structure and ask, "Do you want your house to seem to be rising from the earth or descending from the sky?" When he had an answer, he would paint a watercolor. The craftsmen he hired would be instructed not to be too perfectionist. Maybeck would tell them, "I want this wall to look like a baker laid the stones on his off hours."

Jubal gained appreciation of artisan skills when he assisted four Bhutanese wood carvers, who had traveled from their homeland, in carving the symbolic columns and doors for the Tsogal Temple, in Colorado, using traditional tools and techniques. They had every intention of using the kind of tools their forefathers had used carving for centuries in temples, but they had not brought the large block planes they were used to, assuming this kind of tool would be available in America.

Of the four carvers, only Jigme could speak any English. He was able to convey to Jubal what he needed, and Jubal found an example of this kind of plane advertised on the internet—an antique—for \$300. Jigme was incredulous that this tool was a thing of the past and set about carving one from scratch. Jubal was a step ahead of him. A set of such planes had come to him from his father via his grandfather. It

was a collection Jubal had added to and displayed in Windy City Books. They were stored in Robber's Roost in his son's garage. After a phone call from Jubal, Alvin found them and put them in the mail. A large, battered cardboard box arrived at Yeshe Ling, and the carvers expressed satisfaction.

They attached a wire to the largest plane, and with one man pushing and one pulling they began to hand plane eight columns, each twenty-four feet in length. The pillars need to be tapered from thirty-four inches to twenty-eight inches in width on four sides. Jeff Rudel, the overseer of the temple, was not pleased with the carvers' progress, and he called a halt to their work. This stage of the work was turned over to the construction workers, who rigged up a guide for a chainsaw to saw out the designated area on the pillars. Much of the initial carving of the designs was done with a router, and only the finish work was done with hand chisels. Still, it took three men, working ten hours each day, six days of the week, almost a year to complete the carvings in the Tsogal Temple.

I said three men. Jigme was asked to stop when it became apparent his work was not at the same level as the other carvers. He simply was not skilled enough to be called a master. He claimed he had completed the carvings in a temple at home, and supposedly he had been vetted; but his work was childish, and he ruined an expensive board before this was realized. Wanchuk, Lham, and Lhapa, the other carvers, had been apprenticed early in life, and carving was their trade. Jigme had been a schoolteacher and had taken up carving as a second profession. That Jigme could speak some English had put him in a position of being the leader, but the others did not trust him. Lhapa was older and the most competent carver of the group and felt slighted by Jigme usurping his rightful place as head carver. This was further aggravated by Jigme's incompetence.

Jigme was unable to take a lesser role and be an assistant, too proud of being in a higher social class, I suppose, so it was arranged for him to return to Bhutan. He was devastated, since he was hoping to make enough money to send his daughters to college. He also found his activities under close scrutiny because his employers were afraid he might have come to America to stay, using carving as a subterfuge. There was nothing Jigme could say or do to change his lot, but he felt a need to

make amends. He decided to build a large shrine out of scrap lumber to regain some credibility, and he worked long hours with a furious intensity to complete his project. Jubal stepped in to help and learn.

They worked right down to the last day, carving, sanding, and in every way trying to finish the shrine for Lama Prajna before it was time for Jigme to depart. It was not a masterpiece. There were lots of areas that were pretty rough and needed more work when Jigme said his farewells, but Jubal said he would do his best to bring the shrine to completion. And, given help with the painting, he did. Jeff would say from time to time, “Don’t you have something better to do?” But Jubal would reply, “I made a promise to finish it.”

Jubal knew that Jigme was a difficult case—“a pain in the ass”—but they had bonded. When two young ladies showed up at Yeshe Ling to fulfill their friend Krys’s last wish, which was to have her ashes made into clay relic objects, called *tsha tsas*, and placed in the funeral grounds, Jubal joined them with ashes of his daughter, Katrin. Jigme performed the ceremony, and Jubal was his assistant. Art, craft, and ritual, it all comes together in the Vajrayana.

CRIME

Here is Jubal’s criminal record:

JAILS

1955: Oakland Juvenile Hall, Oakland, California. Evading arrest in automobile. Destruction of city property. Suspension of driver’s license for one year and financial restitution.

1958: Oakland Juvenile Hall, Oakland, California. Theft, auto. No arrest. Return of twelve sets of hubcaps and stern warning from detectives.

1960: Berkeley City Jail, Berkeley, California. Disturbing the peace. Destruction of State property. Case dismissed.

1963: Berkeley City Jail, Berkeley, California. Petty theft of book. One year probation.

1964: Berkeley City Jail, Berkeley, California. Indecent exposure. Evading arrest. Possession of marijuana (a controlled substance, then a felony). Case sent to the Superior Court. Possession charge dropped after being observed at Herrick Memorial Hospital for ten days.

1964: Alameda County Jail, Oakland, California. Held two weeks (including five days in “the hole”) until judged insane and committed to Napa State Mental Facility in Imola, California, for ninety days of observation on a locked ward.

1964: Alameda County Jail, Oakland, California. Held a few days until judged sane by the Superior Court.

1975: Robber’s Roost City Jail, Robber’s Roost, Washington. Disturbing the peace (fist fight). Charges dropped after the arresting officer and the other accused failed to appear in court.

There is a note here that Jubal challenged a traffic ticket in court in Ketchikan, Alaska, in 1968. He claimed that the ticket he received on a stormy night on South Tongass Avenue was unwarranted. He was ticketed for driving too slow. He was listening to a new Beatles song on the radio, and it had a “whirring sound” that he confused with the police siren. He had his eyes focused intently on the wet road and did not observe the red light, mistaking the flashing light for lightning. The officer had misrepresented the road conditions and checked the wrong box. Jubal had a copy of a weather report for that night. The judge liked his story, and Jubal paid no fine.

The night that Jubal fled from a traffic patrol car, ran two red lights and four stop signs before going airborne and crashing his black ’52 Chevrolet in Diamond Park, in Oakland, is a story told in my romance, *Toby’s Jubal* (Scorpion Romance, D Press, 2002), as is the story of the hubcap heists, with the detectives in their shirt sleeves digging gunnysacks of auto accessories out of a manure pile. Jubal’s arrest as an insane person is the subject of *Hollow Air* (D Press, 1999) and can be found online at Big Bridge (*Berkeley Daze*, D Press, 2008).

The arrest for disturbing the peace in Robber's Roost is celebrated in a song lyric, "We sent you out to the garbage can/ and you beat up the garbage man." Jubal took out the garbage at P.T. to help Nathaniel and Deb close up, and at the dumpster, two men were beating up on another man, and Jubal dumped the garbage bag on the ground and tried to knock their heads together. Not the smartest maneuver. The two turned on him, and the man they were beating up fled down the alley with one of the men in pursuit. The remaining man aimed a karate kick at Jubal's head, and in backing away, Jubal fell over, just as Officer Bukowsky came around the corner. Bukowsky, known for arresting drunks and kids smoking pot or skinny dipping at People's Pond, arrested the two of them. At the police station, Jubal phoned Nathaniel, who came to the station and bailed him out. Neither the arresting officer nor Jubal's combatant appeared at court, and the charges were dismissed, much to Jubal's surprise.

Jubal's crimes are minor violations of the civil code, but they add up to trouble his conscience, at times. After the terrific impact of the massive dose of peyote he took in Berkeley, in 1964, he developed a sense of trepidation surrounding any act of criminality he was tempted to commit.

There were experiences other than the peyote trip that opened Jubal's third eye. He met Sylvia, tall and blond "Dog Woman," always with two German Shepherds. He was wandering through Sproul Plaza on Cal campus, and he wrote a poem with magic markers on a girl's leg, as he often did, celebrating the Muse. The next day, this muse gave him a jar of homemade jam, and they went to the carriage house, which he shared with his friend, Patrick Clare. They made use of the mattress on the floor. She told Jubal that she had made love once to Sandy Bull, a guitarist known for his innovative style, in this very pad. Jubal hoped his style in bed would be just as innovative.

Sylvia and Jubal moved into a house, where the Notes from the Underground lived, while the band was on tour. Sylvia had a job as a social worker, and she gave Jubal the cash from her paycheck to take care of her share of living expenses. The two of them visited Leo and Cat, two notorious swingers and members of the Berkeley Sexual Freedom League. Jubal can be such a naïf. Leo jumped Sylvia at the door.

She was furious that Jubal had taken her there. Later, when he told her that Leo and Cat had been to their place, and after he had asked them to leave before Sylvia showed up, he discovered the money she had given him, which he had hidden with his passport in the couch, was missing. This was the first time Jubal had something stolen from him.

Jubal had been working for the Berkeley Barb. He was selling newspapers on the street, and he was working on an article about protestors trying to stop the troop trains that were taking recruits to Vietnam. Sylvia said, "You are such a strange person." She might have believed he made up this story and took the money himself, because she packed her things and moved out.

There were sit-ins at Sproul Plaza. The campus police arrested a political activist, named Jerry Weinberg, for distributing literature from a booth on campus. Jerry Rubin called for a "teach in." These events were followed by Mario Savio's famous speech ("There's a time when the operation of the machine becomes so odious— makes you so sick at heart—that you can't take part.") and the sit-in in Sproul Hall, the administration building on Cal campus. Jubal went into the building "to throw himself into the gears of the machine," but, as the intensity of the event increased, he remembered what his probation officer had told him: "You don't belong here; I don't have time for a book thief; go away, and don't come back." Jubal realized that he was in serious trouble if he violated the terms of his probation, and as much as he wanted to be arrested in this demonstration, he decided to get out while there was time. Out an open window, he went, before the building became the scene of the largest mass arrest in U.S. history.

Jubal does not follow rules. He has been pushing the limits since he was a child. He climbed out of his bedroom window, while he was supposed to be taking a nap, and took a stroll, stark naked, down Arlington Avenue, when he was two. A Kensington fireman returned him to his mom, wrapped in a blanket. She said she was embarrassed and almost said, "No, I've never seen that kid before." Jubal had already discovered the "naked lineage." In a couple more years, he was practicing "mandala offering." He took his red wagon into Hagstrom's Grocery Store and filled it with candy bars to share with his friends on the block. He was chased down the

street by a clerk, and candy flew in all directions. His mother told him, “Don’t steal; if you want something, just ask.”

Lama Kumaradza, Jubal’s Vajra guru, who led him through his three-year retreat, spent nine years in a Chinese prison. He says he was lucky to survive, but more than that, he feels it was a blessing in disguise because he had the opportunity to be brought to high levels of realization by some of the great masters of meditation of old Tibet. Jubal not only has sympathy for his Lama’s suffering, he has empathy. Jubal knows his suffering was nowhere near that of his teacher’s, but he feels his incarceration in jails and in mental institutions also exposed him to people and living conditions that brought forth the experience of bodhicitta and gave him compassion for the plight of all sentient beings.

In the 1960s, Jubal vacillated between the existential nihilism of Jean Paul Sarte , where one chooses what one wants to be and tries to live with that commitment, and the eternalist form of existentialism of Søren Kierkegaard , where one must choose between a life of pleasure, a life of ethical standards, or a life of faith. He was yet to find the middle way. With Sarte’s “nausea” arising from a discovery of Nothingness being the ground of existence and Kierkegaard’s “anguish” when confronted with the difficulty of making moral choices, Jubal remained a skeptic or, at best, a mystical positivist. It was not until he encountered the Ati Yoga teachings of Dzog Chen that Jubal found a view that he could adopt. This is less a philosophical view than an understanding that all beings and appearances arise spontaneously perfect and complete, of “God” being a subjective experience—a name that the Sufi says should only be uttered when the executioner’s ax separates your head from your body—and that one can relax in the experience of emptiness, that this is bliss and that the universe manifests as compassion.

Here is a story:

UNREAL REALITY

*Why should intent or reason, born in me,
make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?*

—John Donne (from “If Poisonous Minerals”)

Having given up stealing, I can recount the details of the experience that led me to make that decision. My name is Jubal Dolan. I am named after my grandfather, a man who skirted the law on more than one occasion. The events of my story took place in Berkeley in the early 1960s. I had dropped out of college and was hard up for cash, so I took to stealing books from one bookstore and selling them to another. Not a lucrative enterprise, but it kept me in cigarettes and coffee.

Although there were many bookstores near campus in those days, there were not so many that I could avoid repeating my crime in the same store within a short time, and it was inevitable that a clerk would notice the Natasha tern of a long-haired figure in black entering and departing the store without making a purchase or who would appear at another time with a book to sell. I was not the only “fringie” who practiced this trick, so clerks were on the lookout for shoplifters. I later became a bookseller, so I can appreciate the damage the loss of one volume does to the integrity of an inventory.

I took a large volume called Macroeconomic Theory. Made a bulge in my overcoat. Got caught on my way to the door. Thought, “Should have known better,” but it was too late for this thought to do me any good. The clerk was angry. He told another clerk to phone the police, and it was here, while he was looking away, I had another choice to make. I could have kicked my captor in the shin and bolted. Perhaps I was weary, but a Raskolinkovian need for punishment arose in my heart. I thought like this at that time. One minute I thought it was my duty to help redistribute capitalist wealth and the next I was duty bound to suffer. I let myself be arrested and taken to the city police station to be booked and jailed.

When my jailer escorted me to my cell, he said, “We’ll put you in here; you two have a lot in common.” In the lower bunk was a figure in the shadows, so I took the upper bunk. Metal walls with rivets, painted green, wool blanket, no sheets, no pillow, an unflushed toilet, a mute for a companion—it would be home, for now. Time for reflection, time for remorse.

It is not wise to ask another prisoner what they’re in for. If they volunteer information, fine, but don’t pry into another’s sorrow. After we had a supper that

looked like meatloaf covered in library paste, my cellmate spoke, "Before you arrived, I had the upper bunk. I don't remember the face of the man who was here, but after he left, I took his place."

He went on, "I will tell my story. Stop me if I get off track. You look like a student at the University. I was one once, but I flunked out. I had nowhere to go, so I stayed in the area. This may sound familiar. I heard what the jailer said. Curious. I assume he meant that our crimes were similar. I stole from stores. Books were my specialty, because you can trade them for cash. I got brazen and tried to sell a book back to the same store I had stolen it from without even leaving the premises. The clerk just looked at me and laughed, although I doubt he found it funny. Then, he called the cops. I could have fled, but I had a feeling of guilt, like Saint Augustine, and waited patiently for the patrol car to arrive, and here I am."

Incredible. It was my own story. Maybe I was dead and had gone to hell. Maybe it was a weird coincidence. Maybe I was crazy. I was mulling this over, when the jailer called a name. It sounded like Yaqub Almansur. The cell door was unlocked; my companion put on his coat and left. I only saw the back of his head. I waited awhile, and then I took the lower bunk.

The influence of Borges is evident in the overall concept of Jubal's story, inspired as it was by a reading of "When Fiction Lives in Fiction" (from "Writings for El Hogar Magazine," which can be found in Borges' *Selected Non-fictions*, Penguin, 1999). In discussing the play within the play of Hamlet, Borges argues that the effect of this fiction within a fiction is intended to make reality seem unreal, hence Jubal's title for his piece of flash fiction.

DANCE

Jubal is a foxy dancer. "There's nothing like having a good dance partner," he says. He grew up in an era when a boy's education was not complete unless he knew how

to waltz. A boy needs to know how to escort girls to formal dances, where to buy a corsage, how to rent a tuxedo. His mother took him to see *Dancing in the Rain* more than once. He fell in love with Cyd Cherise. He took tap dance lessons. One of Jubal's favorite scenes in the movies is where Charlie Chaplin, at the dinner table, takes two forks, sticks them into two potatoes, tucks his hands under his chin, and makes the potatoes appear to be a pair of feet dancing.

In grade school, Jubal had a dance partner, Dorothy Darling, who did not like putting her hand in his because he only had a partial thumb, the result of a farm accident, in Iowa, when he was nine. In junior high school, he went to a community hall in Montclair to learn to foxtrot, do the polka, the rumba, and the cha-cha-cha. When he hears the opening chords of "The Blue Danube" or "The Merry Widow," his feet start to move in 3:4 time.

Jubal never learned to dance the Tango properly. What he knows about it, he learned from the movie with Al Pacino, *Scent of a Woman*: "When you get tangled up, tango on." A quote from Borges' poem, "A History of the Tango," gives the flavor of the Argentinian extravagance: 'When I tango I'm so tough/ that when I whirl a double cut/ word reaches the Northside/ if I'm on the Southside.' The movements are lewd, and originally only men danced the Tango because women were afraid of the scandal.

Rock 'n' Roll was not taught in Jubal's dance classes. A bit of Swing, some Bop, but Rock was still too new. Jubal says he remembers doing The Twist, in high school, when it came out on a 45 rpm record. Later, with the development of Acid Rock, bits of The Twist and other dances would be incorporated into free-style movement, if anyone remembered what it was they were doing.

In high school, slow dancing was the thing. The slower, the better. It did not look so much like dancing as it did "making out" on the dance floor. The Black kids on the other side of the auditorium were doing some kind of rhythmic moves with their bodies that were not in the Arthur Murray handbook. And, then, Elvis shook it for the White folks, and it stayed shook.

Jubal could not really dance to Rock until the Beatles' "Blue Album" came out. And,

then, Acid changed everything. It got very freaky on the dance floor. “At first,” Jubal says, “no one knew quite what to do to the psychedelic chords of Jefferson Airplane in the Avalon Ballroom. So much space. We stood, holding hands, swaying in the vastness. We took a few tentative steps. And, then, we flew.” Jubal has remained in orbit.

Jubal says, “Robber’s Roost, in the ‘70s and ‘80s, was a microcosm of Berkeley in the ‘60s—without Vietnam. There was politics. There was Reagan’s war on the Sandinistas, in Nicaragua, and the local counter-culture politicians were active on many fronts, but there was not the same malaise. One of the elements that made Robber’s Roost idyllic was the dance scene. Robber’s Roost has a historic downtown, and in the upstairs of the old hotels, there were ballrooms. Goofy’s is gone now, burnt to the ground. The Ranch, a roadhouse at the edge of town, is gone now, burnt to the ground. The Palace has a large floor but is considered unsafe. I hear that there are still Friday night dances at the Elk’s Lodge, but I doubt the dance scene is anything like it was.”

The Northwest has produced a plethora of rock music. Punk Rock, Heavy Metal, Grunge, Hip Hop, you name it. Robber’s Roost has Central Normal College. It was considered among the top ten party schools, in 1976, by Playboy Magazine, based upon the amount of alcoholic beverages consumed by the population. Music could be heard from The Ugly Bear, Frenchie’s, The Corner Stone, The Hitching Rail, as well as Goofy’s and The Ranch, on Friday and Saturday nights. Things can get rowdy in a Rodeo town. The school might have been considered a teachers’ school, but teachers are known to let their hair down.

A coterie of dancers formed The Labor Temple Dance Collective. Bev Ombreck and Christie Brown who had been students of dance at Central, Julie Prather, a ranch owner’s wife, who had studied modern dance in the Martha Graham tradition, Melanie Humpfleet, and Millie West formed the core of the troupe. For three years they put on elaborate productions outdoors in grassy fields, and indoors in auditoriums. They had a studio in the Labor Hall, hence their name. There was always a spot for Jubal as a poet or in leotards. Here is one of Jubal’s poems:

SYNTHESIS

In memory of Ruth St. Denis

We bring you gifts of song and dance
Our step is light—
Lord of the Dance
Goddess of Time
God of Flowers

We give praise with costumes and props
With synthesizer, drum and tambourine
Clap your hands, slap your thighs
Stamp your feet
Let the Divine take possession
Tension release, catharsis reach

Fire leaps about the hearth
Clouds swirl across the sky
Water stalks the sand
Land rises and falls
Beast, plant, galaxy, atom
Dance is older than love

“Synthesis” was the name of the performance at McConnell Hall on Central’s campus. While reciting his poem, Jubal rode around the stage on an antique balloon-wheel bicycle, dressed in white, wearing a colorful fool’s cap. Here’s another poem:

BURGER PRODUCTIONS

The band heats the air with acid rock
Black-lighted bodies dissolve in the dark
Flames of ice, flames of flood
Flames of meat, flames of blood

Those are rather horrific images in that last poem, but when you take *Acid*, the doors of perception are cleansed, as Blake says, and everything appears as it is— infinite—as does the display of ferocious wrath from the nature of the void, which has a limitless perimeter. Jubal is cutting through as he cuts a rug.

When Jubal owned Windy City Books, a belly dancing troupe practiced their routines in the gallery area. Troupe Rose was their name. Jubal liked seeing them dancing late at night as he passed his store, candles flickering, the sounds of Near Eastern music, their scarves and swords and jingling ornaments, like Dakinis in Sambhoghakaya attire. “Every poet should have his very own belly dancing troupe,” he said to himself.

Zoe, Jubal’s daughter, was a dancer, ballet mostly, and Jubal watched a performance of “The Nutcracker” every Christmas, whether it was standing in the snow outside a showcase window of a store or inside a theatre, from the time Zoe was 8 until she was 18. He says he was kept poor buying point shoes. Senge Gyapa came to Yeshe Ling to consecrate the stupa dedicated to Nyagla Pema Duddul on 9/9/99. That summer, Zoe helped her dad paint a dance mandala for the Vajra Dances, sacred dances that Rinpoche had received as mind treasures. The story of Jubal’s struggle to get the mandala completed on time for Saraswati to teach is told in “Vajra Dance Odyssey”, a short story in *A View from Ekajati* (D Press, 2003).

Carol Chun and Jubal have collaborated on several dances performances. Carol is an accomplished dancer, having trained under Anna Halperin at her studio in Mill Valley, California. Carol danced to Jubal’s recitation of his “Too Many Horses, Not Enough Saddles” at Quicksilver Gallery, in Forestville, in 2003, a night in November after George Bush was elected to his second term. That is the night Jubal decided to wear robes full time. Carol, Jubal, and a group of children performed “The Teacher” at a Family Retreat at Yeshe Ling, in 2008. The text for this skit was from *The Magic Bear* (Kapala Press, 2009). And Carol gave a spontaneous dance accompaniment to Jubal’s reading “The Yogi and the Lizard” (*A Book from Luminous Peak*, Kapala Press, 2014) a gathering with Lama Kumaradza on a hill behind the Tsogal Temple after receiving a transmission.

It has been a lifetime since Jubal asked a shy girl to dance with him at the Montclair Community Center, and it turned out she could waltz like an earth angel. Jubal's motto: "Never overlook a wallflower; you never know what spirit lurks within a plain exterior." It has been a lifetime since he killed the lights at an Anna Heads Formal, in Berkeley, so the couples could kiss before the chaperones found the fuse box. It has been a lifetime since he climbed the stairs to The Rose Room, in Oakland, and paid highly-perfumed older women (some of them all of thirty years of age) fifty-cents per dance.

It has been a lifetime since Jubal danced free-form at the Sourdough Bar, in Ketchikan, and a logger asked him what kind of war dance he was doing. It's been a lifetime since he danced a waltz with his daughter, Katrin, at her wedding in Little River, feeling like he was the Godfather in Coppola's movie. It has been a lifetime since he watched the Perseid meteor showers and danced naked with Moonwoman. It has been a lifetime since Jennifer Boen made him a ripped, white dress shirt with black markings and lipstick traces and that was held together with safety pins, so he could go slam dancing at the Hal Holmes Center.

It seems like a lifetime, although it is only a year, since Lama Kumaradza danced on his throne at the White Dakini Drup Chen, in the Tsogal Temple, and despite Jubal being a monk, he joined the surge of celebrants. Now, in retreat, Jubal only shadow dances with Machig-Tröma.

DEATH

Neanderthal was buried with flowers and precious stones
King Tut, with his throne and gilded boat
I'll take my cell phone and T.V. remote
To watch the news and keep in touch

Jubal is a double Scorpio. The eighth house, Scorpio's assigned location in the Zodiac, deals with confrontations with the Self and awareness of personal limits that lead to identification with symbolic and transformative forces, such as death, sex, and power. A native Scorpion is said to "think with his feelings." Beyond the emotionally defensive Scorpion, to quote from David and Lucy Pond's *The Metaphysical Handbook* (Reflecting Pond, Robber's Roost, 1984), "if the self is willing to confront its hidden nature there is the Phoenix, the mythological bird that rises from the fires of death of the old self. Finally, there is the Eagle that sees where problems, both real and potential lie, and chooses to fly above them." Jubal is on the wing.

If one were to pick movies that depict Death in a masterful way, Jubal says he would pick *The Passion of Joan of Arc* by Carl Dreyer (1927), *The Battleship Potemkin* by Sergi Eisenstein (1925), *The Seventh Seal* by Ingmar Bergman (1957), and *The Book Thief* (2013) by Brian Percival. He chooses the Eisenstein film because it is symbolic of the death of an old regime and the birth of a new one, depicting all the confusion inherent in a revolution. The magnificent woman on the Steps of Odessa, the embodiment of Mother Russia, reveals her rage, as she is mowed down by the Czar's troops. This image remains vivid in Jubal's memory.

The Passion of Joan of Arc, which follows the events of her trial for heresy and her subsequent martyrdom by being burnt at the stake, represents the individual's concern with their mortality and their conflict with clinging to their physical self and their awareness of having been called to perform a higher good. No greater agony has been believably portrayed on the screen. Jubal especially likes the image of the skull with the worm in the eye socket.

Ingmar Bergman creates one of the most memorable portrayals of the figure of Death in *The Seventh Seal*. Here we have an entire cross-section of responses to the enigma of what it means to die, from the Knight's stubborn refusal to accept that there is nothing beyond death, to the Squire's insistence that Life is meaningless, to the Blacksmith's belief that he can bargain his way out of his predicament, to the flagellants' path of redemption, to both the wife's and maiden's acceptance of God's will, to Joseph, Mary and their baby's escape from the storm

that passes over, as the Knight and the Specter of Death conclude their game of chess. The “Totendanse” with these pilgrims, seen through the eyes of the traveling player, Joseph, is one of the most powerful moments in cinema.

Death is a voice-over in *The Book Thief*. The narrator tells of a young girl living with her adoptive German family during the Nazi era. She is taught to read by her foster father. The girl, Liesel, begins borrowing books from her employer (without the owner’s knowledge) and sharing them with a young Jewish man whom her family shelters in their home. Not a great film, but Jubal says he likes the idea that Death “is haunted by human beings.”

But what is Death? Death is defined as the total cessation of all signs of Life. And what is Life? It is what distinguishes animals and plants from inorganic matter. Living things grow through metabolism; they reproduce; and they adapt to conditions in their environment. This is biology. It can be concluded from these basic empirical definitions, that there is no “Death.” There is only the absence of life. As Montaigne points out, the Romans said, “Such a one has lived.” Knowing whether there is anything more to life or not is left to the study of metaphysics and theology.

In Christian belief, God created the World on the Spring Equinox of 4004 BCE. It took Him six days, and before he rested, he gave Life to Man, and from Man he created Woman. (Only Gnostics would dare discuss how this God was created.) Man was given an immortal Soul, and there continues to be a debate as to whether this Soul can be tarnished, lost, or bargained away. In Samuel Beckett’s *Waiting for Godot*, one character, Vladimir, exclaims, “Of the Four Evangelists, only one speaks of a thief being saved. The four of them were there, or thereabouts. Two say that both of them reviled Him, and the other doesn’t mention any thieves at all. Why believe the one and not the others?” (*Matthew*, both revile Jesus, 27:44; *Mark*, both revile Jesus, 15:32; *John*, no thieves mentioned; *Luke*, one thief saved, 23:43.) Jubal contends we believe Luke because there is a ray of hope that we sinners can be saved from perdition at the last minute by believing in the goodness of the Son of Man.

In Dzog Chen, this salvation is accomplished by attaining the view of the Great Perfection, that all appearances and beings are pure. This view can be realized as the luminosity of one's natural state of mind, if one is introduced to it by a realized master of meditation. It is said that one enters into the mind stream of the Guru through faith and devotion. In Christian terms, this is to be "risen a spiritual body" or "Life everlasting" or "union with the Divine." In the meantime, one needs to continue on the path towards awakening.

Michael de Montaigne, in his essay "That to Study Philosophy Is to Learn to Die," reasons that "study and contemplation do in some sort of withdraw from our soul, and employ it separately from the body, which is a kind of apprenticeship and a resemblance of death; or else, because all the wisdom and reasoning in the world do in the end conclude in this point, to teach us not to fear to die." The Buddhist tantras emphasize how important it is to have a virtuous attitude at the time of death. As the elements that constitute the physical body dissolve into one another, the stage is set for the subtle body to take rebirth in the either a Buddha realm outside the wheel of karma or within one of six realms of existence that are impermanent and subject to ignorance: hells, hungry ghosts, animals, humans, titans, and gods. The human realm contains the highest potential to reconnect with the path of Dharma and so escape the Wheel of Karma. If the dying person has reached the level of Highest Tantra in their understanding, it is possible to stop entering the cycle of death and rebirth and attain Buddhahood. This subtle physiology and psychology is revealed in a text known as the *Bardo Thödol (The Tibetan Book of the Dead)*, or "The After-Death Experience on the Bardo Plane".

. . .

Jubal has a memory of visiting a graveyard in Iowa. Jubal believes that the family visited the grave of David, his cousin, who died young from a disease, and who was the last male in that branch of the Dolan family's bloodline. (Jubal is mistaken. David died in 1974, at the age of 33 according to family records.) As the group left the cemetery, a long, black snake crossed their path, and one of the men killed the snake with a rock. Jubal watched it writhing in the grass, and its coiling was a vertiginous vortex. He felt they had murdered a soul.

Jubal was intrigued how a being could be so animate one minute and so very still in the next. Like many boys have done, he tried killing—bugs, birds, fish, frogs—and he looked inside to see where this “soul” might reside and what might be the source of the light that was in the eyes before it went out. Old photographs and silent movies gave him an eerie feeling. These people were no longer living. Like Dante, he was surprised how many had been “undone by death.”

America is a society that hides death—not seemly to have corpses seen. Old people die in rest homes, or rather they “pass away” in rest homes, the word death being too harsh. As a young man, Jubal attended a few funerals, usually for people he hardly knew, out of respect. He recalls Sandy Black catching his eye at the funeral of Mr. Stubbs (“Stubby”), a man connected to the Metropolitan Horseman’s Association, in Oakland, and of hooking up with her afterwards for a horseback ride. The awareness of death heightens life’s value. Jubal now knew that Cupid might shoot his arrow at any moment.

Both of Jubal’s grandmothers lived with his family after their husbands died. He visited his grandfather on his mother’s side, in Illinois, and promised the dying man that he would try and be a good person. With farm families it is traditional to die at home, and Jubal did all he could to accommodate his parents’ wishes to do this. I have told of Blanche’s death, of her dying in his arms, in the Caregiving chapter. His father died in the early hours of the morning, on November 7, 1998, at the age of 98. When Jubal arranged the covers around his dad’s body, he shifted the corpse, which was in rigor mortis, and the accumulated fluids inside sloshed like water on the side of a boat. “The body is a boat,” thought Jubal, “conveying the spirit...” He remembered the little figure of a Pharaoh on his dad’s Shriner’s fez... “His KA must be on the scales of Anubis, and I’m sure it will not be found wanting.”

Blanche did not want the remains in the house any longer than necessary, so Jubal only had time to do the practice for the dead called *Xitro* once between the time the Deputy Sheriff arrived and pronounced Sean dead and the arrival of a ghoulish couple from the funeral home, who strapped his dad’s body to a rig that could be tilted vertically and maneuvered down the narrow hallway. All quick and efficient. Sean had an open casket funeral with a gravesite Masonic ceremony. Jubal was one

of the poll bearers and read a eulogy that he had written. These are some of his words: "Dad drew his moral discipline from the Masonic Code. He believed in the exercise of brotherly love, in the necessity of relieving those in distress, and in the promulgation of truth. He tried to embody the Four Cardinal Virtues: Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice. As a Contemplative Mason, he learned to subdue his passions and be inspired with the most exalted ideas of the perfection of the Divine Creator." It was not the appropriate time or place to argue the existence or non-existence of a creator god.

Blanche did not want an open casket funeral. She wanted as little fuss as possible. She once said, "If I had my way, you could just drag my corpse behind the barn and leave it." At a Transference of Consciousness (*Powa*) retreat, Jubal told Senge Rinpoche that his mother did not want any kind of ceremony after her death. Senge said, "Who you going to listen to, your lama or your mama?"

Katrin's death deeply saddened the otherwise stoic Jubal. His daughter was born on December 23, 1961, at Alta Bates, in Berkeley, and conceived nine months earlier while Natasha and he were making love to the love-death song (*Liebestod*) in the Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. She died of AIDS, in 1994. Jubal often reflects on the day he went with Katrin and her soon-to-be husband, Bill, to the Marine Museum in San Francisco's marina to view an exhibit of quilts commemorating AIDS's victims. As they were walking back to their car across a parking lot, Katrin suggested they all get tested for AIDS, and they did, and she came up positive.

Katrin said she must have contracted the disease from an ex-boyfriend, who had been a drug user. Bill was undeterred, and he married her, fully knowing her condition. I would say that is true love. Jubal and Zoe, Katrin's half-sister, drove from Robber's Roost to Mendocino, on the coast of Northern California, to attend the wedding, Jubal to give the bride away and Zoe to be a flower girl. Their expectations for a gala event were high. They had no idea what was in store for them.

When they arrived at the house owned by Alexandra (Natasha's sister) and her partner, Kelly, they were met by Mama Alla and her two sisters, Olga and Vera.

Mama stepped up to Jubal and said, “We are so glad to see you. Papa died, and although the family is religious, Papa was a Mason, and we know you are a Mason, too. We want you to say something Masonic at his funeral.”

Joseph Gorki had been laid out in a coffin in the front room. It was a high-ceilinged, living-dining area that looked out on a garden embraced by redwood trees and pasture land that opened to the Pacific Ocean. A wake for Papa Joe was just concluding, and a feast for Katrin and Bill was commencing. Zoe was dumbfounded. She had never been to a wedding or a funeral. Jubal was, however, rather relieved. He had anxieties about encountering Joe, who never really approved of Jubal’s marriage to his youngest daughter, who had been made pregnant out of wedlock. Not only had Jubal married Natasha before Alexandra, the older daughter, was wed, but Jubal had proceeded to go crazy and get a divorce. Joe once told Jubal, “I know you; you want to be a bum.” It was rumored that a cousin in the clan had connections with the mafia. Jubal was fearful of what that might mean. Still, Joe had taken Jubal into the family, taught him how to clean squid and make his borscht from scratch. Furthermore, Joe was a proud grandparent, and he was happy to know Jubal’s father, who was a Mason. The two men were both born in 1900. There was a bond between the families.

The wedding was merry; the funeral was solemn. You might have thought the events were based on a film script by Woody Allen. Perfect weather on the coast. Friends of Katrin and Bill’s arrived from every walk of life. Katrin, who had been in a power-punk rock band called Jain (see Facebook) was surrounded by fans and fellow musicians from the San Francisco music scene. Bill, who had been raised in Southern California and was more connected to the technical, less glamorous, side of music, held himself somewhat aloof. Northern and Southern California are different worlds.

Gianna, Katrin’s sister, was the Best Woman at the wedding. Gianna has Dolan as the patronymic on her birth certificate. However, her biological father was Natasha’s lover in Aptos. This was hidden from the grandparents, although I believe both grandmothers had their suspicions. But now that they are all dead, there is no reason to maintain this subterfuge. Jubal, an adopted child himself, considers

Gianna to be his daughter, and he always treated the two girls equally. Gianna has a harder time accepting Jubal as her father, but she has lately come to see the importance of there being some person in that role to fill the position of patrilineal grandparent. So, to be precise, Katrin's half-sister was Best Woman at the wedding.

After the vows and kiss under the arbor, after the pictures and congratulations, and after the majority of the guests had dispersed, the family and a few close friends settled down to a late dinner with many toasts to the Bride and the Groom. Everyone would be merry, and then someone would say, "Oh, if only Joe could be here!" and they would all be sad, just for a moment, and then the gaiety would resume.

The funeral for Papa Joe was held the next day at a small Mendocino church, named after the patron of fishermen, Saint Anthony. Zoe sat with the women. She was the darling of the older women. She had a meltdown during the wedding preamble, after she discovered Katrin and the bridesmaids smoking pot and wanted to go home, but Alexandra had talked to her and calmed her down. Now, the seriousness of the occasion hit her, and tears burst from her eyes. Sometimes the world seems enormous and unfathomable.

Jubal memorized a few lines to be said at the gravesite that he had been given by the chaplain of his Lodge, after he phoned and asked what to do. Natasha helped him find an acacia tree, from which he had cut a small branch. The Little River Graveyard sits on a rise beyond town along the coast highway. The priest was perturbed that he had to allow the Masons a spot on the program, but he stepped aside for Jubal. Jubal laid the acacia, which is a symbol of the soul's immortality, on the lid of the coffin, and he intoned, "Your possessions remain behind; as your friends, we follow you as far as the gravesite; only your good works will go with you beyond the grave into eternity, remembering eternal is now, here in our hearts. We lay your body to rest, so you can enter that house not made by human hands."

The grave had been dug with a backhoe, but the family wanted to fill it by hand. As Zoe and Jubal drove away, Jubal glanced back. It could have been a scene shot by an Italian neo-realist film maker. A tableau: a graveyard, figures of both sexes, all

ages, dressed in dark colors, some with shovels, some pouring dirt into a hole with their hands. Fade. Cut.

A DEATH AND A BIRTH

KATRIN died in 1994. While she was alive, she could bring you to tears with her humor and make you laugh at your misfortune. She was funny. On her deathbed, she whispered in Jubal's ear, "I'm just you with a cunt." Sometimes, Katrin's sense of humor was disconcerting, like when she phoned Jubal and asked him to build her a coffin. Only she was serious. She had decided to stop taking her meds and was preparing to die. Jubal was shocked, but she soothed him with, "I just want to die while I still have my looks." Jubal laughed and told her he was on his way.

Sabina Adler drove with him to Albion, on the California coast, near Mendocino, where the family had rented a large house to handle the flow of visitors that wanted to spend time with Katrin before she "took off," as she put it. The house was a big, rambling, two-story affair and was full to capacity.

Jubal found Stephen, Natasha's second husband, in the garage, working on the coffin. He is a master carpenter, and the box was nicely turned out in pine. There was not much left to do, but Jubal helped him with the lid, which was to have a Celtic design carved into it with a router. Katrin was anxious to try it out. When the coffin was completed, she spent one night in it, and the next morning said, "I've decided to be cremated. The coffin is lovely, but it's too confining." After her death, it was filled with her personal things, her diaries, her beater guitar, her favorite stuffed bear, and it was burned on a hilltop overlooking the ocean.

But I rush. Katrin lived another three weeks, two weeks after Jubal and Sabina's visit, and in that time everyone gave Katrin as much love and care as they could. Alexandra had been a nurse before she was confined to a wheelchair due to a back injury, and she was a leader in establishing hospice in the area. Katrin's doctor was in the loop, and he checked on her and gave the family members his professional diagnosis, as Katrin's condition deteriorated.

There were sit-down dinners with linen and silver every evening. It was not

uncommon for there to be a dozen people at the table. Many friends came for a short stay; some were there for the duration. Katrin was a musician, so there had to be music at all times. She was eclectic in her tastes—Puccini, Verdi, Mozart, Stravinsky, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, Roberta Flack, Bessy Miller, Ol' Blue Eyes. One minute they would be listening to the buffoonery of "The Walrus" by the Beatles and the next to Caruso's sobbing notes in Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," and their emotions would ride along. Katrin's spirit beliefs were as diverse as her tastes in music. She was read to from *Seven Arrows*, *The Book of Revelations*, and *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*. Each morning, when she awoke, she would shout, "Yippie, I'm still alive!" and she would get on her phone and talk to her friends.

One friend, Heidi, had come all the way from Berlin to be with Katrin. She was tall and blond with chiseled features. Jubal found her attractive and alluringly mysterious. He flirted with her but got no response, just friendly conversation. Sabina finally hipped Jubal to the facts. Heidi had met Katrin in Germany, when Katrin and the When Girls Collide band had been on tour. Heidi was Katrin's female lover. Jubal said it didn't really surprise him, but he wished he had not made a fool of himself.

Bill, Katrin's husband, was having a hard time with the whole scene. He spent most of each day on the back porch making small sculptures out of wire. The older generation thought he was being weird, but Jubal could empathize with him, as he knew what it felt like to have a hex put on him. Jubal knew Bill loved his daughter and that the river flowed both ways. The couples' sex life must have been fraught with fear. Katrin's lesbian proclivity did not make things easier. Until the ordeal was over and Bill could begin to pick up the threads of his life, the waiting would be a torment.

Jubal spent as much time with Katrin as he could. They talked about her life, wild and free, the way Jubal had tried to live his. She was a cynical optimist with large doses of compassion for all beings. Her songs reveal a concern for the plight of the planet and the sufferings of those alienated by the system. Having been one of the first women to contract AIDS, she sang of her condition to bring attention to the

threat the disease posed to her sisters. She had tried to make a name for herself in the music world, and although she had only limited success, she was proud of her accomplishments. She said, "I will miss being on stage," and Jubal knew that she meant this in more than one way.

ZOE was born in 1982. She was born in the bed where she was conceived, in an apartment on the corner of Poke and Fell Streets, in Robber's Roost, Washington. It was a nice place for a baby to be born. The apartment was attached to the side of a two-story house and had its own entrance. There was a bit of lawn, and Zelda, Zoe's mom, kept a vegetable garden and worked with flowers.

It was the first time Zelda had given birth, and she insisted this was not going to happen in a hospital. Her physician was not happy with her decision, but with the assurance that there would be someone with experience in attendance he gave his consent. So, Zelda gave birth at home with the help of a woman who said all her births had been relatively easy. This woman was not a nurse, but she had given birth to five healthy children. Zelda trusted her, and she gave Zelda instruction in the Lamaz breathing technique, which gives the birthing mother confidence.

Jubal's experience with the birth of babies, outside of the barnyard, was limited to chain-smoking cigarettes in the hospital waiting room. But, when Jubal was 14, he was walking down Broadway, in Oakland, when a man outside a movie house asked him if he would be interested in seeing an art film. Jubal was not exactly sure what an art film was, but he paid the admission. The theater likely showed hard porn, but the feature that afternoon was a film by Ingmar Bergman (perhaps *Devil's Wanton/Prison*), and it contained sketches about unmarried girls, who had to deal with their unplanned pregnancies. Jubal was amazed to see a frontal shot of a woman's vagina. One minute you are looking at this sheath-like organ, and the next minute, out pops a head and then the whole baby; and now there is a new person in the room, a person who needs a lot of attention. Bergman has remained one of Jubal's favorite directors.

Bergman was not directing Zoe's birth. Zelda was, until, after twelve hours of labor

without issue, Jubal got worried. He phoned his friend Rudy, who knew an obstetrics nurse, and they came over. The nurse said Zelda needed to be catheterized, so she could pee, and then to start pushing much harder than she had been doing. With this new energy in the room, Jubal was exhausted, and he made the mistake of dozing off. Jubal rallied and did his best to be supportive. He is glad he was there to catch his child and cut and tie the umbilical cord. Still, Jubal believes it is better for the father to wait outside in the waiting room and chain-smoke cigarettes.

DENISTRY

“If I’d married a dentist,” Jubal jokes, “I could have bought a Maserati with the money I’d saved.” If there is a weak link in Jubal’s health, it is his teeth. A combination of soft enamel and poor dental hygiene put Jubal in a dental chair on many occasions. He says he can remember past lives in dental chairs. “There was this time in the 18th century...” But he is actually remembering a dental office on Channing Way, in Berkeley, that had Louis XVII furnishings in the waiting room, although by today’s standards, the drills that ran on pulleys would be considered antiques, as well. Air-powered drilling came in during the 1970s, along with air-suction tubes that eliminated the basin for bloody saliva. Jubal speaks:

“My childhood dentist was named Dr. Norton, and his receptionist and dental assistant was named Fran. I think of them as part of my family. I went to them until I was too big to fit in the chair. I considered becoming a dentist—Dr. Dolan, D.D.S. sounded very swank. I’ve spent so much time looking at X-rays of my teeth and having hygienists poking beneath my gum line, that I know each tooth by its number. The molars on top are missing, and I have a partial to fill the gap. The molars on the bottom have been capped with porcelain crowns. The old silver amalgam fillings have been replaced with composite epoxy fillings, and I’m now on a strict dental hygiene regime to keep my gums healthy. There was a time when I had real problems.

“When I was on D Ward at Napa Mental Hospital, I got a toothache and was taken to the house dentist. He gave me shot of Novocain, did some drilling, and sent me back to the ward. I was playing Scrabble when the Novocain wore off, and the pain I felt made me stand up and shout. All the Scrabble pieces went flying, and the orderly on duty over-reacted and injected me with a muscle relaxant reserved for violent, out-of-control patients. How was he to know what my problem was?

“He put me in my bed in my cell and locked the door. I lay there immobilized, unable to move, with a horrid, throbbing toothache. I looked out my barred window at the moon, which resembled nothing so much as a giant tooth. At last, when the shift changed, a friendly orderly, Dan Duffy, read the report and came to my aid. He told me that he didn’t have any pain killer, but that he would give me something to sleep.

“Another memorable dental horror story took place in Berkeley on the eve of Angel and my departure for Washington. I had a toothache and not much money. It was night, and I phoned the Free Clinic and asked for help. I was directed to a dentist in an office on Shattuck Avenue. He wasn’t too happy being pulled away from whatever he was doing. His equipment was dilapidated, and I had to hold the tube on the X-ray machine with my hands to keep it stable, while he pushed buttons. He gave me a quick root canal and said that would hold me until I could find another dentist to complete the job. When Angel and I got back to Robber’s Roost, the tooth started acting up. I went to Dr. Wuli, and he told me the previous dentist had drilled the wrong tooth.

“I wish I still got money under my pillow from the Tooth Fairy. It would have made more sense to have started going to a hygienist on a regular basis much earlier. Victoria helped me on this path, in Santa Rosa. She wore these marvelous bras, which I enjoyed viewing and kept me coming back to have my teeth cleaned. Her bras highlighted her ample breasts, but this was not her secret for preventing tooth decay. She was slightly sadistic in her methods, and I guess I was just masochistic enough to learn from her. I never want anyone to dig that deep into my gum tissue ever again. Now, I use every tool known to man to prevent the buildup of plaque and keep gingivitis at bay.”

I let Jubal tell this one. They are his teeth. When he was preparing for his retreat, he went to Dr. Ehni, in Wolf Creek, for a checkup. When she looked into his mouth she exclaimed, “What beautiful work!” It made Jubal feel that all those hours with his mouth stuffed with instruments were almost worth it.

DREAMS

Last night’s dream: “A face goes through transformations, from fair to fierce and crumbles into a landscape, leaving only a box of matches, which were on my lap, which contains particles, which upon inspection are tiny words.” Jubal says that this dream fragment must have taken only a few seconds, and a section, the face crumbling into a landscape, was a continuation or a repetition of part of his dream from the night before.

Jubal was once able to fly in his dream fall. These flying dreams were numerous after his first flight in a small plane. His friend, Ben, and he flew from Oakland to Red Bluff in Ben’s Piper Cub. Ben let him take control of the plane for a while, and Jubal got the feel of flying. Jubal says, “In my dreams, it was merely a matter of will power. My main fear was flying into electrical lines when I took off or landed, but once I realized it was OK to fly under the lines, since I wasn’t in an airplane, I flew every chance I could.” These flights ceased after Jubal’s affair with Ben’s wife, Channon, and the loss of Ben’s friendship. It was only after his completion of Ngöndro, in 2006, and his dream of Senge Rinpoche explaining to him how “fast walking” is a form of flying, where you have to keep your feet close to the ground, that Jubal was to be re-airborne.

To give dreaming a name, of course, limits the array of contortions that imaging can take, but the Tibetans call it the Bardo of Sleep. A Bardo is a gap or a discontinuity between moments of consciousness. The nature of this gap is the basic ground of mind. Trungpa Rinpoche calls this “the open space belonging to no one” ...and... “our most fundamental state of mind, before the creation of ego.” (Reginald A. Ray, *Secrets of the Vajra World*, Shambhala, 2001, page 331.) Within the six *bardos* (intermediate states) of consciousness, we come into contact with the various

dimensions of the Buddha's emanation which are beyond the ordinary world. If you have ever sung "Row row row your boat," you know, "life is but a dream."

Dreams have been used to talk to one's ancestors, to divine the future, to interpret behavior, and to enhance the creative process. Anaïs Nin saw a houseboat in a dream. She was undergoing psychoanalysis by Dr. Otto Rank. He told her to proceed from the dream outward. She walked along the Seine, in Paris, and found a houseboat at a quay that resembled the one in her dream. She rented this boat and proceeded to write a novel (*Diaries of Anaïs Nin*, Vol.1).

There are different theories about the causes and usefulness of dreams. A quick check of "Dreams" in *Wikipedia* shows a range of neurological and psychological theories of dreams—Dreams as defensive immobilization; Dreams as excitations of long-term memory; Dreams for strengthening of semantic memories; Dreams for removing excess sensory information—as well as psychological theories of dreams—Dreams for testing and selecting mental schemas; Dreams as epiphenomena that have no usefulness. If anyone should happen to come upon a method whereby a battlefield army can be put to sleep, be sure to report it to the Department of Defense.

MACHIG: What is that thing, Jubal?

JUBAL: It's a plastic needle for an old syringe that my hygienist gave me to irrigate my gums. The needle broke, and I'm gluing this tube from a can of WD40 onto the prong with a dab of Goop.

MACHIG: Very clever of you. How did you think of that?

JUBAL: I dreamt it. Other inventions have been conceived in dreams. Elias Howe dreamed he was inventing a sewing machine for a savage king, and being unable to complete the task, he was to be executed; but he noticed that the warriors' spears had openings at the point, and when he awoke from his dream, he had the idea for where the hole should be located in the needle for his sewing machine.

MACHIG: That's interesting, but what are you going to do with the thing you are making?

JUBAL: Richard will use it to fill the empty ink cartridges that go with his calligraphic pen, which he is using to write this book.

Great yogins have received “transmission” of high tantric secrets in their dreams. After a yogin has been diligently practicing, he may have the experience of being in a spacious palace surrounded by a charnel ground, of being invited to a feast, and there receiving profound instructions. In the western tradition, there is the Grail Legend. A knight meets the Fisher King and is invited to the Grail Castle. He passes through a perilous forest and enters a chamber with a high, vaulted ceiling. There is the dance of the Grail Maidens, and like pulses of energy, they appear and disappear. The knight to win the Grail must have the right answers to a set of questions. It is recorded that Gwain, being pure of heart, made it into the castle but failed to win the Grail. Percival had the right answer for one of the questions, but failed to answer the other. The Grail is lost in legend.

Jubal does not usually record his dreams, but he took Tamara Slayton’s Holy Night’s Workshop, in 1999, in Sebastopol, where he was instructed to record one dream each night between December 24th and the morning of January 6th— each dream to reveal something about the events to occur in the upcoming twelve months.

The First Holy Night: The virtue of this night is to contemplate arising out of the stellar community of Aries. Devotion becomes the force of Sacrifice. Challenges to virtue are malice and defenselessness.

THE SCENE: Better Day Café, in Robber’s Roost. I’m an old employee. A friend of mine, Donna, although her name in my dream is Tara is a new worker, who I watch. She doesn’t seem to be doing her job, or at least I’m not sure what job she is supposed to be doing. Looks to me like she’s doing things between other peoples’ jobs. “Filling in” doesn’t quite explain it. Fred, the owner of the café, says she’s working in the cracks where jobs overlap and where no one seems to work, like taking out the trash. We are in a passageway between the café and the deli, between the kitchen and the street. Tara shapes a large square of tinfoil, made from short pieces, and then she twists them into a symbolic form, like an Egyptian Eye of Horus, and places this sun-like figure on a cube of foil which I understand to

be the Black Stone in the Grand Mosque in Mecca. There is an energy directing us to move the "stone" out on the street. The street is a wide boulevard in Europe with an Arch of Triumph-like structure at one end. When we reach the end of the boulevard, we go under a low over-hang into a room like a Lodge at Lake Tahoe. A small boy asks why he (President Clinton) had an affair—or, more precisely, why his affair meant an Oedipal Complex. "WHY!?" I shout. Tara is standing behind me, and a man in the shadows to her right fumbles around inside a narrow (broom) closet, looking for a book to explain Clinton's condition. He says he can't find his copy of Freud, so I tell the boy that there are different ways to portray the main characters in the story, but that the underlying story is one of Fate and the inevitable consequences of your actions—the Sphinx on the pedestal asking questions, the flirtations of Jocasta, Oedipus putting out his eyes are about to be discussed, but I awake and think I should write...

For Christmas, I got *The Supreme Source* by Namkhai Norbu from my sister, Jo Ann. From my mom, I got money inside a card that said, "The love that's in a parent's heart stays deep and strong and true." I planted a fir tree in the back yard, and I drew a Dakini Card, number 64. *THE LAST LAUGH/THE FUTURE*. The potent power of the future. Freedom from karma through HUMOR. I wrote this poem for Tamara:

MARILYN MANSON ON THE RAG

Billy Blake wanders in the charter'd streets
crying weep weep weep
Sylvia Plath lies in her basement
her cunt full of worms
William Carlos Williams crawls
to his Asphodel

Dylan slashes his eye
Villon thrashes on the scaffold
and the Old, Gray Poet
mad, blind, gay SEES
all the stars and all the grains of sand

all the bacteria in the shit pile
are children born trembling

DRUGS

JUBAL'S DRUG TRIPS: From a file in the archives.

1955 TOBACCO—started with Lucky Strikes and Pall Malls, tried filter tips, but found them unsatisfactory. Discovered Gaulois, after seeing Belmondo smoking them in a Godard movie, my guess would be *Breathless*. Settled for Camel straights. The female figure on the foreleg of this Arabian camel was pointed out to me in jail, along with a way to cut a piece from the trim along the border of the pack and insert the “knob” through a slit in the camel’s anatomy to create an obscene puppet-like erection.

1957 ALCOHOL—started with straight Scotch whiskey, Cutty Sark, got heavy into Glick Stite, a stout malt liquor, around the time of the first Monterey Jazz Festival, in 1959. I consider myself a member of the Red Mountain Tribe, named after a cheap California wine enjoyed by bohemians in those days. Many years a wino, ending with a taste for gin, in 1994.

1958 DEXEDRINE—called “mother’s little helpers” in the 1950s, first used them on hunting trips and long drives to L.A. on the weekends. Wrote a lot of my early poetry on dexies.

1959 ESPRESSO—introduced to this in Berkeley at the Mediterranean Café, and before long I’d say, “And make that a doppio, if you would, Elio.” Ran an espresso bar, in Robber’s Roost, for a dozen years and drank this drug, until my asshole fell out.

1963 MARIJUANA—turned on for the first time in Island Park, New York. I’d say I was a born pothead. I smoked it daily for 30 years. And, now, when I couldn’t care less about it, after all those years of paranoia at getting busted, it’s legal. Fuck.

1963 CODEINE—tried this, while living in Aptos, California. You could sign for two bottles of Robitussin AC cough medicine, which contained this controlled substance at any pharmacy. A couple of bottles, a reefer, and thou was paradise enough.

1964 PEYOTE—dropped sixteen buttons, ground up, in gelatin caps, and had my mind perfectly blown.

1965 LSD—loved that windowpane! There were days on the Ave when everyone was stoned.

1966 AMYL NITRATE—tried this after reading about it in a Detective magazine. An over-the-counter drug, in Ketchikan. Read that Beatniks used it “to prolong orgasmic ecstasy.”

1967 Mescaline—during the Summer of Love Human Be-in, at Golden Gate Park, I drank my fill from a jug of Red Mountain spiked with mescaline, handed to me by a Hell’s Angel.

1967 OPIUM—smuggled into Berkeley inside a car tire, it tasted like rubber. Pissed my pants.

1972 PSILOSYBIN—collected from a haystack in Corvallis, Oregon. Remembered my birth.

1989 BECAME SOBER AND QUIT SMOKING POT, in Robber’s Roost, but I fell off the wagon the night the treasure vases were buried in the foundation of Lama Prajna’s new house at Yeshe Ling, maybe ten years later. I remember crawling around a fire pit, howling at the moon and waking up in a yurt the following morning with my jeans wrapped around my neck.

There was a party after the completion of *The Fertillichrome Cheerleader Massacre*, where Jubal and some of the cast dropped Acid near Peoples’ Pond, along the Yakima River. In the script for the film, “fertillichrome” is a fictional drug. The plot revolves around the procurement of this drug, which is to be used by a mad scientist to repopulate the earth after nuclear radiation has caused the sterilization of the human race. Jubal had a supporting role as Jack Frontille, a drug runner. The movie was shot on video with a part on film, in 1988, mostly in the desert between

Robber's Roost and the Columbia River.

Jubal's sobriety began after he received a mind transmission from Tingdzin Zangpo Rinpoche. He went to Seattle, hung over, and left with a clear mind. Jubal's last Acid trip was in Robber's Roost, at the hobo house. Paul Babbington was visiting from New Jersey, where he taught psychology, and, while visiting, Paul met Dominika, and they fell in love. Jubal was in a severe state of depression, after his breakup with Krystal, and while the two lovers watched over him, Jubal dropped a hit of Acid and wallowed in the marshy bog of misery.

Dominika was from Poland. She had come to Robber's Roost on a road trip from New Orleans with her husband and two children. After a squabble with Dominka he left his wife and kids, diagonally as far away from New Orleans in the Continental United States as was possible. In her wild outfits and overly made-up appearance, she cut quite a figure in Robber's Roost. Dominkia's children were prodigies. Her daughter, a talented, teenage street poet, soon caught a bus out of town, but her younger brother remained and painted oils of business store fronts and became a local fixture on the sidewalks of town.

A SEQUENCE OF EVENTS IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE: A balmy night under a huge Black Walnut tree in front of the hobo house. (The house had this name because it was rumored there were signs near the railroad yard that directed hobos to this house for a free hand out.) Jubal is twirling like a dervish. Paul and Dominkia sit beneath the tree, watching Jubal and holding hands. Jubal finds himself inside a long hallway. He continues along the passageway, feeling himself, now, to be almost swimming. He stops at a door, opens it, and enters. He is beside a river which he knows to be the Avon, in England. He has a fishing pole, and a fish appears at the end of the line. He holds the fish in his hands and is thankful he has "scored" and knows he will take his catch to the "the most beautiful woman in the world." She appears, takes the fish, and slaps him across the face, saying, "I send you out to score drugs, and you bring me a fish, you yidiot." Jubal can hear the y in the word. Realizing he is only a boy, Jubal shakes his head in dismay and returns down the passageway, trailing a long piece of fishing line attached to the fishing pole. The line looks like an umbilical cord attached to his penis. Jubal hears Paul's voice, but when

he awakes from a hypnotic trance, it is his therapist's voice, and he is lying on his bed in his new house on Capitol Avenue. His therapist tells him to make his fingers into a pair of "scissors" and to snip the cord. Jubal does this every time he has the urge to see Krystal. He cuts through the grasping or clinging feeling that arises.

Paul plays a big part in the story of Jubal's drug experiences. Jubal has always thought of Paul as a guru. They have remained good friends, since the early 1960s. Long before he met Paul, Jubal committed himself to an exploration of his mind. Paul helped facilitate this adventure. It was Paul who introduced Jubal to Mary Jane and to Mescalero. For his contribution to Jubal's expanded consciousness, Jubal blames Paul (in a good way) and thanks him. He knows that Paul helped him access the Blakean visions he was reaching toward.

In 1961, Jubal fled from the entanglements he had gotten himself into, during that summer of wild love, and flew to New York. Dario Cheral, his friend and co-producer of plays, performed at the New Vic Theatre (*Zoo Story* by Edward Albee and *Hello, Out There* by William Saroyan), gave Jubal the address of one of his friends, who was now married to Paul. They lived in Island Park. "She'll put you up. Just mention my name," said Dario. When he got to the Big Apple, he gave the number a try, but he got no answer. It was the weekend. He checked into a cheap hotel and explored the city. He walked and rode in cabs because he was unsure how to use the subway system. Loraine answered the phone on Monday. She met him at a train station, took him to her house, and introduced him to her husband. She was noticeably pregnant.

They had dinner together, and Jubal talked about his summer in Aptos. Paul rolled up some green, leafy stuff in a thin, brown paper, and Jubal smoked his first joint with Paul and Loraine. The next day Paul took Jubal with him into the city to show him some sites. They visited the apartment of one of Paul's friends, and Jubal saw a copy of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* on a coffee table.

In a few days, a letter arrived for Jubal from Natasha. Dario had given her the address. The letter was long, passionate, deeply heartfelt both in apology and in condemnation and in forgiveness. Loraine said that were she to receive such a

letter she would do all she could to reconcile her differences with her spouse.

Jubal got on a plane, flew back to California, packed their belongings into the Ford Falcon that had been their wedding present from his folks, made a place for Katrin in the back seat, put Natasha, pregnant with Gianna, in the front seat, and flew the Falcon across the country to the east coast. Natasha, being an English major and fan of Nathaniel Hawthorn, wanted to live in Salem, Massachusetts, scene of the 17th century witch trials. It is a tourist town, and they could not find suitable housing. Paul and Loraine said, if they came to Island Park, they would help. They stopped in Boston, at a Conservatory for Dance, where Lindsey, Jubal's lover, was studying. Natasha wanted to put Lindsey's conscience at ease. Seeing Lindsey, Jubal wanted to make love with her again, but the compass pointed south.

The couple found an apartment in Ocean Beach, not far from Island Park. It was the off-season, and the rent was reasonable. They signed a lease. The landlady told Jubal, "When my husband was young, he wanted to be a writer, but he gave up the idea and made a living." Jubal was more resolved to be a poet, but he knew he needed to get a job. Following up on a newspaper ad, he became a Kurtz Vacuum Cleaner salesman.

Having a car was a help. He hooked up with Jefferson, who said he would show Jubal how it was done. In the morning, the salesman met in a store in a plaza and sang salesman songs to get them in the mood to sell the Kurtz. (Kind of like when the Dakas and Dakinis sing "Great Blazing Bliss" before the commencement of practice, only much more samsaric.) Following an inspirational talk by one of the salesmen, Jubal would go to a bank of phones and dial numbers, trying to get a lead. Since Jubal had no appointment for the day, he went to Brooklyn with Jefferson.

They went to a tenement. The elevator was out of order, so Jubal followed Jefferson up a flight of stairs to an apartment. They were let in, and Jefferson got right down to business. He asked his client if he had the money owed him, and when the man shook his head, Jefferson put a gun to the man's head and made him sign a contract for a Kurtz. Then, Jubal realized why they had not brought a Kurtz along with them

to demonstrate. This was how it was done, and his partner would make his commission that day.

Jubal tried one more time, alone. He got an address on the phone, and he showed up at the time the lady said. She was alone in the apartment. He had been told not to try and sell to a woman alone, that it was necessary for both husband and wife to sign the contract. She said her husband would be home shortly and to go ahead with the demonstration. Jubal was showing her how the Kurtz would suck dead skin from the mattress, when her husband arrived. He was not happy with Jubal in his bedroom, and Jubal packed up his gear and beat it out of the place. This was not how it was done. It takes more than just reading *How to Win Friends and Influence People* to be a successful salesman in New York.

Jubal and Natasha and Katrin went with Paul and Loraine to Provincetown, Rhode Island, on a holiday. They visited a Portuguese family that Paul knew, went out on the tide flats, dug clams, and made a seafood chowder that they ate on the beach. On their way home, the Falcon gave them trouble, and they took refuge at an Inn. The house was historic. It dated from the Civil War Era and had been a part of the underground railway for slaves. The travelers were given big rooms and shared a bathroom with an enormous bathtub with lion feet. Their hostess, there being no other guests in the Inn, invited them to eat in the kitchen. It would be a couple of days before the Falcon could be fixed.

The first night, they got together in Paul and Loraine's room, and Paul asked Natasha if she had ever smoked "pot." She said she had not but would like to try it. Paul rolled a joint. It was passed from hand to hand. Loraine showed her how she held the smoke in her lungs, but the smoke made Natasha cough. Jubal was learning to get high. He liked the sweet smell and understood why it was referred to as "shit." It made him giggle and feel weird for doing something naughty. One minute he seemed to be big and the next quite small, like at the end of a tube. His perception was kaleidoscopic. Jubal was stoned.

Jubal does nothing in half-measures. Like Forrest Gump, when he runs, he runs past the goal posts, through the end zone, into the stands, through Exit D, across the

parking lot, and on down Highway 61.

No one goes far in this country without funds, and Jubal was now unemployed. He tried to find a job at Burroughs Typewriter Company. This was 1962. They did not really believe Jubal had a B.A. from Cal. He was a college dropout. He was still a freshman in the School of Hard Knocks.

Without an opening appearing in front of him, Jubal decided to return to California, where he was on more familiar ground. He put Natasha , who was rapidly nearing term in her pregnancy, and Katrin on a plane to her parents, in San Pedro. He and Paul, who had decided to ride along and share the driving, drove the Falcon on the roads built before there was an interstate highway system.

How did Jubal manage all this flying and driving, coming and going across the country, without an income? Savings. Again, this was 1962. Gasoline was 20¢ per gallon; fast food joints were new, and some burgers were six for a dollar; a room in a cheap motel did not cost much. The first Motel 6 debuted that year, in Santa Barbara, and a room was \$6. Jubal had worked a forty-hour week at Harper's Insurance Co. for \$50, while living at home, and had saved close to a thousand dollars.

Paul and Jubal drove in shifts. They made one stop in New Jersey to buy some Benzedrine, which was an over-the-counter drug in that state. They sped along. Jubal wanted to stop in Iowa and visit his cousins, who had a farm near Mason City, even though his father said he would be disinherited if he showed up with his long hair. Ludwig and Darina were successful at farming. They raised pigs and corn to feed the pigs. They had a modern farm, a new house with a minimum of frills, in brick, a new barn with cement furrowing parlors for expectant sows, a new silo full of feed, and equipment in good repair. A sturdy, handsome man and his lovely wife, with two charming pre-teenage daughters, Dale and Dora, welcomed our road-weary travelers to their warm home.

Paul was amazed at how "scientific" the farm was run. He still talks of it. I think he was becoming impressed with Jubal's background and resources. The boys stayed overnight and left the next day, after keeping the family up late telling stories about

the big world beyond the fence line. Jubal did not see Ludwig and Darina again until 1995, when he was working at Yeshe Ling's bookstore in downtown Wolf Creek, and his cousins were passing through on a road trip. They had lunch together and talked about that long-ago visit. At that time Ludwig was the Dolan clan's paterfamilias. Now, that role is Jubal's.

Paul was a head tripper, and Jubal had a proclivity in this direction, as well. There is nothing like a head full of pot to set you off; add some speed and long hours behind the wheel. By the term "head tripper" I mean someone who likes to play games with your mind, any kind of tomfoolery to gain an edge in psychological dominance. It is based in a desire for power over others, and I suppose it is rooted in insecurity. Paul and Jubal, two head trippers, tripping on pot on a trip across the states.

Jubal had seen *Last Year at Marienbad* by Alan Renais, and there is a scene in the movie where a game is played with cards (but which can be played with other objects, like coins or matchsticks). The game might also be described as The Last One Who Moves Loses. The cards are arranged horizontally in four rows of 1-3-5-7. Each player is allowed to take as many cards from one, but only one, row. The loser of the game is the player who has to take the last card. Jubal explained the game to Paul and they played it mentally, as they drove along. Paul: "Take one from the top row." Jubal: "Take the one from the bottom row." They would play until one would concede he had lost. The players were evenly matched, until Paul took a small bronze Buddha from his pocket and sat it on top of the dashboard, and it seemed, just outside Chicago, from there on that Paul could not lose.

They took a break from the game in Nebraska when the Falcon's oil pump stopped working. Nebraska is flat. They pushed the car back to a small town they had passed, almost without noticing it. There was a garage, and the mechanic said he could have the car fixed by evening. Paul and Jubal retired to a bar across the street. I'll let Jubal tell this part.

"Thanks, Richard. There we were, two city slickers dressed in suits, longish hair and polished shoes, at the mercy of the local Dharmapalas. It was a warm day, and

beyond the few buildings of this hamlet, it was corn for as far as you could see. The bar was an all-purpose sort of place. Pot-bellied stove in the center. Cat in a chair, sleeping, until the screen door banged. A bar with a few stools. Antlers on the wall. A sign: "Coffee 7¢ with refill." There were some dry goods on shelves, near the front, and deep in the shadows, a pool table.

"Paul and I shot pool all afternoon. He was good, could bank his shots, but I am better, and Buddha or no Buddha on the dash, I had the hoodoo. So, there was a shift in the power field between us. In the laziness of the day and with renewed confidence in my abilities, I began to work on the winning patterns in the Marienbad game. When the car was fixed, and we were back on the road, our game was no longer one-sided. The locals in the tavern might have said, as we drove away, "There go a couple of hustlers." I not sure which of us was Fast Eddie and which Minnesota Fats.

"By the time we reached Reno, I had figured out all the winning patterns. The key to the game was to play off your opponent's mistakes. If two players knew all the winning patterns and played with concentration, the first person who moved would lose. I didn't lose another game of Marienbad. It was midnight of November 20, 1962; I was turning 21. We stopped in "The Biggest Little City in the World," and we had a drink in a casino to celebrate. I think Paul accepted me, now, as his peer. Over to you, Richard."

The Falcon flew onward. Their destination was the beach house near Aptos, but the two men stopped in Oakland to see Jubal's parents. The house was newly-built and sat on a ridge, on Rubin Drive, overlooking San Francisco Bay. Oakland Bay Bridge, as well as the Golden Gate Bridge, leading into and out of the "Little Apple," as Paul like to call San Francisco, tied the landscape together.

Jubal was glad to see his parents and present his new friend. They had lots of questions, which he answered as best he could. His mom did their laundry. When she was straightening Paul's things on his hide-a-bed, his metal flask fell from his coat. She laid it on top of his neatly folded clothes. No questions were asked, but Jubal guessed she had concerns about her son's increasingly erratic lifestyle. He

might be in the clutches of a spirit who works mischief.

Jubal and his “erl king” friend drove down the coast and stayed at the little house above Aptos Beach. They were instructed to keep it clean, as Jubal's dad had decided to put the house up for sale, now that Natasha and Jubal were not planning to live there. The first thing Paul and Jubal did upon arrival is go down to the ocean, so that Paul could dive in, something he claimed he had dreamed of doing. They had coffee at the Sticky Wicket restaurant, and then they drove to Santa Cruz to visit Tomas Marcellus.

The cabin Tomas lived in was at the edge of a large lot on which there was a two-story house, now occupied by Pierre D’ Alvern and Don Webster, who had moved from their place near the Sticky Wicket because the Highway Department had bought all the land along both sides of Highway 1 where it merged with Highway 101 in order to build a freeway. Things are impermanent, subject to change or destruction by fire or freeways. The Bohemian community Jubal had been a part of had dispersed, and remnants had found new homes.

It was at this house that Pierre made the cement sculpture of Natasha sitting on the edge of a circular form, the vision he had of her and her wild beauty on the beach at the fire pit. It had been a night of revelry, where poets and painters had drunk wine and burned their poems and thrown their paintings into the ocean. Natasha had been Pierre’s model and had become his lover. From the drawings he had done of her, he created a large sculpture, so large that, when completed, it would not fit through the door. The door and framework had to be removed to get the sculpture out of the house. It turned into another party.

Tomas Marcellus intrigued Paul. Paul had plans to get his doctorate in psychology, and Tomas had spent time in a mental facility for the criminally insane, at Vacaville. California had laws for and facilities for criminal acts, for the actions of insane persons, and, where the two overlapped, facilities for crimes committed by an insane person. (I mention this because it bears upon events in Jubal’s life.) Tomas had been a heroin addict. He was a surprisingly good artist. There are no specific terms of how long a commitment will last for an insane person. Tomas had an

advocate in a dentist at the hospital who admired his work. Good behavior played a role in his release. Being designated “insane” is often just a trick of agreement. Who knows? Tomas told Jubal that once he cut a large piece out of the wrestling mat in the gym because he needed a piece of canvas to paint.

Now, Tomas was out, but he had to go to a clinic in San Jose each month, where he was administered a drug and the dilation of his pupils was measured. He said that the base line for this measurement was skewed because he was slightly stoned at the first measuring. He figured he could smoke pot and drink codeine cough syrup and wine during the month, if he cut back during the last week and stayed clean for two or three days before his appointment.

Paul was looking for someone he could hand his fledgling pothead off to, and Tomas was just the man. Paul bought one of Tomas’s drawings, a detailed portrait (perhaps a self-portrait) of a man with a cloud of geometric projections erupting from his head. Paul took one last dip in the ocean, and then Jubal drove him to the Oakland Airport.

The beach house was put on the market, and Jubal stayed with Tomas. Natasha would be coming north, and the plan was to settle into an apartment in time for the baby’s arrival. Jubal was in a state of despair at the prospect of having another child, one that was not his, by a woman he loved but did not feel he wanted to live with. Tomas said, “There is always a towel here to cry on.” That was consoling. He wept, and Tomas rolled joints, and time rolled on.

Jubal enjoyed living with Tomas in squalor. They had no electricity or running water. When the toilet filled up with excrement they got a bucket of water from the big house and poured it into the tank. They smoked dope, sipped wine, knocked off a bottle of cough syrup, and stayed stoned. On one occasion, they went out to score, and they gave their money to a guy Tomas said he knew, and the guy went into an apartment building and never returned. Jubal began to realize there was risk to this drug business. Finally, Jubal could procrastinate no longer. He had to go to the Bay Area and help Natasha with their baby.

As the character Jerry says in Edward Albee’s *The Zoo Story*, “Sometimes it’s

necessary to go the long way around in order to get back a short distance correctly.” Jubal helped Natasha get settled in a two-bedroom apartment, in Oakland, up the hill from the Grand Lake Theater. It was an area Jubal was familiar with because one of his high school sweethearts had lived on the next block, and he had spent many nights parked in the neighborhood and making out with her. Nearby, there was a back entrance to a city park at the end of a cul-de-sac, and Jubal would sit by a tall pine tree, smoke pot, and try and figure out his next move.

After Gianna was born, at Kaiser Hospital, Natasha’s mother moved in to help with the baby. Three generations of females in one space were more than Jubal could take. He packed a duffle bag, left the car keys on the kitchen table, and took off for Berkeley. “That boy is crazy in the head,” he heard his mother-in-law say. He may not have been crazy, then, but he was well on his way. He moved in with his friend, Ali. Ali had come from Iran to study medicine, but he decided he would rather study comparative literature. This was not what the Shaw of Iran had intended when he sent his country’s youth to university in the United States, and there were secret police sent along to be sure they stayed on track.

Ali married Page, who had been a neighbor and close friend to Natasha, growing up in San Pedro. Jubal is not sure whether it was a marriage of love or not or a marriage of convenience for Ali, so he could get citizenship, but the marriage did not last, and Ali had a small apartment in Oakland, just over the border from Berkeley. Jubal received a package there from Paul, his friend in New York. It contained sixteen large capsules of ground peyote with instructions to only take eight. Jubal took eight of the capsules. He opened a beer and smoked a couple of cigarettes, but nothing seemed to be happening, so Jubal took the other eight capsules.

RICHARD: Jubal, why not wait an hour? Why not look up “peyote” in the dictionary? Do a little research?

JUBAL: I doubt the word was in the dictionary, then, and there was very little information on hallucinogenic drugs available. I had read Artaud’s account of his trip in Mexico and the account, in Time Magazine, of a reporter who had taken LSD. I hadn’t read Huxley’s *The Doors of Perception*, although it wouldn’t be long before

I did. I wanted to have a mystical experience. I didn't have a clue as to how powerful this drug might be. I just took the peyote and trusted in the guru. It was a peak experience.

Much of the outer story of Jubal's peyote trip is told in his book, *Hollow Air* (D Press, 1999). I am going to try to tell about the secret, mythological plane he arrived at in this mind-altering experience. Here is one of Jubal's poems from that period.

AM I REPRESSED

Or is this taking place
In a little espresso bar
Along the peaceful Nile?

"Oh, I thought
I saw two shadows.
I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, too.
Too much coffee.
I'm very jittery."

We sit in a cool spot
Amid the burning,
The moon trine Uranus.

Miraculous water
Partings—waves splitting—
Finding in the sand the Pharaoh's grave

A damn rib in her icy stare.

We have a Self that is a mask for emptiness. We are not an I.D., an address or a zip code, a social security number, an online persona—or any combination of these—nor are we our vague and selective memories. We have a body that contains a brain

that registers impressions and processes “ideas” (whatever they are—signals from Mars or electro-chemical synaptic events within our neuronal circuitry). We are a stack of elements, a set of fleeting epiphanies, enigmatic manifestations of beingness, an epigenesis of channels, winds, and lights.

When the fiction of the Self is gone, one merges with the Infinite Self, also a fiction, which is the Here and Now. If this situation occurs without guidance, without a disciplined mindset (or view) and in an unsafe setting, there is the likelihood of danger for the individual to be caught up in subjective hell realms. The Bardo of Ego Death and the Bardo of Physical Death are analogous.

The fission of elements, the power of the Sun, freed from gravity, transformed into a body of light—this was Jubal walking the streets of Berkeley, talking, talking, talking...telling of the New Day. In an art gallery, he judged the art passé and spoke of the coming vanguard. In a barbershop, he saw in the double mirrors the infinite reflections of himself curving towards a confrontation with his end and his beginning. It frightened him that he might be no more than a reflection of himself.

At night, he fused with the darkness. After one experience, where he shed his black sport coat because he thought it was The Specter taking possession of him, he imagined he had wings and was a raven. He entered a church. The outer door was open, but an inner door to a vestibule was locked. A voice said, “This is your house; go in.” Jubal kicked the door with a Titan’s force, and the wood splintered. He picked up two long fragments, a sword and a wand, and he formed a cross. A figure in a cassock appeared from a side door and grabbed him. They struggled in a ring of fire, until Jubal broke free and escaped.

Descending from a hill, Jubal crossed Telegraph Avenue in front of The Forum coffeehouse. A sports car with the top down, was stopped at the intersection. Inside the car the driver and his companion were dressed as mummies, wrapped in a winding cloth. Jubal gave the hood of their chariot a sharp rap with his cross and said, “Back to your tombs, you mummyfuckers!” The light changed, and the Lazarus brothers drove on, and Jubal crossed the street and went into Mario’s. Adora worked there as a waitress. This lovely señorita gave Jubal plates of rice and beans

without charge. They had begun to take walks together, and on one occasion they swam in a public pool. Jubal was smitten.

Somewhere in this time frame, Jubal had helped Natasha move her things into an apartment on Derby Street, across from the School for the Blind. Moving Natasha was not easy. She had a piano and heavy furniture. Gianna could walk now, and Katrin was in pre-school. Meredith, Page's older sister, and her husband, a grad student in psychology, lived upstairs. Ali and Page were divorced, and Ali had a new girlfriend, Ellen. Adora was Ellen's roommate.

What were Jubal's financial means currently? His parents helped him, and he took part-time jobs that he had a hard time keeping. He worked for a small furniture store called Third Eye Furniture Outlet, near the Cinema Guild and Studio theaters, where Ali worked as the manager. Ellen and Adora had an apartment on Blake Street. Jubal had a small room in the basement of a house on Channing Way, a storage room, next to an abandoned coal bin. Jubal would visit the apartment on Derby. He wanted to see the kids, but he and Natasha inevitably argued, and he would return to his coalbin on Channing Way.

The fascination with Adora became an obsession. Jubal took her to his room, and they lay on his bed. They petted, and she allowed him to undress her. They were on the verge of entering into sexual congress, when she shied, put on her clothes, and fled. Jubal feels she had an overwhelming experience of guilt at making love to a married man.

When Jubal smoked weed, the winds of the Nahautl would buffet him. Knowledge of hidden relationships were revealed. Arcane subjects seemed to him to be transparent. He found the number 5 to be a key. The four Beatles plus Pete Best equal the Four Evangelists and Jesus. There is no such thing as Time. The Universe is a botched job by a deity with nearly zero divinity. Jubal made drawings of his occult revelations. At a party in the Berkeley hills, he showed one of his drawings to Price Charlston. "It's not quite dry," said the professor, and he hung it on a clothesline with a clothes pin. Jubal did not feel his friends were taking him seriously, and in fact no one could understand his ramblings, and they were doing

the best they could to humor him.

The movement of the Brahms symphony they were listening to was a waltz. Jubal whisked a girl standing nearby off her feet and spun her across the lawn. He never learned her name. She was a music student, studying opera. A contralto with an ample bosom, she sang an aria just for Jubal. They took her car to Jubal's room, but they were followed by a young man that was being protective of lady. Jubal invited them both into his lair and asked them if they would like to smoke some hashish. Maybe it was the drugs on top of the drink on top of an empty stomach on top of too many late nights without much sleep, but he suddenly felt the walls of the room close in and wanted to be alone. He excused himself and stepped outside, and then he did something weird. He put the lock on the hasp.

Jubal wonders why he did that. Did he want to keep them prisoners? Keep them safe? Was he setting things aright? Was he returning Adam and Eve to Paradise? They were really in no danger. The door could easily be forced, and there was a window at ground level for egress. Jubal did not return to this Paradise. He took wing to Blake Street, toward Adora. At first, he was going to ring her bell, but strangeness continued to possess him, and he removed his clothes and sat in lotus posture before her door. Did Jubal think Adora would find this seductive? Would Beauty fall for the Beast?

Stepping out of civilization into the primeval garden, Jubal had discovered the naked lineage of yogic realization. But it was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Someone called the police. Jubal was in samadhi when the front door into the foyer hit him in the back. This prompted him to rise and rapidly climb the stairs to the top floor, which was a laundry room. There was a large window open, and he got up on the sill. He planned to ascend. A gentle voice pleaded with him not to jump. Jubal looked back and saw a young police officer with a gun in his hand. There was a slight tremor to the weapon.

Beast, Buddha, Angel, now Jubal felt he was Christ on the cross. He uttered the terrible words of doubt: "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" (*Matt. 27.47*). And then, he fell back into the arms of the Law. He lay on the cold linoleum, and Ellen, Adora's

roommate came and knelt by his side. “Oh, Jubal,” she said, “my God, what is the matter with you?”

Two policemen helped Jubal dress and handcuffed him. The ride to jail was short. A rookie at the wheel and a veteran riding shotgun, they slowed once to warn a street walker she was in the wrong neighborhood. “He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.” (*John*, 8.7) At the Berkeley Police Station, Jubal was interrogated. Receiving little from their prisoner, the officers asked him to strip off his clothes. They parted his garments, looking for evidence of drugs. “Here’s some seeds,” said the young centurion. “That’s all we need,” said the older, “one for analysis and one for exhibit.” “This is he that received seed by the wayside.” (*Matt.* 13.19)

After being fingerprinted and booked, Jubal was put in a cell next to the one he had been in when he was incarcerated for stealing a book. At that time, he had found a tattered copy of Solzhenitsyn’s *A Day in the Life of Ivan Illych*, which had made his stay seem like a holiday vacation compared to the rigors of a Russian gulag. Here, Jubal found a *Gideon Bible* and fell to reading *Isaiah*, aloud: “Then said I, woe is me! For I am undone...” (*Isa.* 6.5). Someone in another cell said, “What does this babbler say; he seems to be a setter forth of strange gods...” (*Tim.* 17.18)

The wailing and the gnashing of teeth in the cell block brought the guard from his cage. He wrestled the book from Jubal, who stuck his head in the toilet, saying, “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned” (*Matt.* 16.16). Jubal pulled the handle, but the guard grabbed him by the ankles and drug him out of the cell, or Jubal would have gotten a good flushing. You could quite literally say that Jubal flew off the handle.

The guard put Jubal into a padded cell. “And in the dungeon, there was no water, but mire.” (*Jer.* 38.6) So, Jubal, sank into the mire. He had feces in his hair, on his clothes, on his hands, and he could taste it in his mouth. It was not the first time, Jubal had tasted shit. He was reminded of a time in the shower, when he was 10, being constipated, and putting his finger up his anus to remove a hard-packed turd. He nibbled it out of curiosity, wondering what it tasted like. Feeling complete

disgust at himself, he took a bar of soap and scrubbed his tongue. He needed to get ready to go out to dinner with his family. They went to Spengler's Seafood Restaurant in the Berkeley Marina. Jubal ordered a shrimp cocktail, took one bite, and the sauce made him cry out in pain. There was no explanation he could give to his startled parents.

Sitting in the shit of this jail hole, Jubal was hard-pressed to explain to himself how he came to be there. It was a humbling experience. Through humility one purifies clinging and attachment to one's reputation. Without hardship one does not become disillusioned with samsara and find the Dharma.

On his court date, Jubal sat in a holding cell outside the court room. He had a lady lawyer, who his father had retained. She came to interview Jubal. Seeing his disheveled appearance, she asked, "Do you even know who you are?" Jubal replied, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." (Rev. 22.13) She asked, "Do you think you are Jesus?" And he answered, "Thou sayest it." (Mark 15.2) Jubal was declared incompetent to stand trial, and the court ordered him to be held for observation at Herrick Hospital, in Berkeley, until the doctors' evaluation would be entered as evidence.

The ten days Jubal spent at Herrick, in the mental ward on the top floor, seemed like staying in a penthouse at an exclusive club. In 1964, Psychedelic drugs were a new phenomenon for the general public, and Jubal's condition was considered a rarity. All the attending psychiatrists wanted to interview him, and he gave them an earful. Once he had been interviewed, he was prescribed some medication, and he settled into a routine with the other patients.

At the head of table was the Queen of Hearts. To her left was the Mad Hatter. At the end of the table was tiny, confused Alice. Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, the Cheshire Cat, a walrus, a carpenter, and a Japanese Seventh Adventist lady who thought she was the Virgin Mary, along with an extra from *Marat/Sade* filled out the cast. "And who are you?" Jubal was asked. "I'm not sure I rightly know," he replied. "I think I may be Dante, trying to find my way through this dark forest."

Across from the hospital was an apartment building. Jubal was in the arts and crafts

room. He could see Kate Coleman at her window. The back door that led out onto the fire escape was open but secured by a heavy chain. Jubal yelled across the parking lot to Kate, and she came over to see him. Later, she brought him a pack of Gualosis cigarettes. Thirty years later, Jubal and Kate saw each other again. She came to a reading Jubal gave at the Berkeley Art Center. She had just published her book on the Black Panthers, and he finally had the opportunity to thank her for a kindness that gave him a happiness he considers beatific.

The details of Jubal's arrest presented a problem for the doctors. He was charged with felony possession of a controlled substance and with a misdemeanor for being indecently exposed in a public place. The drug charge was clearly a criminal offense, but the nudity implied insanity. Combining the charges could mean he would be incarcerated in a facility for the criminally insane. This was not a desirable place to be put for what the doctors considered a minimal infraction of the law, so they recommended the court to judge Jubal "to be an insane person until such time as he should be sane" and to send him to the State Mental Hospital, at Imola, near Napa. He would be held there for ninety days on a locked ward to undergo intensive observation. Sounded good to Jubal. Hi ho.

Once he was transferred from the Alameda County Jail to the facility at Imola, Jubal began to calm down. To some extent this had to do with regaining a stable routine. Jail is like that: three meals each day and lights out at a certain time. Arriving on D Ward, Jubal was given Stelazine, an anti-psychotic drug or stabilizer, and the erratic and hallucinatory nature of his mind stream subsided. Indeed, the ability to think on any but a most fundamental level seemed to disappear. Jubal says, "Everything I looked at appeared like cartoons or symbols of symbols to me, although I could not have said this to anyone. I would have been incapable of forming such a complex thought constructed as a simile."

Jubal sat in a walled garden beneath a willow tree in what appeared to him to be rainbow light. Looking at the leaves on the tree, he could not be sure if the leaves moved or the wind moved the leaves or if it was his mind moving. He could not deal with television programs, especially the cartoons, because there did not appear to be any screen, and the actions were raw and violent. The news programs

covered the war in Vietnam. It, too, was raw and violent. President Johnson, who had become president after the assassination of President Kennedy, was running for his first term against Governor Barry Goldwater, who publicly declared he might have to use nuclear weapons once he was elected. Jubal says, "I needed a rest from all of this, and this mental hospital in some ways was a pure land." Jubal goes on, "My doctor, when I was first admitted, was a Black man with a soothing voice which conveyed a healing vibe. When he put his large, fleshy hand on my shoulder, I felt a confidence in my ability to recover my life. To me he was a guru like Padampa Sangye."

Jubal continued to use drugs after his release. He had himself committed on two further occasions, once as an out-patient at Herrick Hospital and once at the Mendocino State Hospital. He was able to convince a woman psychologist in the State Department of Mental Health that he was incapable of maintaining himself, and she arranged for him to receive assistance under the title of Aid-to-the-Totally-Disabled. His friends in Berkeley considered this the height of achievement. By this time, he could roll a joint with one hand, and he met his lady psychologist for his interviews at the Med. Here is poem based on Jubal's legal commitment:

COMMITMENT

It appearing to the court
On this day
The above-named defendant
Appearing to answer a charge

It appearing that said Judge
In it appearing that on that date
A doubt arose as to the sanity
Of said defendant
Dismissed criminal proceedings in the said action
And certified the above named

For hearing and examination by said Court
To determine the sanity of the said defendant;

And the attorneys for the defense and prosecution
Stipulated that the doctors' reports could be
Received in evidence; and the Court
Considered the evidence presented
Upon the issue of the present sanity
Of said defendant and found the said defendant
To be insane

It is THEREFORE ORDERED
ADJUDGED AND DECREED
That the said defendant
Be committed and confined
As an insane person
Until such time as he shall
Become sane

FAMILY

From a previous incarnation, Jubal had a tremendous thirst to be, to become. The haughty ones who keep the life force of those who are born and transmigrate guided Jubal through a new womb door located in the County Hospital in Santa Clara, California, at 4:36 AM on November 21, 1941. His birth mother gave him up for adoption, and within two weeks, he became the son of Sean and Blanche Dolan. Khetsun Sangpo Rinpoche, one of Jubal's lamas, told him, "You were very fortunate to have two mothers. One gave you birth and one nurtured and raised you." Who Jubal's biological parents remain a mystery to him. Whenever he is asked if he would like to know, he says that sometimes he is curious, but that he feels lucky to have had wonderful adoptive parents and out of respect for them has never delved

into who conceived him and why he was not raised by them.

It would probably have been a sad story, and without knowing Jubal is free to fantasize many romantic versions of the Foundling myth. Jubal says his mom told his daughter, Katrin, his sire had been a musician and that could be responsible for her talent in that area. Jubal, too, has musical talent and was precocious as a young piano player, but he abandoned this gift after an embarrassing episode at a recital where he was asked to play a piece in reverse and froze and abandoned the stage.

Browsing in a book on wines, Jubal came upon a photograph of a family (four generations shown) of winegrowers who were Portuguese and lived in the country outside Santa Clara. He could not help but see a family resemblance to his physiognomy, right down to his black hair, blue eyes and red beard. Jubal knows of two ethnic groups with these features: some are Black Irish and some are from Portugal, and their ancestry dates back to the Vikings. There seem to be elements in Jubal's character which hint at these roots: his love of the Anglo-Saxon language and his love of adventure. Jubal has always had a certain swagger to his walk and to his talk.

Sean Dolan was 41 when Jubal was born. Sean had two younger sisters, Miren and Alby. Alby had one son, David. Miren had three children, Darina, Cloda, and Kira. Kira married a handsome, young farmer named Aiden. They were in their early twenties, with a new baby, when Jubal spent the summer on their farm, near Mason City, Iowa. He was 9.

Jubal loved being on the farm. He got up before daybreak to help milk a dozen cows, even if he was only on his second cow by the time the chore was done. He liked to squirt a stream of milk into a waiting barn cat's mouth. He liked helping Kira put the fresh milk into the separator and to ride on the tractor and take the milk containers down the road to the dairy. He felt important when he was allowed to drive the green John Deere tractor, even though he was too weak to spin the flywheel to get it started.

Ludwig and Darina's farm was larger than that of Kira and Aiden's. Jubal got to drive the tractor there, too. The first time he drove it, before he got the knack of keeping

it on track, he took out a couple of rows of corn. Corn and grain were the main crops grown, harvested, and kept in bins. Jubal would climb up into the bins and lay in the corn kernels and smell the sweet dust and watch the birds flutter in the beams of light coming through the open hatch.

On his mother's side of the family, his first cousins, Jean and Carol, were closer to his age, Jean a year older and Carol, younger. They lived just outside the city limits of Bloomington, Illinois, which is north of Chicago, where the home office for Harper's Insurance Company is located. Sean attended to business in Chicago on many occasions. Blanche had been the first employee at Harper's Life Company, and many of Jubal's family members worked for the company.

It is humid in the mid-west in the summertime. Jubal has a memory of staying cool under the big front porch of Blanche's brother Cecil and his wife Ena's house, of drinking soda pop bought at a nearby gas station and making buttons from the bottle caps by first removing the cork seal and using it to hold the bottle cap on his shirt front, and of catching fireflies at night and containing them in a glass canning jar. Once, his uncle took him 'coon huntin' with a trunk of ravenous dogs. And once, he got to drive a D8 Caterpillar across a field.

Cecil was a heavy equipment operator, and Jubal remembers being told that his uncle had been hit by lightning. He had climbed under his Cat during a thunderstorm to get out of the rain, and just as he was lighting a cigarette, lightning struck him or his machine. He said he awoke with someone splashing whiskey on his face, and he told the guy, "Give me that; you're wasting good liquor." He found his cigarette lighter about twenty feet away.

Jean and Jubal, were good buddies. Jubal and she did have a spat during which she threw sand in his face, and he has a scar on the cornea of his left eye which impairs his vision to some extent. Jean is dreadfully sorry, and Jubal forgives her. She was the first girl he saw in the buff, totally naked, when he saw her by accident, reclining in the tub with the door partially open. She was an eyeful. Jubal nearly went blind.

Carol was closer to his sister's age, and he did not get to know her as well as Jean. He did not really get to know her, until she was an adult and came to California to

visit Jubal's mom, while he was there caregiving. Jo Ann, too, was a person Jubal did not spend much time with, except when the two of them were young and when she and her daughter, Billy Jo (B.J.) came to visit Blanche. When they were young, living in the Oakland hills, Jo Ann played with Jubal and his friends. There was an incident when the boys were playing war at Jubal's fort, on the vacant lot next to their house, and Jubal threw a plastic gun at Jo Ann, and it cut her cheek. After that, Blanche said that Jo Ann could not play with Jubal's "gang of ruffians."

Jo Ann came to Jubal's rescue when they were on a road trip with their mom, returning from Illinois to California. The two of them had been bickering in the backseat over a comic book, and Blanche told them if they did not quiet down, she would pull over, and one of them would have to walk. They continued to argue, and she did stop the car, and Jubal took her up on her threat and got out of the car. She said, "You had better take a coat; it gets cold in the mountains at night." Jubal got his coat and started off across the plateau—they were east of Denver—towards the mountains in the distance. Blanche pulled away and drove a hundred feet until Jo Ann set up a howl, screaming that she would be good. The car backed up along this lonely stretch of road, and Jubal returned to the fold. He told me that he continued to think he would like to live in those mountains. And now he does.

Jubal's memory of his Grandpa Dolan is vague. He remembers a tall white-haired man who had him put his hands between his legs and then flipped him up in the air and sat him on his shoulder. Grandma Dolan came to live with them, in California, for a while, after her husband died, in 1946, but she did not stay long. Jubal's mom found her to be too demanding. Jubal remembers her long, white hair, which she wore in a braid. He also remembers her as having dreamy eyes and a quiet beauty.

Where, oh where, did the y in Dylan come from?

Jubal's favorite memory of his Grandpa Hulme is of an old man in a sweater with pockets at the side, in a slouch hat, smoking a pipe and painting the fence around the horse corrals. Frank was a handy-man, and so is Jubal. Jeff Rudel hates it when he asks Jubal what he has been doing, and Jubal says, "Puttering." He learned to putter from his grandpa. Jubal's favorite memory of Grandma Jo was of her

chopping off the head of a chicken, and either it got away from her or she let it go, and it ran around without a head, spurting blood from its neck, until it ran into the side of a white chicken coop. City mouse was astounded. Not the most wholesome sight. Her pulling a tray of cookies out of the oven is better for us.

All families have their secrets, but to Jubal, his family seems very normal. The older generation had been raised on farms in the mid-west, and they had the hard work ethic that comes from that tradition. Other than Jubal's dad, none of them had gone to college, although Sean later sent his sister, Ruth, to college, after he had established himself in business. Jubal's relatives were all honest and upright, if a bit dull, by his standards. Snobbishly, he claims, "You can take the person out of the mid-west, but you can't take the mid-west out of the person." Unlike the Argentinian writer, Jorge Luis Borges, who Jubal admires (and who also has British and Portuguese roots), Jubal was not content to stay in his library. He mounted his steed and tilted at windmills; and he married exotic women.

NATASHA was Jubal's first wife. She was the younger of two daughters of parents who emigrated from the Ukraine. Jubal fell in love the first time he saw her. She was leaping from sofa to sofa in the lounge of her college dorm, at Cal, in a wild dance to the music of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*. Like Jubal, she was a talker, not garrulous in talking of trifles, and liked to discuss literature, art, and philosophy. First love never totally abates. Jubal is glad Natasha still cares for him, and she has a firm place in his heart. They both share the Buddhist faith; he is a Nyingmapa, and she is a Gelugma. She sends care packages to him in retreat.

ANGEL was Jubal's second wife. Angel's mother, Britta, was the daughter of Swedish immigrants. Angel's great grandfather, August Teodor Palm (1849-1922) was a Swedish socialist activist and a key person in introducing the social democratic labor movement into Sweden. Angel's father traced his roots back to England. It was a family story that one of his ancestors had made a fortune in real estate by buying up the properties in London that had been used during the time of the plague. Her father, Osmond, was a plumber-electrician and had been instrumental in

establishing Boeing's electrical union in the late 1930s. There was a picture of him in Time Magazine alluding to him as "Baby Face Hirshfield," because he was another thorn in the establishment's side, not unlike the notorious bank robber, Baby Face Nelson. Osmond and Britta raised their daughters to have very liberal political views. By American standards they were radicals. When Jubal and Angel were living in Berkeley, the Hirshfields came to town and marched in an Anti-Vietnam War demonstration. For Jubal and Angel, these demonstrations were a common occurrence, but the elders chided them for not participating. Jubal saw Angel's parents as role models: hardworking and middle-class in economic terms but of a liberal political persuasion, a combination he had never encountered before. They were not college educated, but they were well informed, which was another aspect of character that he admired in them. Added to this, they admired Jubal as a thinker and as an artist and welcomed him as a son-in-law.

The Hirshfields lived in Ketchikan, Alaska, when Jubal met Angel. Oddly, he had mistaken the beautiful blond he had seen the day before in Rollog's Grocery store for Angel, as she came traipsing down Tongass Avenue. It had been her mother, she explained, while they were having coffee in Howard's Café, near the docks. Here is a poem Jubal wrote about their first meeting.

JOY IN ALL THE LITTLE THINGS

Angel in pink
a pink pillbox hat, coat and dress
drops her purse in Howard's Café
and it opens

and her birth control pills roll out
the elfish brightness in her eyes undoes me
and she knows it and laughs
bright laughter

Jubal and Angel had adventures. In Ketchikan, where he worked in a cold storage plant and she was a bartender, living at the New York Hotel, they caught walking

pneumonia with eye-ear-nose-throat infections, and Dr. Salazar told them that they would die if they did not find a warmer, dryer place to live. Ketchikan is the rainiest town in the continental United States, with an average rainfall of 150 inches per year—To Berkeley, where they worked for Moe’s Books and the Print Mint and painted apartments for the Sicorras, who were landlords of several buildings—the Summer of Love and the Human Be-in: A Gathering of Tribes—Back to Ketchikan, after Angel convinced Jubal’s therapist that she could handle him as an out-patient, that they were pregnant and planned to get married in Reno on their way to Alaska.

Jubal and Angel were given a quart-size bottle of Stelazine, an anti-psychotic drug, and the therapist’s blessing. They took the retroactive checks that arrived from Jubal’s Aid to the Totally Disabled, got in the VW camper Jubal’s parents gave them as a wedding present, drove across Donner’s Pass, and got married in the County Court House, in Reno. Angel wore a paisley frock and Jubal a three-piece suit. They visited Angel’s parents on Mercer Island, in Washington, before they drove to Prince Rupert, in Canada, and sailed on a ferry to Alaska. Jubal spilled the entire bottle of drugs he had been given over the rail of the ferry as they sailed up the Inland Passage to Ketchikan, the “Gateway to Alaska”—to freedom.

Alvin was born, while Jubal worked at The Ketchikan Daily News. Then, they spent two winters in a cabin, twenty-five miles from town, in the Tongass National Forest. Next, two years in Fairbanks, Angel working as the information director in the student union building on the University of Alaska campus, while Jubal pursued his degree in English and Philosophy. Back to Washington state, Jubal working at The Queen Anne News and living with Angel and Alvin in Preston, a small mill town, twenty miles from Seattle. Next, Jubal being the overseer of an 800-acre cattle ranch near Robber’s Roost, then Angel and Jubal moving to town, Jubal working at Sunnyview Convalescent Home and Angel managing their bookstore, Windy City Books, until their breakup.

Angel and Jubal’s lives continue to intersect. Angel’s new partner, Scott, was Jubal’s tree planting boss, and the three of them are good friends. Scott and Angel became followers of the Sufi path, and Jubal, during a period of heavy drinking came to their house on Sorenson Street and practiced Zikr. At a very low point in his condition,

they told him, “God is the disease, and God is the cure.” They also told him that Pir Vilayat, their leader, had instructed his students to try Tibetan practices. The three of them drove to Vancouver, British Columbia, to see Namkhai, Norbu, who was to become Jubal’s guru, once he established himself as a supporter of Lama Prajna’s vision to create a place for long retreat at Yeshe Ling. And this has come to pass. Jubal is ensconced in Luminous Peak, as the first to do a traditional three-year retreat on this land. Sometimes, male chauvinist that he can be, he reflects on his many love affairs:

IN A PREVIOUS LIFE

In a previous life, I was Sultan Almansur
And I had three hundred wives, all pure.
I did everything I could contrive to keep
My brides satisfied. In this, with modest
Success, I took pride.

Some Sultans first take the maidenhead
And then cut off the maiden’s head
When they are through. I can think of one
Of mine, or two, who deserved the blade
Which my conscience forbade.

A new wife each night is both a curse
And a delight. I was careful not to
Favor one and incur the harem’s spite.
With age, I turned my duties over to
My eldest son, and then

I lived until my final day, grateful
I could reflect and pray. I thanked
The Great Progenitor for my many lays.
In love I was truly blessed and lucky
Now to get some rest.

ZELDA was Jubal's third wife. She was a student at Central Normal College and she came into Windy City Books and ordered a complete set of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*. When the books arrived, Jubal hand-delivered them to her apartment, hoping to get to know her better. He did get to know her, and they became lovers. Zoe, their daughter, was born in this apartment. The couple was married in the apartment by a Universal Life Minister, who read from *The Velveteen Rabbit*. They were living there when Mount Saint Helens became an active volcano.

On Sunday morning, May 18, 1980, Mount Saint Helens erupted and blew down or scorched about three hundred acres of timber. This was the morning Jubal and Zelda were planning to go to Fred and Pat's wedding, but Jubal noticed a strange light, like a sunrise, in the south, over Umtanum Ridge. There was also an ominous, black cloud filled with crackling lightning on the horizon, coming their way. Not sure what was happening, the couple got into Zelda's GMC van, and they drove out of town, into the countryside, to get a better view. They were watching some colts frisk in a pasture, when ash started to fall. Jubal had written a paper for his Latin class, in high school, on Pompeii and Herculaneum. Now, he was worried. He knew what might be in store for them. Trucks and cars were raising clouds of dust so thick you could not see beyond the hood of your vehicle. They made it back to town, chanced a mad dash across 8th Avenue, a busy thoroughfare, and took shelter in their apartment.

AFTER THE VOLCANO

No need to go
outside—there's
Just ash out

Quite a scene
at Albertson's
During the ashout

A man with a towel over his head

wearing swimming goggles
stocks up on beer, another
wearing a surgical mask
carries an umbrella

It's dark
we stay indoors and listen
to Orson Welles' War of the Worlds

After the Martian smoke clears
trees drop their pyroclastic debris
and birds start a new day
although it's a bit gritty

Even though Robber's Roost only got dusted by a small amount of ash, it covered everything. It was fine and gray; and it smelled of sulfur. It seeped through the cracks. Jubal had a tree planting contract with the Co-op he worked for. He took Zelda with him, and they headed toward the little town of Roslyn, in the foothills of the Cascades. When they reached higher ground, they looked back and saw that a dark cloud enveloped Robber's Roost. The ash cloud was thicker than any smog he had ever seen, and Robber's Roost, being right on the perimeter of the path the cloud had taken before moving east, was invisible. The tree planting crew in Roslyn could hardly believe the story that Jubal and Zelda told them, until they turned to listen to the radio and TV reports.

GIANNA was born on the 6th of May 1963, and shares a birthday with Jubal's mom. Jo Ann's birthday is May Day. Natasha's birthday is on Saint Patrick's Day. Mother, wife, and sister, and child, all Taurus natives—a lot of Bull for a miserable Scorpion—which is the opposing sign in an astrological chart to Scorpio. Both are fixed signs, but Taurus, an earth sign, is concerned with values and rewards; they are dependable, loyal, patient and generous. Scorpio is a water sign and, being dynamic, undergoes transformations. All four women are comfortable with the

tangible results of their endeavors and enjoy their material possessions. Jubal's need for intensity and his entanglements in picaresque adventures has led him more than once to re-invent himself.

Gianna won a MacArthur Foundation Award for her research in neurobiology. She showed promise from an early age, and having written a paper for her alternative high school class on tide pool life, she was accepted at Reed College on a scholarship, where she worked on olfaction in rats. After graduation she was accepted at the University of California Los Angeles with a scholarship to work on a Ph.D. in Neuroscience, which she was awarded in 1990. There she did research on lobsters—"It's just a nose-brain with claws," she told Jubal. Her work at M.I.T. where she is a tenured professor, is important for a conceptual frame-shift in the way people think about the twin forces of plasticity (change) and stability in brain function. She says that her lab at M.I.T. "is concerned with asking whether homeostatic mechanisms operate in mammalian neocortical circuits, and determining how they interact to maintain both flexibility and stability in neural circuits function using a combination of electro-physical and computational techniques." Besides receiving awards for pushing forward the frontiers of science, she was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and made a member of the National Academy of Sciences, in 2010. She and her husband, Aaron (who has both a doctoral degree in biology and a medical degree and whose expertise is synaptic integration in the visual cortex), have two children, Michael and Jermiel.

Gianna's interested in Jubal's experience as a person who meditates. Gina's interest is not in the religious aspect of his practices, but she is convinced he has created a fabulous cartography of dendrils and tendrils (aborescent branching pathways) which contain memory and create or obliterate one's habitual tendencies. She agrees with him that doing mantras in the millions with a structure of deep imaging or visualization has to have an effect on your brain. "That's the idea," Jubal tells her, "a means to self-liberation from clinging and attachment."

As to their relationship, Gianna once wrote, in an email, "I wanted to say to you how much I appreciate all your staying-in-touch and your love over the years. I'm not very good at having a dad, but I'm glad you are willing to be one, and it really

does mean a lot to me.”

ZOE is a professor of art—of beauty—and helps young students find an appreciation for historical traditions and enable them to access their creative imagination. Zelda did a wonderful job raising Zoe. Her persistent pushing for Zoe to attain high academic standards and to maintain moral discipline cannot be underestimated in the formation of Zoe’s character. If anything, she is wound a little tight. She had ten years of strenuous ballet training after public school, in Robber’s Roost, four years study as an undergraduate at Evergreen, in Olympia, two years getting a master’s degree in Art History at Pratt, in Brooklyn, and she is now working on the dissertation for her PhD at the University of California, in Berkeley. Her main interest is Performance Art, but Zoe can teach everything from Primitive cave art to Japanese Art Deco. What she owes in student loans rivals the national debt.

She has worked at jobs as diverse as grounds keeper for Robber’s Roost Rodeo and as a janitor for Spot Janitorial to being a curator at the Seattle Asian Art Museum and a tour guide at the Prado, in Madrid. She has traveled in Europe to broaden her education. Jubal says he had a fascinating time with her in Manhattan going to The Cloisters, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, visiting “ground zero,” and having lunch at Figaro’s, in Greenwich Village. Jubal reminisced about hanging out there on his first trip to the City, in 1962, and that he had traded a cheesecake recipe for a cup of coffee. Zoe gave Jubal a crash course on riding the subway saying, “Don’t dawdle, Dad, or you’ll be run over!”

Jubal and Zoe have similar tastes in art, literature, and philosophy. Of the Greeks, she is a fan of Herodotus and he of Aeschylus; she of the temple of Athena on the Acropolis and he of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. She has seen these sites and Jubal dreamed of them.

When Jubal is in Robber’s Roost, Zoe likes to organize a dinner at some restaurant with both Jubal’s families: Zelda and her partner, Kip, Angel and Scott, Alvin and Melanie and their children, along with Jubal and Zoe. Being an Aquarian native, her dream is to get all three wives, their children, the grandchildren, and the great grandchildren together. Jubal plans to run for cover, when that happens.

ALVIN was born in Ketchikan, Alaska, in 1967. Born on September 25, he is a Libra. Libras evolve through relationships, and for the true beauty of this sign to be expressed (Venus is the ruling planet), the social self and the personal self must be in balance. As a child, Alvin was mischievous but not malicious. Jubal says he was always game for whatever Angel and he had planned. They took him to live in the woods when he was a toddler. He learned to pee off the deck of the cabin and go fishing and crabbing with his dad in a dinghy. On the cattle ranch in Badger Pocket, Alvin had a pony and rode fence with Jubal. When they moved to town, Alvin attended the model grade school on the local college campus called Hebler. He liked the freedoms of that school, which were missing from the mainstream public school he later attended. He got busted for pot in the seventh grade and dropped out.

This was around the time of Jubal's and Angel's divorce. It came out in group therapy that Alvin held himself personally responsible for the breakup of his parents' marriage. Jubal now saw the ramifications of his actions. Something that was mainly Jubal's fault had been misinterpreted by his son and caused the boy to blame himself—the sins of the father visited upon future generations. The Tibetans say your children are your karmic debtors from the past come to collect what you owe. This is harsh, but at times, when you are at odds with your offspring, it rings true.

Alvin ran with a tough crew during his teenage years. Their base of operations was an alternative school for dropouts, but they seldom attended school, except to pick up their girlfriends. They spent most of their time getting high and committing petty crimes. When crime was not paying, Alvin would work. Jubal knew his son was “cooling off” when he would show up at Windy City Books and sit and read for hours on end. Jubal trained him how to make espressos and run the till. Jubal like to see his son and daughter behind the counter interacting with customers. They knew the inventory, had good suggestions for someone in doubt about what to buy. Unlike so many clerks, Alvin and Zoe were present and aware.

Whereas Zoe was scrupulously honest, Alvin dipped into the till to support himself. This came out in therapy when Jubal spent a weekend with his son in rehab. Jubal had wondered why his business was floundering and that he had to take a night job washing dishes at the Better Day Café to make ends meet. After Alvin began his AA program, things improved. David King, a lawyer friend of Jubal's and a steady Windy City regular, was elected County Prosecutor, and he told Jubal that a file relating to Alvin's suspected, but unprovable, activities had been put on his desk and that he had this juvenile record destroyed. Alvin returned to a state of grace. He went to the educational Extension Service and passed a high school equivalency exam. He moved with his girlfriend, Kay, to Seattle, and he enrolled in a culinary school. He broke up with Kay and started dating Melanie and moved back to Robber's Roost with her after dropping out of school and attempting he says, "to drink myself to death in Maui, but I ran out of money (\$10,000 in 40 days) before I died."

Robber's Roost may have felt too small for him, and after a year, Alvin and Melanie moved to Honolulu, Hawaii, where Alvin worked as an assistant chef at the Royal Hawaiian Country Club. It was a new establishment, owned by a Japanese consortium, and didn't do much business. Alvin says he learned a lot, but that it depressed him to put out a big buffet, stand around in dress attire all day, and then throw away the better part of the food. He started to moonlight. After being recommended to Robin Williams, the comedian and actor, who was on vacation, as a good personal cook, Alvin had a business card made that read "Cook to the Stars."

Melanie was homesick, so they came back to the mainland. Jubal had decided to sell Windy City Books and move to Wolf Creek to be near his sangha and run Yeshe Ling's fledgling bookstore. Jubal had a buyer, but she pulled out at the last minute. Scott, Angel's partner, told Jubal that Alvin would like to buy the store but was too shy to ask, and that he could swing the deal with help from Osmond, Angel's father. Osmond came through with the money to get Jubal free and clear of Windy City Books, his only comment being, "How many times do I have to buy this store?"

This is becoming Alvin's biography rather than Jubal's, but there is much to tell, because the lives of this father and son are so entwined. All went well at Windy City Books, now a café surrounded by a bookstore rather than a bookstore with an

espresso bar, until a series of personal events, capped by the 9-11 attacks on the Twin Towers, forced the bookstore into bankruptcy. John Bennett, a friend of Jubal's, phoned him that Alvin was sitting at a table in Windy City Books and drinking from a bottle of whiskey. Jubal phoned. Alvin said he knew he was in trouble, but that he also knew that he could not drink like he had when he was younger.

Then, a sea change occurred. Alvin took to the Red Path. This surprised Melanie. She followed a hybrid New Age American Spirit faith, and she thought Alvin was pretending to believe this way to win back her affections which had been strained during the turmoil. But Alvin had joined a local sweat lodge, and the leader of the lodge, Rob, had adopted a Sioux girl, whose relatives live on the Pine Ridge Reservation, in South Dakota. They expected Rob to return the girl each summer to the reservation, so she could play the role of White Buffalo Woman in the Sundance Ceremony. And so, Alvin became a Sundancer and committed to fierce conditions of piercing his flesh and dancing in whatever weather and fasting for five days, each summer for four years. (See *Red Path*.)

Gertrude Stein opens *The Making of Americans* with a scene of a son pulling his father through an orchard. The old man groans, "Stop! Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree." There is a theme of sons usurping the power of their fathers running through history. Sibyl James wrote a short story called "The Father," based upon a tale Jubal told her about giving his son and a buddy of his a strapping with his belt in a woodshed, a punishment after the two boys had rifled a pay phone for its coins and Jubal had found the broken machine in the back of his van. It is a mythic story. On another occasion, Jubal took a swing at Alvin for stealing a girl's purse, but the boy had grown and blocked the blow, which raised a "Bible bump" on Jubal's wrist. Jubal cured the bump in the traditional way by hitting the bump with a Bible to make it go away. He might have tried reading some of the good book to the boy, but it would have fallen on deaf ears. Jubal is fortunate that his son grew into a man with principles and did not land in prison like some of his fellows. Jubal is proud of Alvin. The bad boy became a good man and is a superb father to his children.

KATRIN, Jubal's first born, was always on stage. Jubal says, "She made the Universe her own. Put a guitar in her hands, and she could rock you around the block and knock your socks clean off." If ever there was an artist who wished for but was denied fame, it was Katrin. Like her sister, Gianna, she got her start at an alternative high school in Mendocino. Mendocino is a picturesque town that sits on a promontory along Coast Highway 1, north of San Francisco. Hippies grow pot in the back woods. Tourists shop for knickknacks in town. Natasha, Katrin's mom, and her second husband, Stephen, lived in a teepee in the hills, after Natasha and her kids moved from Berkeley. Natasha and her third husband, Alister, opened a bookstore and a pottery shop. Natasha had received a master's degree in Art from Cal. Alister was into the occult.

While in high school, Katrin and two of her friends, Claudia and Rain, put together a band called Jain, which later morphed into When Girls Collide, and is described at a Facebook site dedicated to Katrin, as "an all-female band playing alternative power pop rock music with a message altering peoples' consciousness and making them think." As teenagers, they played in clubs up and down the state, whenever they could get gigs. Being on the road is a rough lifestyle with long hours, playing music in smoky atmospheres and subsisting on generic restaurant food, it's a hand-to-mouth existence with unreliable pay, drink, drugs, and casual sex. If music is in your blood, as it was with Katrin, then that is the life you live, burning the candle at both ends.

Jubal has not lived the life of a saint. If anything, his negligence as a proper father contributed to both Alvin's and Katrin's erratic behavior. He regrets one thing he said to his girls when they were young. He was on an Acid trip with Darina and Naomi, who were poet friends of his. The paranoia became too much, and they took shelter in the attic of the Derby Street house. He was laying on top of a bed with these two nymphs, when Katrin and Gianna came up the stairs to see their dad. Jubal had recently read an article by a reporter for Time magazine, who had taken LSD for the first time and was afraid to go home because he feared he might murder his family. It was also around this time that Art Linkletter, a TV personality, revealed that his daughter had taken LSD and jumped from a window to her death.

Jubal, too, was afraid he might bring harm to his family, and when he was leaving the house and Katrin asked, "When will we see you again?" Jubal replied, "Your daddy is dead." He probably meant it in some metaphysical way, but it was a terrible thing to say to his young children. He still cringes at the memory of their big, brown eyes filling with tears.

Katrin came near achieving the fame she sought. When Girls Collide was a little ahead of its time. They played to appreciative fans in Germany, where hard-rocking feminists were seen as Valkyries. A Japanese record producer paid for an MTV video to be made, but it turned out he was on the make for the lead singer, and once he had his way with her, he lost interest in the project. Katrin laughed and said, "It was silly for us to learn the lyrics of our songs in Japanese." After contracting AIDS, she and her husband, Bill, put together Her House Productions, a business laying down music tracks on video games. Right to the end, Katrin was courageous, entertaining, rambunctious, caring, loving, and always living with gusto.

SEAN PATRICK DOLAN was born on April 7, 1900, near New Hampton, Iowa. An Aries is always strong and forceful, energetic, enthusiastic and enterprising. Sean was not without his flaws, but Jubal considers him one of the best human beings he has known. He was a generous man, a practical man, a disciplined man, who tried to better himself in moral virtues. If, at times, he was impatient (not unusual for an Aries), he eventually came to be understanding of others' faults. Jubal knows. He was often at loggerheads with him. Jubal took of Sean's generosity and tested his moral fortitude; many, many times he tried his patience. Sean supported Jubal financially; he offered sound advice; he bailed his son out of jail and wrote to Jubal regularly while Jubal was in the mental institution. Jubal knows he was an embarrassment to his dad, but Sean stuck by him when he was in trouble and helped Jubal recover his bearings.

A man of the 20th century, Sean was born when William McKinley was the president; Victoria was Queen of England; the Czar was still on the throne in Russia. Engines were powered by steam. Electricity was just coming into wider use. Fields

were tilled with horses and oxen. A farmhouse could be said to be modern if it had a hand pump in the kitchen. Sean got a B.A. in Animal Husbandry at Iowa State University Ames and a M.A. in Business at the University of Minnesota. He became an executive for Harper's Insurance Company. When the ad claims, "Like a good friend, Harper's is there"—it is Sean Dolan it refers to.

Jubal related an "Episode" from his memoir of his dad in the Caregiving section. Here are the rest of "The Episodes."

EPIISODE 1

I take the diapers to the garbage bin. I pin a pair of socks together with a safety pin so they won't get lost in the wash. So much depends upon details. Next, I fix a glass of warm water, a bowl of corn flakes with a soup spoon, and to help my dad swallow (what he calls lubrication), a bowl of applesauce. I reassure him that, yes, this is the Clover brand skim milk that he always uses, yes, non-fat-protein fortified-vitamin-A&D, yes. By this time, my tea is cold, and it's time to turn on the sprinklers in the garden.

The next step will be to help Dad get dressed and to make sure he is comfortable watching TV. His eyes are poor, and since he can only read the headlines, he likes to listen to the news stories after scanning the paper. I weave my personal routine into the fabric of my parents' way of doing things. It is essential they stay engaged in their own activities and take as much care of themselves as they can. This requires some strategy.

It would be quicker to do the dishes by myself. I could wash and put all the dishes away in the time it takes Dad to unload the dishwasher, but it is one thing he is capable of doing in the kitchen. He wants to help, so I organize the way to do this project a little differently. I want him to feel useful, and it's a good test of my ability to be flexible and not be attached to the job.

The dishes are done. I'll go to the mailbox and get the morning paper. The Press Democrat tells me the UPS strike continues. Small businesses are feeling the crunch. The postal service can't pick up the slack. There's lots of tension and talk. I need to locate a box that was sent to me from Colorado. Dad becomes terribly

agitated about my need to commandeer the telephone. He thinks the phone should be free for emergencies. Hard to convince him that this is an emergency. Later, he apologizes for being so rigid, but he can be a handful once he gets on one of his hobbyhorses.

Here is the episode of the separation of religion and business. One morning, I leave the house early to do *Chöd*, a Tibetan practice, and when I return, Dad is fuming about “religiontakingoverthebusiness,” meaning that somehow my practice was interfering with my responsibilities. Hard for him to understand that I had been working for an organization, Yeshe Ling Retreat Center, that combined religious and commercial activities. He has begun to think there is a Buddhist coup underway, that there is a “suspicious influence” on my life that will ruin our business (read our family arrangement). He shouts that this fusion of church and state has been tried in other countries and failed. (Am I living in the Middle Ages?) He makes his point by pounding his cane on the floor, spittle forming at the corner of his mouth. He was a chief executive for Harper’s Insurance. He is used to getting his way. But this is not a business meeting. This is going on in the family room, and part of the reason I have come home to stay is to mitigate these tirades, so that Mom doesn’t have to bear the brunt.

Here I am, bringing diapers to my main authority figure. This old man is not the villain. He is a person who worked hard his whole life, almost an entire century, to care for and protect his family. He has earned his retirement, but when he starts worrying about what’s to become of everyone and everything, the family trust, his files, the burial plot, he starts thinking in circles, repeating himself, until I want to run screaming from the room. He is not aware that dementia possesses him. It wears Mom out. She cries and threatens to leave. Then he fusses about being 98 years old, claiming this has only happened once and that we must forgive him, and things quiet down.

For a while. I see that one of my roles here is referee. This is the longest I’ve stayed with my folks since I left to go to college 35 years ago. This couple has been married for nearly 60 years. Their relationship has its own dynamic. As a child, I was unaware of this dynamic, and as a young adult I didn’t pay attention. Now, I am

immersed, embroiled, emplaced, and I am effecting changes, some subtle and some not so subtle.

After a recent knockdown, drag out bout concerning the historic Proposition 13 of California Property Tax Law, I got up from the table and went in the next room to eat my muffin in peace. This precipitated an accusation that I was breaking up the family because I wouldn't sit at the kitchen table with them. I tried to explain I did not want to discuss taxes and neither did Mom, and we were accused of ganging up on him and that she wouldn't act like she was if it wasn't for me and that he was standing in the way of everyone living their own lives and he should commit suicide and, damn it, he just wanted to have a little discussion about taxes.

My solution, separate them. Fix some breakfast. Chop up some onion and put it into the scrambled eggs. This could be exciting and new. Take their minds off the inevitability of taxes and death. Change the subject. Mom mentions a friend of hers from years past, and I ask if they visited us when we lived in Berkeley in the 40s, as I have a childhood memory of someone spending the night in the front room. I see a man taking off his shoe, a man because I can remember an argyle sock. She finds this funny, and she has a memory of when she was four years old, her brother a baby in their mother's arms and her dad telling her mom never to rent a particular horse again because it was a mean horse, had mean eyes.

EPISODE 2 (see the Caregiving section)

EPISODE 3

The day has been felled by a chainsaw of angry words. Turbulence and ragged voices. The six perfections out the window. The mystery of anger, desire, and ignorance rides on a riptide of self-interest, the flotsam of a family misunderstanding. Pick up the pieces and go beyond the ideas and feelings. The universe is fundamentally abundant. Fears derive from an idea of scarcity—not enough time, not enough space, not enough food, or enough love—all from the point of view of limits. Fear knows no frontier.

Easy to say this, sitting in the comfort of my family and the luxury of a suburban home, but the force of this fear is real whether it's in a place of affluence or one of poverty. Just what is enough? What amount of satisfaction will spur me to right action? What glut of misery will induce me to shun negative behavior?

Dad says that it is my intent to make Mom do an extra amount of work to cause her health to fail, which will put her out of the picture, and I will take hold of the family trust so I can distribute the family fortune to all my relatives. He squints his eyes, sucks in his breath with a hiss, and squiggles his upturned fingers like leeches. Mom shouts that all she is trying to do is remove the breakfast dishes from the table and that she doesn't like being told what she can or can't do and not to act like she is hired help, that she's been taking care of him for years because she wants to and that if he wishes to revoke the trust that is up to him because he won't get better care if he goes into a rest home. I raise my voice a few decibels and tell Dad not to badger Mom, and Dad takes this as a threat to his authority; he reacts by telling me that my motives are impure.

To act in a way that benefits my dad, I need to look at this accusation. Being pissed off is counterproductive. Breathing deep, I can see I've missed an opportunity to defuse the situation because Dad is only looking out for Mom's best interest, and she has misread his tone of voice as an order. It's another case of Hearing Aid Wars. Sometimes, my parents get to talking on two completely different subjects with their voices getting louder and louder, and the feedback from the hearing aids makes a squealing like the speakers at a rock concert. Usually, I can help them sort it out, but this time I take the words personally and make matters worse.

Dad accuses Mom and me of conspiring, saying I have her twisted around my finger, and that he'll have to revoke the trust because he's lost confidence in us. Mom tells him to do as he damn well pleases, and she goes into the living room to cry. I try to smooth things out, but I wonder if I do this out of lovingkindness or because of the threat of disinheritance? Maybe a slow walk around the block will help me chill out. I'll let the purple rays come down from heaven and feel the red rays come up from the earth. I'll take a look at what's going on in the neighborhood. Fine brickwork being erected at the house on the corner. The pyracantha bushes are lush with

berries this year. Robins love their fermented liquor in the spring. Oak leaves in the yards. Ghost and bat decorations and jack-o'-lanterns presage Halloween. Giant orange faces. Luminous trees. Autumn light.

I meditate on the fact that I am an adopted child. I entered through a womb door, but I was put into the bosom of a different family, parents who are generous, patient, and moral but are biologically different. In the six-ring circus of reincarnation, my life has been a cross between being on a flying trapeze and in an animal act—out of the flying pan into the lion's mouth. I can make light of my situation, but I am grateful to have had two mothers, one that gave me birth and one that nourished me into adulthood.

So, does an inheritance complicate the situation? The money and property that my dad has is meant to keep my parents in comfort until the end of their days. I'm trying to be neither attracted nor repulsed. I'm trying to act for the benefit of Dad without self-interest, believing this is the natural way to act—kindly and, as much as possible, according to his wishes. At the same time, I am protecting my interests, which is, hopefully, enlightened self-interest.

I walk and relax. My goal is to have my anger liberate into clarity at the moment it arises. When I get back to the house, Dad is still in the same frame of mind. Looking at the bigger picture—he's half-blind and half-deaf, confined to his wheelchair with CNN being his only source of information about what's going on in the world—I am more understanding of his point of view. When Dad is having a fit of dementia, my trying to talk reasonably doesn't work because he refuses to listen, and my telling him to calm down just increases his frustration.

Then, nature takes its course. He has a sudden bowel movement and becomes totally discombobulated. I apply Oil of Olay Moisturizing Body Wash and give him a dose of Imodium Anti-diarrheal, and we are looking at a new man. The mind depends on the body and is conditioned by it. This shift of focus from mental activity to bodily functions changes the dynamic of our relationship. Perhaps a bowel movement and shower were all that was needed in the first place. At dinner, Dad is contrite and prays to remain calm and give everyone a chance. Where is the anger

now? Washed away with a little soap and water.

CUTTING A SWATH

an old man pushes his wheelchair
and a clothes basket down the hall

he is slowly advancing to the laundry
with a plastic bag of soiled diapers

and with him the whole world come

EPIISODE 4

It's Veteran's Day. Dad was too young to fight in the First World War and too old for the Second World War. Born in 1900, he is a veteran of the 20th century, but today he is depressed he's helpless and a burden on his family. He has Mom dig out a file called Choice In Dying. He wants me to call his physician and ask if there isn't something that can be done to let him die peacefully.

Whose life is it? Dad feels it's his right to say, "Enough is enough. I've had enough of this suffering." But without getting into the concepts of sin and karmic retribution, it is necessary to impress on him that being half-deaf, half-blind and dizzy does not constitute a terminal condition. Dad has strong moral convictions. He wants out but can't take his life. No contest, people should be able to die with dignity. The debate, however, is whether assisted suicide should be legal. It's not in California; and in Oregon, where it is legal, the FDA intimidates doctors with the threat of having their ability to write prescriptions terminated.

When should a person be able to die? Some believe it should only be done for terminally ill patients when the pain cannot be kept at bay with medication. A mercy killing—the precise meaning of euthanasia is good death, which can apply in a broader sense to people who are no longer willing to live, which is based on an individual's right to control their body. Some believe no one has this right and that

it is necessary to guard against the direction society might take to get rid of unwanted people. Some believe life should take a natural course, and the time of death is up to God.

My dad has put advance directives in place. A living will is on file, and I have durable power of attorney for health care stipulating he does not want to be resuscitated if his heart or breathing stops and that he does not want to be put on a life support system. I tell him that, other than this, about all he can do is write a letter to his congressperson and wait for a change in his condition.

To get his mind off this subject, I ask him to tell me about his youth. Mom and Dad and I are sitting at the breakfast table, and I put the tape recorder between us. These are his words:

My father was one of six brothers who came over. He was a small one who came over with his dad and lived in a small town near New Hampton (Iowa). I haven't had many occasions to visit, but there are a lot of Dolans in that area. After he married my mother, they settled around Mason City. Farming, they had 160 acres. The house was small, two stories; looked different than those today. It had an outhouse. No electricity. Electricity started to come in about the time of the automobiles. There weren't too many cars. We had horses. We broke horses. That's one of the jobs I had. We had these colts. I know I had a team of three-year-olds that I was quite proud of, well-broke and everything. One deal: of course, they weren't used to an engine on a train, and the engine came in pretty close to them, so they took a break and just straddled a telephone pole. A free-for-all broke out. All came home. Had to be more careful with them after that because of them going through that experience. Before that I could drive them most anywhere.

It'd be seven miles to town. I'd take a wagon, a big old wagon. I think it'd have some flaps down so you'd have some protection from the wind. My mother, she helped me an awful lot at that time. Inventories and all that stuff. And to pass an examination. I walked, I don't know, six miles or more to school, and I got up to where they had an 8th grade guy tutor me so I could pass an examination for high school and qualify for Iowa State. I had a little trouble getting into high school

because I had to get some credit as I hadn't time to get very far.

Of course, I took kind of a fancy to breaking those colts. We always had colts, and I was proud of some of the horses I was training. I had a team of horses for several years, seven or eight. Of course, you'd sell some of them, but Dad was always very good about helping me getting into other things and gave me a lot of support.

Because I know I raised guinea pigs, and I raised skunks. I had all kinds of things I did to make a little money. That's what it was at that time. I never got back to Iowa very much, and I kind of lost track of people back there. I know I stayed at my aunt's place in town when I was going to school, so I could get through high school, graduating so I could get into Iowa State. 1920. I remember I was in charge of our group to graduate and go to college. Not too many folks went to college. None of my dad's brothers went to college. The other brothers were older. They were more strictly German.

When The War came, I got involved in a lot of war activities, and my dad was very active. I don't think he qualified. One brother was in business in New Hampton. The rest of them were all farmers.

I got so involved shipping different kinds of livestock. Skunks were only one. They made me keep them away from the house. But there were other animals that were very popular and expensive at that time. I raised groups of mink, and I'd always raise up groups so I'd have some so I could sell. That's one thing the folks were always very helpful about helping me in other things in little profits. They were more so than some of my cousins. My cousins just about all spoke German at home.

High school, I graduated 1920. Then, college. The first job that I had, I was on the faculty in North Dakota. I remember the staff would go out and stop at various places and help some of the outlying places with their agriculture. I had a start in the county, what you call a district agent, or district group, and I had those groups several places in Iowa.

Dad was one of the first ones to have an automobile. It was in the garage a lot of the time because they'd have to break up the snow that covered everything. Sometimes, you'd only be able to see the horse's ears over the pile of snow they'd

shovel out of the tracks.

I'm wondering what was happening on the farm on November 11, 1918, so I look in an old farm journal:

Shipped calf weighed 160 lbs, sold 17.50

Shipped calf weighed 150 lbs, sold 12.50

Cream money, price 63¢. 32.04

Sold 44 lbs beef 11¢. 4.85

Sold 31 lbs cowhides 4¢. 1.24

GT \$55.63

Expenses:

5 gal gas. 1.49

crackers. 25

stove pipe. 1.95

qt of oil for car. 30

pd note (S.N.B.). . 50.25

Sean 100.00

3 pair socks 1.00

license for Buick. . 27.00

G.E. Wilkins tax. . 59.47

tobacco & candy. . . 20

A note in the margin: Corrosive Sublimate ½ ounce, lard 2 ounces for lumpy jaws on cattle.

Tucked inside the journal, a letter from the U.S. Employment Service, Dept. of Labor, which reads:

This is to certify that Sean Dolan has been duly enrolled as a member of the United

States Boys' Working Reserve for farm labor, and will be allowed to wear the official badge after proving his fitness by actual service for the prescribed period, and subject to the rules of the RESERVE. Attested and Dated, April 8, 1918.

Mom says she remembers the day the war ended. She was eight years old. Her mom put her on a horse and sent her to the fields to tell the men the war was over. "They all came in, all except Dad. He stayed to shuck corn, and the rest went into town to drink and throw their hats in the air and shoot holes in their hats and do silly things like that. We lived near Colfax, Illinois, and I remember it because it was such a cold day."

EPISODE 5

The front door is rattling. There's a storm. Thunder. An explosion. Terrorists have detonated a bomb in San Francisco. Thunder. A storm. The front door is rattling. I'll go back to sleep. No, there's someone at the front door. A thump in the hallway. Who could it be? Dad? Sure enough, there he is in his pajamas, barefoot, careening from wall to wall with his arms out in front of him.

"Dad, let me help you back to bed."

"I was having this dream. I was in this house that was trashed; there were squirrels. I dreamed..."

"OK, don't wake Mom up; sit down in this chair; and tell me about your dream."

"I dreamed I was getting some fellows lined up. I was supposed to get three of them. I could get eight on one of those things because there was one room in that house that was just junk, and I forgot to look there. I was supposed to do eight in one of those big boxes, and I told them I couldn't do it, and I guess I wasn't in my right senses because there was one there right in that box. So, they just fired me, I guess, and I couldn't get any explanation, and I couldn't do anymore with them because they said I was in trouble because I did not resign or anything, and I guess they just went off and left me, and so I just had to rely on Blanche. Did you say she was getting dressed?"

“Dad, it’s still early, and everyone is asleep.”

“And I just worked her to death. She had to get up every fifteen minutes so I could urinate and change my pads, so I tried to get up, but she needed more sleep, and so I went back to bed, and I tried to stay in bed as long as she wanted to stay in bed, because she had just had it, and I was afraid she’d just keel over, and I’d be stuck for good because what they wanted to do was put me in one of those box things, and I would have had no way of getting in touch with anybody.”

“Dad, it was a dream you were having.”

“They just had me locked up some way there, and that’s not a very good thing to look forward to, but I was kind of disturbed because I didn’t get those cross pictures. The fellows that were working on that thing, each fellow was going to get boxes with three of those things lined up there, and I don’t know whether I dreamed this or not, but they told me to get eight on there, but I couldn’t find any, and there was this big old empty room where all there was was all this used stuff, used planes; there was this long one, and somebody said I had to get something for the company, and you didn’t hear anything about what I was supposed to be doing, did you?”

“It was your dream, Dad. I couldn’t hear it. These boxes, what shape were they?”

What station, do you mean?”

“No, what shape were the boxes?”

“Oh, they were just little, that these things were in, some of them were just in tubes. I don’t see them right here now, but these little boxes they have by the plane with the things that get all the connections for each one.”

“Like an airplane? Like a plane that flies? or a plane to smooth wood?”

“Well, they get whatever they get on TV. They got some of these fellows lined up, and they’re supposed to get frogs to take this, so they use this stuff on the planes, and there are those on each box, and my box was just a square box with probably an S on it, one of the boxes with my name, and I was afraid I was going to create an open box, and I would be stuck.”

“Dad, are you thinking about a coffin?”

“Toxin?”

“You know, after you die, they put you in a coffin, like a box, a coffin.”

“No, just a little box that has these things in them, that have got these signs to get all the parts of the station...”

“Like a computer?”

“Like a small computer, and I was getting some boxes for one of these fellows, and most of them just have three of them in each box.”

“Three what? Three computers?”

“Three computers...they have the telephone thing there where they can get calls for people and line them up to use one of these theater street boxes that had paper telephones, you know, that they used, and I was getting some for one of these fellows, and there were three of them in one package with little phones to use, and I don't know if I dreamed this or not, but I was helping this one fellow, and I got a bunch of three that I was supposed to get, and in one of these I was supposed to get seven or eight of them in one of them, these two with four each, and I didn't get it because I couldn't find the one that had a total of eight, and it was right there in that same room, but I just couldn't think of it because it was in this spare room that had all this stuff in there, and that was the only fellow that had these that I couldn't find, so they were going to fire me, and I don't know what happened to them because I kind of lost track.”

“That might have been when I woke you up in the hallway.”

“Probably was, but I didn't realize...I felt so bad because I wore Blanche out, and she had to change pads for me, and I couldn't get this thing...I don't know what her plans are today, but I'm stuck if she takes the car anyplace or should go or can go, and I don't know if she's back there or not...BLANCHE...BLANCHE...”

“Hold on, Dad, let her finish sleeping. Let me get your wheelchair, and I'll fix you something to eat.”

I'm becoming anxious. I'm a little slow on the uptake until I've had my cup of tea, but I'm sensing trouble. I get Dad moved into the kitchen without any fuss, but he

doesn't want his usual corn flake and Cheerios mixture, so I try my hand at some Cream of Wheat, but it comes out thin and lumpy. I start over, stirring it continuously as it cooks, and this seems to be the right technique. I heat some applesauce in the microwave and cut a sweet roll into bite size pieces. I can tell by the set of his jaw that Dad is agitated, and this flurry of activity is creating a tense rapport between us. I make sure he has a full service of utensils, knife, fork, salad fork, soup spoon, teaspoon, and I bring warm water from the tap, just like he likes it. I leave him to his breakfast and go check on Mom. She's sleeping soundly, so I return to the kitchen.

"Don't you want any breakfast?" Dad asks.

"Dad, I never eat this early. I only want a cup of tea."

"I always have to have breakfast. It was important on the farm."

"I know; I'll have a cup of tea with you." I heat a cup of spring water, add some loose-leaf black tea to a bamboo tea strainer, and wait for it to steep.

"Where's Blanche?"

"She's sleeping."

"I want to talk to her."

"She needs to sleep, Dad. She was helping you every couple of hours last night. If you want to be less of a burden, then let her sleep."

"Is she all right?"

"She'll be all right if she gets some sleep."

"Push me in there, so I can see her."

"All right, but we don't want to wake her." I push him down the hallway to the door of the bedroom, and in a loud voice he begins calling, "BLANCHE, BLANCHE," so I pull him around the corner and into his den and tell him to keep quiet or he'll wake her, but he says he thinks there's something wrong with her, that she needs to be taken to the hospital, and he starts to dial 911, but I stop him and set the phone out of reach.

“Dad, you’re over-reacting.”

“She can’t hear me. She must be sick. BLANCHE...BLANCHE...”

“Dad, calm down. It’s OK. She can’t hear you because she doesn’t have her hearing aids in, and she needs to catch up on her sleep.”

“BLANCHE...BLAN...CHE.”

This is not funny. He is off on one of his tirades. I decide to wheel him back into the family room where he will be less likely to wake the neighborhood, and I shut the door to the bedroom.

“What are you shutting up the house for. I’m not ready for that.”

“Please, just quiet down, please.”

“And I thought I could trust my son. Now, I’ve lost all confidence in you. It’s a revocable trust, and you’re just waiting to get me out of the way so you can divide up everything.”

“Dad, calm down. Don’t start on all this again. If it will make you any happier, you can take me out of the trust or whatever you want to do.”

“Sure, sure, you’re going to put me in one of those places.”

“You just may have to go to a rest home if you keep throwing these fits, but you won’t like it because you won’t get the kind of care you’re used to.”

“I need to see Blanche.”

Mom appears at the door in her bathrobe. “What is it?”

“Blanche, we need to phone the lawyer and change the thing so they won’t get all of it and we be left as paupers. I made a mistake, and since I can’t see to read the small print, they can get in there and...”

“Sean , what are you talking about?”

“He’s worried about the trust again. I tried to keep him in this room so he wouldn’t wake you, but now he’s all worked up about the family trust.”

“Sean , we will make an appointment, and you can make all the changes you want,

but just let me get dressed first.”

Following Mom down the hall, I tell her of the morning’s events. “I heard him moving about and found him sleepwalking and talking about squirrels and frogs and phones in boxes. I don’t know what he was dreaming about, maybe being put in his coffin and wanting a cell phone so he could stay in touch. I don’t know. At any rate, I’m sorry he got so uptight. He thought you needed an ambulance, and I wouldn’t let him phone 911, and you know how he hates to have his authority overridden, and now he’s going on about the trust again. I figured you were in need of sleep, or I would have awakened you.”

“Well, now I’m up, so let me get dressed, and we’ll take it from there. Looks like it’s one of those days.”

When I get back to the family room, Dad has pulled his wheelchair up to the sliding doors and is waving his hands trying to get the attention of the gardener. Paul mows the lawn once a week, and he has on his sound mufflers and is totally oblivious to the pandemonium going on around him. I pull the chair back from the window hoping to avoid a public spectacle, but this only increases Dad’s resolve to lash out, and he grips the door sill with tremendous strength, and I nearly pull the chair out from under him in the struggle. Mom comes back to the fray, and I retreat, hoping she can bring a calming influence, but Dad is not to be mollified. Chill. I go to my bedroom and repeat Vajrasattva’s 100-syllable mantra to bring my emotions under control.

Back in the family room, Mom, on the verge of tears says, “You can change that damn thing any way you want, but I’m not changing mine. So, do as you damn well please. I don’t want to hear any more about it.”

“When does this change take effect,” Dad asks, “at the first of the year?”

“What change, Dad?”

“When your organization takes control.”

“What organization?”

“You know.”

“No, Dad, what are you talking about?”

“Now, that I can’t take care of myself, that I can’t get around, see the fine print...”

“You mean whether or not you are mentally competent?”

“The fine print...”

“Dad, the family trust doesn’t change just because you have trouble taking care of yourself. That’s what we’re here for, to help you through to the end.”

“I don’t want those millionaire lawyers to get in here and make it go through prostate.”

“No, we don’t want that, really, not through prostate, we don’t.” I’m having a hard time keeping a straight face, but I have an idea. “Let me get the papers, and I’ll show you how it’s set up.”

After I bring the documents back from the file cabinet in the den, I sit and read a few lines and tell him it says that in case of his demise, all his worldly goods go to Mom and, after Mom dies, then to my sister and me. He and Mom are the trustees. He shouldn’t worry about losing his position. I let him sit with the papers in his lap, and I go into the living room to talk to Mom. There is a bruise forming on her hand where Dad gripped her too tightly, and I counsel her that I think we ought to phone Dr. Shaefer and ask him for a tranquilizer to help Dad mellow out. She agrees and goes into the bedroom to phone.

The doctor returns her call in a short while, and I get on another line, and after Mom has talked with him some, I give him my impressions. He says that he understands and will call in a prescription. Later, when I pick it up at the counter of the drug store and look at the label, I wonder if I’ve gone into a space warp when I read, Haloperidol, take one tablet twice a day in the left eye as directed. I ask to see the pharmacist, and when he comes to the counter and reads the label, he apologizes profusely and returns to his mortar and pestle. Bustling back in a few minutes, he instructs me on the use of this drug. He says the dose is small, but that it is a strong anti-psychotic drug with the effective dosage varying from patient to patient. He cautions me that there might be considerable side effects, like Tardive

Dyskinesia, a syndrome characterized by rhythmical involuntary movements of tongue, face, mouth or jaw. This might manifest as protruding of the tongue, puffing the cheeks, puckering the mouth or chewing movements, and sometimes movements of the hands and feet can accompany these. Normally, he explains, only one or none of these occur, and that if a satisfactory response is achieved, the dosage can then be gradually reduced to an effective maintenance level. However, he adds, the pills must be taken orally and not to put them in the eye.

By the time I get back to the house, Dad has repeated his need to see his lawyer and relayed his fears of being sent to a rest home so many times his voice is hoarse. Mom administers one dose of Haloperidol, which he takes with a piece of soda cracker and a little water, and we set him up in his padded chair in front of the TV. I turn on CNN and throw up the menu so I can turn off the speakers. I set a folded washcloth on top of his snow-white hair and place the earphones on his head. I always feel a certain combination of impish glee and pontifical respect in this operation. The washrag is put under the headphones to keep them from sliding around on his head. Mom is working on a special yarn beanie with crocheted grooves for the headset, but the cap is not perfected, and the washrag will do for now. He looks like a cross between a court jester and WW II fighter pilot, but once the cap is finished, he'll look more like a ham radio operator at a bar mitzvah.

The drug takes effect, and he begins to nod out, so Mom and I help him to lie down, and in a little while he is sleeping. He sleeps steadily through the afternoon, and at dinner he is drowsy and his speech is slurred. He says he wants to watch TV after dinner, but it isn't long before he's nodding again, so we put him back to bed. Mom reports she only had to help him once during the night and that she watched him moving his hands around in front of his face. I tell her it is only the effect of the drug and that he is probably learning to trip in his mind.

On the evening news, there's a report of a forty-foot tree just down the road from our house that was struck by lightning and splintered from end to end during the storm.

EPISODE 6

“These pajamas are too light a color.”

“You’ve been wearing light colors all your life. Besides, who is going to see them?”

“It’s kind of pale. Kind of white.”

“Every season they come out with different colors than the year before. You’ll just have to get used to them. We’re lucky we could find any in the material and style you like.”

“I guess you’re right. They seem a little tight.”

“Well, after they’re washed a couple of times, they loosen up about a mile.”

“That’s all right.”

“Sit down, and we’ll find a pair of socks for you.”

I’m coming along with a clothesbasket of things from the laundry, and I say, “Here’s a pair.”

Dad says, “No, those are too tight. I tried those.

“Maybe they’re mine,” I say.

Mom says, “Could be; I wouldn’t be surprised by anything.” She goes into the bathroom to get a washcloth to wash Dad’s hands and face. Meanwhile, I start making the beds.

“Gosh, I don’t know how you do it, Jubal. You do all that stuff. You get in there, and you sure get everything going. You know how to do it. It all comes out looking so good.”

“Why, thanks, Dad. Mom showed me how to do it. She says it took her years to perfect this bed making technique. So, it’s a tried and true recipe.”

“Well, it sure works when you get in it at night and the covers pulled up.”

Mom has a washcloth. “Let me wash your face. You don’t seem to be dripping so much today. You look pretty super.”

I help him stand and put on his robe. He always seems to get one arm into the

seam instead of the sleeve. "So, there you are, new pajamas, new robe, shiny shoes, hair combed. Your chair, sir, and off we go."

So far, so good. Maybe this new tranquilizer Dad is on will elevate his mood. Drugs are not the answer, but they have their uses. Finding the maintenance level will take a little time, but I think it will make things easier on Mom and me and, in turn, on Dad, if we can avoid these outbreaks of temper.

Christmas Day. Dad wheels himself into the front room, and in a grumpy voice he says, "We should not have put up that tree. It's some kind of freak."

"Jeez, Dad, what's with you? It's just a small artificial tree Mom bought to use at a Christmas bazaar. She said that everyone admired it and wanted to buy it, but she didn't sell it because it's so handy to have at home. And, besides, we don't have to go out and cut down a live one. It looks nice with all the handmade ornaments Jo Ann made."

"I made a mistake," Dad says. "I shouldn't have opened my presents. People come to visit, and they want to see the way they're wrapped."

"Dad, it's Christmas morning, and we've always opened our presents Christmas morning since we were kids."

"Well, there aren't any kids here now. We shouldn't have put up this tree. What will people think?"

"People? What they will think is it's Christmas morning, and we have opened our presents."

"I'd like to get myself...if I could eliminate myself...if I could get out of here, it might help some. We have to break this thing down. It can't continue like this."

"What thing? This tree? What?"

"If I could just eliminate myself..."

"Wouldn't it be better to try and be of use? You ask to be put out of the way, but wouldn't it be better to ask what you could do to be of use?"

"It's a round-robin thing. It's wearing Blanche out, and I don't know how in the

hell we ever got going on this, and if I could get out of the picture, it might help some. Blanche can't continue like this, and I don't know what to do about it."

"Dad, Mom and I are perfectly content taking care of you, and she says that she had a good night. This morning, it's you that is saying you're depressed. That makes it hard on Mom because she doesn't like to see you depressed. So, if you felt better about yourself, it would help her also."

"But it's an impossible thing."

"What is?"

"To get out of this circle."

"What's the circle? You mean these spells?"

"Changing these pads and getting up and down and..."

"Do you want to know how you can relieve some of the stress?"

"I can't..."

"Can you hear me? Do you have your hearing aids turned on? Turn them on. There, I heard them squeak. Do you want to help Mom?"

"I sure do."

"Do you want to do that in a practical way?"

"The practical thing would be for me to get out of here."

"No, that's not a solution. You have to let go of that solution. That's not something that helps."

"Do you have any suggestions?"

"Yeah. First of all, it has to do with your fear of being old and having the symptoms, and you would do well to accept that this is a natural process and necessary and that we're here to help and that this is what we want to do."

"We can't keep going indefinitely."

"That's something that will change in time; it will be a natural thing, the way it happens. You can't push it."

“Blanche has been so good to me, and I feel I’m to blame for the whole damn thing.”

“I want you to understand that you taking all that responsibility on yourself depresses you and makes matters worse. It makes it harder for us to take care of you.”

“If there was just some way...”

“No, we can’t help you to die. That’s something that will happen in time. And it doesn’t help any by being depressed that you need care, that we’re here to give you care. And it costs less, and it’s better for the family to be together here at home, so Mom and I don’t have to worry about you in a rest home where you’d be unhappy. You feel unhappy here, but in a rest home you would want Mom to be there all the time to change your pads, so you don’t win out by making it impossible for us to take care of you here. You would be making it harder on us. So, if you want to make it easier on us, you have to try and be happier here...and there’s not a lot in between. Do you want to think about that a little bit?”

“Think about what?”

“Ok, I’m going to tell you again, ok? This is the way it is—if you go to the rest home, you’re going to be unhappier than you are here.”

“Well, I tell you, I’m going to have to get out of it, whatever it is. I think that’s what I’ve got to do first is get out of the way here.”

“See, what happens when you go to a rest home is that you want Mom to come and give you her special care, and that’s harder to do going to the rest home everyday to give you all that care than it is to do it here. You could make it easier all around by being less worried; I mean, like you worry about every little thing, and the worry wears people down. If you tried to just enjoy yourself more...you don’t want to die depressed, do you?”

“If there’s any single way to die, that’s what I want to do.”

“How about dying happy? Remember the lines by Dylan Thomas, ‘Do not go gentle into that good night. Rage, rage against the dying of the light’. But also, ‘DON’T

WORRY! BE HAPPY!”

“It’s a darn gone mess is what it is.”

“I don’t know. This is like the play, ‘No Exit.’ I don’t think being nauseated and depressed will make the end come any sooner. I mean, sooner or later, you will die. So, try and be happy in the process. Mom’s happy. I’m happy. We just can’t seem to make you happy.”

“I know; that’s the trouble. That’s the whole darn trouble. The trouble is that...it’s a mess.”

“Dad, you see it as a mess, but we see it as our job. We take care of you because we love you, and that’s what we do. We have a house over our heads. We have food on the table. We have things that make our lives comfortable, and it’s all due to you. You worked hard for all of it. What’s the point in throwing it away?”

“What...what’s the best thing for me to do?”

“To let us take care of you. To relax a little bit and enjoy your last days. To try and relax and enjoy what life you have without feeling guilty.”

“I don’t want to destroy the lives of other people.”

“I know your intentions are good, but you don’t understand that you’re making it harder by being unhappy.

“If there was just someday...”

“If there was, I know, but there isn’t; so for now, it would be good to relax, and I’ll talk with Mom, and we’ll look into what it would cost to put you in a rest home, and we’ll have a family discussion about all that, OK?”

“Ok...I want you to know I’m proud of my son. You do so much around here to make things work. I don’t know how I deserve all you and Blanche do for me. I started way back there on the farm, and I never thought I’d have all this comfort at the end.”

“Thanks, Dad; that means a lot to me. It’s about the best Christmas present a guy could get.”

EPISODE 7

Feelings of frustration, anger. Moments of depression, claustrophobia, fear of being ground under. Sometimes, I forget why I'm in Santa Rosa. I get caught up in my own projects and miss the point. I'm here to help my parents.

Dad can be very tiresome. He has his good and his bad days. If he isn't having some kind of paranoid delusions, he's perfectly content with getting up, having three meals, putting on his headphones and watching CNN endlessly repeat itself. During the night, he has to be helped to the portable potty by his bed, change his absorbent pads and put on fresh pajamas. I assist my mom. Mom is used to this, and with the aid of a wooden step I built and an aluminum handrail, she can usually get him back to bed without much fuss. She says she's been doing this for five years and is used to being awakened and then going back to sleep.

Dad's personality goes through changes. I've written about some of these episodes. I'm not sure if it is from the pain medicine or slime on the neurons of the brain or a moon phase or biorhythms or a tendency towards schizoid behavior or just the natural progression of a worrisome line of thought.

He gets to thinking about some detail, and he can't let go of it. There was an account for the burial plots that the State required to be changed because there had been no activity, so the money was moved from one bank to another and re-deposited, but he can't be sure. I dig out the papers from his file cabinet, lay them out on a card table in front of him, and show him the transaction any number of times until he's satisfied. He can't see to read anything smaller than the headlines, and he's worried there's some fine print he's going to miss that will jeopardize his situation.

He awakes from an afternoon nap and asks, "What am I going to do with the stock?"

Mom says, "I can't understand you. Are you looking for your socks? You have them on. I'll change them for you."

I say, "I think he said 'stock'. Maybe, he's been rounding up cows in a dream." Then,

I remember that it was a day of heavy trading on Wall Street. Another record high for the Dow. I'm sure he has a vivid memory of Black Thursday—the day the stock market crashed in 1929. He told me he remembers the infamous Halloween Night broadcast by Orson Welles of 'The War of the Worlds' and that it was very spooky. Given this event was followed by Adolph Hitler and World War II, it's no wonder that after I change the channel from CNN to TCM to watch George C. Scott in *Patton* blast his way across France towards Berlin shouting, "I'm going to bury that damned paperhanger," Dad says he's seen so much of this in his lifetime, he doesn't want to see any more of it. I fully understand. I turn it back to see n' en to see if the president has kept his pants on today.

One evening, Dad and I watched the San Quentin Drama Production of 'Endgame' by Samuel Beckett. Dad was riveted to the screen. The main character, Hamm, is a blind, old man who mostly dominates center stage in his armchair. His adopted son, Clov, who is his lackey, attends him. Two other characters, Hamm's parents, Nagg and Nell, are contained in two barrels and make brief appearances. This is classic Theatre of the Absurd, a mournful and distraught masterpiece, a mixture of lyricism and angst—an open wound of existential despair.

The scene: bare interior, gray light, two small windows, Hamm in his armchair on castors covered with an old sheet and the two ash bins containing Nagg and Nell. After a brief tableau, Clove speaks, "Finished, it's finished, nearly finished, it must be nearly finished (Pause.) Grain upon grain, one by one, and one day, suddenly, there's a heap, a little heap, the impossible heap. (Pause.) I can't be punished any more. (Pause.) I'll go now to my kitchen, ten feet by ten feet by ten feet, and wait for him to whistle me. (Pause.) Nice dimensions, nice proportions, I'll lean on the table, and look at the wall, and wait for him to whistle me."

The mystery of Being and the dynamics of relationship. The experience was so pointed, so acutely like the actual reality of our situation, I was amazed when Dad turned to me and said, "I don't need to watch this. I'm aware there are these changes."

I portray myself as having a combination of acceptance and transcendence in my

attitude about my dad, but there is another side to this picture. Sometimes, I feel I can agree with him when he says he's lived too long and is nothing but a burden on his family and he's keeping everyone from getting on with life. These feelings arise after I've been involved in a tense interaction with him.

I slapped his hand the other day because he was jabbing his finger in my face and accusing me of turning Mom against him because she told him she had reached the end of her tether and had begun to bark at him. This was understandable, as she had been up umpteen times during the night. She told me she could understand how someone could take a baseball bat and bash in a person's head. I was taken aback. This is extreme for her. She's always right on track—kind, considerate, mellow, and with a sense of humor.

Dad, too, is usually agreeable, but he doesn't tell you what he wants, and he doesn't always like what he gets. He says, "Whatever is easiest for you," and I say, "Well, nothing is easiest; just tell me what it is you want." He wants me to be comfortable, but he's so insistent that I have a pillow, that the TV is turned towards me, that I'm warm enough, that I become uncomfortable with the fuss. It's infuriating.

I apologize to Dad for slapping his hand, and he apologizes for the things he said. I realize he doesn't know, at the time, that he's having one of his fits, and I know this is no excuse for parent abuse. I love the guy. We talk, shake hands and calm ourselves.

I sit on the patio and do my practice: *The Sadhana of the Wish-fulfilling Wheel of White Tsogal*. I take refuge, generate *bodhicitta* (compassion) and meditate on emptiness. I dedicate the merit of my practice to all sentient beings and try to integrate the calm state into my daily life. Who deserves more lovingkindness than those who gave me nourishment as a child? Where better to find spaciousness than where I live? What better place to try than in my parents' home? I mean, with rent what it is these days, I'm getting a real bargain!

"Dad, tell me that story about the horses breaking loose, again. I bet that must have been quite a sight."

BLANCHE was born on May 6, 1909. I found the following in Jubal's repository of quotes and epigrams: "Dear God, I thank you for having sent me my lady mother.— St. Louis, at the deathbed of Blanche of Castille." I am sure Jubal was touched by the coincidence, as well as the king's sentiment.

Jubal has a more complete record of his mom's side of the family than that of his dad's. He helped Blanche compile her ancestry in a book, *Blanche Dolan's Stories of the Hulme, Deputy, Johnson, and Beauchamp Families*, published in 2002 and circulated among family members. A copy is in Jubal's archives.

Blanche's grandparents were married in 1869. John Hulme Sr. was born in West Meath, Ireland, in 1844, and died there. His wife, Mary, was born in West Meath, as well, but died in the United States. Her older sons had immigrated and sent for her after her husband died. John Jr. married Ella Rhegenees when he was 23 and she was 13. They eloped, and she was disowned by her Methodist minister father. Ella and John worked in camps constructing the B&O Railroad. She cooked for the men, and it is said that she and a single Black helper went through a barrel of flour every day. Her son, Frances Henry ("Frank"), Blanche's father, was born in 1886, the ninth of twelve children.

Frank Hulme and Josephine Johnson were married in Vernon, Indiana, in 1908. Josephine ("Josie") was the daughter of James Albert Johnson (1849-1953) and Lenorea Victora Deputy Johnson (1849-1917). Blanche's record of the Johnson ancestry is sketchy. Josie's siblings lived on farms in Indiana. The Deputy roots can be traced back to the 17th century. In the Deputy family records there is this document: In 1893, at the Delaware Building at the World's Fair in Chicago, was an old "Hominy Mortar" bearing the inscription, 'Hominy Mortar, over 200 years old, and has been in the possession of the family of its present owner for over 200 years. It was made from an Oak tree that grew in Wales, England and brought to this country by a man named Deputy, about the year 1658. The pestle was destroyed (by accident) about 6 years ago. Coffee and hominy were ground in this by negro slaves.'

Blanche was a copious letter writer and maintained correspondence with many

members of her family. There are letters not only to Jubal but to his wives. She was never tiresome by prying or offering unwanted advice. She was sympathetic in times of stress and congratulatory in time of success. She often sent money to assist in projects. She was a friend. Here are a few snippets of her life story, which convey the flavor of her conversation and her excellent memory. She writes:

Things I remember—When Cecil was born Aunt Lou came to help mom with the new baby. She had a little girl named Matte who was about my age. So Matte and I tried to draw water out of a Cistern in our yard with a string and a child's bucket. Aunt Lou gave both of us a spanking. I was 4 years old but I remember that.

We had a neighbor that had a cow—every evening when they milked the kids would go with their tin cups and they would milk your cup full. Sure makes me sick, now, to think of it, but then it was fun.

The people who owned the Mortuary in Paris Crossing were related to my mother—one time we were there and their little girl and I climbed up and looked in the caskets. We were punished for that—The lady's name was Cora Deputy Dodd her husband's name was Eldo. Years after he passed away she wrote a Book titled "The Undertaker's Wife."

Dad was driving a Huckster Wagon for Humphrey's General Store. The wagon had sugar flour, canned foods—yardage, bolts of material, everything they could get in that wagon. They had cases on the side so they could buy chickens and a Barrel for Butter they bought from the customers—also eggs.

When Jubal was 4 years old and our family of 4 had driven from Berkeley, Calif. To Sheldon and stopped to see Aunt Alby & Uncle Walt and David, the 2 Boys loaded up David's wagon with corn cobs, something Jubal had never seen before and Jubal was trying to sell corn cobs to the neighbors. Sean had to collect them.

One time at Darina & Ludwig's—there were several cousins playing and some of the girls kept asking Grandma Mae things. Jo Ann came to me and said why can they all say Grandma Mae and I have to say Aunt Mae—Aunt Mae stooped down and hugged her and said its ok you just call me grandma if you want to.

The first trip Sean and I took after we were married—we drove from Phoenix

Arizona to New Hampton to see Grandpa and Grandma Dolan—Kira was already there—they were still living on the farm. Aunt Em & Uncle Sid and Uncle Alvin who lived on a farm near them came the next day which was 4th of July—It was so hot—and I had worn my pale green slacks suit of course no one had pants & tops But no one seemed surprised—Sean was used to all kinds of travel clothes from Phoenix—the Hottest Place I’ve ever lived.

One year when we had Easter—in Iowa—I had taken Jubal & Jo Ann on the trip with me to Illinois to pick up a new car. So I had both of the kids and we went to Kira & Aiden’s for Easter. Aunt Alby & Uncle Walt and David were there too—So as usual the Boys thought it would be fun to fix Uncle Walters car so that it would make a funny noise when he started it.

Kira and Aiden had a baby less than a year old. Jubal was probably 12 and Jo Ann 8—Then someone said Grandma Dolan why don’t you go home with Alby and Walter—and she said yes she would do that. The big question was—how to get the thing off Walts car—So they gave up—we were all around the car—smoke and noise—But Grandma laughed as hard as the rest of us—and she did go home with them that same day.

Jubal remembers this prank, but the “boys” his mom refers to were his older cousins. The “thing” was a smoke bomb with a high-pitched siren that was wired to the ignition. Jubal, who was often with the older men because he had no peers his own age, other than his cousin, David, found it stimulating to watch them be “boys.” Jubal says, “Now I’m a grown man and an elder, but sometimes I miss my mom. When I read Shabkar’s autobiography, I was moved by the yogi’s regret that he had not made it home in time to be with his mother when she died. I was fortunate to be there for my mother to die in my arms.

FARMING

...a time to plant, and a time to pluck up
that which is planted...what profit hath he
that worketh in that wherein he laboreth?

—Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3

I ain't going to work on Maggie's farm no more.

—Bob Dylan

...a time to plow, a time to cultivate, a time to irrigate, a time to go to market, a time to change the oil on the tractor or oil the harness for the horses...I'm not being sarcastic. There is a lot to do on a farm and doing it at the right time is essential. Jubal learned a lot about plants and animals, about machinery, about weather, and about birth and death while he worked on farms and ranches.

Farmers ("sodbusters" to a rancher) and ranchers ("cowboys" to a farmer) do not always see eye to eye on how things are best done. Ranchers like wide open spaces and the fewer fences the better. Farmers figure if a cow cannot be milked from a stanchion, it should be butchered. The farmer likes his land laid out in neat parcels. Still, farmers and ranchers have the land as a common bond. In some cases, the two operations overlap. On the ranch, near Robber's Roost, Jubal irrigated three forty-acre plots to maintain a stand of grass for the herd of cows and calves he was watching during the summer months. On the ranch his dad owned, near Red Bluff, there was land along a creek that could be irrigated, and hay cut and baled for the stock.

When you work with animals, they need caring for when they are birthing, sick or hurt, and when they are in someone else's pasture; and they need to be dehorned, deliced, branded, and given immunization. They eat continually, so they need feed. Lots of needs to be met with livestock. Land needs work, too, if it is to be productive. Anthropologically, in ancient times, hunters and gathers may have gotten caught up in agriculture, but farmers are by tradition and character rooted to the land. A farm cannot be left unattended, or it will fast go to ruin. There is always something that need fixing: a broken board in the barn that a cow kicked, a bent angle iron on the undercarriage of the bailer, a missing bolt on a cant hook, a fence down, and sometimes everything at once.

Some of Jubal's most indelible memories are from farm life. The most physical pain he has ever received he experienced on a farm, in Iowa, when he was nine. It was near the end of summer, and all the neighboring farmers near Jubal's cousin, Aiden,

were helping each other with harvests. Jubal had ridden in the bin of a combine machine and shouted to the driver of the tractor when the bin was full and needed to be emptied. The men's wives brought baskets of food, and everyone had a picnic lunch in the field under a solitary tree.

When the wheat field was finished, they moved to another farm to put up hay. This was in 1950, and not all farms had tractors and bailers. Here the men used pitch forks and pitched the hay from rows onto the back of a flatbed wagon that was pulled by a pair of horses in harness. Jubal got to ride next to the driver, who showed him how to hold the reins between his fingers. Not much of a teamster was needed at this point, since the horses were used to moving at a slow, steady pace across the field.

The hay was put up loose in the loft of a barn. Here a tractor was in operation at one end of the barn. It was attached to a stout rope which went from the front of the tractor, through a pulley at the base of the barn to another pulley near the rafters in the roof, where it was attached to a rig that traveled the length of the barn along a rail to another pulley and down to a pair of large forks that lifted the loose hay into the hayloft. Jubal was stationed at the pulley near the tractor in order to tell the driver to move back or come forward, whenever Jubal got commands from the man in the barn.

Jubal had on an engineer's striped cap that was too big for him. The cap had a safety pin in the back to make it tight, but it fell off his head, and when he bent over to pick it up, he put his hand on the moving rope. Mistake. The thumb on his left hand was carried into the mouth of the pulley. He jerked his hand back, but the flesh of his thumb had been pinched off down to the bone.

The men bundled him into Aiden's car—a Hudson Hornet, that Jubal remembers had wonderful suspension—and he was driven at high speed to a hospital in Mason City. He had to wait for the doctor in the Emergency Room to get permission from Jubal's parents in California before he could operate or let Jubal be given any painkiller. Jubal sat in a chair and bled. When they had reached Blanche and gotten her OK, they stuck a needle in, or very close to, the wound and a second time

further up his arm, and Jubal's pain began to subside.

The doctor in attendance was Dr. Blake. He had his nurse set up a mirror, so Jubal could watch a piece of skin be removed from the inside of his upper arm and stitched over his mangled section on the front of his thumb. The skin graft took time and many stitches. At some point, Jubal passed into unconsciousness, because the next thing he remembers is Kira propping his arm up with pillows in a bed back on the farm. Kira and Aiden took shifts and kept watch over Jubal. He told me that he imagined himself at the wheel of an old car, driving down a dusty, dirt road, and he began a mantra that went, "Chuggachuggachuggachugga," which put him in a zone of no-pain.

There was an old, Model A Ford, like the one in Jubal's imagination, in the pasture near the barn. A couple of weeks after the accident, when Jubal was feeling better, he climbed into the rusted heap and sat behind the wheel. Big black and yellow bumble bees had built their nest in the seat cushion, and the commotion disturbed them. Jubal jumped out of the car and ran with all his might toward the house, swatting and swearing, but before he could reach the porch he was stung on the neck and upper part of his arm near the bandage. The bees were out for blood.

After the bee attack, Jubal stayed indoors and played cards with Kira and listened to the radio. His favorite card game was Canasta. His favorite radio programs: The Green Hornet, Sky King, The Lone Ranger, Inner Sanctum, Fibber McGee and Molly, Big John and Sparkly, The Arthur Godfrey Show, Earl Nightingale, Boston Blackie, and (his favorite) The Shadow. "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows." And then, the ominous laugh and music. A bit of meanness possessed Jubal after the bee attack. When he next ventured outside and walked past the old Ford, he took the cap off the radiator and broke the windshield. Aiden was angry at Jubal because the car had belonged to Aiden's dad. I suppose it had sentimental value, then, but if kept in good condition, it would become a valuable antique. No matter, Jubal was forgiven. After feeling the kind of pain he felt hurting his thumb, most cuts and abrasions hardly phase Jubal. He likes to look on his scarred thumb; it is like a claw. Who has lived on a farm without getting such a memento?

Most of Jubal's experiences on farms are pleasant. The smell of the earth, of cut hay, even of the various kinds of manure: horse, cow, pig, chicken, each with its distinct odor and blending into a heady, barnyard bouquet. Feeding animals has also entertained Jubal: their hearty appetites, their pecking order, their seeming gratification upon your approach. Perhaps Jubal has blood relatives that were farmers. It seems to be in his genes to dig in the earth, when spring arrives. In a letter to a friend he writes, "Lying in a pasture on a high, dry spot after pushing water around a field, I can feel the rhythmic modulation of the land, the sky, the water, and the sense of work turning into the enchantment of being in The Garden before The Fall." And what of Eve?

It was on the S-D Ranch that Jubal lost his virginity to René Flower. Jubal had long had a crush on René. She and her mother were originally from Arkansas. They had red hair and high cheekbones, a combination of Irish and Cherokee bloodlines, they claimed. Both were feasts to the eye. Jubal says that Goldie had a build like the proverbial brick shithouse, whereas René's figure was trim, like that of a fashion model. Jubal had known René since he was fourteen. She had occasionally visited her mother at the Dolan home, where Goldie rented an apartment in the basement. René liked to tease Jubal about sex.

She's in a hammock between two willows—
jean cutoffs and a bandana for a top.
She says, "If you see Kay, tell her I want it."

Sweat on my face, I stand there.
I'm fourteen, and I don't get it.

When Jubal was sixteen, and Goldie watched over him and his sister, when his parents were away, he climbed into a piece of lawn furniture where Goldie was reclined, and they cuddled and watched TV. This became a habitual practice of theirs, in the evenings, after Jo Ann had gone to bed. From cuddling they moved to snuggling, similar activities but with more affection. Goldie let Jubal put his hand on her breast, and when Goldie would retire for the evening, Jubal would walk with

her, still in his arms, to her door downstairs, and they would kiss. Jubal writes:

I entered Goldie's domain, a boy
sniffed her shoes and lingerie
read her detective magazines
and felt my oncoming manhood

It had been over a year since Goldie and Jubal had contact when she and Art moved to the ranch to be caretakers. It was not long before Jubal realized there was a rift between his Goldie and her new husband. He was convinced that only a fool would treat her cruelly. Between the main house and the smaller house, where Goldie and Art lived, there was an unattached screened-in summer room. One night, Jubal heard the couple arguing, and then a door banged shut. The window in Jubal's bedroom was open, and he saw Goldie enter the summer room. There was moonlight, and he watched her take off her robe and lie on the bed. Jubal pulled on a pair of jeans and walked barefoot to her. He lay on the bed next to her, and she pulled him close and gave him a mushy kiss. He could smell alcohol on her breath, and he felt like he was swimming in a dark stream. He moved between her thighs and fumbled with the buttons on his jeans, but before he could enter her, she squeezed him, and he ejaculated.

Jubal was embarrassed, but Goldie did not say anything, and they stay entwined, until Goldie fell asleep. Jubal covered her with her robe, kissed her a last time, and went back to his own bed. The next day, there was no special look from Goldie and nothing was said. Come the following weekend, René arrived. The girl had style. She arrived, driving a yellow Plymouth convertible. Jubal cannot remember the year of the car, but he remembers it had fins, and given the year he lost his virginity was 1959, it must have been a relatively new car. Also new was René's attitude towards Jubal.

He is not sure what came over René. She told Jubal that she wanted to sleep outside and invited him to spend night with her under the stars. He suspects that Goldie had encouraged her daughter to take control of a situation that was likely headed

for disaster. The bed from the summer room was moved into the yard, and René spent a good deal of time arranging pillows and adjusting a bedspread to her liking. In the evening, Goldie and Art drove to town for dinner, drinks, and a movie. They were not expected to be home early. As she was leaving, Goldie said, “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do, and have fun.” Then, she chuckled. René and Jubal lay there, each on one side of the bed, looking at the stars, and then...

There were other times when Jubal might have lost his virginity. There were passionate make-out sessions with his sweetheart, Amadeus, and he had been under the covers with her once when he and his best friend, Fred, had snuck into Sandy’s house, where their girlfriends were spending the night. Jubal is sure Fred and Sandy were doing it in the adjacent bed from the sounds they were making, and when Sandy’s mom stuck her head in the door and asked if everything was alright, Jubal and Fred stayed under the covers. When the mother withdrew, the two young men were encouraged to leave through the window they had entered. Jubal ran into a full-length mirror in the dark, thinking it was a passageway.

On another occasion, Fred and Jubal picked up a female hitchhiker, and Jubal drove to a secluded spot along a lovers’ lane. As the girl was happy to comply, Fred got in the back seat with her, but when Jubal’s turn came, he declined to change places with Fred. He felt repulsed by the prospect of doing it for the first time, in the back seat of a car, with a stranger and with his best friend watching their coupling.

Roberta Churchill was in Jubal’s high school English class, and she and Jubal often used “doing homework together” as an excuse to fondle and kiss, after school, at her house. At their first opportunity, while his parents were not at home, Jubal took Roberta to his bedroom, in the basement apartment. She was undressed and in bed, and he was prinking at the mirror in his silk robe, when he heard voices upstairs. Jim and Jerry, two toughs Jubal caroused with, descended the stairs to rouse Jubal from his den. When Jubal would only open the door a crack, they knew someone was with him, and they wanted to know who. Roberta hurriedly dressed. The boys wanted to party, but Jubal sensed Roberta’s fear and drove her home. Another occasion to make love to Roberta never arose.

...and then, an ideal occasion arose for Jubal to make love for the first time—not in the back of a hotrod, not with a stranger or with an audience—with someone he had long carried a flame for, who even had parental permission, who was willing, even anxious to help Jubal unravel the mystery which tormented him, someone who was knowledgeable in the art of love, someone who fucked like a demon.

FISHING

In her introduction to *Berkeley Daze: Profiles of Berkeley Poets of the 60s*, Gail Chiarello writes, “Jubal Dolan slips in and out of these pages, in his incarnation as the ‘Berkeley Barb poet,’ a hauntingly handsome outlaw poet, as the rough-and-ready Alaskan printer/fisherman poet, as the D-Press impresario, and other seemingly contradictory personae all of them Jubal, or, as he is sometimes called, Dylan.”

As a Buddhist monk, Jubal no longer fishes, and he certainly was never in the league of fishermen/poets like Joe Powell and Mark Halperin of Robber’s Roost, but he has cast a line after the fabled golden trout of the sun. Jubal went to Alaska in hopes of being taken on board of a trawler and fishing for salmon. Instead, after a brief stint as a logger, he was hired to handle fish, freezing and breaking them out of freezers, at Ketchikan Cold Storage.

The fishing boats would unload their catch, and Jubal and a crew of workers would sort the fish—halibut or salmon—into size and species categories. Salmon are separated by species: Chinook (or King), Chum, Coho, Pink (or humpback), and Sockeye. Halibut are separated by weight: small halibut are called “chickens”; halibut over 100 lbs. are called “whales”; between these sizes, the halibut are designated “10-20s,” “20-40s,” “40-60s,” and “60-80s.” They are put in carts, once the head has been hacked off (and in the case of salmon, the eggs have been removed) and quickly pushed into freezing rooms and laid on shelves. These freezing rooms reach temperatures of 40 degrees below zero during the night. The next morning, the crew pry the fish loose from the shelves with long, iron bars, and

again they put them into carts, taking the carts on elevators to large storage rooms, where the temperature is maintained near 10 degrees above zero.

A wall is created by interlocking the halibut, head to tail, and as the wall rises the enclosed area is filled with frozen fish. The crew enjoy themselves by sliding the frozen carcasses across the rising “pool” until it reaches the roof beams, and again they enjoy of “waterfall” of fish when the wall is breached and the fish tumble onto the floor to have their fins trimmed. The trimming part was not Jubal’s favorite job. He much preferred the excitement of rapidly “firing” a bin of salmon to his partner on a high shelf to be stacked in neat pyramids or in maneuvering a whale halibut from the cart by inserting one gloved hand into the gullet and grasping a bone, while the tale was cradled in his other arm, and with a quick lift, pivot-and-squat movement, deftly sliding the heavy fish onto a bottom shelf. Trimming the fins off halibut meant standing in one place for a long period of time with cold feet.

Of course, if you ran out of fish to trim, you could always go to the top floor and follow the narrow catwalk and descend into the cavern to make ice. Here, water is frozen in metal containers, and the blocks are stacked with the aid of a conveyer belt, two stories deep. Come fishing season, the blocks of ice will be crushed and poured into the hold of ships to keep their catches fresh. After two seasons of Cold Storage, Jubal learned that being “cold” is a relative concept. When you leave a freezer where you have been working in a sub-zero climate and go outside where it is snowing, it feels like spring.

To some extent, Jubal learned to control his fear of cold. At first, while trimming fish, he would take breaks from the work to go out of the freezer and sharpen his knife on a grinding stone. But the more experienced workers knew what he was doing. He worked with an old Pilipino man, and Jubal asked him how he maintained the steady pace. He was told not to let his mind think about the cold and to focus on trimming fish. This esoteric knowledge was useful to Jubal in retreat when the time came to learn heat yoga and dry sheets in the cold.

Beyond the Rollog cabin in Deep Bay, where Jubal, Angel and Alvin lived, there was a cabin used by Johnny D. Johnny lived in town and worked at the same electrical-

plumbing outfit as Angel's dad. Johnny used his cabin mostly in the summer and during hunting season, in the fall. He took Jubal to the Rat Hole to fish. The Rat Hole was a peculiar aquatic phenomenon. After traveling a few miles along the coastline, north of Deep Bay, the men came to an inlet which switched back into the muskeg. Following this waterway, they came to a fair-sized pool into which a freshwater creek flowed from a lake at a slightly higher level. At a certain point in the day, as the tide rose, the pool began to swirl, and, as the tide rose higher, the direction of the water in the creek reversed and flowed into the lake.

Johnny held the wheel of his outboard steady, and as the boat circled in the vortex of the Rat Hole, Jubal cast his line into the whirlpool full of fish. Johnny told Jubal that seiners had once braved the rocky bottom of the creek and were lifted into the lake. In those days, some people would stand on the banks and cast multi-hooked lines across the stream; others would spear fish as they passed. Jubal knew this was not very sporting, but he fished to feed his family and considered whatever means fair game.

When the salmon shot the rapids near his cabin, he would spear them and smoke them on the spot in a contraption he made from two oil drums connected by a short piece of stove pipe. He filleted the fish and placed them on racks from a refrigerator in the top drum and built a fire in the lower drum. Some of the meat he hard-smoked and wrapped in wax paper for winter use, and some of it he cured with a little smoke for immediate consumption. The term "kipper" is said to come from the Old English word, "cypera," which is a spawning salmon, and means to split and cure by salting and drying in the air or with smoke. This kippering of salmon that Jubal did was complimented with some canning of salmon, using a pressure cooker, heated by an old Coleman stove that needed constant pumping to maintain pressure.

Salmon is a rich meat, and a fish lighter in oils, like Red Snapper, makes a pleasant change in diet. Jubal took Alvin with him in their dinghy in hopes of catching some of these bottom fish. The waters near the middle of Moser Lake are close to fifty fathoms deep. When fishing in deep water, Jubal used a large spool with heavy line which he held between his knees and fed through one of the oar locks. The weather

was calm that day—not exactly one of the Southeastern Alaskan days where you can see forever—just overcast and without drizzle. The surface of the water was smooth.

Jubal caught a couple of small Red Snappers, which he threw back, and then he hooked onto something that required coaxing to be brought to the surface. There are some fish stories that get told again and again. One version of this story can be found in Jubal's *Deep Bay: Works and Days* and another in *Beginnings and Ends*. In both stories, the fish is of an improbable size. Jubal admits this is a tale of a fish that gets bigger and bigger in each telling. The fish was a halibut whale. It was, if not as long as the dinghy, nearly as long as the dinghy. Jubal claims that its weight and length are not so important. Since it was more fish than his family could consume without most of the meat going to waste—why was he so foolhardy as to try and land the monster?

Jubal held the reel between his knees and began to slowly row toward a shoal of gravel that extended from the mainland, thinking he might be able to capture the fish there. He was making progress, ready to let out line when necessary, and the huge fish was following. Ol' Foolkiller was fishing the same ocean with Jubal and Alvin, and they were dangling at the end of his line. As father and son neared the inlet where a creek fed fresh water into the bay, the halibut sensed danger and pulled away from the dinghy. Since they were in the shallows, Jubal tied the line to a stern cleat, but the rigidity of the line prompted the halibut to head for deeper water. Before the line snapped, the stern parted from the frame of the dinghy, and they sank in the frigid stream. Lucky for Jubal and Alvin, the water was not deep. Jubal reads *Moby Dick* and, in some chapters, experiences reverential fear.

FORESTRY

Luminous Peak, the name of Jubal's cabin, faces in a southwestern direction and is in the geographical region called the Southwest. It is a region of extremes, with mountains, mesas, canyons, deserts, grasslands, and wetlands. Yeshe Ling's land,

twenty-five miles from Wolf Creek, Colorado, is in an area called the Four Corners. The Southern Ute Indian Reservation is at Jubal's doorstep. To the west is a land formation known as Chimney Rock. The kiva near the top is thought to be one of northern-most outposts of the Anasazi. Further to the west, the land is more arid, flecked with piñon pine and big sagebrush.

According to the *Audubon Society Field Guide to the Southwest*, San Juan National Forest is a mixed conifer forest, where Douglas Firs and White Firs mingle with pines and deciduous trees like Gambel's Oak and Quaking Aspen. The Continental Divide cuts through this forest. Navajo Pass (10,850 feet) is twenty miles northeast of Wolf Creek. Beyond the deck of Luminous Peak, Antelope Brush is now leafing out, and there are buds on the scrub oak. Jubal can see a grassy stretch surrounded by Juniper. A Hermit Thrush sings from his roof beam. A Rock Squirrel climbs out of a canyon on the east side of the cabin where there is a mixture of first growth trees and eats the offerings from a puja. It is a clear sky day in early May.

Blanche once told Jubal if he was a forester, he would require roads to be built around trees. When it came time to go to college, Jubal considered Forestry as a major, and Sean drove him to Davis, California, to check out the branch of the University of California located there. While his dad talked to the Chairman of the Forestry Department, Jubal sped along back roads in Sean's new Cadillac, trying to bury the needle on the speedometer. It is ironic that Jubal's chapbook collection is in the special collections part of Shield's Library on the Davis campus.

When Jubal and Natasha were first together, Jubal stayed at the apartment she shared with her roommates, Page and Kioko, on LeRoy Avenue, on the north side of the Berkeley campus. In the middle of the road, there was an ancient Oak Tree. Jubal learned that this was called "Annie's Oak," and it was named after Bernard Maybeck's wife, who had driven a buckboard-load of Hillside Club members to a City Council meeting, in the early part of the 20th century, to protest the tree being cut down to straighten the road. The protest was successful, and although the tree has been recently replaced and the apartment demolished, an Oak still stands in the middle of LeRoy Avenue.

The city of Berkeley is named after the Irish philosopher, George Berkeley, an 18th century subjective idealist, who asked, "If a tree falls in the forest and there is no one around to hear it, does it make a sound?" This to ask: if there is no one to perceive something, does it exist? Berkeley's "immaterialist" concept insisting that the material universe is a mental construct is not unlike the Buddhist belief. On the other hand, Berkeley's belief in a Creator God is not a Buddhist belief.

The city of Oakland is named after the native Oak tree which once dotted the landscape and which have mostly been replaced by Eucalyptus, a tall tree imported from Australia, in the 19th century, as a potential shipbuilding lumber because of its rapid growth. The Eucalyptus proved unsuitable for this purpose because it does not remain straight when it is cured. Full of aromatic and medicinal oil, this tree grows and groans in thick groves. On two horrendous occasions (in the 1920s and in the 1970s) the trees have been the source of devastating fires in the Oakland and Berkeley hills. Some call the Eucalyptus a "dirty" tree because it sheds its bark in long strips, but Jubal is always given over to bliss by its aroma and its silvery leaf sheen.

Trees have twice played a part in what I assume to be a mystical experience for Jubal. Sometimes the word "mystical" means merely strange or mysterious happenings, but here I take the term to mean "spiritually symbolic," and at least, in the first instance, when he was 12, to lead him to be initiated into an esoteric religious order known as (Do not laugh!) the Y.M.C.A. Ragers. This story must be told by Jubal, otherwise it will seem that I, Richard, am omniscient.

RICHARD: (a few clicks and a hum) Are you there, Jubal?

JUBAL: Ah, Richard, you are a good reporter. You never overstep your prerogative. My experience at Camp Guwala, in the summer of 1953, has remained vivid for me. It was a summer where I stayed on for a second session of three to four weeks, and I had become tanned and rugged. The terrain of the camp was familiar to me, and I had excelled in outdoor activities. One sport that I had become good at was tether ball. Once I had the ball in a position where I could hit it, I could make it wrap the line around the pole without my opponent (unless he was very tall) being able to

block it. If I had the serve, the game was usually mine.

A boy who was a new arrival, upon being severely beaten at the game, claimed the way I played was unfair, which I interpreted as saying that I cheated. He was larger than me, but I took him down with a judo throw, and in anger my hands gripped his throat. This happened fast. I could see terror in his eyes. Then, I felt I was about to do something very wrong, and this realization made me release my hands, and I ran from the court, across the river bridge to the outdoor chapel, where I hid amid the roots in the hollow of a Redwood tree.

These are dramatic actions, and I don't want to embellish the events. The light that filters down through the branches of the Redwoods is magical enough in appearance, but through my tears I saw an angel in those beams and knew it was a sign of forgiveness. Next, after my feeling of awe had subsided, a human face, belonging to one of the camp counselors, appeared at the door of my refuge tree. It is here that events took a worldly turn that I have never been certain were beneficial for my moral development. Because of what looked like an act of contrition and remorse, although from my viewpoint was more of an act of abject fear, I was asked to read a passage from the *Bible* the following morning at the daily prayer meeting. I complied with this request, and I read from *Psalms*, but, standing there at the pulpit in the morning light, I knew myself to be a fake. I'm not sure I knew the word "hypocrite," but, in the words of William Blake... "I open'd the *Bible*, and lo! It was a deep pit..."

There was controversy around me being elected to the Ragers. At 12, I was considered by some to be too young for this honor. Ragers were a select lot. Most of the counselors and some of the older campers who had shown positive character traits received initiation. It was a cult of Camp Guwala that had been perpetuated from a bygone era, when a dishcloth had once been tied around the neck of a legendary hero as a bandana that signified bravery. The White Rag had only been bestowed upon a few. The Red Rag was an honor conferred upon those who performed significant services to the camp and upon those who had already received their Blue Rag which was the level of entrance.

I am proud to have received a Blue Rag in a secret ceremony, as I now understand the profundity of these rituals on the psyches of the candidates, yet in hindsight I can see it also created a seed of skepticism, making me wonder if doing good was a value in and of itself or if such acts produced rewards. This is a calculation common to Protestants. However, I am more and more convinced that Grace is bestowed regardless of one's good deeds and works.

The experience I had at 14, in the backyard of the Robinson Drive house, was of a more existential, or even Buddhist, nature. It was the beginning of summer, and I discovered that I had forgotten how to play the games that had kept me living in my imagination through previous vacations. I stood on the lawn near a willow tree and not far from the horse barn, and I experienced the yard, the barn, and the tree with detachment. I might have saddled my horse and have ridden the hill trails in the guise of Kit Carson or The Durango Kid, and I might have built a tree fort and have defended it from Indians or pretended it was a pirate ship and have been a buccaneer who raided Spanish galleons. These thoughts never developed in my consciousness. I stood in the yard, a minute, an hour, an eon, experiencing emptiness—clear, luminous space—the ground that, in yogic terms, is the untarnished ground of being and the nature of mind.

The great adept, Nagarjuna, said (in Jamgön Kongtrul's *Creation & Completion*, Wisdom Books, p. 51), "Where there is appropriate understanding of emptiness, all things are appropriate, and if there is no appropriate understanding of emptiness, nothing is." My understanding was limited and without context, but the memory is still clear. My next "mystical experience" would be the koan posed by René Flower ("If you see Kay, tell her I want it."), and I began to discover The Beloved and the longing that encompasses the world. Back to you...

RICHARD: Thank you, Jubal.

Jubal would come to ride his horse for the pleasure of riding and sit beneath a tree and read a book or write a poem, and the trees would just be trees. Jubal would for be a logger, in Alaska, and fell trees (a word whose tense in English he enjoys), and for many seasons, in Washington state, he would plant trees. There is a

“Treeplanting” section in this chronicle that relates Jubal’s experiences. To move from particular trees back to the forest, I will tell about Jubal’s stay in a logging camp on an island in the Tongass Narrows.

There is considerable backstory to why Jubal went to Alaska—he wanted to get money to start a bookstore; he went north, as Jack Spicer put it, “to find the chill in his bones”— but his immediate motivation was from a chaotic love life. He was sleeping with four separate women, although, in a sense, not so separate. Helen and Jana had rooms in the same house on Dwight Way, in Berkeley, and Sarah and Leah, although they lived in separate apartments, were sisters. Helen and Jana had no qualms about the arrangement and shared Jubal, but Sarah became dangerously enraged, when the younger sister, Leah, told her older sister her secret. Alaska was just the right place to chill out.

Jubal bought the wrong boots for his job as a choker-setter with the Georgia Pacific Logging Company. He had a wool “halibut coat,” a button down tweed cap, and a beautifully knitted Norwegian fisherman’s sweater made by his mother. He looked the part, except for the rubber “corks” that were more appropriate for a water-chaser than a choker-setter. They were all he could afford, and they leaked.

The crew consisted of eight men and a cook. The foreman of the crew, a man with a patch over one eye, could tell that Jubal was a greenhorn, but he took him along on the seaplane to the island. Jubal had forebodings that he was out of his element when he was told that the man he was to replace had lost a leg after the high lead cable had snapped and snaked across the clear cut.

The men were housed in floating shacks, and they ate like lumberjacks because that is what they were. On top of a hill behind camp was an engine called a “donkey.” This contraption hauled enormous Cedar logs out of the canyons where they had been felled. Another donkey was attached to a raft at the base of the hill, and the logs were drug down the hill to the water, and there a water-chaser unhooked and pushed the forty-foot logs, logs with a width of three to six feet, to an area where they were bundled with cable and added to a flotilla.

Jubal lasted one day as an apprentice choker-settle. He tried to wrestle the cable

around the logs and set the end piece into the bell, but his city muscles were not up to the task. He was also slow to find a secure hiding place by the time the whistle blew and the cable began to move. The boss told him he was putting him in the position of water-chaser. He had the right kind of boots, and this job was easier for Jubal. He did well enough for a few days, until an accident nearly cost him his life.

With his corks implanted in the floating log, Jubal unhooked the choker, and the donkey lifted the lead cable; but the donkey stalled, and cable went slack and fell on Jubal, hitting his hard hat and knocking him, dazed and bewildered, into the icy water. His raingear filled to the brim, and the light began to rapidly fade, as Jubal sank. Struggling desperately and finding the weight of his gear cumbersome, he began to despair, but when he saw the choker cable rising, he grabbed it and held on for a ride to the surface...and beyond, as it rose above the platform. He let go and dropped.

Jubal landed in a wet heap in front of the donkey. His boss leaned out of the cab with a smile on his face and said, "I thought you were a goner," and threw Jubal an oily (but dry) shirt and told him to get back to work. Jubal looked down the narrow waterway at the blue-green water and the trees in the mist towards the south from which he had come and felt that the forest was eternal.

FRIENDSHIP

In Plato's dialogue, "Lycidas," Socrates discusses with a young student, named Lycidas, the nature of friendship. The subject is approached from several angles, and although nothing definitive can be established about the ultimate meaning or essence of friendship, the two of them agree that they are friends.

Jubal makes friends wherever he goes and in whatever situation he finds himself, whether it be a dinner party or a jail cell. He is always sociable and finds a way to be and make others comfortable. This is not to say he is not happy being alone. At present he is continuing in his long retreat, in Luminous Peak, but he regards the

wild creatures—the chipmunks that scamper along his deck, the thrush nesting in his eaves, the squirrel who eats his *tormas* (offerings)—as his friends.

In his family archives, stored at his sister's home in Bedford, Virginia, there is an 8 mm film taken when he was a toddler (circa 1943) along a boardwalk at an amusement park, perhaps at Santa Cruz. Jubal sits amid a flow of people coming and going, jabbering to each passing stranger. This gregariousness never subsided.

Close friends are those you have special regard for, loved ones. Some friends are supporters of your enterprises and cohorts in your activities. In the "Author's Preface" to *Collected Poems: 1961-2000*, Jubal acknowledges many of his life-long friends and people he considers instrumental in his development as a poet, and by this I assume he also means as a human being.

When the *Collected* was published, Jubal sent an inscribed copy to Robert Creeley, who replied on a postcard, "Thank you for the solid book. You got a lot said and a lot done. You've got good friends." Jubal had not communicated with Bob since the Berkeley Poetry Conference, in 1965, yet they had remained friends.

The list of people Jubal names in his preface is by no means an inclusive list of his friends. I will not repeat the list, as I do not want anyone who considers themselves to a friend of Jubal and is not mentioned to feel slighted. Instead, I am going to focus on just one individual who became a close friend during Jubal's term as a caregiver in Santa Rosa, and that friend was David Bromige.

It is interesting, seems sometimes to be magical, how peoples' paths cross. We can be in distant orbit and suddenly in close proximity. Past lives, multiple universes, chance encounters, molecular allurements, it is hard to know what creates the situation for attraction and attachment.

David Bromige became a face and a name to Jubal when this "Poet Laureate of Sonoma County" joined a group of writers who were talking in the lobby of the little theatre at the Luther Burbank Center, in Santa Rosa. He impressed Jubal with his vitality and that he was well-attired, wearing creased trousers and a sports coat, shirt and necktie (and we will assume socks, shoes and appropriate undergarments), topped off with a straw hat—very dapper, thought Jubal, and not being

formally introduced, thought no more of him.

A year or so later, Jubal, who was working at Quick Print in Sebastopol, discovered two of David's books, *Tight Corners and What's Around Them* and *My Poetry*, in the lost-and-found box and decided to claim them because the writing interested him. On the bulletin board at the copy shop there was a flyer advertising a poetry reading, in nearby Healdsburg, featuring David Bromige, which Jubal decided to attend, so that he could hear the voice that went with the poems.

The face he remembers had dramatically aged. In the interval the poet had had a heart attack, and much of his vitality was gone. Bromige was an old man. However, the striking-looking blond at his side was young and vivacious. This was Cecelia, David's third wife and greatest fan.

After hearing Bromige read, Jubal became a fan, too. He introduced himself and asked David to sign *Tight Corners* for him. It reads, as befits an older Englishman signing a book for a younger man, who is yet a stranger, "Inscribed to Jubal Dolan." The inscription in Jubal's copy of *My Poetry* has a more personal touch and would have been done later, although there is no date affixed. It reads: "For Jubal, little enough for all he's done for me, but I hope he likes it & remembers 1980." This last, "1980," refers to the date of publication. Jubal does like David Bromige's *My Poetry*, considering it one of his favorites, and he believes it to be one of Bromige's best, except for *Spade*.

Jubal admits his bias towards *Spade*, the first third of *The 100 Cantos*, which is a collaborative epic poem by a Buddhist monk and a terminal atheist that takes place in the Sufi Fourth Heaven of the Innermost Heart. The entire work, *Spade* (Cantos 1-33), *The Petrarch Project* (Cantos 34-66), and *Garden Plots* (Cantos 67-100), along with a set of short fictions called *Canto Beery Tales*, was created between 2004 and 2007. These books are a portrait of the Bromige-Dolan friendship.

The union of these two's higher selves, their poetic selves, made them happy, and this happiness inspired those around them to be happy. Martin, a psychologist, who lived next door to the Bromiges, was working in his yard and heard the two poets chirping and said, "When you guys get together, it's like a love fest."

The 100 Cantos began one afternoon when David suggested to Jubal that they work together on a poem. They were drinking tea in the garden, a patch of untidy lawn bordered by ornamentals and shaded by a willow tree, and David said that the previous night he had had a dream of a spade, and that “spade” should be the first word of the poem; and Jubal said it might well have been the first word in the world. Canto 1 begins:

Spade. Spade was the first word. The first
word in the poem, and as far
as one can see, it could be the first
word in the world.

A “spade” is a digger, and the two poets dug up history. A “spade” is a slang term, used in the ‘60s for a person of African American heritage, and so they imitated a lady singing the blues. A “spade” is an inverted heart-shaped figure that is one of the suits (at times considered ominous) of a deck of cards. “To call a spade a spade” is to speak straight, to call something by its right name. “Sean Spade” is a detective in Dashiell Hammett’s mystery novel, *The Maltese Falcon*. “Spayed” rhymes and means to remove a female animal’s ovaries.

The 100 Cantos have roots in Ezra Pound’s *Cantos*, which have roots in Dante’s *The Divine Comedy*, and if the reader wishes to peruse a serious analysis of David’s and Jubal’s poem, please go online and read James Martin’s erudite essay, “Response to Spade,” in the archives of the *Golden Handcuffs Review*. Mr. Martin has a doctorate in English Literature from Harvard and is a Pound scholar.

There is a serious element to David’s and Jubal’s epic, but it also a spoof, as these two love to clown and have fun. They found they had much in common and yet in many ways were worlds apart, and this has something to do with the chemistry of their relationship and the productivity of their friendship.

Robert Grenier, in his introduction to *Spade*, emphasizes the real greatness of their work is that they made time to do it:

It's a 'COLLABORATION' in the (ancient) sense of combining talents to get something done (PLANT THE FIELD) – in this case, the ('sculpted') 'record' of some part of what was said between them, in their Ongoing communication & Association (May it continue!) – we 'later' persons have it to read ! – as EXAMPLE TO US ALL !! – i.e., BEFORE I DIE, I will have spoken to/with someone I love & said everything I can think about/can say !

David and Jubal met between two and five p.m. on Tuesdays and on Saturdays, on a regular basis, for nearly four years. Sometimes they went to one of the local coffeehouses, most often to Coffee Catz, in the old Guerneville Railroad Station near the Sebastopol city limits, but more often they sat at the dining room table in the gray bungalow on High Street or in the garden, surrounded by a white picket fence, and had tea with milk for David and black for Jubal and palavered.

It came as a revelation to them that they had both been in Wheeler Auditorium the night Charles Olson read at the Berkeley Poetry Conference. David felt it was undignified of the great man to be so drunk, whereas Jubal was sympathetic with Olson's condition because he was aware of the strain the man was under. Both Jubal and David looked back on the 1965 conference as a significant event in their lives. David, eight years older than Jubal, with his book, *The Gathering* about to be published, read among the "New Poets" to a distinguished audience. Jubal was just getting his sea legs.

Jubal had recently arrived on the scene from San Luis Obispo. David had moved from Vancouver, B.C., to work on his doctorate at Cal. Jubal was a street poet. David was an assistant to Thom Gunn. Jubal was yet to go to Alaska, but once he had, he too would have memories of muskeg.

Bromige was born and raised in London, England, and he had memories of the Blitz of World War II. Jubal had a memory of the windows of his house in Berkeley being covered during air raid warnings, although no bombs ever fell. David had worked on a farm in Sweden, and Jubal had spent summers on farms in Iowa. David had milked twenty cows to Jubal's two. David had immigrated to Canada, and while he was there he had worked in a mental institution in Saskatchewan. After being

committed to a mental institution in California, Jubal had moved to Alaska and lived in the woods near Ketchikan. Both men had married three times, and whereas David's third wife was a keeper, Jubal, as an ordained Vajrayana monk, was now a confirmed bachelor. Both had a "history" with women. Jubal's involvements were more extensive.

Both dug the jazz of the '50s. They loved the Four B's: Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and The Beatles. They enjoyed the movies of Bergman, Kurosawa, and Fellini. They did, however, part company when it came to South Park. I expect this had to do with Bromige not being an American—English proprieties and all that. Too crude.

There were differences in their backgrounds. Political activities was one area. David, a Canadian citizen, could not vote. Had he been able to, he would have voted on the left, being of a liberal persuasion. As a student at Cal, he had not participated in any active way with the formation of what was to become the New Left. He complained to Jubal that he objected to the congestion, at noon, in Dwinelle Plaza caused by "those revolutionaries mouthing off on the planter boxes." Jubal, who had been a protégé of Cary McWilliams Jr. (whose father was editor of *The Nation* magazine) and who was also a founder of SLATE (a radical political organization on campus) was one of "those" who voiced his opposition to certain University policies, ranging from women's dorm hours to compulsory R.O.T.C. David's status required him to keep a low profile.

Religion was another area where they differed. They did not get into arguments; they just had different convictions. David said he never understood the import of the question "Why is there something rather than nothing?" He said he just accepted that there was something and not nothing. Jubal said, for him, it was not a matter of it being something or nothing, but "Why is there something that doesn't really exist?"

David said he had believed in God when he was a child, but that during one of the heavy bombing raids over London, he had told God that if he was saved from the bombs that seemed to be heading in his direction that he would be "other," meaning like someone else, and because he did not die, he kept his word and

became an atheist. Jubal laughed and said that God did not really get much out of the bargain.

Once, when the two poets were at a reading at Copperfield's Bookstore, in Santa Rosa, Pat Nolan said, "Look, Bromige has a Buddhist handler." Of course, David needed assistance after his heart attacks, and Jubal was a professional caregiver, and Pat in no way was being disrespectful. David told Pat, "I'm becoming a Buddhist by osmosis." Physically, David was weakened by his heart condition that had been precipitated by his struggle with diabetes, but mentally he was sharp and always ready with a witty rejoinder.

Jubal recorded many of David's witticisms during their afternoon get-togethers. David's diction was amazing, and *Spade* evolved from David's and Jubal's fertile banter. The poem is not a true transcription of their talk; rather, the talk was a jumping off point from which Jubal composed each canto. Some of David's manner reflected his English upbringing, but mainly he spoke in what the poet William Carlos Williams called the "American grain." The language could be highbrow one moment and reflect the gutter in the next.

When David and Jubal gave a reading of *Spade*, they would assign sections to each other, not always their own original words, but more to effect a dialogue. This mingling of their voices and their good-humored raillery kept audiences entertained. On some of the early versions of the book, their names are also mingled: David Dolan and Jubal Bromige. The characters were at time inseparable, in the poem and in real life.

The notice of David's death came to Jubal while he was in retreat. He sent his condolences and received Cecelia's reply. Here is an excerpt:

Yes, I think we all knew the day you left that David would not be here when & if you returned. Bill Vartnaw especially, Pat Nolan & James Garnahan stepped in, in terms of visiting guy friends—poets to wax with. But what you two had was truly amazing, the raps, the books, the circles of energy.

Perhaps, Jubal had a touch of clairvoyance. A few days before receiving David's obituary notice, he had thought about David and had written a prose poem.

THE OLD POET ADDRESSES THE ISSUE OF SOUL

The old poet doesn't believe in the soul, the psyche, or, as Jung would have it, the anima, although under duress, he might acknowledge the muse. Such a fuss is made, he feels he should have one, so he makes one from the rising steam of his tea and a few dabs of liquid paper. It resembles a lacy cloud and follows him as he does his chores. Or, rather, it follows his shadow, which has a more elevated status, being inseparable from his body. Now, the soul presses against the window pane. The poet lets it inside, although he is perturbed this soul can't do more for itself. Still, it's good to have a soul, he thinks, but the constant humming does get on his nerves.

Before he died, David wrote this as the epitaph on his tombstone:

LIFE IS BRIEF
IT SAYS HERE

FOOD

In the cabinet, below the counter where Jubal prepares and cooks food, there are shelves on which are stored some staples. Peanut butter, honey, molasses, soy sauce, salt, chocolate raisins, brewer's yeast, canned corn, dried apricots, jerky, various pastas, soups, crackers, a jar of green salsa, almonds, pancake mix, oatmeal, a box of Cheerios, a loaf of raisin bread, and a plastic tub of designer whey protein.

In a burlap bag there is basmati rice. In large paper bags there are black beans and mung beans. There is a large cotton bag of barley flour which Jubal uses to make offering sculptures, called *tormas*. In his ice chest, Jubal has a rotisserie chicken, a block of Colby cheese, some fresh vegetables, a carton of rice milk, mustard and mayonnaise, eggs, butter, ghee (used in making ornaments on the *tormas*), and yogurt. In a basket, hanging down from the ceiling, an avocado, a bunch of bananas, and two kiwis.

Oh, I overlooked the Oreos. Jubal loves cookies. Today, it is Oreos, but it might be soft molasses snack cookies or oatmeal-raisin cookies or chocolate chip or coconut

macaroons. Jubal had originally planned to keep his diet simple in retreat. He stocked up on rice and beans. However, Lama Prajna worried about his health, after she saw one of his food lists. She said that an onion, a bell pepper, a bag of cookies and Top Ramen was a poor excuse for a diet, and she convinced our yogi to eat more fresh foods along with supplements and to include meat. So, Jubal threw his yogi diet out the window and went back to eating like a farmhand.

FOOD POEMS

Give up your desire
For fancy teas—once
You have on your robes
That's all you need

A sudden thaw
Food going to rot
A good excuse to feast

Tsoknyi said,
“The advertisements
Are so good
We could eat plastic.”

What does Jubal cook? He does not claim any great talent in the culinary arts, but he has picked up a few tricks. Price Charlston, Jubal's professor friend, in Berkeley, was the first person to show him the basics: how to steam vegies, make a quick salad, and fry a piece of meat. Jubal learned from assisting his wives in the kitchen. He knows how to make an excellent spaghetti sauce, slow simmered from scratch, and to prepare seafood. Borsht he learned from Natasha's father. He, also, picked up baking skills from Angel when they were living in the Alaskan woods. They became proficient in using a Coleman stove and an oil drum heater. They would sleep with the sourdough starter, if the temperature in the cabin dropped below freezing.

Jubal has stepped in as a prep-cook at the Sticky Wicket, at the Better Day Café, for his son at Windy City, and at Yeshe Ling, when the food preparation was done under a tarp beneath the Mother Elm. As a treeplanter, Jubal's specialty is a can of Progresso Soup mixed with a package of Top Ramen, sans seasoning. This last is definitely low cuisine, but it is quick and filling when it is pouring down rain and you are camped on a clear cut, near dark, with an early call for bag-up.

When Jubal has time, he makes a wholesome soup with fresh vegetables and rice or pasta, to which he sometimes adds meat. His family ate a traditional mid-western farm diet: meat, potatoes, over-cooked vegetables for dinner (a meal served before supper), eggs and bacon or pancakes for breakfast, and so forth. Jubal married two women who had been raised on ethnic foods. Natasha was Russian, and Angel's mother was Swedish, so Jubal's eating habits were altered when he set up households with his wives. Added to this, the 1960s were a time of change about food and how it was cooked.

It was a major change in cooking for Jubal's mother to cut back on the cooking-time for vegetables, after she read Adelle Davis's book, *Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit*. The notion of "organically-grown" was not exactly beyond Blanche in concept, because this is how vegetables were grown when she was young, but it was beyond her reach, since she would never consider entering a health foods store. The one store in Santa Rosa, when she and Sean had moved there, in the '60s, had been raided and the owner arrested for selling marijuana. "Not only that," she said, "the produce does not look fresh, and the apples are wormy." The source for and demand for organically-grown produce was small in those days.

Then, *Laurel's Kitchen*, a cookbook about vegetarian cooking and nutrition, originally published by Ramagiri Ashram, near Petaluma, California, just down the road from Santa Rosa, became a best-seller, along with the *Tassajara Cookbook*; and these two books helped revolutionize the eating habits of the counter-culture, while *The Joy of Cooking* helped revolutionize the eating habits of the mainstream. Of course, any strides made to improve the health of Americans by the advocates for natural foods and a balanced diet were offset by the trend to eat fast foods in an expanding market of convenient oases designed to fill you up with carbs and

cholesterol.

Jubal loves a juicy burger. He also adds slices of cold butter to his peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. “It’s a textural thing,” he says. “And I want it on soft sandwich bread, so that the bread doesn’t overpower the makings of the sandwich. I like my hearty good-for-you breads with soup.” Jubal has two cookbooks on his shelf in Luminous Peak: *The All-New Fannie Farmer Boston Cooking School Cookbook* and *Ayurvedic Cooking for the Masses* by Ziggy Rainbow. Jubal likes this Ayurvedic cookbook because it contains some of Krystal Rose’s dishes, which she cooked for him when they were a couple, living in Wolf Creek. She was an advocate of “live foods.” There were never leftovers in her refrigerator. She was also into Agni Fire Yoga, and Jubal would collect cow manure for her that she mixed with ghee and burned in ceremonies performed at dawn and at sunset.

Tibetan Buddhists perform a feast ceremony, a *ganachakra*, on the tenth day after a new moon (Guru Rinpoche Day) and on the twenty-fifth day after a new moon (Dakini Day). This feast can be performed on any day, but these two days are especially auspicious. The food is considered sacred and is symbolic of the entire range of sense experience, things to be fully enjoyed rather than rejected. Through the ritual, the practitioner develops a sacred view: all that is seen is the form of the deity; all that is heard is the sound of mantra; all that is thought is realized to be empty. Thus, the world, being neither grasped nor rejected, is pure. On feast days, Jubal makes *tormas* from barley flour (or one-minute oatmeal) and decorates them with a mixture of wax and butter. Having different shapes and different uses, the *tormas* are primarily offerings.

I’ve been in retreat three weeks
And I’ve eaten all the snacks—
Machig shakes her head in dismay

FURNITURE

Eden invited Jubal to Karuna, her cabin, to do five days of fire pujas before they were to attend a White Dakini Retreat. Jubal dissolved his retreat boundaries and sent the Four Kings, his protectors, away. When he arrived at Karuna, Eden asked him, “What have you been up to besides practice?” Jubal told her he had been making furniture, and he told her about the night stand he had created from a plastic milk crate by inserting pieces of dowel through the slats and securing them with pins made from match sticks to support the shelves. There was the base from a broken end table that he had saved for an assemblage that he screwed and glued to an oddly shaped board that became a table, and with some cinder blocks and a piece of plywood he constructed an altar. All makeshift—but functional. Eden was impressed.

One of Jubal’s first jobs was at Soquel Cove Furniture Company, near Aptos. The company was a cottage industry run by Seventh Day Adventists on their compound, and they produced redwood lawn furniture. Extra help was needed, and Jubal was hired to run a drill press. He also drove a fork-lift and stacked pallets. Jubal liked driving the fork-lift because it got him outside the factory, and when he was driving around the yard, the Seventh Adventist girls, who were kept under close supervision, would peek out the windows of the building where they worked at making cushions for the furniture, and wave. The materials for one of Jubal’s first assemblages came from this worksite and consisted of scraps of wood left over from the manufacture of the furniture parts. He glued this artwork together in the front room of the family beach house, and it became of oneness with the rug.

Jubal was walking up Telegraph Avenue, in Berkeley, and a lady standing in the doorway of a furniture store, Ooh La La, asked him if he had a driver’s license and wanted a job. There was a van, and he and another man took furniture that needed to be delivered, some of it assembled and some not, to houses and apartments around town. The lady’s name was Miranda. After Jubal had worked for her a while, Miranda invited Jubal to come to her house for dinner. She prepared a fine meal which they ate by candlelight. They discussed literature, and Miranda mentioned Brother Antonius (William Everson) as one of her favorite poets. “If you

want to be a poet, you should study with Brother Antonius,” she said.

After dinner, Miranda piled the dishes in the sink and led Jubal to a divan. She put one of Beethoven’s late string quartets on the record player—romantic, but an odd choice—and she and Jubal began a crescendo of foreplay which, at the second movement, turned into a sudden diminuendo, leaving Jubal with a penis in a state of augmentation. Miranda said, “You should be with your wife.”

Jubal’s next job was also with a furniture company. He took a bus to El Cerrito and presented himself to the manager of Scandia Inc. Miranda had given Jubal a recommendation. This was one of the worst environments Jubal ever worked in and one of the most disagreeable bosses he ever had. Later, when Jubal had become a shopkeeper, he would come to understand the man’s plight. The store sold units of Scandinavian-style furniture that could be combined in various ways. The place was located in an urban plaza and was packed wall to wall and floor to ceiling. There were pieces of furniture tucked inside other pieces of furniture. In the back, there was a small office with a woman bookkeeper and a door that led to an alley. The florescent lights needed new ballasts and hummed. The light from the front windows was mostly obscured by the displays.

There was no air. No light. Jubal was set the task of scraping nicks out of the surfaces of furniture that was continually being nicked as it was shuffled around from place to place. Jubal was given an hour for lunch. The lunch counter next door did not look inviting. Jubal learned one thing from this job: “When you work for somebody who is uptight, doing something you don’t like, you can always take a hike.” Jubal took the bus instead, back to Berkeley.

GAMES

Two lines from poems by Jorge Luis Borges (translated by Alastair Reed):

Forty cards have taken the place of life.

from "Truco"

Like the game of love, this game goes on forever.

from "Chess"

The word "game" has a wide range of meanings. From the two lines of poetry quoted above, I can discern both the rudimentary meaning of an amusement in the form of playing cards or chess, according to a set of rules, as well as the metaphysical side of such pastimes. Games can become an overwhelming passion, especially when connected to gambling, for some people. A combination of skill and chance create an irresistible force. Jubal had a taste of this force, and he knows he could become possessed by it, if he let it become a habitual tendency and cause a karmic distortion.

As a child, he played card games and board games. Canasta was a favorite at the time he hurt his thumb on his cousins' farm, in Iowa. He would stick the cards in the metal flap along the edge of the card table because he could not hold the cards in his bandaged hand. Usually, the game is played with two decks of cards, but Jubal liked to expand the playing time by using four.

Rufus Cook, the man who taught Jubal the "facts of life," taught him how to play Stud Poker. Rufus, his wife Edna, and Jubal would play penny-ante games, or with matchsticks, in the basement apartment of the house on Robinson Drive, in Oakland, where they lived.

A poker game can turn ugly. Jubal quit playing poker for stakes after a fist fight. A dispute arose during a lunch hour card game in the print shop of Harper's Insurance Company, and Jubal and a co-worker, named Noel, went out on the loading dock and began throwing blows at one another. It was an undecided contest, because the fight was broken up when the boss approached, but Jubal realized how easily a simple game of cards could escalate into a possible act of murder.

Another gambling experience occurred in Reno, in 1963. Jubal and Ali drove there in Ali's Carmen Gia. Jubal had \$20 to play. The \$20 went to the casino quickly. He only had a few nickels left, which he dropped into a slot machine. He was rewarded

with a \$60 jackpot. Ali had not done badly at the blackjack table, so they decided to celebrate, but first Jubal wanted to try his luck at roulette.

The wheel spins. The player places his or her chips on a number in a square, either red or black. A ball is set in motion on the revolving disk and finally comes to rest in a small compartment. One can also bet along the border of the table that is alternately red or black. Jubal had luck, and he left the roulette table with \$300.

After lunch, he returned to this wheel of fortune to try his luck again. He had a simple plan. If he lost a round, he would double his bet on the next spin in order to recoup his money. He played with 25¢ chips, again along the edge. I suppose, if one had infinite resources and could remain calm amid all the distractions—the lights, the drama, the attractive people in their attire—a player could win against the odds, which favor the house. And the player would also have to have the discipline to cash in his chips while he was ahead. A lot of ifs.

Jubal put down one chip, then two, then four, then eight, and he continued in this fashion for ten spins of the roulette wheel. $25¢ + 50¢ + \$1 + \$2 + \$4 + \$8 + \$16 + \$32 + \$64 + \$128 = \$255.75$, which after the money spent on lunch left Jubal with the \$20 he had entered the casino with. He did not wait to see if the eleventh spin would have been in his favor.

The final gambling experience was in Alaska. David MacIntyre was a friend of Jubal's in the Berkeley days. Dave dressed in faded blue jeans and blue work shirts like many of the radical politicians on the Left, but Jeff was from a Republican family and remained a conservative. He was a philosophy major, and Jubal met him at a table with Price Charlston in a wine bar called Steppenwolf. Dave liked to gamble and played poker in the Oakland card rooms. He also liked to bet on games of pool and billiards.

Jubal was a fair pool player. He had a small pool table when he was living at home. It was in his playroom, where he kept his chemistry set, his ham radio, his carpentry bench, his electric train sets, and, much to his father's displeasure, his collection of risqué pin-ups. It was here he played a game of strip poker with a neighbor girl, Carol Fields. Jubal will not admit he stacked the deck. His only comment is that

Carol was “stacked.”

But back to pool with David MacIntyre...

Jubal was having difficulties with his love life in Berkeley, and he was also aware his pot dealing had come to the attention of the authorities. He was anxious to find new surroundings. Dave and Jubal were having coffee in the Med, and Jeff said that he was going to Alaska. His uncle was a state senator there and had arranged for him to work on a boat. Why not meet him in Ketchikan? Maybe there would be a job for Jubal, too. Sounded like a plan.

This was in 1965. The Berkeley Poetry Conference had just concluded. The Berkeley Barb was up and running. Jubal had worked on the lead article on the first edition and had poems illustrated by Wesley Tanner in the sixth edition. It was here that Max Scherr, the publisher of the paper, had called Jubal “The Poet of the Barb.” Jubal had sold the paper on the street and dealt a little weed on the side, but after the party he threw for Allen Ginsberg at Natasha’s apartment on Derby Street, the last of his stash was gone. He had just enough cash left for a grub stake. He kissed his two remaining girls goodbye and headed for Alaska.

Ketchikan, (a Clinkit word meaning “spread of the eagle’s wings”) is a long, narrow island at the southeastern tip of the Alaskan Panhandle. Jubal’s flight landed on an airstrip on Matanuska Island, and he ferried to the City of Ketchikan, on the Alvin. In Ketchikan, he checked into the New York Hotel, not the fanciest place but suitable for his needs, a worker’s humble abode with a café. Jubal met Dave and his younger brother, Frank, the next day. They explored the town together, most of which was along Tongass Avenue, which followed the waterfront, and they scoped out the Sourdough Bar, a haven for loggers and pulp mill workers. The Frontier Bar catered more to the fishermen and cold storage workers. Both establishments had pool tables and card games.

Dave was the better pool player, but he would let Jubal beat him badly, and when it came his turn to play whoever had beaten Jubal, the bet would be raised. Dave never lost to a new opponent. This gambit could not be repeated too often. Ketchikan is the fourth largest town, after Anchorage, Juneau, and Fairbanks, but it

is still a small town. The clientele of the bars are transients, but there are regulars who could recognize a couple of hustlers.

The State Employment Office could not supply Jubal with work, and the one boat that might take him on was not there the next morning. Jubal, low on cash, took to beating Frank at pool for a few bucks. This made Dave mad, and he won back everything from Jubal. Jubal wanted to stay in Alaska, so he phoned his parents, and they wired him money enough to fly, first to Juneau where he and Dave parted company, and then to Anchorage. Jubal discovered that the further north you go in Alaska, the further back into winter you go, and the prospects for finding work diminish. Back he flew to Ketchikan.

As luck, or the ripening of karma, would have it, Jubal encountered Angel with whom he fell in love. He pursued her with passion and wrote poems that penetrated her defenses. Then, to his surprise, the Employment Office informed him of a job at a lumber camp. This vexed Jubal the lover, pleased Jubal the worker, and made Jubal the thinker realize that the nature of existence was disjointed and that the gods were playing games with him.

GARDENING

Everything is seed.

—Novalis

And now, to Robinson Drive in the Oakland hills. Located in a gully, what the house lacked in a view was made up for in land. The split-level house, the two-car garage, the barn with two stalls and hay storage, corrals, barbecue house, green house, and

horse pasture covered more than an acre. Between the corrals and the main house there were fruit trees and berry bushes. Between the barn and the barbecue house there was a stretch of lawn large enough to play croquet, badminton, or a scrimmage of touch football.

The highlight of the area was a rose garden, behind the main house and bordered on two sides by pastures. It contained two hundred rose bushes of different kinds and was designed with foot paths of crushed gravel. At the entrance there was an arbor covered with grapes, and along the fence and along one side of the house there were rose trees. All of this was expertly maintained by a Japanese gardener.

With always one, and sometimes two, horses stabled, there was plenty of manure to fertilize the rose garden and the occasional vegetable garden that was planted near the fruit trees. Three or four times each year the gardener and his two sons would move the manure pile with their pickup truck to a location where it would be spread out to cure, and then it would reappear in sacks to be spread on the flower beds.

One year, when Jubal's grandparents on his mother's side of the family stayed with them, a large vegetable garden materialized. When they returned to Illinois and were not there in the spring, Jubal planted a smaller garden. He learned how to cultivate the soil and how to plant different seeds, how to build potato mounds, string up peas and green beans, vary the planting time for radishes and lettuce, and to start some seedlings in the greenhouse. He put holes in large coffee cans and buried them by his tomato plants as a way to supply the plants with water.

These were not organic gardens as we would designate them today. This was before Rachael Carson published *Silent Spring*, which brought attention to the damage done to the environment by the wide-spread use of pesticides. In Jubal's neighborhood, the children would play in the clouds of DDT sprayed from the back of city trucks to eradicate the dreaded mosquito. Other pesticides and herbicides were used in the garden as a matter of course and without much thought as to the danger.

The word "natural" just meant formed by nature, as in a natural bridge of rock, and

was yet to be used to designate foods that were free of preservatives and synthetic ingredients. "Organic" denoted chemical compounds derived from living organisms, a scientific term, only applied to food from the aspect of qualitative analysis, not to label how it was grown.

Health foods have a long history. Whole grain cereals were packaged in the 19th century by the Kellogg Brothers and by C.W. Post. Their names are still associated with breakfast foods. Will and John Kellogg split up after Will insisted that it was necessary to add sugar to their flakes to stay competitive. With wider distribution of packaged foods and innovations in canned goods, the addition of preservatives was deemed necessary to help extend the shelf-life of these products, again without much consideration to the detrimental effect these chemicals might have in the long run. Quick and convenient was the idea.

William Blake, alive today, would demand: "Give us the Bread that is our due & Right, by taking away Money, or a Price, a Poison within, or a Tax upon what is common to All." Jubal agrees with this sentiment. He also believes there is an inscription on an ancient Egyptian statue that reads: "Sweetheart, let me show you my loaves." I do not think the ancient Egyptians had light bread, and whatever hieroglyph is being translated as "loaves" means something quite different.

Organic gardening and farming became more popular during the "back to the land movement" of the late 1960s and early '70s, until today there are organic food chain stores and selections of organically grown produce, meat and dairy in most supermarkets. Jubal and Angel "lived off the land" to the extent that it is possible in Alaska, from the winter of 1969 through the spring of 1970. It is hard to grow vegetables in a rain forest. They grew a fine crop of rhubarb, but mostly they gathered berries, fern fronds, and a leafy plant called sour grass. Deer and fish and clams and crab were plentiful, and they ate of the bounty of land and sea. Canned vegetables were bought in town, although friends who visited them in the wilderness would bring fresh vegetables. Powdered eggs and milk were used to bake breads and rolls and cakes. There was a sourdough starter they kept in a crock, taking it to bed with them when it was below freezing. Some mornings, there was ice on the inside walls of the cabin.

In Fairbanks, they lived on the University of Alaska campus, and since they were both busy with work and school, they found it convenient to buy meal tickets and eat in the school cafeteria. Many students complained about the food. There were food fights. Jubal, Angel, and Alvin ate their fill and appreciated every mouthful.

In Preston, Washington, they lived in a small house made from unplanned, milled lumber stood on end and covered with tongue and groove siding. Preston, located east of Seattle before the freeway crosses Snoqualami Pass, still had a small mill in operation. The house Jubal and Angel lived in had been a millworker's house, and on the front lawn, Jubal built boxes out of scraps of cedar and created an herb garden, after reading *Mrs. Grieve's Herbal*. Before this garden had a chance to mature, the family packed up and moved to Robber's Roost to a cattle ranch.

On this ranch, fifteen miles east of Robber's Roost, in an area known as Badger Pocket, Jubal irrigated grass fields to feed 300 head of cows with their calves, during the summer months. Early spring, the herd ranged out in the sagebrush, and in the fall they were trucked to another ranch near Moses Lake, the young steers ready for market and the heifers being readied for breeding. Besides "pushing" water that was parceled to each ranch from ditches that delivered water from dammed lakes in the mountains, Jubal looked after four horses, rode the fence lines to keep them fit, and raised both rabbits and pigs.

He planted a few rows of corn, some tomatoes, some potatoes, and a little lettuce, but he found gardening was too time consuming after Angel took a job in a law office in town. It was enough work just keeping the large lawns mowed and the flowerbeds watered. Weeding the garden became a low priority, and he could see what a bargain store bought vegetables are compared to the time and energy that goes into a vegetable garden at home. He decided to stick with flowers, those wordless messengers of spirit. As Edward Dahlberg said, "Nothing can deprive us of the mirth of flowers."

When he worked at Sunnyview Convalescent Home, Jubal maintained a big garden, but it was mostly for the satisfaction the old folks took in seeing it grow, since the cook found it difficult to incorporate "unscheduled produce" into her planned

meals. Jubal did not argue with her—no point to arguing with a cook—but he continued working in the garden, so that he could be outside during some of his work hours.

At his parents' home in Santa Rosa, on Oak Street, near the Santa Rosa Country Club—a neighborhood Jubal says is “very law'n order”—he stuck to caring for the existing landscape, flower beds, hedges, and grass to be watered, trimmed, and mowed. He planted a few tomato plants along the warm side of the house and worked turkey mulch into the soil. He liked to make his mother a salad with a fresh tomato from her yard. Now, in Luminous Peak, he does a bit of landscaping with the local rock. He puts a ring of rocks around various wild plants to make them seem more domestic. A Dzog Chen garden.

Jubal's online postings comprise a virtual garden. At the Physik Garden, Jubal has posted two monographs dealing with occult subjects: “From Lascalux to Dendera: A Study in Archeoastronomy and Art” and “The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche as a Calendar of the Moon.” These works reappear in a facsimile of the website in print, in *Garden Plots*, the third volume of the epic poem Jubal wrote with David Bromige, *The 100 Cantos*. Being dialogues between a Buddhist monk and a terminal atheist in the Sufi Fourth Heaven of the Innermost Heart, their poem reveals a blossoming of their friendship. It is happening at a level of reality where the Devil can still enter, but his attempts to divert these poets away from their sacred task proves futile. Jubal's writings comprise a virtual garden.

Hear
Here

Is a bird
In the window

Is a bee
A flower

A garden

In the
Mind

GOD

Jubal thanks God for all His blessings and for the many, many instructive lessons that he has received. Jubal is grateful for this life, even if, as St. Augustine put it, we are born amid piss and shit. Jubal was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the better to feed off the offal.

Jubal had kind, steadfast parents, loyal friends, intelligent and beautiful wives, genius children, and enlightened teachers. He has felt Christ with him in his darkest hours helping to restore his soul (*Psalm 21*). Goodness and mercy have always followed him (*Psalm 25*). He believes the sins of his youth have been forgiven. Praise be!

How does Jubal reconcile his Judeo-Christian faith with that of Buddhism? Jubal claims that it is easier to be a Buddhist and a Christian than it is to be a Christian and a Buddhist. The First Commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," is not a problem for a Buddhist since they do not believe in a creator god. Gotama and other buddhas are men and women who are given respect because they have attained the state of enlightenment, the true understanding of the nature of mind, comprised of luminous cognitive emptiness.

Buddha-mind is said to be, by those who have attained this realization, to be beyond description, but the path to enlightenment can be communicated. The Buddhist approach to the meaning of Life is understood within a psychological context, and the metaphysical approach of Christians, with the emphasis on proving God's existence independent of humans, is abandoned. The ontological solution is: nothing really exists in and of itself. Even Heidegger's inquiry into "Being" would be considered an etymological tempest in a teapot.

Raised in the Christian faith, Jubal attended, first, a Methodist church and, then, Presbyterian churches. He was uncomfortable in church. The light coming through the stained glass windows was beautiful, but the wooden pews in the Methodist church were as hard to sit on as the sermon was hard to listen to. The pews in the Presbyterian churches were padded. This was a comfort, but the liturgy still seemed interminable. “That man, nailed to a cross, hanging on the wall, he must be in agony,” thought Jubal. “Is this what it’s all about—torture? I would prefer to sleep in on Sunday morning.” He eventually got his way.

Attending church for Jubal’s parents was, for the most part, a social obligation, something they felt the family was expected to do. Their true belief system was the Masonic institutions: The Order of Free and Accepted Masons, for men, and The Order of Eastern Star, for women. For young men, there is The Order of DeMolay, and for young women, Job’s Daughters. Both Jubal and his sister, JoAnne, were initiated, but it did not take for Jubal—too stuffy. And formal attire was required, and he did not find the girls he was asked to escort to dances attractive. (Dance couples were paired by a drawing of names sent from one lodge to another.)

After a surprise baptism in the basement of the Hillside Presbyterian Church, in Oakland, Jubal began to seriously question the whole rigmarole of religion. It is true that Freemasons do not consider their brotherhood to be a religion, more a system of morality taught through signs and symbols, but they do recognize a Supreme Being, who is the “Great Architect of the Universe.” Upon acquiring a copy of Bertrand Russell’s *Why I’m Not a Christian* in a Sausalito bookstore, Jubal decided Skepticism was the most sensible course for him to follow.

The doctrine of skepticism, that nothing can be proved absolutely, served Jubal well when he entered the University of California Berkeley and began a serious study of literature and the sciences. Kept his mind open. And when he began to delve into philosophy, Jubal could suspend judgment and accept the views of diverse thinkers. In both chemistry and physics, the empirical method is the Holy Grail of research, combining as it does the use of experience, reason, and experimental data. In literature, all the old gods appear and are carried forward into the present through literary allusions. It seems to Jubal that just as science proceeds to dispel the realm

of mystery, poetry and fiction renew the fountainhead.

Jubal was not able to maintain a pure skepticism. He mingled the philosophies of the ancients with the moderns and combined mythologies into an egotistical form of Hedonism highly spiced with mushy mysticism. After his legendary peyote trip, Poetry became his path, his pride, and his pitfall. The classes Jubal took from Walter Benesch at the University of Alaska in Eastern and Western Philosophy and from Robert Allen in English and Canadian Literature helped him firm the mysticism into a metaphysical foundation for his poems that synthesize visionary consciousness with a social conscience.

STRIVING WITH SYSTEMS
TO FREE OURSELVES f/SYSTEMS
As Blake saw

I find a place where rent is low
Gardens grow, pace is slow
Mushrooms blow

Whitehole/blackhole continuum
Rivers evaporate on Mars
40000 BCE at 8 'til Eulenspiegel
While a child discovers its feet
A legislature extends its session

Into a series of telemetric sequences
Another unconscious police action
Uniting conditionally imagined
Noun phrase verb phrase strings
La Illa Ha Il Allah Hu

Either/or & both

GURU KHAN
HUM PHAT

KRAZIGNATZKAT
PUPPIGDUNGFUNGI
X-RAY CHRISTALGRAPH
Pendulum harmonographic
Alpha-particular
articulation that
I am an elliptical metaphor 4
Misononeismhystic
Presbyterianism

Böhme's exegesis of Genesis
Buddhist Logic of Exists
Differential equations

5'2 (eyes blue) 35-19-33
5'9 (legs sublime) 36-24-35
6'3 (relativity) 42-30-44

This shotgun blast of imagery is from "intergallactic69pornoputer," a poem in Jubal's book, *Islam Bomb* (D Press, 1998). It dates to 1972, when Jubal lived in Preston and was recovering from two intensive years of studying a vast array of subjects. The poem traverses outer space and inner dimensions, hops from the funny papers to the holy scriptures, taps meta-language and mantra, hints at a government of cruelty and a garden of earthly delights. But what exactly is "misononeismhystic Presbyterianism"?

Misononeismhystic is a made-up word. "Mis-" is a prefix that means mistaken, wrong, or simply acts to negate, as in "misprint"; "miso-" is a word element referring to hate: "misononeism" means the hatred or dislike of that which is new, and "misonomer" is a misapplied name. "Mystic" has a variety of meanings, ranging from pertaining to something spiritually significant to something obscure or mysterious. I would guess that here it refers to someone who has attained insight into transcendental knowledge, a protestant mystic of some sort, one who has

reached beyond systems of correspondence. As for the connection with “Presbyterianism,” remember, Jubal was a baptized Presbyterian. Once a Presbyterian, always a Presbyterian.

So, does “misononeismystic” mean anything? Probably not, in any literal sense. I think Jubal liked the sound, a kind of linguistic onomatopoeia of philosophical babble. He needed rest from the rigors of argument. He let sounds arise without reference and return to where they came from into sound-emptiness-Buddha speech.

In astrological terms, the planet Neptune links the individual soul to the Godhead. Between 1957 and 1971, Neptune was in the sign of Scorpio, the first house in Jubal’s natal chart. Neptune, according to Lucy Pond (*The Metaphysical Handbook*, Reflecting Pond Pubs., Robber’s Roost, 1984), is “the planet of illusion/delusion, fantasy, drugs, escapism, spirituality, and supreme faith.” Jubal came of age in the vortex of a time when social values were in upheaval, the Vietnam Era, and he partook of mind-expanding drugs, practiced free-love, protested against war, torture and tyranny, and sought spiritual meaning to his life.

At the Berkeley Poetry Conference, in 1965, when he told Gary Snyder that he was going to Alaska to make money to start a bookstore in Berkeley, Gary told him he should start his bookstore in the hinterlands, someplace that could benefit from Jubal’s experiences. Robber’s Roost, Washington, in the geographical heart of the state, is where Jubal set up shop.

Jubal and Angel founded Windy City Books 1978 with the help of Tim Roberts. The New Age Movement was starting to percolate. What for a while had been a small section of books in the store became the mainstay, during the 1980s Books that were once considered esoteric now gained a popularity unheard of in the past. Works by members of the Order of the Golden Dawn, the theosophy of Madame Blavatsky (1831-91), and occult treatises of ancient philosophers were dusted off and reprinted in new editions. Contemporary works on astrology, tarot, crystal healing, alchemy, numerology, and psychic channeling appeared. The divinatory arts were in ascendancy. Mysticism, east and west, was now designated

“metaphysics,” a term which had long been reserved for a branch of philosophy dealing with first principles, like the structure of the universe and the nature of being. Now, the meaning was stretched to include poltergeists and Babylonian musical modes. Jubal was not going to argue. The sale of these books paid the rent.

Chester Keller, the Chairman of the Philosophy Department at Central University (previously Central Normal), became one of Jubal’s best customers and a good friend. Chester made it possible for David Pond to get his master’s degree in Experimental Metaphysics. It was an inter-disciplinary degree with the Psychology Department, and Roger Fouts, the well-known primatologist, was on the committee. Roger had an interest in eastern philosophies and the mystical arts. Jubal had many animated conversations with both Chester and Roger, as well as David, whose main interest was astrology and who went on to a successful career in this field. (www.davidpondastrologer.com)

David and his sister, Lucy, had a large manuscript on metaphysical techniques, a handbook on how to apply the disciplines of astrology, tarot, I Ching, numerology, and palmistry to your questions about life without you needing prior experience in these branches of divination. *The Metaphysical Handbook* is a step-by-step book. Jubal edited the manuscript from over 400 pages to 180 pages and readied it for publication with fine illustrations by Jim Sorensen. In exchange for his valuable contribution, David gave Jubal a Texas Instruments contraption that printed out the exact degree and minute on the house cusps for the construction of astrological natal charts and spent considerable time showing Jubal how to interpret these charts. Jubal hung out a sign and made astrology and tarot readings a sideline to his business as a bookseller. Even after personal computers were being used to make charts, Jubal continued drawing his by hand. When asked why, he would reply, “A compass and a square alone were sufficient for God to create the World, and they’ll do for me to make this chart for you.”

Ed Sullivan, another Windy City patron, overhearing Jubal in conversation with someone touch upon the involvement of the Masons in the revolutionary politics of the 18th century, asked if he would like a petition to join the local lodge. Jubal

considered this and decided it would be a wise move on three counts. First, he was curious about the “secret knowledge” rumored to be held by the Masons; second, he felt it would be beneficial to him as a businessman to be connected socially with others in his community through a fraternal organization; and third, and most important, Jubal knew it would please his father and heal, or go some ways towards healing, the rift in their relationship. Jubal petitioned the Robber’s Roost Lodge of Free & Accepted Masons and was granted the right to enter as an “apprentice.”

After his initiation as an Entered Apprentice, he took the Second Degree of a Fellowcraft Mason, and finally the Third Degree of a Master Mason, all this occurring in 1985 and 1986. For a period, Jubal attended meetings, participated in the work of the Lodge, and studied the lore. Then, he was asked to be an officer, and he took the Chair of the Junior Warden and, in the following year, the Chair of the Senior Warden. In 1990, Jubal Dolan was elected Worshipful Master of his Lodge of Freemasonry. The Lodge was full on the day of his installation, friends and family members and his brethren and their families, all wishing him success. A telegram came from his father that congratulated him on his accomplishment and told how it was a proud moment for his son to be so honored. Jubal was jubilant.

Not being myself a Mason, I am ignorant of the secret rituals that are performed and of the esoteric knowledge that is imparted. Jubal informs me that there are severe penalties imposed on those that divulge what has been entrusted to them. What I have learned comes from Geddes MacGregor’s *Dictionary of Religion and Philosophy*. I quote:

Generally speaking, in the English-speaking world freemasonry usually conserves a distinctly religious character, although reflecting both the Deism fashionable in the 18th c. and an esoteric tradition that tends to look upon all religions with favor yet as mere outward expressions of a common inward truth that is conserved in the “craft” of masonry.

A distinction needs to be made between “Speculative Masonry” and “Operative Masonry.” The system of morality that is taught in Free Masonry derives its signs

and symbols from the craft guilds of the stone masons of the Middle Ages. Certain signs, gestures and handshakes were kept secret so that members could recognize one another. Later, when the craft lodges began to decline, the lodges accepted members who had a purely historical interest in architecture and who introduced speculative ideas into the mix. The connection with the building of King Solomon's Temple derives from this phase in the evolution of Masonic tradition.

Various expressions in everyday usage, such as "on the level," a "square deal," and "a stand-up guy" may have their source in Masonic lore, being connected to the tools of the trade: the square, the level, and the plumb, although "a stand-up guy" is a phrase more associated with the Mafia. I have heard that a clandestine lodge of Masons did organize, but were prevented from carrying out, an overthrow of the Italian government in the 1970s.

With Jubal being a Worshipful Master of a Masonic Lodge and a practicing astrologer and tarot reader, he began to have the reputation of being something of a Magus. Jubal developed a script based on a William Butler Yeats story about Red Hanarhan. The video, *Red Hanarhan*, was aired on Robber's Roost Community Television, starring Bruce McNaughty as Red, Beryl Reeves as the Fairy Princess, and Jubal as The Magus. It was cleverly staged and directed by Dan Herron using a vast array of old-time special effects and shot on locations in and around Robber's Roost—The Last Chance Saloon, the ballroom above the Palace Café, and the abandoned train tunnel along Canyon Road on the way to Yakima. Kim Secunda played the part of Power; Carolyn Zick was Knowledge; and Jimmy Eisenberg, wearing black engineer boots and a diaphanous gown, was Pleasure. All the magic of this pagan folktale was captured.

Jubal's reputation spread further. His talents were also appreciated by a small coven of witches. One of these ladies, whose husband was the pastor of a local church and who will go unnamed, invited Jubal to rendezvous with her at midnight, and she led him to the altar where they blessed each other on hallowed ground in mystic union. As the altar was narrow, they entered intercourse with the Divine on the floor behind the pulpit.

It seems at times that Jubal is on the road to perdition. Certainly, some thought so. Take Laurel. She was a young college co-ed, studying to be a grade school teacher, very beautiful, a fundamentalist Christian with a bubbly personality, a naïf. Jubal was her “project.” His name had probably come up in her youth group as someone who needed to be saved. Jubal has a sixth sense about such things. Windy City Bookstore was thought by some to be a den of wickedness.

So, Laurel ventured to cross the threshold of this devil’s den and to beard this “rascal,” as she like to call him. They went for walks. They walked and walked and talked and talked. They drank cherry cokes at the Highway Grill. He took her to the movies to see *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, starring Max von Sydow. Jubal likes biblical movies, has since he was a child. *The Robe*, *Ben Hur* (both the silent version and the remake), *The Chalice*, *The Ten Commandments*—maybe just sentimental eye candy to some critics, but Jubal likes the reverent tone. Even controversial films, like Scorsese’s *The Last Temptation of Christ* and Mel Gibson’s *The Passion*, Jubal gives “two thumbs up.”

Laurel could tell that Jubal loved Jesus, but that he was not going to be “reborn” in her version of the Gospels. She had run out of arguments, and Jubal had not budged at all. Jubal could tell that Laurel was feeling defeated; he could also tell that she was falling in love with him; and this posed a problem. Jubal was not trying to undo her faith or convert her to his path. He made himself unavailable to her, and she soon got the News.

Perhaps, there is a slight odor of sulfur around the youthful Jubal. He may have been baptized by the Devil. What say you, Jubal?

JUBAL: I am a man of love and I hope a brave man. If I have a fault, it is Pride, which is the fault of most poets. I am a Prince of Secrets and not a Prince of Darkness, I hasten to add. As a young man, I followed my desires. I could have curbed them; I chose not to. My desires at present are of a different order, yet I am learning to let them self-liberate. It is a difficult path but not futile.

Jubal’s path is sometimes more than difficult; it is dangerous. At a birthday party of a friend in Robber’s Roost, he was drinking wine in the kitchen, when Krystal

entered from the backdoor and walked into the living room. Billy Banshee made the remark, "There goes a slut!" Jubal slugged him. Billy recovered, and then they went into a clutch and fell to the floor where they wrestled until pulled apart by their companions.

Billy and Jubal left the party and went their separate ways. Jimmy Eisenberg, who had helped disentangle the combatants, followed Jubal home to his "hobo" house. Jubal, very drunk, fell asleep as he hit the bed. The room was very dark, but Jubal awoke as though a bright light had been turned on. Something had tapped him on the side of the head, and his response was to raise his arm and grab the ax handle that Billy was wielding to stave in Jubal's skull. The first swing had hit the headboard of the bed and only grazed him. The one that Jubal caught in his hand was a killer. Jimmy, hearing the commotion, came to Jubal's assistance and carried Billy in a bear hug out of the room and out of the house. Jubal fell back into a comatose sleep until the morning's first light. Then, he dressed, picked up the ax handle, which had split, and went in search of Billy Banshee.

The only person moving about the streets in the neighborhood, besides Jubal, was Billy. Jubal spied him a block away, crossing the entrance to an alley. Jubal ran ahead and sped down the alleyway in the next block in order to hide behind a fence in ambush and where he would have a good shot at Billy. When Billy passed by, Jubal touched him on the shoulder with his weapon. Billy was startled, but Jubal said, "We can go on like this, me sneaking up on you or you sneaking up on me, like two dark forces, through eternity. Why not halt this now and bury the proverbial ax or, in this instance, the ax handle?" To this day, Jubal gets a Christmas card from Billy with one of his paintings on the front and an inscription inside that says, "Much obliged."

Actually, Jubal kept the ax handle, and he worked it into one of his assemblages. Jimmy recognized the ax handle where it hung in a gallery, and he said to Jubal in a whisper, "You are crazy!" Jubal replied, "Perhaps, but it is a divine madness."

Another interest of Jubal's is the Kabbalah. I know a little about it, too. The Divine Tetragram, which is a magical word, is formed by the union of the Emanated Phallus,

Adam, the Yōd, and the 3-part name of Eve, which then forms the name of Jehova, the English equivalent of YAHWEH, a name not to be spoken aloud. (See *The Great Work of Undo* by Rabbi Fisk-chak Ben Ezra, All Bright Publications, Cairo, 1947.) If the names in the Tetragram are reversed and divided, when we read in verse 27 of the first chapter of *Genesis* how God in his own image “male and female created them,” then God is a Hermaphrodite, IT or THEY. I discussed this concept with Jubal, and he told me to stop, that I was in way over my head. To continue, he said, was to perpetuate the fallacy of projecting human characteristics on the generative principal and to further confound the issue with sexual valences, the male primacy of which is questionable.

After twenty years studying Hermetic Philosophy, Jubal concluded the Science of God was mainly a vast system of correspondences—a word is a number is a color is a tone is a mineral is a planet is a god—and that a divinatory epistemology distorts knowledge. If existence is based on interdependent relationships, fine and good; let us get on with living. The Buddha claims that if you train your mind and achieve enlightenment, everything else falls into place. It was time to learn to meditate.

HIKING

Moving along. On long hikes near the seashore or in the mountains, Jubal always feels close to God or, more likely, Mother Nature. The ever-returning surf, the majestic vistas, the bountiful earth—Jubal has inherited a good deal of the sentiments of the Romantic Poets and the Transcendentalist Philosophers.

Wait! Something just struck me about the Tetragram like a bolt of lightning. “Y” is symbolic of the union of 1 with 2 equals 3.

RICHARD: Jubal, is the mysterious Yōd the source for the y in Dylan?

JUBAL: Listen to me, Richard, let it rest. I didn’t encounter the Tetragram until I took a course in Canadian literature at the University of Alaska and read Leonard Cohen’s novel, *Beautiful Losers*. Now, I want you to meditate on your own Yōd, while I tell

the story from where you left off.

I met Eve at Windy City Books when the local Sufi group was hosting Dances of Universal Peace, which are sacred dances from a variety of cultures. Eve's middle name must be Lilith, for she led me a devilish dance. And fireworks. We went to the Fourth of July fireworks in Roslyn, a small town north of Robber's Roost—a town that was the setting for the T.V. series, *Northwest Exposure*, a town that spent its entire city budget on a once-a-year fireworks display. Oh, it was glorious to be holding a girl in your arms, laying on the grass, with a pyrotechnic extravaganza above your heads, and great chunks of smoldering debris raining down.

Eve and I fizzled. She was a heavy drinker, and I was staying sober. I had quite literally seen the light after my encounter with Billy Banshee. In fact, I had been reading a biography of A-Yu Khadro, who had developed clear light vision while in dark retreat and felt my experience of “seeing” the ax handle falling in a dark room might be related.

Eve and I had a date, but when I arrived at her apartment, she wasn't there. I waited and when she didn't return, I meandered to the downtown area with the bars. I saw her leaving the Corner Stone on the arm of a tall cowboy. I caught up with them and asked why she had stood me up, and she shrugged and told me to take a hike. That's what I did. I hiked across town to my new house on Capitol.

I checked my suitcase which was packed in readiness of my departure to Oakland to attend a week-long Dzog Chen retreat with Lama Zangpo. Then, I hiked back across town—I don't know—to give Eve a piece of my mind. I was angry.

As I came around a corner and was walking towards Frenchie's Bar, I saw two men standing beneath a streetlamp on Sundance Street, which is the highway and the busiest street in Robber's Roost. They were watching what was clearly a sex act performed by a tall man, who was entering a woman bent over with her hands on the slated sides of a cattle truck.

I knew it was Eve. Her skirt was hiked up, and the cowboy was working away. Her head was hanging down, and I could look up into her sad eyes to ask her what she thought she was doing. Dumb question. She stared at me, but I don't think she

knew who I was—she was very drunk—and she moored.

I went around to the back of the truck and climbed up on the bed and took a swing at the cowboy, but my arm had no strength in it. He caught my fist in his hand and said, “I don’t think you want to do that.” I climbed back down and left them to their fucking.

A little after sunrise the next day, I got a phone call from Eve. She asked me to pick her up at the Crossroads, a restaurant near the edge of town. I found her standing by an outdoor phone booth, along the side of the highway. Her dress was ripped and smeared with something dark, mud most likely. She said she awoke in a field and hiked along Canyon Road. She only had one sandal.

I drove her to her place and ran a bath for her. She was covered with bruises. I didn’t say anything about what I had seen. She said she had no recollection of what had transpired after she got to Frenchie’s I knew she could drink herself into oblivion. I knew also, from our lovemaking, that she could become insatiable after she reached a certain level of intoxication. “More. More. I want more,” she would plead. This time, she got more than she bargained for.

I think if I hadn’t gone to that retreat the next day, I would have gone crazy. The silence helped. It was the first time I had been quiet for so long. The practice of Ngöndro enabled me to develop an acquaintance with meditation. The hundred syllable mantra of Vajrasattva let me begin the process of purification. Lama Zangpo’s presence itself was a revelation. His humor, his knowledge, his ability to transmit complicated ideas clearly combined to help me understand what it means to have faith in and devotion for a guru. Do you have anything you want to add to this chapter, Richard?

RICHARD: I think it is best to let this chapter be complete. It is not quite what I had in mind for “hiking,” but it will more than do. As the Sufi says, “It is a trek up Mount Analogue.” Thank you.

HOBBIES

I heard Machig chuckle and say, "Before Jubal was a monk, his main hobby was chasing women, and now his main enjoyment is reminiscing about his conquests." This seems to me to be unfair to Jubal and his lovers. It implies he approached romance as a sport or to add to a collection, women as butterflies or as a track and field event. Jubal loves women and finds beauty in their ways. Objects of desire instinctually sought, yes; but beyond biology, teachers who have inspired. Jubal's true hobby has always been the pursuit of wisdom.

Along the way, there were collections. Jubal once collected miniatures. Little figurines, glass, porcelain, wood, metal, plastic. Animals, mothers with their young, skunks, deer, horses. Little men, soldiers, cowboys and Indians. Some were used in games; some were staged in tableaux with his toy trains; some just reposed in a display case. Jubal's mom had a housekeeper. Blanche would say, "Beulah, I want you to clean the apartment downstairs, but don't spend all day dusting those miniatures."

There were packets of bubblegum that came with a card. Most of the cards were of sports heroes, a picture on the front and statistics of the player's game on the back. These cards were traded on the school ground, as well as played in a game where they were sailed, sometimes for a distance and sometimes to see who could get the card to land closest to a wall or fence. A trick was to glue two of the same card together to give it more weight.

Some of these bubblegum cards were of historical figures. In this area, George Washington will never be as collectible as Mickey Mantle. However, one historical card that Jubal coveted was of Albert Einstein. Jubal and another fourth grader would meet during recess and discuss nuclear physics. Dennis Wier knew a good deal for a boy his age. The two boys made small leather pouches in which they sequestered secret formulas and samples of raw uranium. Dennis, who could do a bit of higher math (in this case he was familiar with exponents), explained to Jubal that, if $E=mc^2$, then "c" (light) would equal the square root of "E" divided by "m."

Jubal, reading Genesis (*Gen.* 1.3), “And God said, Let there be light; and there was light,” and comparing this with *The Gospel According to John* (*John* 1.1), where “In the beginning there was the Word, and the Word was with God” and “That was the true Light” (*John* 1.9), it was not too farfetched to suppose that Einstein was, if not God, then he was perhaps the author of *The Bible*. Remember, the Atom Bomb had been exploded four years earlier, on August 6, 1945, bringing World War II to an end. These occult revelations and alchemical substances were kept hidden in a compartment behind a baseboard in the closet of Jubal’s playroom in the basement of the Robinson Drive home in Oakland. Later, this secret crypt would hide a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes, when, at fourteen, Jubal began to alter his consciousness with tobacco.

One half of the playroom (12’ x 16’) was taken up by a large table on which there were model trains, a two-track American Flyer freight train with four cars, an engine and a caboose, and a 3-track Lionel passenger train. The Lionel set circled a web of tracks on which the American Flyer flew towards the inevitable and catastrophic train wreck. Rufus Cook, who worked for Ma Bell, taught Jubal about electricity and how to wire Christmas lights to places on the board from a terminal that Jubal constructed from nails driven through a block of wood and soldered in series. Once Jubal understood the basics of electricity and had mastered the technique of soldering, he built a 60-watt amp and a pre-amp from a kit for his hi-fi system.

Rufus’s wife, Edna, had artistic talent. She showed Jubal how to construct mountains out of chicken wire and plaster of Paris. She could draw, and with her help Jubal painted scenes of nature, lakes, and forests, as well as roads to the small buildings that dotted the landscape. Anytime Jubal was in Berkeley Hardware store, which then stocked model railroad accessories, he would add new items to his little world.

At some point, near the time Jubal began to cover the walls of his playroom with pinups of scantily clad females that he had cut out of various magazines, like *National Geographic* and *True Detective*—this was before *Playboy* and *Hustler* were available—Jubal’s interest in trains began to wane. A man, who had come to the house to work on the washing machine, expressed interest in Jubal’s trains, and

Jubal sold all the Lionel set to him for \$6, which was more than a good deal. There is the joke, "When God handed out brains, Jubal thought he said trains, and he missed his." This impulsive tendency to sell cheap, to be rid of it, whatever it was, would occasionally possess Jubal, and perhaps it is an element in his character that led him to become a renunciate.

He collected comic books, and once again he just up and gave away his vintage (1945-55) collection, when his interest shifted. He began his antiquarian book collection, which he still adds to, with a two-volume presentation edition of *The Ring of the Nibelungenlied*, illustrated by Arthur Rackham, with tipped-in prints, bound in white deer hide, with gold latches. He paid \$100 for it at Farrel's, in Berkeley, in 1960. There are editions not half as nice that sell, today, for fifteen times that. Jubal sold his set back to Farrel to help a street waif get an abortion. He remembers the sparkle in Farrel's eyes when Jubal accepted the outrageous offer of \$20. The books seemed to turn into glitter as they were handed over the counter.

When Jubal became a bookseller and bought and traded old books, he was more informed and cautious, although he still kicks himself for passing up a copy of Volume 1 of James Fenimore Cooper's *The Spy* (published in 1821). It was tattered, but it was a first edition, and it was priced within his means. The publishing history shows that the first volume came out before the second volume. At any rate, Jubal left Puss 'n' Books, in Seattle, without the book in hand, and when, after checking a book of auction records at home and returning to the store, the book was gone. Again, fairy gold.

Jubal's dad collected match matchbooks and coins. Jubal's mom collected tea cups. None of these collections were that extensive. Sean's main hobby, before he retired, was to buy run down ranches, fix them up and make them operational, and sell them. He never claimed to make any real profit in this enterprise, but he enjoyed ranching and having a place to hunt and for the family to vacation. When Sean retired, in 1965, he played golf for a spell at the nearby country club. He said it was good exercise, but he did not excel at this sport and soon hung up his clubs, or rather they sat unused in his closet. He took to entering contests as a hobby.

At this he was successful. He said the process of filling out entry forms helped his arthritic hands, but in truth it appealed to his organizational skills. He had a system. After winning innumerable small prizes—portable radios, a couple of television sets, kitchen appliances and T-shirts—he focused on big prizes. He won a prize of \$10,000, a trip to Hawaii for two, and a car. His system involved entering the same contest many times, if this was allowed, to make packets of the envelopes for different contests to be mailed, and to deposit the envelopes in different mailboxes. This last action was the key to his system. He said that by varying the days and the drop-off locations, the entries were less likely to be mailed to their destination in the same bag, and this expanded the breadth of the distribution, which thereby increased his chances of being a winner. Sean said that over the years he had entered contests, the return on his time amounted to minimum wage, but Jubal told him that it was ok, that to him he was in all ways a winner.

Blanche's teacup collection filled several display shelves. She said she did not start the collection. She received cups and saucers as a gift one Christmas, and friends and family members continued the tradition of adding to the collection. At some point she called a halt. If she had a hobby, it was sewing and knitting. She was a good seamstress, and she could crochet and knit and quilt. She had learned these skills from her mother, but she also took classes. She made things for charitable bazars and for people she loved. Lu Garcia was so pleased with a scarf that she knit him to replace one he had lost that he said it was one of his greatest treasures.

The double-knit, cable-stitched Norwegian fisherman's sweater she made for Jubal's first Alaskan trip lasted him thirty-five years with almost daily wear. She knit new armpits and cuffs and covered the elbows with leather patches. Finally, when it fell apart, she said she could no longer mend it. She knit Jubal a new but simpler wool sweater, saying her eyesight was not up to the task of replacing the earlier masterpiece, but it was a far cry from the battle shield given him by a younger Athena.

HOMES

“The palace is not infinite,” claims the Argentinian poet Jorge Luis Borges. “A palace,” the English poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge said, “is more than a house, but it must be a house, at least.” Polly Adler, the infamous San Franciscan madam, added, “A house is not a home.”

Growing up, Jubal lived neither in a palace nor a brothel. He had a home. However when he tried to write an essay on his home in Professor Thomas Parkinson’s English 101 class at Cal, in 1959, Jubal wrote that he lived in a den. It was an attempt at humor, but the professor did not find it funny and announced to the class that he had read the worst essay in his career. Jubal knew it was his essay that was referred to because of the large red, underlined F in his blue book. David Bromige laughed when he heard this story, forty years later. He said that Parkinson always found one essay that was “the worst” every year, when the new freshmen arrived; it was just Jubal’s bad luck to be singled out.

Still, Jubal contends it was a “piss poor essay,” and that he would like to redeem himself in his professor’s eyes, except that Thomas Parkinson is now long dead. All the same, if Jubal’s words should circulate in the hell realm inhabited by old English professors, here is Jubal’s essay, for better or for worse and better late than never.

MY HOME

for Thomas Parkinson

lines of light
run off the bay

this house
comfortable

like the face
I live in

there's a medical
clause—

the longest steps
are those to home

I have been fortunate to have always had a home. When I was a baby, my family lived on Colegate Street, in Berkeley. My mother tells me that my tailor tot broke loose on the driveway, while she was talking with a neighbor, and the lady rescued me before it reached Marin Avenue, which is on a steep hill and full of traffic, or I might not have lived to experience our next home on Colusa Avenue.

There, I remember getting stuck behind the toilet. The floor was tiled; the toilet was just inside the door on the right, next to a sink; the wall was cream-colored plaster. I was still in the crawling stage, but I remember a plumber removing the toilet to set me free, or I wouldn't have lived to experience our next home on Arlington Avenue, in Kensington.

In this house, along the Arlington, I remember having the measles and the chicken pox, back-to-back. For one illness, the doctor (who came to the house) recommended the blinds be pulled shut, and for the other, sunlight. Our neighbors cleaned out their garage and gave me a steel truck, large enough for me to sit in the back and make it move along the sidewalk, steering it with a tiny steering wheel. I had a dog named Zipper, who would run along with me and who chased cars. He had his leg reset after one accident. He was finally run over by a car and didn't come with us to our next home on Robinson Drive, in Oakland.

It was at our big house on Robinson Drive where I lived in a "den." This den was actually an entire apartment with a living room, a small kitchen, a bedroom, and a bathroom with a shower. For some years it had been a rental, but when I was in high school, it became my space. It had its own entrance next to a rose garden. I still had a playroom behind the laundry area where I made various incendiary devices from the black powder I extracted from shotgun shells and where I distilled

alcohol from fermented fruit juices with chemistry equipment I acquired through a mail order catalog. The walls of this playroom were covered with pinups.

This area in the Oakland hills was horse country. People on four sides of our house had horses. We had a barn with two stalls and corrals and an adjacent lot for pasture. The local boys and I built forts and had fights on the manure piles, seeing who could throw who into the nettles along the creek. Less than a mile away was Joaquin Miller Park, a wooded area of nearly five hundred acres with many horse trails. Beyond this was Wildcat Wilderness Preserve with more horse trails. Along Skyline Boulevard there were many riding and boarding stables: Mrs. Graham's Riding Academy, Hillside Ranch, Skyline Ranch and Highland Stables, among others.

Early Saturday morning, I would meet my friend Fred Gold, whose father was the horse trainer at Hillside Stables, and help him muck out stalls. When the work was done, we would have breakfast at the café on the grounds, and then we would meet our girlfriends, Amadeus and Sandy, and go riding in the hills. Near sundown, I would ride my prize-winning quarter horse mare, Kitty Barrett, back home. Lucky to have a home and a place to stable your horse, I thought. Once, when I came home late and drunk, the front door was locked, and I slept in the barn. Lucky, I thought, to have a barn to sleep in.

My mother was a home maker, and my father provided. A good combination. When I was set to go off to college, my parents moved to Ruben Drive, not far from Robinson Drive, to a smaller house that they had designed with the help of an architect. It had a spectacular view of the bay area. Oakland lay at our doorstep, and you could see the bridges and San Francisco, when there wasn't any fog.

The house on Ruben Drive was a split-level house, and my sister, JoAnne, and I had bedrooms below with the same view. I didn't live there long—just long enough to get laid

Memory...blue and gold flames...red and amber coals...a football game...U.C. Berkeley vs. Stanford...I had on a gray wool stadium coat with white leather stripes at the shoulders...safe feeling in that coat, as there seemed to be angry people who wanted to win...we won, or that is, Berkeley won...but what was won?...“Give us the

ax, the ax!”...in North Beach, I walked along Grant Avenue in my stadium coat, thinking I was dressed wrong to be a Beatnik, but then I ran into Karen, and my fashion consciousness was obliterated by her dazzling gaze...her meeting mom was a mistake... “She wears too much makeup” ...what could I say... “Yes, Mom, I know. It’s part of her trade” ...I needed one long-stemmed rose...I gave the other eleven to a sailor and told him, “Let’s just hope your girlfriend doesn’t count them”...Karen’s pimp whipped her with the rose...he’d set her up to turn tricks, and I’d gone and stolen her heart...my mom, always looking out for me... “That girl is on the phone, says she is stranded at a motel near Milpitas, so wire her some money and tell her to get lost.”

. . .

That Jubal, he certainly packs it in: daring rescues, narrow escapes, mangled pets. He left out his crime spree on the Arlington, and he might have mentioned those early, ghastly TV dinners while watching *Howdy Doody* and that wonderful five-minute filler *Crusader Rabbit*, but he did manage to include the now mandatory romantic adventure, so I’m sure Professor Parkinson would be pleased.

Jubal took the “den” business to heart. When his family obligations were completed and he began to plan his long retreat at Yeshe Ling, he told his lama, Senge Rinpoche, that he wanted to construct a cave by digging a hole in the side of a hill and using blocks of cement for walls, of glassing in the front, and after replacing the dirt on top to plant roses. Senge said that this was not necessary, that a small cabin would suffice. From a Dzog Chen perspective, one does not have to be uncomfortable. Jubal did what a yogi does, he let go of the idea of retreating to a cave and rented Luminous Peak. Lily Brown, a gatekeeper of Jubal’s in retreat, wrote:

An old monk came down
from his cave in the mountains
(the modern cave has
a gas stove and insulation)
to tell me to write better poetry.

The trouble with old monks
who wander down
 from their caves is:
you get the feeling you
ought to listen to them.

HORSEMANSHIP

Jubal has an on-again-off-again love affair with the mammal *Equus caballus*. There have been three periods in his life when he was involved with horses: in the 1950s, in California, in the 1970s, in Washington, and in the 1990s, in Colorado. I heard him say, “A horse will serve you your entire life, just waiting for the chance to kick you in the heart.”

The putting down of Patches affected Jubal. He never let himself be so attached to a horse after his first one. The vet who administered the fatal shot said the horse was “twenty years old, if it was a day.” What Jubal had not realized was that his horse would not live forever.

Patches was the perfect kid’s horse. What is called a “paint,” with multi-colored swatches, a little over fourteen hands in height, broad-backed and with a gentle disposition, sure-footed, patient to a fault, Patches was a true “plug.” Just what a boy learning to ride needs. It was said he had performed in the circus, as a mount for a bareback rider. This may have been true. Once Patches was set in motion in a lope, which is a long, easy stride, you could stand up on the saddle, or hang off the side, and shoot a B-B gun under his neck, or jump off and swing up again, like a Pony Express rider, and Patches would continue, steady on, and never shy. Jubal was too short to make a two-handed vault over the rump onto the saddle, like he saw the Durango Kid do in a movie, but he could drop from the limb of a tree, and Patches would not budge until he was geed up.

Jubal's parents knew horses. As a youth, Sean had raised colts. I told one of his experiences in the "Family" chapter. Here are a couple of Blanche's horse stories.

On Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, I was 9—I rode a horse to the field to tell the men the war was over—they all came in except my Dad and Grandpa Johnson, who was staying with us, and Dad and Grandpa kept on husking corn. The others went to town, threw their hats in the air and shot holes in them. A crazy way to celebrate, but that is what they did.

I remember one night a neighbor boy and I rode our horses to see some friends, a married couple. When we tied our horses up, he asked me, do you want me to tie your horse and I said I know I've got it—I was used to harnessing my horse, putting it in a stable, hitching him to the buggy, so it was no big job for me. When we came out, his horse was gone—so we both rode my horse to my house—then he rode my horse on home, fastened the reins up and the horse came home. My Dad woke up in the meantime, came downstairs and said, I heard your horse coming down the road, and I got up to see if you were ok—I told him what happened, and he had a good laugh. Then we had a cup of hot tea and a cookie and went back to bed.

After Patches died, Jubal took riding lessons at Mrs. Graham's Riding Academy. Sounds exclusive, but it consisted of a rambling, swaybacked barn, lots of small corrals, and a large riding rink. The establishment might have been fancy when Mrs. Graham was alive and operated the place, but now it boarded horses at an economy rate and rented horses to the city folk. Mrs. Graham's son, Lloyd, was the owner.

A tall, handsome man, Lloyd could sit a horse like he was born on one, which may have been the case. He showed Jubal the fine points of horsemanship: the right position for your boot in the stirrup, how to neck rein and keep your back straight, how to properly mount and dismount, keeping up a dialogue with the animal, the way to open a gate while mounted, how to change leads, how to exercise a horse on a lunge line, how to saddle up and set a bit, and much more. When Jubal was through with his lesson, he would hang around the stables and learn from the help. He was becoming a horseman.

Mrs. Graham's Riding Academy was on prime real estate, and when Lloyd sold his land, the stables were demolished, and he took ownership of a more substantial building down the canyon. The operation, now renamed Canyon Stables, had some of its old elegance. It only boarded horses and became the preserve of purebreds.

Jubal acquired a new horse, and although she was not a pure bred she was a good mix of Quarter Horse and Thoroughbred. A bay mare, named Lady. Jubal joined the Metropolitan Horseman's Association and began to enter horse shows. It is a highly competitive activity, and Jubal became discouraged at not winning any ribbons, so he gave up on this equestrian pastime. He had, however, in the process, become a better-dressed horseman.

He now wore a black Stetson hat, Tony Llama boots with walking heels, leather "shotguns" (which are like chaps, only with zippered legs) custom made by Earl Nanegan, the saddle maker, along with a hand-tooled belt and silver buckle that sported a long-horned steer. Jubal's mother made and embroidered his western-style shirts, and his dad gave him a fringed deer hide jacket made from the skins of animals shot on the family ranch. Quite the dude.

I guess Sean felt the need to upgrade Jubal's ride to match his outfit. The man, who lived across the street, had bought his son, Frank, a foxy Quarter Horse mare, named Dixie Danita. She was not registered, but she had been bred to Joe Barrett, a champion roping horse, who sired Kitty Barrett. Kittly Barrett, also unregistered, as a two-year-old, had received six blue ribbons and had placed second or third eight times in California State Fairs. She was an expensive horse, but she was worth every cent. Jim Black trained her. She could take off at a full gallop, stop on all fours, and spin tightly until given the command to halt. She wore a hackamore, but she responded to pressure by your legs. You sat in place, hands on your knees, and Kitty Barrett, with minimal and nearly invisible promptings, went through her paces.

Jim Black was a master trainer, a legendary figure. His brother, Scotty had been a famous rodeo trick rider, and Scotty's daughter, Sandy, following in her father's footsteps, was a star performer. Jim and Tiny, Jim's wife, owned Pistol Pete, who was a grand champion cutting horse with an impeccable bloodline. Pistol Pete's sire

was used as the model for the head in the logo for the American Quarter Horse Association. The Blacks knew horses, and they told Jubal that a horse with Kitty Barrett's qualities, after being well-trained, could take you into the winner's circle.

You just needed the ambition, something Jubal did not have, did not want. Jubal loved Kitty Barrett's beauty and the ease with which his horse handled, and he rode her with pleasure. He enjoyed the admiring looks he got from other riders, and he was content having "the best damn horse in the neighborhood" —but he did not push it, as there was nothing to prove.

Sometimes, there were calves penned up in the corrals at Hillside Stables or at Skyline Ranch, and the boys would practice rodeo. Kitty Barrett had cow savvy. She would chase after a calf without prompting, bite it on the rump, and pin it to the fence, her legs dancing, her head down, and her tail swishing.

On Easter Sunday, the boys and their girlfriends would saddle up, wearing their finery, and ride to Joaquin Miller Amphitheater for a sunrise service. The mounted horses would stand on the ground above the upper tier of seats. Afterwards, there would be an Easter egg hunt on horseback. Jubal and Amadeus would ride, side by side, holding hands. Amadeus lived in Piedmont, an exclusive township within the city of Oakland, and she boarded her horse at Canyon Stables. She attended a private girls' school, in Berkeley, in an old, shingled building designed by Bernard Maybeck, called Anna Heads. Amadeus was a debutant, and she was keeping herself chaste for her future husband. No matter how hard Jubal got trying—I mean how hard Jubal tried— to get Amadeus to make love, he failed. Hot and furious their make out sessions might have been, but they never had "sex" in the primary sense of that word. I mention this, being as we are in the post-Clinton era.

René Flower was Jubal's first real lover, and she was a jealous lover. At the ranch near Red Bluff, when Jubal unloaded Kitty Barrett from his horse trailer and made sure she was watered and comfortable before seeing and René giving her a kiss, René screamed at him, "You think more of your damn horse than you do of me!" She just could not understand the relationship between a cowboy and his horse. Or, maybe, she did.

That was the weekend Jubal decided to clear some junk out of the garage and burn it in a big pile. He threw a couple of tires on top, poured what he thought was kerosene on the pile, and lit a match. What he thought was kerosene was gasoline. It burned explosively and singed off his eyebrows and blistered his lips. René could not find any burn medicine, so she doctored him with rouge and lipstick. He did not reflect on what he looked like when he greeted the firemen who arrived at the scene in response to the two-hundred-foot plume of black smoke that was rising from the fire. Given a rubber nose, Jubal could have auditioned as a rodeo clown. The firemen did not find him funny (or at least not humorous), and they told him to notify the fire house the next time he planned a big burn.

Jubal's real cowboy experiences came on the working ranch in the state of Washington, where he was the caretaker of an 800-acre cattle ranch. This 800 acres, mostly sagebrush, with 120 acres under irrigation, the old Jake Ingersol spread, the Diamond Hanging J Floating I, was located at the end of Parallel Road, eighteen miles east of Robber's Roost, at the mouth of an area known as Badger Pocket. A small town, Kittitas, was eight miles to the northwest of the ranch. Hayfields, raising high quality timothy grass and watered from irrigation canals, covered most of Kittitas Valley, in those days.

It is claimed that the word "Kittitas" is an Indian word that means "land of peace and plenty." The camas plant has a bulb that looks and tastes and is nutritional like sweet potato when cooked. This was plentiful and supplied the natives with a basic food staple. Kittitas Valley was where different Indian tribes would have summer camps, Chief Moses coming from the east, Chief Sealeth from the coast and the fierce Yakima tribe from the south. They chose not to fight on these hunting grounds. So, there was peace and plenty.

Today, Kittitas Valley is still a ranching community, but many of the ranches are being subdivided into 4-acre plots for retirement homes. When Jubal and his family came to the valley, in 1974, there was still a slaughter house and a cattle auction. The town was yet to have an acknowledged "Historical District, and many of the older generation, who had homesteaded in the 1930s, were still at work.

The man who had homesteaded the ranch next to Jubal's boss's ranch, Glen Bear, showed Jubal how to irrigate the three 40-acre fields where 300 cows with their calves were pastured. "Pushing water," he said, "you'll have to learn to push it uphill, if you can." Glen's question to himself was, "What's this long-haired hippie think he's doing running a ranch?" When Glen saw that Jubal could ride and rope, it did not matter if Jubal's hair touched the ground. Jubal had true grit.

The boss, Charlie Decound, owned four horses: Mona Lisa, a sturdy Palomino mare with good instincts around cattle; Chit-a-deck (or Chit), a frumpy beige-colored quarter horse mare; a sorrel gelding, over 15 hands, named Caboose; and a delicate, little horse, likely with a bit of thoroughbred, nearly black in color, named Ovaltine (or Ovy).

Mona was the best horse to work herding, but she liked to buck when you first mounted, so you had to be prepared for a bit of rodeoing first thing. She would come, all four, off the ground for half a dozen hops, nothing too wild, and if you kept your seat, she would settle down and let you ride her with no more fuss. Jubal says, "I'd try to get her to twist like a snake in hot water but without success."

It was said that Chit was won in a card game, hence her name, Chit-a-deck. Someone had taken the time to train her in the niceties of the show ring. She neck-reined and gracefully changed leads in a figure-eight, always beginning on the inside away from the fence. She was stubborn and preferred eating to being ridden.

Caboose had been used as a pack horse, one that brought up the rear. Jubal renamed him Red and devoted a good deal of time getting Red to move beyond a trot and a lope into a gallop without having to use spurs and a crop. There was more horse there than was at first apparent.

The dark, little mare, Ovy, was Jubal's favorite. He would pick her to ride fence. She did not have the stamina of the other horses, but she was calm and without tics or tricks. She liked to be taken out and ridden, and she did the job just fine.

Charlie, who lived in Bellevue, across Lake Washington from Seattle, where he worked as an insurance man, would cross the mountains to his ranch on weekends. He liked to ride, and he often brought a woman with him to also ride. He wanted

his horses “to be tuned up,” as he put it. So, one of Jubal’s chores was to ride the four horses a good deal during the week. Jubal liked this part of the job. The more difficult part of the job was that Charlie unburdened himself on Jubal, because he was harassed by the women in his life—an embittered ex-wife and a tangle of girlfriends. Jubal could empathize. He fully accepted Charlie’s apology for the hair-pulling, drag-out fight that one of his Seattle girlfriends had had with his Kittitas girlfriend, and he offered Charlie what advice he could from his own plethora of experience.

There was big prize money at the Robber’s Roost Rodeo. The rodeo was usually ranked in the top ten, and one year it was number four, based on the amount of prize money offered the contestants. All the big events brought in the top contenders in bronc riding, calf roping, Brahma bull riding, and team roping. One event that was open only to locals was the cutting competition. Jubal took particular interest in this. He would admit that there were some fine performances on some beautiful horses, but he secretly knew they had nothing on Kitty Barrett.

Jubal left Kittitas Valley, in 1995, and moved to Wolf Creek, Colorado, to run Yeshe Ling’s fledgling bookstore. He took residence on a small horse ranch about ten miles from town, on Apache Drive, just off Oxford Road. He liked the conjunction of the savage with the civilized that the two names connoted. The ranch was owned by a young couple, Robert and Hilda. He was a native of Colorado, and she was from South Africa. Robert was a collector of antique ski equipment which he displayed in the barn, and Hilda’s main form of expression was in being an exceptionally gorgeous woman.

The ranch of eight acres had a big log house and a substantial log barn. The barn had a shop area, stalls for horses, and a loft for hay. Inside the barn was a bunkhouse. It had a kitchen area, a toilet, and a large double bed. Jubal bedded down and made the space his own for reasonable rent on the promise he would care for Robert and Hilda’s four horses, while they traveled to Africa for the winter.

AFRICA

When you come back
Bring me a spear
When you come back
Bring me a drum

When you come back
Bring me a leopard
When you come back
Bring me a spot of soul

Bring me back, bring me back
Africa, Africa, Africa

While Robert and Hilda were gone, Jubal picked a chestnut-colored Missouri Fox Trotter for his rides in the neighborhood. This kind of horse has smooth gaits. As they say in Missouri, “Show me,” and this little horse did. The “fox trot” is an ambling gait between a walk and a canter, almost like the horse is walking with the front feet and trotting with the back—a smooth sashay. The horse’s name was Rusty.

Jubal also looked after Jeff Rudel and Lama Prajna’s horses, while they traveled. This was before they built their house at Yeshe Ling, and they rented a house near the horse ranch where Jubal lived. It was winter, and he walked over there to feed Chico and Cosmo. One evening, when he closed the folding garage door with the electrical device, he got the tip of his finger caught between the folding sections. The door was down and shut tight. He had dropped the door opener, and it was beyond his reach because he could not bend down to pick it up. With his leg extended, he managed to drag the device through the snow, grab it, and free himself. Cold, getting dark, no place to be trapped and in pain.

Chico is a blue Appaloosa, a speckled Indian breed that had been a favorite among the Nez Pierce, and Cosmo is a big gray gelding with a fifth gear that takes you to the finish line several lengths ahead of most horses. I put this in the present tense because Jubal cared for Jeff’s horses, grown now to a herd of eight, before he

entered his three-year retreat.

When Robert and Hilda returned, there was no felicity in their relationship. They may have had problems before they left and traveling halfway around the world exacerbated the rift.

BUNKHOUSE AT 6 A.M.

My boss barges in like a Brontosaurus
And gives me a thirty-day notice.
Says he's going to get a divorce

Sell his house and horse
Buy a boat and go to sea
So he can be fancy free

Then Buck shows up
With a cow elk tied to a string of ponies
And I hang the whole thing in the rafters

This is a lot to process for one morning

After butchering the elk and watching Robert and Hilda's marriage go from bad to worse, Jubal moved to town and spent the next winter at José Avellanos's house, next to Archuleta Creek, when José traveled to Vietnam. It was while living here that Jubal met Emilia at the Rose Café, where she was a waitress. They rode Chico and Cosmo along the trails between Castle Road and Apache and told their stories and got to know one another.

Emilia was a little older than the women Jubal usually dated, but she was lovely, and Jubal liked her. It had been a while since Emilia had taken a lover. She confessed her desire for Jubal, but she suggested they both get AIDS tests before they consummated their relationship by having sex together. Jubal was agreeable, and

they went to the health clinic. In a couple of weeks they got the results: both tests negative.

Fine, but what bothered Jubal, beyond this clinical approach to romance by Emilia, was the nurse's congratulatory smile, almost as though she was giving them a benediction with the results of the test. Jubal drove Emilia to her trailer, but he did not go in. He knew he was being a jerk, a disappointment in Emilia's plans, but he told her as gently as he could that the fires had cooled and that it was just not meant to be.

CLEAR

Capricious horses graze
On pure mountain air

You lay on a bed of pinecones and wild roses
The horses laugh

The river flows both ways
Just look where we live

Jeff and Jubal went on some wild rides. Jubal rode Cosmo because Jeff knew he could handle him. Jeff may have had some experience with horses back east before he moved to Colorado, but I doubt he had ridden in the kind of rugged country you find in the west. Colorado is the Wild West. Wolf Creek lies just west of the Continental Divide. It is in an area known as the Four Corners, where the borders of Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona touch. Yeshe Ling's land is in an ecological transition zone, at close to 8000 feet altitude. There are chaparral and shrub lands overlapping with piñon pine and juniper woodlands next to a mixed conifer forest and not far from subalpine meadows. When Jeff goes for a ride he likes to bushwack, meaning he likes to blaze his own trails.

Jeff and Jubal have different styles of horsemanship, as you might suppose, since

they were born on opposite sides of the continent, but they forged their friendship in Colorado, where the East meets the West. Jubal contends it is a little more to the west. Jeff admires the “natural horsemanship” style of Pat Parelli, who has a facility near Wolf Creek. Jubal bases his techniques of horsemanship on the tradition of W.O. Williamson, author of *Breaking and Training the Stockhorse*. Coming to Colorado, Jeff was just catching his stride as a horseman, whereas Jubal was ready to hang up his spurs.

When Jubal was on his way into retreat, he said to Jeff, “When I come out, take me on one of your rides.” Jeff said, “Sure, if you’re up to it.” Jeff died while Jubal was in retreat, but Jubal was up to writing about a ride he took with Jeff in the Bardo. (“A Ride with Jeff” follows this section.)

I said earlier that Jubal contends a horse will serve you its entire life just to get an opportunity to kick you in the heart, but in Jubal’s case it was in the testicles. Going back to Oakland. Jubal, Amadeus, Fred and Sandy were in the riding ring at Miss Graham’s Riding Academy, and Jubal was sitting on the rump of Kitty Barrett. “Dumb place to be sitting,” says Jubal. “She bumped me up in the air and for good measure gave me a swift kick in the lower chakra. I was curled up on the ground groaning, ‘My stomach!’ too embarrassed to admit exactly where I was hurt, but by the position of my hands everyone knew. Fred drove me home, and Amadeus and Sandy led Kitty Barrett to my house. I was taken to a urologist who checked me over, recommended aspirin and an icepack, and told me that lots of men can reproduce with only one functioning gonad.”

There is cynicism about horses in Jubal’s poems and also humor.

CRITICS AREN’T AGREED

Upon meaninglessness. Knowing
the tack helps in taming a maverick.
It’s some struggle, how to place
what where. A running W

will put a horse on its knees.

COYOTE MEETS BODHIDHARMA

There's more to a Zen garden
Than raking rocks.

Sore in the saddle
Cobbles in my socks.

Gossamer of thought,
Overlay of analogy.

Fight smog—
Turn on a horse.

A RIDE WITH JEFF

JUBAL: Hi, Jeff.

JEFF: Hello, Jubal, what's up?

JAPMPA: It's been 21 days since you died, Jeff. Let's do something special. Let's go for a ride.

JEFF: If you're up for it, Jubal.

JUBAL: Can we take Chico and Cosmo?

JEFF: They're getting pretty old. There's a lot of younger horses to choose from.

JUBAL: I know, but just for old time's sake, let's take them. I know their quirks, and you'll be respectful of their age, which means I'll have a better chance of keeping up with you.

JEFF: Alright, but I'm riding Cosmo.

JUBAL: Fine. I like Chico. He's sure-footed, and like his blue Appaloosa coloring.

JEFF: Cosmo has that fifth gear I like.

JUBAL: Yeah, but he spooks at every little thing, and he's harder to catch.

JEFF: He's mellowed considerably.

JUBAL: Haven't we all.

JEFF: Let's not stand around talking. We should ride.

JUBAL: You sure have a fine herd of horses.

JEFF: Yes, they're my pride and joy.

JUBAL: Which is your favorite?

JEFF: The bay with the black mane, Ziji.

JUBAL: Looks like he has a touch of Arab.

JEFF: Arab and Dutch Warm Blood. Plenty of speed and plenty of stamina. When you've been riding a longways, and the other horses are winded, he isn't even breathing hard.

JUBAL: What kind of name is "Ziji"?

JEFF: It's Tibetan for "Brilliant Blazing Splendor." That colt there is his and Nizhoni's, that mare there.

JUBAL: Another Tibetan name?

JEFF: No, Navajo, means "Beautiful." She's a Rocky Mountain Pleasure Horse.

JUBAL: What's the colt's name?

JEFF: Lungta.

JUBAL: Ah, "Windhorse."

JEFF: Right. I'd just begun to train him, right before...

JUBAL: Right before you rode into the next Bardo.

JEFF: Well put.

JUBAL: Anyway, you've got a fine bunch of hay burners.

JEFF: I wouldn't put it that way. They're dear to me.

JUBAL: I count eight...there's Jalu, but where is his dam, Isis?

JEFF: Off to auction. Once a mustang, always a mustang. Hard to handle.

JUBAL: And that one with the chestnut coloring?

JEFF: Foxfire. We call her Foxy.

JUBAL: Who's the majordomo?

JEFF: The leader? Jalu. And Chico. He brown-noses his way into second place at feeding time. Now let's saddle up.

JEFF: Where do you want to ride?

JUBAL: Let's circle the mandala, go down the road past Luminous Peak into Hidden Valley, then out onto the reservation, around the back side of Ekajati, cut through the private parcels to the new road you built, and maybe bushwack our way back to downtown Yeshe Ling.

JEFF: Sounds like a plan.

JUBAL: You take the lead, but don't be leaving me in the dust. Once you get to going, you never look back.

JEFF: Just keep up.

JUBAL: Right here, by the food boxes at the boundary line to my retreat, a bear came charging down the hill right towards me. I froze, but when it reached the road I could see it was a yearling, and when it saw me, it ran back the way it had come. I scared it as much as it scared me.

JEFF: Are you comfortable in the Luminous Peak cabin?

JUBAL: Very. It's perfect for me. I've done a bit of landscaping, made a path around the cabin for circumambulation, and cleared some brush. The horses that were

loose last spring visited and ate all the green grass. I heard them clomping about and some snorting. Thought, at first, it might be a bear.

JEFF: You haven't been bothered by bears have you?

JUBAL: Not like the one, a couple of years ago, that broke into my trailer and ate my candy.

JEFF: Busted for having candy.

JUBAL: He also ate the knobs off my stove! I had Lama Gyurme paint a picture of a bear on the lintel I installed over the door to ward off bears. It commemorated Goldilock's demise.

JEFF: I still feel bad about having to have that bear shot.

JUBAL: It was something that had to be done to protect the kids in the family retreat.

JEFF: Still, if we could have captured it...

JUBAL: It had already been tagged by the Game Department, and we were nearly successful catching it that time in the horse trailer. There's no telling how far we would have had to transport it, since it had already found its way back here once.

JEFF: I enjoyed the skit you and Carol Chun did at the family retreat in front of the community building.

JUBAL: It was homage to you as much as it was for the bear.

JEFF: How so?

JUBAL: It was entitled "The Teacher."

JEFF: I don't think of myself as a teacher.

JUBAL: Didn't you once teach Eurythmy at a Waldorf School?

JEFF: That was different.

JUBAL: Not so much, really. Steiner considered that kind of dance as spiritual, and here at Yeshe Ling, you lead us in a merry dance, setting the pace at a very high level of vibration.

JEFF: I was just trying to get the work done as efficiently as possible.

JUBAL: So did Guru Rinpoche.

JEFF: You're not comparing me with him?

JUBAL: Well, you both have that enigmatic mix of sternness and kindness, a no-nonsense approach, direct-cut-the-crap way of going about things. Very pithy. Scares some people.

JEFF: How so?

JUBAL: Vajra presence. Authentic. Alpha male authority. You're also a Leo, right?

JEFF: That's right.

JUBAL: I did your chart once, remember? You are not just your average Leo. You have Leo rising with a handful of planets in Leo. I was at a loss how to interpret your chart. Leo is symbolic of the highest expression of individuality and creativity. On the one hand, you must be the center of attention and on the other, you need approval from others. You require heartfelt relationships to function at full capacity. You found your soul mate in Lama Prajna, and you busted your ass in making her vision of Yeshe Ling become a reality. Sometimes, you could appear overbearing, a real "dick," but when the work was completed, it was the best that could be done. The only flaw in your mode of operation that I can see was you not taking more time out for fun, because when you did stop working to play, you were enjoyable to be around. I asked you not long ago, "Now that the temple is nearing completion, are you going into retreat?" You said, "One fine day," rather wistfully.

JEFF: Don't rub it in.

JUBAL: Sorry, man, it makes me sad.

JEFF: Fine, but I'm not going to cry about it. It's just how it worked out.

JEFF: I see you put one of those things you build on your outhouse.

JUBAL: I meant to ask if you got the book I made for you with the essay, "Painting with Junk"?

JEFF: Yes, I did. Thank you. It helped me understand your art works better. I can see they have an environmental side to them, and they do add a decorative touch to the outbuildings. I'm only afraid you might put one on the community building.

JUBAL: I like those mystical landscapes you do. Who are your favorite artists?

JEFF: I saw some great paintings lately, when I visited Amsterdam. Those Dutch know how to paint. Turner has always been one of my favorites. I think a big Turner would look great in the temple.

JUBAL: If you get to put up a Turner, I want space for a Rauschenberg.

JEFF: In your dreams.

JUBAL: Luminous Peak has the best view, but Ratna's isn't bad. Remember when we laid out the lines for this cabin, and the guy with the backhoe dug on the outside of the strings and made the trench for the foundation too wide for the cabin we had planned.

JEFF: Meant having to build a wood frame cabin rather than a straw bale one. Cost a lot more, too.

JUBAL: My \$7500...

JEFF: Jubal, I thought we put that issue to rest.

JUBAL: Yes.

JEFF: Then, don't bring it up. I dreaded the whole situation for years. Aren't you satisfied with how things stand?

JUBAL: Yes.

JEFF: Look at these old cabins. They've seen better days. Several families once lived in this meadow.

JUBAL: It was a part of a settlement of the woodcutters that cleared the land of trees for the mining operation and railroad in Silverton, I've heard.

JEFF: All that's left now is Gambel's Oak and Juniper.

JUBAL: There's that big Elem over there where Namkai Lama Rinchen taught the summer he came to consecrate the stupa. He sat on a low hanging limb. The horses we're riding were grazing behind him, and little Des, Kim and Randy's son, was playing being lions with Lama Rinchen. They made growling noises. Very sweet.

JEFF: Des must be a teenager by now.

JUBAL: I got a transmission that day on the Vajra Dance. I had asked for a teaching, and he said to ask my teacher. I turned to Saraswati, and she whispered, "Ask for a transmission." Lama Rinchen went to some length revealing the many dimensions of the practice, but later, when I asked others about this, no one could recall it. Do you remember getting a transmission for the Vajra Dance?

JEFF: No. I was there, as well. It must have been personal, just for you. Vajra Masters can do that.

JUBAL: That's the summer we worked long hours getting everything ready for his visit, you and Mortimer working like devils on the stupa and me on the dance mandala.

JEFF: You'd no sooner get some of it painted, than the rains would wash it out or the winds blow the whole thing away.

JUBAL: And you guys would chuckle when we had staff meetings in the spot we called Little Italy, and I'd report it was almost back to the place I'd been a week earlier. Then, you had to tear out half the rocks you'd laid on the bumpa part of the stupa, because of a miscalculation of the angle, and I got to chuckle, too. With everyone pitching in, we managed to get it all done, the last lines laid down on the mandala, the scaffolding removed, and prayer flags strung on poles the day he arrived. Lama Rinchen looked at our work and said, "Bene, bene." And it was good.

JEFF: I've got to dismount. Hold my reins, while I open the wire gate to the Ute Reservation.

JUBAL: How much land do they have?

JEFF: 15,000 acres, I'm told.

JUBAL: We don't do Indian ceremonies much anymore.

JEFF: After Grandma Bertha Grove passed on our link to the tribe was broken.

JUBAL: She was our original link to the land, wasn't she?

JEFF: Yes, Prajna met her back east. They were on a panel together, at Omega, and she said we might look at land for our retreat center in this area.

JUBAL: And?

JEFF: We came across a listing for this property at a realtor's and decided to investigate. When we drove up Burn's Canyon, it was like déjà vu for me. I suddenly remembered I had once camped right on the doorstep of Yeshe Ling with my previous wife. I thought the place beautiful. Her attitude was, "I so don't like camping."

JUBAL: I'm reminded of something I didn't get to tell you.

JEFF: What's that?

JUBAL: Before I went into retreat, I was in City Market and a man came up to me. I think his name was Burl. He was the man we bought the land from. He must have guessed I was from Yeshe Ling because of my robes. He introduced himself and said that when he sold the property, he never thought we'd make a go of it. He'd been out this way not long before and seen the temple near completion, and he guessed we'd have the last laugh on him.

JEFF: He probably thought we were planning a Hippie commune.

JUBAL: Pull up for a minute. You can see Alphonso's cabin from here up on Dragonback Ridge. That was quite the adventure when we used a helicopter to lift all the materials up there, so you and Randy and Kim could build Dragon's Nest.

JEFF: That was a fun project

JUBAL: I think for you hard work was fun, but I admit I had fun catching those bundles and trying to find space for everything on a cliff's edge. The way you built that cairn for the floor joist and carved those roof beams from tree limbs and

worked that wall right into the rock. You guys created art.

JEFF: Thank you.

JUBAL: I know it's not all work and no play with you. You have your relaxed moments, and when you are alone you're known to be lighthearted. You were seen recently by someone bowing gracefully and with a flourish of your arm allowing a bug to hop off the end of your finger to the ground. You were also observed, from a distance, sticking your boot under a pile of dried horse manure and kicking it into the air.

JEFF: Who saw me do those things?

JUBAL: I'm not telling.

JEFF: Come on.

JUBAL: It was Sophia, and she said that your kicking poop, as she put it, was one of the funniest things she had ever seen, the way you did it with such majesty and aplomb. She could see your true nature.

JUBAL: Another gate. We're back on Yeshe Ling land, right?

JEFF: Private land connected to us. These parcels belong to practitioners. We have covenants with them. If they decide to sell, they have to sell to another practitioner or to the sangha as a whole.

JUBAL: Let's stop at the pond and have a smoke.

JEFF: You don't smoke anymore, do you?

JUBAL: No, but it's where we used to stop and smoke. I remember turning on with you here. This area was owned by a man who said he was going to grow herbs. I was thinking pot, but you told me he intended to grow medicinal herbs. It was funny getting high with my boss.

JEFF: I didn't think of myself as your boss.

JUBAL: I was left pretty much alone to run the bookstore as I saw fit, but you were

still an authority figure to me.

JEFF: How so?

JUBAL: I looked up to you for acknowledgement.

JEFF: What's with that?

JUBAL: Like me, you have lots of talents. You're good at the trades, the crafts, and the fine arts. Our styles differ. I think this is because you were raised on the east coast, and I was raised on the west coast. In the east, there is more emphasis put on traditions, on formalities, on credentials. In the west, we just do it. Here, East meets West, and we can escape from our past and reinvent ourselves.

JEFF: I think you may be right. I have felt more freedom here than anywhere that I've lived, more at home with myself.

JUBAL: So, just as I consider Lama Prajna to be my spiritual mom, I consider you to be, to have been—it's still hard to think of you in the past tense—to have been my spiritual dad, even if you were younger than me.

JEFF: I never thought of you as older than me, until you came down from your cabin for the Drup Chen, and you were sporting a long, white beard, looking very authentic

JUBAL: Yeah, I fall in an age bracket between you and your dad. I'm fourteen years older than you and fifteen years younger than him. Having been born just before the U.S. entered the Second World War, I belong more to his generation than to yours.

JEFF: I could see that you two got along. I was glad you were willing to work with him, while he was here, that summer after my mother died. It kept him out of my hair.

JUBAL: Well, I learned a lot about puttering from him.

JEFF: I don't want to hear about it.

JUBAL: Blow some of that smoke this way. I'm glad to know there's tobacco after death. I sometimes miss smoking, especially when I'm around smokers.

JEFF: Why did you quit?

JUBAL: The urge went away when I gave up coffee.

JEFF: Why did you give up coffee?

JUBAL: Over time I'd developed a chronic condition. No sooner would I drink a cup of coffee, than I had to go to the head, and the frequency caused a hemorrhoid to bleed, but this ceased after I gave up coffee.

JEFF: And cigarettes?

JUBAL: Around then, I read a thing by Chugdud Rinpoche about how powerful the Smoking Demoness was, that even Vajrapani could not subdue her. I decided to try. Smokers were getting a lot of flak from the non-smoking sangha members, so I was doubly motivated.

JEFF: I've always felt a strong bond with Vajrapani.

JUBAL: I felt the bond between us was weakened, since we used to go off and smoke together at retreats.

JEFF: Hey, do you hear that? There's a rattlesnake in a hole.

JUBAL: Music in the ground, as we pass.

JEFF: Jubal, are you happy being a monk?

JUBAL: Yes, it puts me in closer contact with my practice.

JEFF: Once, I said I thought you were an evil monk.

JUBAL: I remember. It was at a party, and I was dancing around the counter in your kitchen with a line of Dakinis. I kind of took it amiss. I haven't taken the no dancing vow.

JEFF: I was only kidding you. I think it's great that you are a monk. When I first met you, I thought you would make the perfect land steward, but now I see that's a role for a younger man. You're an elder. One of the founders, a part of the earth itself.

JUBAL: You became a great practitioner, very proficient as a Chödpa, but there was a time when you poo-pooed Tantra. What changed you?

JEFF: I've always been more attuned to Dzog Chen. The shorter the ritual, the better, but as Prajna's consort I sit in the front, next to her, and I want to set a good example. I even like it now.

JUBAL: As Patrul said, "You realize that in the absolute, there's nothing to be meditated on, but still you meditate."

JEFF: That's it.

JUBAL: Can I ask you something personal?

JEFF: Go ahead.

JUBAL: Tulku Sang-ngag said, as a great practitioner, you were probably liberated at the moment of death. What is your condition, at present?

JEFF: You mean in the Bardo?

JUBAL: Yes, in the intermediate state?

JEFF: Well, the nail of the lama's pith instruction was driven home, and I found myself in the formless realm, but since I have taken Bodhisattva vows, I returned to the form realm. However, even though I can see where I could be reborn, it is not auspicious for me to take human womb birth yet. The form you see riding Cosmo corresponds to who you think of as Jeff Rudel, but it is no longer connected to me. Soon I will be another being altogether, again born into the Dharma.

JUBAL: Can you tell me who?

JEFF: Best not to. Things can go askew.

JUBAL: Well, come back soon.

JEFF: I'm doing what I can. For now, best to continue our ride.

JUBAL: Rather than go out on the road, let's cut through here and climb up that way.

JEFF: Are you ready for this?

JUBAL: To get beat black and blue and be bloodied in the bush, sure thing.

JEFF: Hang on.

JUBAL: Up Chico, let's keep up with them.

JUBAL: Wow, nice view. When we did that Guru Rinpoche New Year's practice in the old gompa, that time, and in the morning washed with "star water" that we'd left out all night, there was a row of elk standing in a row on this ridge watching us.

JEFF: I remember. It was our first Drup Chen on the land.

JUBAL: It was a mini-one, compared to the Drup Chen of the White Dakini that we did in the Tsogal Temple last year. That was the first time I ever saw you wear a chuba.

JEFF: I can't work wearing a skirt.

JUBAL: You must learn to swish.

JEFF: I'm not going to swish.

JUBAL: From here you can see all the Empire of Yeshe Ling, all of your great works, oh Kublai Khan.

JEFF: Do you mock me?

JUBAL: No, it's impressive what you...what we've accomplished since the time when we threw up a tarp under the Mother Elm and cooked on Coleman stoves and slept in tents.

JEFF: It's a new day, that's for sure.

JUBAL: And the roads and trails, then you wouldn't let us walk around except on precisely designated tracks. You were afraid we would spoil the pristine environment.

JEFF: I didn't want everyone trampling on every blade of grass.

JUBAL: You made me take down the tree house I built for Alphonso in exchange for the \$50 I lost to him on a bet about how long a board was. I still feel I owe him, even though he said to forget it.

JEFF: Then, pay him. You worry about some of the most trivial things.

JUBAL: You get angry over small matters sometimes. I've felt your wrath.

JEFF: Like?

JUBAL: Like the time you chewed me out for leaving the office unattended, when we were up on San Juan Street, above the old City Market. It was a dog-day afternoon, nothing stirring. I was alone, and I didn't have a key. I closed the door but left it unlocked and walked down to the market and bought a soda. I wasn't gone long, but by the time you arrived at the office, you had arrived and were furious. "What if someone pulled up and loaded all these computers in a van!?" you shouted. I said, "Jeff, this isn't New York; this is Wolf Creek." There is something in the tone of your voice, a mixture of a lion's roar and a baby's whine that is terribly effective at dismantling anyone's defenses. It's conveying a double message: "I am going to eat you alive, but if I don't get my way, I'm going to throw a tantrum." You've honed this tone to perfection. I'm not sure you are aware of how frightening it is. I said to you, "Don't talk to me like that; it frightens me." Your reply: "Get over it."

JEFF: I apologize, Jubal. I may have been overwrought, under too much pressure.

JUBAL: No problem. I did as you suggested. I got over it. I began to understand that you had a tough exterior but that you were mush underneath and that, even if we bumped heads, we were friends, and that I loved you.

JEFF: Jubal, self-contain yourself.

JUBAL: Yes, sir.

JUBAL: Let's stop by the stupa for a minute. It is so beautiful. You had to convince the lamas to leave the raw rock unpainted and not cover it with stucco.

JEFF: Lama Kumaradza understood. He sees the beauty of it.

JUBAL: Even though I only helped Mortimer a little bit as a hod carrier, I did collect a lot of rocks, and I was involved in a lot of ceremonies. I was with you when Lama Ludro did a sang offering over there in the snow, right before a little bird showed Lama Prajna this location. I was at other sangchöds with Lama Chober and with

Ketsun Sangpo Rinpoche. Sam Albright and I helped that Khenpo, who arrived out of the blue from Santa Cruz, to prepare the negativity chamber. We built a triangular box to hold a fresh skull we located. Joe Saviors and I looked for road kill and found a dead raccoon near the red barn on Vargas Road, but it was missing its head. Khenpo had beat us to it. The wood spine was cut from a tree located near Luminous Peak by a young virgin, a neighbor's boy. The high lamas were very generous to Lama Prajna and opened their relic chests and gave her many treasures to tie on the spine. These were representative of the sacred lineage of Nagla Pema Duddul to whom the stupa was dedicated. When the copper Sun & Moon for the top was ready to be mounted, we had another ceremony. It was raining. There was lightning and thunder, and there you were with Mortimer, on the blades of a forklift, putting a metal ornament atop a tall, stone monument. You could have gotten fried.

JEFF: I admit I was nervous.

JUBAL: Well, it was bravely done, and on 9/9/99 Lama Dro Rinchen Bar consecrated the stupa. On July 24th of this year, 2010, we cremated your body here.

JEFF: I see the old garden has been resurrected. It looks nice.

JUBAL: These old buildings we used for storage still stand. It's like a ghost town in this area.

JEFF: Your artworks perk things up.

JUBAL: I would like to turn the old open-air shower into a gallery space.

JEFF: We're not going to go there. I planned to torch it.

JUBAL: You do like fires. That assemblage of mine on that building there is the one I gave you one time on your birthday. I poured kerosene on it and lit it on fire. I called it "Assemblage Flamblage."

JEFF: I had never received an assemblage flamblage before.

JUBAL: Our ride's about over. I have a poem I wrote for you a long time ago. It's titled "Cowboy."

Rein in your mind

There's rain in your mind

Don't shy, let it fall
The tears

You built it
Now, it's gone

Relax, it's alright
Head 'em up, herd 'em out

JEFF: I don't think of myself as a cowboy.

JUBAL: I know. You are a caballero, which is a gentleman, a horseman, and I feel honored to ride with you.

HUNTING

Like the scene in *The Deer Hunter*, the buck was silhouetted against the sky, an easy shot, at no more than fifty yards. Jubal was situated among some rocks at the top of a hill. Other hunters, in the valley below, had driven the buck to him. Jubal heard the clatter of hooves, and now the buck, a four-pointer, was standing in profile on the crest of the ridge. Jubal had a bead on him—an easy shot, aimed just behind the shoulder at the heart.

His rifle was an 8 mm Mauser, still in its military stock. Fine German craftsmanship, the Mauser. Jubal had test fired it, but this was the first time he had ever had a deer in his sights, and he was nervous. He squeezed the trigger. He had no qualms. He squeezed the trigger, but the rifle did not respond because he had the safety on. He quickly clicked the safety off, and in that instant the buck was gone.

At times, Jubal has felt remorse that he missed that shot and, at other times, gladness that the buck continued to live. Plenty of others did not. Jubal hunted

rabbits, squirrels, birds of many feathers, deer and shot just about anything that moved.

Another buck that got away, again on the ranch near Longvale, about twenty miles north of Willits, California, trampled him in the process. Jubal was hunting with his dad and Uncle Kip. They stopped the Jeep and fanned out. Jubal walked back along the dirt road. The men were below him. In a clearing, down an incline, Jubal saw a little forking horn, who was not aware of Jubal, being focused on the approach of the hunters in the brush. Just as Jubal raised his rifle, Kip stepped into the clearing, and the buck bolted. Up the incline he came, straight toward Jubal, who turned his rifle sideways to ward off the horns, slipped on loose gravel, and fell on his back, as the buck rushed over him, clipping him with a hoof on the inside of one thigh.

When the hunters returned empty-handed (and bruised) to the ranch house, Blanche, Jubal's mom, told them there had been a big buck standing in the orchard all morning, and that if she had had a gun she could have pegged it. This news did not brighten the hunters' spirits.

During hunting season, the men would rise early, eat a quick meal, drink coffee, load the Jeep with their gear, and begin their hunt at first light. Kip would give Jubal an orange-colored pill, which he said would help him "see" better, and Jubal would ride on the hood with his feet on the bumper, on point. This pill was a Dexadrine, a "Dexi," which was a prescription drug, an amphetamine, a stimulant. In the 1950s, this kind of drug did not have the stigma it has today. Psychiatrists prescribed such drugs to people who had mild cases of depression, especially to housewives who were increasingly complaining of being under too much stress. Euphemistically, this drug was known as "mother's little helpers."

Hunting on drugs. Hunting for drugs. Hunting for drugs while on drugs. Dangerous sport. Jubal had been to a party in Berkeley, a night where Sandy Bull had been a guest and played his guitar. Jubal slept that night with the hostess, Carmen, and the next morning she asked Jubal to drive her and her friend, Andrea, to the city to score some Acid. After they had scored, Jubal drove them to North Beach, so they could browse in City Lights Bookstore and have an espresso at Enrico's. The three

of them, Jubal with a girl on each arm, were standing on the corner of Columbus and Broadway. Jubal was wearing a black suit and had on a gray, unblocked Stetson with a small feather in the band. Carmen and Andrea wore colorful skirts with hems cut above the knees. Jubal—cock of the walk!

From behind him, Jubal never saw who, someone hauled off and hit Jubal in the back of the head and sent him tumbling into the street and right in the path of a police car that braked with tires screeching. The officer flipped on his red lights and jumped out to come to Jubal's aid. Lifting Jubal to his feet and retrieving his hat, the policeman inquired if he had been hit. Jubal replied that he had, by a man, but the policeman said yes, he had seen that and watched the man flee, but he was more concerned as to whether Jubal had been hit by the police car.

Jubal was tripping on Acid. He had felt the blow. The girls had screamed, as he flew into the street, then a screech, flashing lights, and an enormous, uniformed man asking questions that were riddles, and him with not only his bloodstream loaded with LSD but his pocket as well.

When the policeman was sure that Jubal was unharmed, he had him accompany him across the street to one of the strip joints where he said he had seen Jubal's assailant enter. Jubal did his best to convince the policeman that the hunt was futile, that if they caught someone, Jubal could not identify the man who hit him. They looked into the bar. It was dark. The officer gave up the pursuit, and they returned to the scene of the attack.

Carmen and Andrea were not smiling, and from their somber looks, Jubal could tell that they were freaked. If their eyes were not already rolling in the sockets, they began to when the policeman insisted they accompany him to a nearby hospital, so that Jubal could be checked out by a doctor to be sure nothing was broken. I expect the man was being cautious, in case his car had struck Jubal, but he seemed to be just doing his duty.

When the policeman dropped Jubal, Carmen, and Andrea back on the corner of Broadway and Columbus, Jubal thanked the nice policeman and asked the girls if they would like to proceed across the street to City Lights. "No," said Carmen, "take

us home, Jubal. This has been a total drag. I never want to trip with you again!”

Jubal reflected on what was behind this unprovoked attack. Having a lovely woman on each arm was ostentatious, and in that neighborhood, he might have been mistaken for a pimp and have been dealt the blow because it was another pimp’s territory. Or someone may not have liked his hat. Whatever the reason, Jubal read it as a sign that he was drawing attention to himself in ways that were not beneficial. It would not be long before he committed himself to Mendocino Mental Facility.

This last episode was not exactly a “hunting” story, but before I return to telling about killing animals, let me tell you about another Acid trip that took place on opening day of hunting season, in Ketchikan, Alaska.

Jubal and Angel each dropped a tab of “windowpane” and started to climb the trail behind their apartment by the ballpark up Deer Mountain when they heard shots. Being suddenly reminded they were in an area infested with hunters, they decided to take a shortcut through the woods. Not a smart move. And even less intelligent was Jubal wearing his fringed, deer hide coat on such a day. He was slinking through the woods, trying to be inconspicuous, when Angel pointed out that he looked and was acting very much like a deer. He took off his coat, rolled it up and put it under his arm, and he and Angel returned to the main trail and headed for home.

Back to the ranch for another hunting story. Jubal was tracking a bobcat that had been raiding the hen house, but it was to no avail, so he set a trap and chained it to a tree. The next morning, when he checked, he could see from a distance, the trap had been sprung by some creature. He approached slowly. It was a skunk in the trap, struggling to free its paw.

Jubal shot the skunk in the head at close range with his Remington bolt-action .22, which finished the animal off, or nearly. When Jubal nudged the skunk with the toe of his boot—it’s a skunk Jubal, and what do skunks do?—it sprayed a wicked emission, stinging Jubal’s eyes and permeating his clothes. His mom said she could smell him coming.

She told him to stop in his tracks and take off his clothes where he stood. Then, he stood naked in the bathtub while she scrubbed him with vinegar, a home remedy,

and then he took a long, soapy bath, while Blanche burned his clothes. Jubal never could get the stink off his rifle, no matter how much oil he rubbed into the stock. Gave him a good excuse to buy a new .22, this time a pump-action Remington, along with a case (1000 rounds) of ammunition. With this amount of ammunition he significantly diminished the Stellar Jay and ground squirrel population on the ranch, but he did not get his buck.

Most of the deer Jubal killed, he shot in Alaska. He shot one on the ranch near Red Bluff, but he was never comfortable hunting that land, always afraid he would shoot one of the pet deer. Before I venture back to Alaska, I want to tell one more episode on the Longvale Ranch. It was hunting season, and Amadeus, Jubal's sweetheart, accompanied him to the ranch for the weekend. Jubal had no real intention to go deer hunting, unless one means it in a poetic way. Like in the poem by Sir Thomas Wyatt, "Who So List to Hunt," where the Middle English word "dere," which means "to stir up," can be applied to the effect Amadeus had on Jubal.

Amadeus and Jubal were on the ridge where Jubal had earlier been trampled by a deer. Amadeus might have said, "He's lucky to have his genitals after the different times he's been mauled, alas." The two of them were nestled in the crotch of pine tree, kissing. Kissing was as far as Jubal could ever get with Amadeus. They had driven to the ridge in the Army jeep. Jubal had brought his Winchester lever-action 30.30, with a newly blued barrel, his saddle gun. He had taken it from its scabbard and propped it against the back bumper, handy.

Making out with Amadeus always left Jubal feeling frustrated. He got tired of her moving his hands away from her breasts and her belt buckle, and after some very passionate kisses he drove her back to the ranch house, where he realized he had forgotten his Winchester. He drove back to the ridge, to the place he had parked, and found out he had run over this phallic symbol of his manhood. "Oh, my God, I've run over my gun!" echoed across the valley. I cannot but think this experience left a deep scar on Jubal's psyche.

In the *Taittiriya Upanishad* the Universe says, "I am the eater of the eater of food."

This expresses Jubal's view on killing animals for food. In Alaska, when Jubal lived in the wood, he hunted solely to feed his family. He no longer hunted for sport or shot animals as target practice. It is not that he thought it sinful or cruel. He just thought of it as wasteful of life, and he took no pleasure in killing as a pastime. He had not yet meditated on the act from the perspective of karma and its effects. He fished and shot deer as game, and he fed his family. Here "game" is meant as the flesh of a wild animal that is taken as food and not as a word for amusement.

When Jubal worked on the cattle ranch near Robber's Roost, he did not even hunt chuckers, which were plentiful in the sage country, and he had once been an avid quail hunter. Indeed, Fred Gold had peppered Jubal with buckshot from a distance. No flesh wound, but a few pieces of shot were embedded in his leather jacket. Not the only time Jubal had been shot at either, although in Fred's case it was accidental, a covey flying up between them. Whoever let off a couple of rounds at Jubal when he was hunting on the Longvale ranch, stirring up dirt not far from his feet, gave him a scare, although it is possible that he was mistaken for a deer by a nearsighted hunter. Jubal returned fire across the valley to let it be known that Bambi was armed.

There is a chance of being shot while hunting and a chance of getting lost, especially in the deep woods. Jubal went further into the Tongass National Forest than he ever had before, while living at Deep Bay. He followed a cascading stream for a distance, and at a tall snag, which he used as a marker, he cut inland. It was late in the afternoon, when a buck came around the edge of a hillock, and Jubal got off a snap shot. The buck went back the way it had come, and Jubal went after him, not sure whether he had wounded the deer or not but thinking he had.

Navigating around a muskeg, which is a bog formed of water and mosses and can be deceptive in its appearance and deep, Jubal found traces of blood and a little further afield, the dying buck, whose throat Jubal promptly cut. He gutted his kill, removed the head and sat it on a fallen log, broke the front legs at the knee joints and inserted them into slits between the tendons in the hind legs to make a pack out of the carcass.

LOST IN TONGASS WOODS

Which way?
Got turned around
Drizzle, muskeg and devil's club
Mountains on four sides

Let's see
I came over that rise
Knelt and backed up
Turned and sat down
Adjusted my gear
Got up
And...

Fear I'm in Death's maw
When I hear a shout
And see the beam of a torch
Eric at the trail head
With a bag of trailmix

I'm gobbling it up
When he tells me
He added candle butts
In case we needed to start a fire
But they're gone

All one taste

Eric Gill was a young man from Arkansas who Jubal and Angel had taken under their wings. He ventured out of Ketchikan at different times on an odd assortment of boats he acquired and would stay until Angel was tired of him under foot. Then, he would go back to town. Eric had never shot a deer and wanted Jubal to give him pointers. It was the second winter they were in the woods. They could use some

venison to augment the fish and clams they had been eating. Jubal loaned Eric his 30.06 with a scope and took him to an area where a small herd of deer were to be found near the shoreline.

It's hard to tell bucks from does from a distance once the bucks have dropped their horns. Jubal pointed to the largest deer. Eric took aim and fired, and a deer fell. Jubal could not tell if it was the animal Eric had aimed at or not, but the deer Eric shot turned out to be a doe, and when Jubal showed Eric how to gut the deer, they found she was caring twin fawns.

Jubal told Eric that it was a good shot, clean, and that the deer had hardly suffered. He congratulated him on his kill. He told him they would take the deer home and return with a sack for the innards that could be used for crab bait, so nothing would go to waste. It was the best that Jubal could do, but both he and Eric were sickened by the scene. That was the last venison they ate at Deep Bay. Until Jubal and Angel left for Fairbanks, they ate seafood, and Jubal never went hunting again.

INITIATIONS

“How do I know I am on my Right Path?”

The doctor says, “When your heart opens and goes AH.”

A LETTER TO A YOUNG TRUTH SEEKER from Jubal Dolan Dorje

Dear Rainbow Merry Mountain,

You asked me in your letter, “How do I know I am on my Right Path?” The question might be rephrased, “Am I ready to be on the right path?” or “Is the right path ready for me?”

By “path” I assume you are referring to the Buddhist path in general, the Vajrayana (Tantric Buddhism) path more specifically, and finally you have an interest in the

Dzog Chen path (“The Great Perfection,” or Ati Yoga). There is the Sutra approach, where you study the metaphysical meaning of the Buddha’s teaching and practice sitting meditation. To enter the Vajra World, you must find a guru you respect and devote yourself to deity practice, which includes visualization and mantra recitation. To practice Dzog Chen, your guru must point out the nature of mind to you, and you use this awareness as the path. Each path builds on previous experience, but each is contained within the other.

To be sure you are ready to enter a path, the Tibetans speak of the four reminders which turn the mind toward Dharma. First, the freedoms and advantages: are you aware how fortunate you are to possess a human body that has the ability to reflect and understand its real condition, as well as having been born in a time and place where you can receive teachings? Second: have you really contemplated on the nature of impermanence, how things are subject to death and decay? Third: are you truly aware of the extent of suffering? And lastly: are you aware of your actions, of the principle of cause and effect?

If you have given up destructive behavior, like killing, stealing, lying, sexual misconduct, self-medication and so forth—and you have committed yourself to performing beneficial actions; if you recognize the many types of suffering—the suffering of change, the suffering on suffering, the suffering of composite things—and you understand that suffering can be overcome; if you are intensely aware of how everything—the outer universe, all living beings, even holy beings—are impermanent; and if you aren’t just shopping for the latest fashion in gaining enlightenment, then you are ripe for this venture.

One more thing, the odds against even finding and recognizing a path are small. It requires faith, but it also requires rational deliberation, because to choose a path that has as its goal a state of being where your attachment to corporeal things is reversed and dualistic concepts are dissolved is contrary to the cultural mores you most likely have. There is not a lot of support for someone who would transform themselves in isolated retreat through exotic rituals and secret practices. And do this in Tibetan.

This takes courage and perseverance, and although there is a map, getting there (where?—to knowing who you are and what is your purpose; of taming your mind) is dependent on your own effort. It is, after all, your path and, hence, is unlike all others. You have “beginner’s mind,” Abbi—open, curious—good, keep it pliable and relaxed. If you have been able to navigate the outer preliminaries: aisle 1, freedoms and conditions; aisle 2, impermanence; aisle 3, suffering (in an orange box, not necessarily “natural”); and aisle 4, cause and effect—proceed to the checkout counter and take refuge. This act is an inner preliminary step, and I am brought to my main subject: initiation.

Again, “how do I know I am on my right path?” There might be signs, although not everyone receives signs and, if they do, can read them. Dreams, strange occurrences. For me, it was a near-death experience that made me realize, “Life is brief!” In lieu of magical or dramatic indicators, do some old-fashioned research. The Sufi says, “When the student is ready, the teacher will appear.”

The lamas that teach at Yeshe Ling, for the most part, are of the Nyingma School of Tibetan Buddhism. This is known as the “Old School,” and its tradition goes back to the early spreading of the Dharma by Padmasambhava (circa 810 CE). Although the Nyingmas have many great scholars in their tradition, the main emphasis is upon tantric practice and meditation. If you are averse to rituals, this is not the path for you.

Lama Prajna, the spiritual leader of Yeshe Ling, emphasizes the feminine principle in Tibetan Buddhism. She celebrates and explore the lives and teachings of women, past and present, in the Vajrayana. Lama Prajna is recognized as an emanation of Machig Lapdrön, the 12th century originator of the *Chöd*, a practice which fuses Tibetan shamanism with Buddhist ideas on emptiness and compassion.

Before you take any vows (refuge or bodhisattva) and make any promises to a lama (samayas), it would be smart to read about the lineage, the teachers, and their teachings. There is a wonderful world of Tibetan literature emerging in English. If you are like me and are inspired by biographies of yogis and yoginis, a must read is *A Marvelous Garland of Rare Gems: Biographies of Masters of Awareness in the*

Dzog Chen Lineage by Nyoshul Khenpo.

How did I come to this path? By a circuitous route. Through many initiations. But what I've written here so far seems to me stuffy and a bit pedantic. Here are some poems to lighten the mood and which show some rebelliousness and, perhaps, weakness.

I would have fit right in with Do Khentse's gang
A sangha of reformed marauders—
"Say the word, and I'll jump off a cliff!"

I fly around, put my hand and butt prints on rocks—
Come back later, nothing there
Still, I'm amazed

Phony dharma posturing, these robes just for show—
What am I going to do when I'm put to the test?

Complete, ineluctable, consummate
Infallible and without substance—
"Watch what you're doing!
Just stir the oatmeal.

A morning of mantra muddle
Mudra mangle and fuzzy yidam
But this afternoon, I put paid to
This condition of frustration—
Vajra ground perfected
Vidyahara levels matured
Four kayas fully actualized
So, who's your lama now?

All this sagely poetry
What a load of crap!
Still, my grocery list is popular
For its wild, edible words

I was baptized a Presbyterian. My secular education introduced me to skepticism and the empirical method. I became a logical positivist and wanted to study medicine. I went to Cal Berkeley. Then, I discovered English Renaissance love poetry, and medicine went by the wayside. After being introduced to the work of Arthur Rimbaud, I was initiated into the cult known as “Dérèglement de Tous les Sens” with a near fatal dose of sex, drugs, and rock ‘n’ roll.

LEARY PROCLAIMS TUNE IN TURN ON DROP OUT (1968)

I had already dropped out
And turned on to my own tune.
Radical Dzog Chen spontaneously arose
In America and Europe in the Sixties
And Berkeley was ground zero
With street poets the vanguard.

We had no discipline, but we had l’esperit.
We had no patience, but we had the grit.
Body—we believed in Free Love.
Voice—we believed in Power to the People.
Mind—we believed Make Love Not War.

We saw the body as a temple.
We opened the doors of perception,
And we abused 4:4 time
To where you couldn’t march to it.

You may scoff, but we found power

In the streets, enough to stop a war
And set the establishment on its ear.

Note: the term “radical Dzog Chen” is a term used in this context by Keith Dowman in his book *Eye of the Storm* (Vajra Pubs., Nepal, 2006, p. xii.). Between 1978 and 1995, I owned a bookstore and studied Theosophy and Christian mysticism. As a student of David Pond (co-author of *The Metaphysical Handbook*, Reflection Pond Pubs., 1984), I gave tarot readings and practiced astrology. In the late ‘80s, I joined a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons and, in 1990, was elected Worshipful Master of my lodge. Metaphorically, I tunneled from the Temple of King Solomon to Mecca, where I became a Sufi dervish.

My first encounter with Tibetan Buddhism was in 1959, in Berkeley, as I was walking up Telegraph Avenue and saw some ritual items in a curio shop. My curiosity was aroused. The political situation in Tibet was also troubling to me. In 1963, I bought a copy of Evan-Wentz’s *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, but I found it difficult to understand. There were not many books about Buddhism in the mainstream at that time. I did find *Beat Zen, Square Zen and Zen* by Alan Watts at City Lights Bookstore, in San Francisco, and this led me to D.T. Suzuki’s *Essays in Zen Buddhism* and to Gary Snyder’s *Rip Rap and Cold Mountain Poems*, so I was well on my way. My wife, Angel, introduced me to Lama Govinda’s *Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism*, and I read this with interest, along with some fictional works about Tibet by an Englishman, who wrote under the pen name, T. Lapsang Rampa.

In 1989, I read *The Crystal and the Way of Light: Sutra, Tantra and Dzogchen* by Namkhai Norbu. My Sufi teacher, Alia, told me that Pir Vilayat, who is the head of the Sufi Order in the West, had suggested his students investigate Tibetan practices. Upon seeing a poster on my bookstore window advertising a talk on Dzog Chen by Tingdzin Zangpo Rinpoche, I took this as a “sign” and went to Seattle to sit at the feet of this master, and from him I received my first transmissions. Lama Zangpo became a celebrity with the publication of his bestseller, *Perfection: A Book for Living and Dying*, but he became less accessible. I traveled to Oakland for a Dzog Chen retreat and laid the foundation for future practice.

In the early 90s, I traveled to Seabeck, Washington, and attended first a Chöd retreat and later a Dakini Simhamukha retreat. I took refuge with Lama Prajna. Kneeling on the grass outside the gompa, I said my vows, Prajna cut a lock of my hair, and she gave me the name of Jampa Dorje which translates as “Indestructible Lovingkindness.” It was at these retreats that she talked about her vision of a place to be called Yeshe Ling, where people would be able to do long retreats. She and Jeff Rudel found this land near Wolf Creek, Colorado. In 1995, I sold Windy City, my bookstore, to my son Alvin and his wife, Melanie, and I moved to Wolf Creek to run the Yeshe Ling Bookstore. In 1998, I took responsibility of caring for my elderly parents, in Santa Rosa, California, where I resided for the next ten years, only visiting Yeshe Ling for short periods each year. Senge Gyapa Rinpoche became my main guru, in 1999, and he ordained me as a monk, in 2005. In 2008, after my parents had both died, I returned to Yeshe Ling to do my three-year retreat.

Each year, beginning in the summer of 1994, I made my way to Yeshe Ling to work and take teachings. For the first ten years, we cooked outdoors and slept in tents. We connected with the Utes and did sweats. Tibetan lamas, as well as American Indians, came and taught. It was rough, but Tibetans are a tough breed. “A Tibetan yogi can be comfortable even in hell,” they say. We erected a yurt for a shrine room. The office and the bookstore were in town, at the Spring Inn Plaza. The stupa, which holds the relics of Nagla Padma Duddul, a 19th century saint who attained Rainbow Body, was the first permanent structure on the land. Namkhai Lama Rinchen Rinpoche consecrated the stupa on 9/9/99. (See *A View from Ekajati*, “Mandala Odessey,” *Collected Books of Jubal Dolan*, Volume 7, at dPress website.)

Lama Prajna and Jeff built a fabulous house. We helicoptered materials to a high ridge and built the first retreat cabin, Dragon’s Nest. Another yurt was set up to house the bookstore on the land. A well was dug. The kitchen was set on a platform and had propane for a stove and refrigerators. There were open-air showers and storage sheds built, which were ideal places to hang my assemblages. The crowning achievement of this stage of development was a septic system and flush toilets. These were the pioneer days.

Thanks to Lama Prajna’s tireless efforts at fundraising, the land was paid off. And

thanks to Jeff's dedicated supervision of land projects, a complex of buildings have appeared, as if by magic. It is said that Jeff, who died in 2010, was a gift to Lama Prajna from Ekajati.

Just completed is the Tsogal Temple. It is a glory to behold, worthy of being alluded to as "a palace of lotus light in the pure land of Akanishta." There are carvings by Bhutanese artisans, who spent a year away from their homeland, to exquisitely embellish the temple. And there are the masterworks painted by Lama Gyurme Rubgye, who I had the honor to assist before I entered retreat.

Dzog Chen is presented in groups of three categories. The initial set consists of Base, Path, and Fruit. I like to think that, historically, the era that has just ended, with the construction of the temple, is the "Base," and the phase we are entering is the "Path," since we are now able to serve a more diverse group of practitioners. You have impeccable timing coming now, Rainbow. Welcome to the path. May it be right for you.

JAILS AND TORTURE

It seems that Jubal touts his jail experiences as though he was some kind of big time criminal. He knows his attempts at being a brigand were pathetic. He has a wild streak, a lot of unchecked energy, and he likes to experiment. A rebel, sometimes with and sometimes without a cause, his path has, at times, led him afoul of the law.

As Gail Chiarello puts it, in her essay, "The Invisible Circle: an Introduction to Berkeley Daze" (<http://www.bigbridgeorg/BD-IN.HTM>):

We were changed by the Free Speech movement.
We walked in anti-war marches and read in anti-war
poetry readings often one and the same event. Some
of us were hyper-educated, others have rambled
and roamed; their learning has been on the fly,
on the sly, in the hoosegow.

In Jubal's case, all of the above. If we compare poets to Tibetan tulkus, Jubal is an emanation of François Villon (b.1431), a French poet who disappeared from history in 1463 after many scrapes with the police, within a lineage going back to Gaius Valerius Catullus (84?-54?BCE), a Roman bad boy. Even in grade school, Jubal was fascinated by bandits and was a bit of a bad boy himself. After a good scolding, he would straighten up, for a while. Then, he could again be found sitting in the principal's office or in detention. He would get in scrapes, talk back, or cut class. He wrote and read to his sixth grade class a paper on Willy Sutton (1901-1980), a notorious bank robber of the 1930s, renowned for his escapes from jails.

Jubal was first taken to jail, in Oakland, when he was 16, after attempting to evade arrest for speeding, which led him through a series of red lights and stop signs and an out-of-control dive from the top of a hill in a residential neighborhood into a fishpond in Diamond Park. The policeman in pursuit also wrecked his patrol car. Luckily, no one was hurt. Jubal's parents' feelings were hurt by the grief he caused them, and Jubal's dad's pocketbook was certainly hurt making restitution for the damage his son had caused.

At age 17, Jubal went to jail (although he was not put in a cell) for sneaking through an exit door at the Fox Oakland Theater. Just as he parted the velvet drapes, he was grabbed by a policeman standing just inside the door who was there because he had been called to investigate a stabbing. Jubal had snuck into the middle of a crime scene. He turned around and ran down the metal fire escape, but the policeman tripped him with his nightstick and dragged him back upstairs. The usher said that Jubal was not the person who had done the stabbing, which cleared him of the assault, but the policeman took him to the precinct station and called Jubal's dad. Jubal was not booked for this misdemeanor, which was fortunate, as he was still on probation for the auto crash. His dad, however, gave him holy hell.

Jubal says he does not remember being arrested and booked or going to jail, or to court, for stealing hubcaps with his friend, Frank. He remembers that there were

two plain-clothes detectives waiting for him by his car, after school, and from what they told him, he knew the game was up. Perhaps, they saw it as a prank, because after he admitted his part in a dozen counts of theft, he was told to meet them at Frank's house, across the street from his own, in the Oakland hills, and when he got there Frank was waiting, and the two of them pointed to the manure pile by the barn where they had buried a couple of gunny sacks with their haul.

This is the part I have a hard time believing, but Jubal says the two detectives took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and dug up the sacks of hubcaps, while Frank and Jubal watched. Was it that the boys were from a privileged class? Had their fathers made a sizable contribution to the Policeman's Ball? Had no one pressed charges? Dave told Jubal that a set of "moons" (designer hubcaps without an insignia on them, with a smooth, rounded face) that he had put on his hotrod, a '39 Ford with a '54 flathead V8, had an inscription inside that read, "If these hubcaps are not on my car, they've been stolen!" signed by the owner, who had reported them missing. Not hard to find, really.

Grand Theft Auto is a felony. I guess that the worth of the hubcaps did not reach that level, and the detectives were just happy solving their case. However light-hearted they took this caper, one of the detectives told Jubal, "Going into some stranger's garage in the dead of night is a good way of getting yourself shot." Jubal gave this some serious thought and abandoned "midnight auto" as an enterprise.

He had not, however, given up stealing. He read Karl Marx in college, and he decided that stealing books and selling them was a form of "redistribution of capitalist wealth." The manager of University Textbook Exchange did not see it this way. He had Jubal arrested for shoplifting, and Jubal spent a couple of nights in Berkeley City Jail. He found a dog-eared copy of *A Day in the Life of Ivan Illych* by Solzhenitsyn in his cell, and it made Jubal feel his surroundings were plush compared to a Russian gulag. Still, he was happy to go home, and he regrets this arrest above all others, because his probationary status with the court deterred him from joining the protesters who sat-in overnight in Sproul Hall in the largest mass arrest in U.S. History and signaled the onset of a growing student protest movement.

Being arrested for disturbing the peace and destroying state property looked serious on the blotter, but Jubal was innocent. He was trying to turn off a handle to a faucet with a rotten fire hose attached. The hose had burst open and was flooding the hallway of an apartment building owned by University of California, on LeRoy Avenue, where Natasha lived with her roommates, Katherine and Kioko.

Two of Jubal's friends were responsible for this mischief, but the arresting officer hauled all three of them in. If Kioko had not had money to bail them out, they would have spent the weekend in jail. Charges were dropped on account of the University's faulty equipment and the officer's hasty arrest. Again, disgruntled parents, only this time there was a court appearance and a lawyer's fee. And more disgrace.

Charges were not dropped for Jubal's bust for possession of marijuana and indecent exposure. Possession of the "killer weed," even if it was only a couple of seeds, was a felony, in 1964.

POEM ON MY BIRTHDAY

Once again, this day protrudes
its ugly head out of the debris of the year

Bleary-eyed & melancholy, strung out
in my Imolean web

I contemplate my 23rd time-twisted
space-spun, yelping year

With River Lethe flowing
my Scorpion soul

winds it wayward way
toward a shipwreck upon a seed

Poetry proceeds by hyperbole, but in this poem Jubal is, if anything, understating

his situation. If the doctors at Herrick Hospital, in Berkeley, had not recommended that Jubal be committed to the Napa State Mental Facility, Jubal would have been sent to Vacaville, to the facility for the criminally insane. However, before Jubal was sent to Herrick Hospital he spent time in Berkeley City Jail, and it was not as pleasant as the time before. This time, he was out-of-his-mind, and after trying to convert the cell block to his beliefs, he was thrown into a padded cell.

He carried his *Gideon Bible* tucked into the waistband of his jail suit, as he was led, chained hand and foot, to the courtroom. He planned to “throw the book” at the judge, but his sense of time was distorted, and he was remanded to the care of doctors before he knew what had happened. After the doctors’ reports were entered into evidence, Jubal was transferred to Alameda County Jail to be sentenced as an insane person by the Superior Court of California. Before Jubal’s case reached the top of the docket, he spent two weeks in D Tank, and that included five days in the hole.

Oakland is a tough town. It may even be meaner today than it was then, in 1964, but it was still plenty mean, and many of Jubal’s cellmates were hard core criminals. Somehow, Jubal gained the respect of the Black contingent of the population. When he was first put in the tank, bearded, wild hair, babbling, one of the men said, “Here comes Moses to set us free!” It may have been a facetious remark, but on two occasions these men, perhaps Black Panthers or members of the Islamic Brotherhood, kept Jubal out of harm’s way.

Once, Jubal tried to stop a fight, and he was pulled back before the guards broke it up with their clubs. And the other time, a white kid started giving Jubal a bad time, and Jubal was rising to the bait with his fist clenched, when Homer Gideon, who liked to sit with Jubal, took hold of his arm and whispered in his ear not to go there. Jubal regained his composure. He read his *Bible*, rereading *The Book of Job*, and Homer colored the faces of people in the newspaper different colors with a set of colored pencils. Jubal thought it odd—it was rumored that Homer had murdered his mother— but Jubal guessed that since the faces in the newspaper were usually white faces, Homer was seeing to it that everyone was a person of color.

The Bible was Jubal's mainstay. Unfortunately, he became so engrossed in his reading that he failed—or refused—to stand up for “count,” which was a daily occurrence to see if all prisoners were present. Glued to his seat in a state of *samahdi* (stable meditational state), Jubal got what could be expected in those confines. After a severe blow to the back between his shoulder blades, he was dragged semi-conscious down the hallway of the inner cell block, where his jail suit was stripped off, and he was thrown in the hole.

The hole: a small, dingy abode, a dungeon. Here, it was a cubical, not quite big enough to stretch out in, with metal walls and an open place in the floor to relieve yourself. For long periods there would be no light from the bulb in the ceiling, and then there would be. Jubal assumed this was day and night. The second night, he was given a wool blanket, and at intervals, a small hatch opened in the door and a tray of food was shoved through to him. Jubal had no complaints. Remember, Jubal was crazy. He thought he was the statue of David by Michelangelo being moved somewhere in the hold of an ocean liner.

He was let out of the hole after five days, so he could get ready for his court appearance. Pluto, a cigar-chomping trustee, who seemed to have the run of the place, took him to one of the private cells in the inner cell block, where he was given fresh coveralls and handed an electric razor. He started to run the razor over the stubble of his beard, when he felt hands on his hips and a body close to his. He jumped to one side and began to wrap the cord around his hand in order to make a weapon, but the razor fell off the end of the cord, and he was left holding a wire with a plug at the end. The man with the amorous intentions laughed and said Jubal was expected at the barbers at the end of the hall.

When he reached the barber's, he was told to wait in the chair while the man read a letter he had just been given. As he read the letter, tears came to his eyes. Jubal asked him if he was ok, and man told him that his mother had died. Jubal asked Pluto if he could please be put back in the hole. Pluto said, “You really should get rid of that ridiculous red beard.”

The day Jubal was to appear before the judge for sentencing, he stood at the

bottom of the staircase that led into the courtroom. The young man ahead of him began to sob. He was Persian. Jubal tried to console him, and the man moaned, "What crime did I commit? All I did was throw my books out the window." The Persian went through the door into the courtroom and never returned. Swept away by the Shaw's secret police, Jubal surmises. It was one thing to be an American and an insane person and entirely another thing to be a crazy foreign student from Iran.

TORTURLAND

It's California. "When you get there,"
Alvin says, "they'll cut off your head."
Big Jim, Tonto, and The Masked Man
Stripped to their pivot joints and wrapped
In white paper and Scotch tape.

These are torture hats, and they're suffering
Burning brands to subdue their will power.
Alvin is getting at the truth.

"Alright, enough," I say. "Pick up this stuff."
Alvin, "I want to save this torture stuff."
"Here, put it in this torture baggie." Can it be,
regardless of our innate goodness, we are all sadists?

INTERROGATION TECHNIQUES

"What's so bad about having to stand up?
I'm on my feet all day."
Yes, Mr. Rumsfield, you are standing there
With snarling dogs inches away from your genitals
While you watch some goon shits on your Bible.

Among all human acts, the one that is most unkind is torture. Anthropologists study

man. They seek to find what distinguishes this animal from all the others. Language and tools have been noted. Chimpanzees use sticks to capture ants for food and use sign language to communicate. A mother thrush with a clear flute-like note stills her chicks at the approach of danger. The uniqueness of Homo sapiens seems to be in their degree of specialization. A cat will “play” with a mouse, and this might be construed as torture, but what other animal, except man, tortures a fellow creature to arrive at the truth? What other animal will forgo goodness and take away beauty for knowledge? The view that truth for a “higher cause” is of paramount importance is where humanity gets lost.

The interrogator does not pull out your fingernails and ask, “Is your beauty under there?” He (or she) does not hook electrodes to your genitalia and ask, “Have you been good?” No, the question is: “Where’s the loot?” or “Who’s in your gang?” or “When is the bomb set to go off?”

There are different kinds of torture, just as there are different methods. Torture as punishment: being burned at the stake or being cut open while you are still alive and having your entrails removed. Torture for pleasure: a fiendish person torments a hapless victim. And sadomasochism: sexual gratification depends on suffering and inflicting pain. Then, there is unintended torture, as in unrequited love affairs, where the unattainable object of desire is present. Experimentation on laboratory animals must be torture to those beasts. And, of course, systematic torture for political ends. Here, it is believed that the ends justify the means. Who is to say, in a world of relative values, who is the bad guy? “Best to do unto him before he does unto you,” is the creed.

During the Regan Presidency, Tom Lineham, a Robber’s Roost city council member, and Roberto Freeman, a yoga instructor, traveled to Nicaragua to observe the Sandinista Revolution. They founded an organization called ENOUGH!. After Tom moved to Olympia, Washington, to be closer to the action of state government, and Roberto began working on his Ph.D., the Windy City Bookstore became the headquarters of ENOUGH!, and Jubal and Kim Secunda took over the leadership. It was mainly a forum for discussion and distribution of information on the aims of the Sandinistas National Liberation Front.

The “disappearing” of individuals by Death Squads during the Somoza Regime became an issue. With the help of a group of art students at Central Normal, Jubal and Kim made dummies from old clothes stuffed with wadded newspaper and attached placards around the necks that gave the name, age, and condition of the body when it was found. The graphic details—the horror—was drawn from files they kept from their Amnesty International group, which also met at Windy City Books.

The dummies (doused with ample amounts of red paint to simulate gore) were dumped in spots around the campus and in the downtown business district to bring attention to the United States involvement and complicity in these atrocities. The response to this act of street theater was mixed: from “The City of Robber’s Roost should go on record as opposed to U.S. intervention in Central and South American politics” to “I think this display was in poor taste; it ruined my morning.”

As torture is to the individual, so terror is to the group. It modifies their behavior; tempers their rage; breaks down their will. In the following poem, Jubal adapts his longer poem, “My Escape Forward,” to fit this occasion. He also recommends Larry Kerschner’s *U.S. Military Diplomacy from Wounded Knee to Afghanistan* at the dPress website.

SHOCK AND AWE

Carthage, plow it under
Sow the ground with salt

Hiroshima, then Nagasaki
Just so you know we know
What we are doing

Napalm the villages
Defoliate the jungle
Shoot the buffalo
Cut the life-sustaining links

It's a blitz
On a fortress, on a mosque
Creating a gulf of blood
And a nightmare of smashed faces

And in the aftermath
Open sewers and squalor

Jubal is fortunate to be in Luminous Peak, where he can meditate and pray for all sentient beings that they find happiness and the causes of happiness. He says, "My lawyer, who keeps people out of jail for being bad, wondered why I'd do a solitary retreat. I told her, 'Because my karma is good.'"

JUANITA OF THE WOODS

In his author's preface to his *Collected Poems*, Jubal pays homage to Juanita Miller: "The muse is not necessarily embodied in a single person. My first contact with this spirit of inspiration was Juanita Miller, daughter of the flamboyant 19th century poet, Joaquin Miller. She lived in a vine-covered castle among her father's monuments to Moses, John Frémont, and the Brownings, nestled in the Oakland hills, in what is now Joaquin Miller Park."

The estate of seventy acres, was purchased by the City of Oakland, in the late 1940s, as a memorial for Joaquin Miller, known as the "Poet of the Sierras," as "Byron of the Rockies," and as Ambrose Bierce called him "the greatest liar this country has ever produced." Juanita continued to live in the family home, known as "The Hights," until her death, in the 1960s. She was an ardent advocate of her father's reputation as a poet of genius, and she was one of California's real Bohemians, living out the legacy left by her father and his friends, notables such as Jack London, George Sterling, Ambrose Bierce, Luther Burbank, Ina Coolbrith and Isadora Duncan.

Once the park was established, which now extends to 500 acres and contains one of the last stands of Redwood trees inside a city's limits, a Greek-style, outdoor amphitheater was built, and an annual event, "Joaquin Miller Day," became the vehicle for Juanita to bring alive, through theatrical performances, events in her father's life. Jubal, his sister, and his mother participated in Juanita's plays. This Joaquin Miller Day pageant was entertainment for Oakland's aristocracy with the mayor offering opening remarks.

In an article in the Oakland Tribune by Nancy Barr Mavity, dated Monday, September 29, 1952, is a description of a "Ballet of Children":

A ballet of children representing birds and flowers, led by Norma Benedict, with Lulu Nethaway at the piano and William Wallace as narrator, expressed the theme of the soul's liberation from the cage of self, as a preliminary to the main event of the day—scenes from the life of Joaquin Miller.

In this performance Stuart Boland and Rod McKuen, who took the part of the adventurer-poet at different stages of his career, brought something uniquely real to their interpretations. Each in turn wore a wig which Juanita had made from the actual hair of her father, carefully preserved down the years until she brought it forth for this occasion.

Rod McKuen, mentioned in the article, was a best-selling poet in the 1960s and is the character "Dot" in the Kerouac books.

Juanita was eccentric, and she was clever. Where another, more "modern" daughter of Oakland, Gertrude Stein, had disparaged the city's culture with her stinging remark, "There is no there, there," Juanita did not let the city forget that her father had celebrated the beauty of the environs.

Jubal visited Juanita at different times. She was on the paper route he subed, and she liked her paper delivered to her door. Once, she showed him a room in her castle-like home that contained a stuffed effigy of the bard in bed, which she said was a place he often wrote. He was wrapped in a woolen horse blanket, and he was decked out with a full beard and head of hair. Jubal thought this strange, but it was not as strange as the peanut butter sandwich she made him with tiny, colored

candies instead of jelly.

The narrative in Jubal's preface continues: "She rode with my family to church on Sunday, and on one occasion she signed a copy of a collection of her father's poems and presented it to my mother. I revered this book. I would open it and gently touch the signature. It amazed me that we knew someone who was associated with the arts.

"I memorized a poem from Miller's book, a poem to Lily Langtry, a popular singer and glamor girl of his day. I recited this poem in the 4th grade, and the next year in Mr. Shriner's 5th grade class, when asked to memorize a poem, I recited the same poem to fulfill the assignment, and the class jeered me, saying they had heard this poem before. A red-haired girl came to my defense and said she still thought the poem beautiful."

You might say that Juanita Miller was a mentor to Jubal and, by extension, her famous father as well. Miller's poetry is considered antiquated by today's standards. He is remembered more as a "personality" of the kind produced in the 19th century. But Jubal connected with poetry through Juanita Miller, "Juanita of the Woods," and her father, the "Poet of the Sierras," and a romance with words was born.

Joaquin Miller's life was full of adventure, and some of this spirit entered Jubal. Indeed, I have heard Jubal say, "Writing is the way I fill my time between adventures." I will relate some of Miller's life, adapted from Juanita's "A Brief History of Joaquin Miller" (from *About the Hights*, published in 1946). It is to be noted that Joaquin Miller's autobiography is considered to be fiction. No matter.

Cincinnatus Hiner Miller was born November 10, 1841, in Liberty, Indiana. In 1852, the family moved to Oregon. At 15, the poet set out to find gold. He was unsuccessful and went to Mexico to buy horses, which he drove through Arizona to Shasta Valley, in California. A trip to South America, in 1858, followed by studies at Columbia College, now the University of Oregon, in Eugene. Law studies. Teaching. Mining. Riding for the Pony Express. 1861, he was admitted to the bar. Newspaper editor. Married to Miss Minnie Dyer. Practiced law and elected to judgeship of

Grant County for four years. His first book, *Specimens*, printed in 1868. Sued for divorce, his wife claiming, "He was writing unprofitable poetry instead of attending to business." Traveled to London, England, to visit the shrines of poets, 1870. Meets the Pre-Raphaelites who proclaim him a genius. Tea at the Abbey with Queen Victoria, who presents to him a diamond ring. Rides in Hyde Park and Sherwood Forest with the Prince Imperial, Napoleon. Travels with Robert Browning, in Italy. Returns to America to be with his dying brother. Returns to Europe. Travels in Greece and the Holy Land, 1872. Buys land and builds a cabin in Washington D.C. Marries Abbie Leland. Moves to Oakland and buys the hillside property known as "The Hights." Plants 25,000 trees and erects stone monuments to Moses (a pyramid), to Robert Browning (a tower), and a funeral pyre for himself. Travels to Alaska as a reporter. Lectures and does a tour in vaudeville. Travels to China during the Boxer Rebellion, in 1900. Sickness, 1911, with death, February 17, 1913.

Among his many books: *Life Amongst the Modoc* (1873), *First Fam'lies of the Sierras* (1875), *The One Fair Woman* (1876), *The Baroness of New York* (1877), *Songs of the Mexican Seas* (1886), and in the same year, *The Destruction of Gotham* and *In Classic Shades* (1890), *Building of the City Beautiful* (1893), *History of Montana* (1894), *Songs of the Soul* (1896), *Complete Poetical Works* (1897), and *True Bear Stories* (1900).

Jubal and Joaquin Miller, both Scorpios, born a century apart, they lived in Oakland. Perhaps, the similarity ends. Or not. Two poems, the first by Miller and the second by Jubal.

OAKLAND

Thou love land, Oakland, thou mine own
Thou sun land, land of the seas
Wide crescented in walls of stone
Thy lion's mane is to the breeze
Thy tawny sunlit lion steeps
Leap forward as a lion leaps.

Be this my home till some fair star
Stoops earthward and shall beckon me
For surely God land lies not far
From these Greek Heights & this great sea.
My friends, my lovers tend this way.
Not far along lies Arcady.

OAKLAND SHOULD BE

abolished.
She's an early bird
Who catches the worm
On MacArthur at Manila,
An intersection, a branch of oak.
O police love her. City of Merritt,
Your lakes and hills are eyes & thighs.
You lay in asphalt splendor.
Your ways are littered & panthers are
Chased by pigs, orbited by angels
On the tips of your limbs.
City of Raiders, what's it like
Blasted? Are you made of aluminum?
Where is London square? Wolves
Aware of the sea's tear wander
In rose gardens & eucalyptus groves.
Joaquin Miller Amphitheatre
Is dedicated to California's writers,
Dead ones.

JOURNALISM

Jubal re-arrived in Berkeley after a year of studies at Cal Poly, in San Luis Obispo. He encountered Max Scherr, owner of the Steppenwolf bar, who "pressed him into

service” on a new project he had dreamed up—selling ads for a prospective weekly tabloid, *The Pinchpenny Pricker*. Jubal set out on his quest along Telegraph Avenue. Moe Makowitz of Moe’s Books was game. Fred Cody, of Cody’s Books, said he would think about it. Everyone else on the block said, “No way, *The Pinchpenny Pricker*? You’ve got to be kidding.”

“A different name might help,” Jubal told Max. With a new name and a logo by cartoonist Joel Beck of one of the Horsemen of the Apocalypse wielding a spear that had the U.C. campanile as the spearhead, the Berkeley Barb was born on Friday the 13th of August 1965. This was also the target date set by a rival newspaper, *The Citizen*. “Where Is the Citizen?” was the Barb’s lead story, a last minute insert by cub reporter Jubal Dolan.

Jubal had interviewed a lady named Wilhelmina at the office of *The Citizen*, on University Avenue, and she had told him the paper had setbacks, but they still planned to publish. According to Lew Harris, in his introduction to Jubal’s *Collected Poems*, Len Fulton later implied that Jubal raising that question “put coffin nails in this floundering Berkeley co-op paper which he co-directed.”

Jubal had help getting his paragraphs in order by another, older reporter, Kaufman, but he still got the by-line in the first issue of what was to become a major underground newspaper. It was also the first time the name Jubal Dylan (spelled with a y) appeared in print.

When Jubal’s poems, illustrated by Wesley Tanner, a half-page, came out in the sixth issue, Allen Ginsberg told him, “I like your paper.” Jubal hoped he also liked the poems. They were having tea at Harold Adler’s pad, and Jubal cut his thumb on a jagged door latch. Allen put a bandage on the cut, saying, “You’re not your skin.”

Certainly, Jana Dodson liked Jubal’s poems. She invited him to her room in one of those old houses on Dwight Way that were torn down by the University to build a dormitory and that later became Peoples’ Park. Jana had the half-page of poems from the Barb tacked to her wall. They took Acid and made love, and in the early hours of the morning, Lu Garcia came in the room and sat on the edge of the bed and read some of his new poems.

The three of them went out for breakfast. In the afternoon, Jubal sold the Barb on the Ave, and he helped Serge, Max's son, to drop bundles of papers off at different spots around town. Jubal was doing alright financially, getting by, but as reported earlier, near the end of the Forestry section, Jubal was finding life in Berkeley too complex. Serge drove Jubal to the airport in his Jag XKE, and he boarded a plane for Ketchikan, Alaska.

In Ketchikan, Jubal worked for the Ketchikan Daily News, starting in the late fall of 1967, after the closing of Ketchikan Cold Storage. He and Angel had lived in Berkeley through the winter of 1966 and the following "Summer of Love," which climaxed with the "A Gathering of the Tribes for a Human Be-in." They left the Bay Area before the "Death of Hippie," Governor Reagan's reactionary and repressive tactics on the peace demonstrations, the Battle for Peoples Park, and the tragedy of Altamont. At the Ketchikan Daily News, Jubal worked in the back shop. He did layout, developed photographs, burned plates, and assisted a man, named Ralph, run a 3-unit Goss Community Press. These many skills Jubal has put to use in the formation of his literary oeuvre.

Bob Willis, the editor of the paper, assigned Jubal a column, "Waterfront News," and on Thursdays Jubal would hoof it down to the docks and the marina and get his story. At first, he stuck to plain data on what boats had brought in what hauls, but before long he was reporting on other activities along the waterfront, which for Ketchikan is most of the town, lying as it does along the inland strait.

Polaroid cameras were new, and Jubal had one. He took pictures, and his words were used as cutlines and appeared on the "People" page. Sometimes, he could combine stories of more general interest with his "Waterfront News." A photo of a cute girl surveying the area along Tongass Avenue, where the road was going to be widened after the demolition of the cold storage building, long a local landmark. A photo of his friend, Seward McKeen, a marine biologist, working in his lab, looking very like a mad scientist. A photo of the smoking, twisted remains of the "flowered bus" which belonged to his friend, Misty, burned in a fire in a storage facility on one of the piers, a follow-up story to a photo he had taken of the colorful arrival of the bus at the ferry terminal. A lengthy piece with photos of the transfer of sea otters

from one location to another, where Jubal had accompanied the Fish and Game Department workers on a sea plane.

Some of Jubal's news items were self-promoting: the opening of the Ketchikan Coffee House, that displayed his and Angel's collection of dance posters from the Filmore Auditorium and the Avalon Ballroom, in San Francisco; and the psychedelic light show and dance that Jubal and his friends put on at the local armory. Jubal was learning the print media. When he and Angel moved to the woods, he took with him the Kelsey hand press he had bought at the Seventh Day Adventist print shop across the street from the Ketchikan Daily News. As Lew Harris says, in his essay, "D Press: A Jewel in the Net," Jubal became acquainted with every facet of printing: the feel and look of paper, the color and smell of ink, typesetting and the uses of different typefaces, the feeding and rolling of presses, the cutting and stitching of recto and verso."

Lew continues the story: "Up the Alcan Highway, Jubal traveled to the University of Alaska at Fairbanks. He worked in the backshop of the student newspaper and graduated in 1972 with degrees in English and Philosophy. D Press was admitted to the campus library but banned from the UA student bookstore. Perhaps it was the explicit prints in *Linoleum Nudes* or graphic poems such as 'Musky/Hump/in US/for 69.' Whatever, feathers flew, and the North Star (which later printed Jubal's works) put out the story 'Books Raise Censorship Question.' Professors came to his defense; Jubal's chapbooks were found to have literary and artistic merit; and D Press was back on the shelf."

The North Star was a weekly in a tabloid format. Jubal and his friend, Larry Kerschner, worked in the backshop. Once each month, they created the "Art-Lit Supplement" to the paper with poems and art they collected from students. Jubal had a series of negatives of poems and lino-cuts from his chapbooks that he had laid out for half-pages in the Berkeley Barb. Max had the originals. Jubal does not know if Max ever used them, but Jubal ran these negatives in the Star.

That year, 1973, the University of Alaska's North Star won an award for the best student paper in the country. A footnote to this story of success is that Jubal was

chastised for going over budget for back shop materials by the Head of Student Activities (“Stud-Act”—Jubal had a T-shirt with that logo on the front). The wax machine was always on the blink, and Jubal had let his crew charge glue-sticks on the paper’s account at the bookstore. Earl Michels, the editor of the North Star, was so proud of his staff’s work that he paid the bill out of his own pocket.

One of the North Star reporters desired an “interview” with Jubal. She was going through a divorce and wanted, she said, “to unbutton herself.” She corrected this to “unburden herself.” Jubal trudged through the frozen tundra to Maxine’s house, but when he got there, he discovered another “reporter” had beaten him to the story. The man was Jubal’s neighbor in married student housing, and Jubal decided to let his interview be “spiked.”

M. was in Jubal’s Canadian History and Literature class. Jubal did a cross-cultural study, and she revealed that her hymen was unbroken. Jubal tested the veracity of her story and found that the membrane was intact and exceptionally durable. This stopped the presses. After an appointment with her doctor to remove the obstacle, Jubal crossed the border into hitherto uncharted territory.

Nichole, who was in Jubal’s philosophy classes, had been selected to be in the winter issue of *Playboy Magazine*, in a feature called “Alaskan Snow Bunnies.” She confided to Jubal that she was not sure she wanted to go through with the photo shoot and asked him what he thought. Jubal told her that he thought she was a very serious person and that, although the idea seemed glamorous and the money tempting, she would come off looking like a bimbo, which was fine but perhaps not wise. She said, “I’m not always sure I understand what you say, but I think it all boils down to ‘Love everyone you can,’ which philosophy I agree with.” Recently, Jubal was traveling by plane from Yeshe Ling back to California, and he thought of Nicole.

FLIGHT 333 LVS DENVER AT 5:55

Clouds like silver wings
Caesar salad at Wolfgang Puck’s
Floor plaques with fossil figures

Open cockpit fighter in the rafters
Larger than life image of the Dalai Lama
With message: "He doesn't just wish for peace,
He works for it. Hope!"
A buxom beauty with a Playboy logo
On her T-shirt asks to carry my bag
Tells me the airport was built on
A Native American graveyard
I wonder if the vast expanse
Of primordial wisdom will dawn
Before we reach Gate B14
But then bliss is just emptiness
"We are presently on an orange color code
Please report any unattended luggage"
Oh, yes, samsara—now where
Did that Dakini set down my bag?

Back down the Alcan Highway to the state of Washington and a small village called Preston. Angel's parents owned two houses, side by side, and June, Angel and Alvin moved into the smaller one. Angel's sister, Didi, and her family lived nearby. Jubal found work in Seattle at Mt. Rainer News. John Hirshfield was not happy his son-in-law was working for State Senator Charles Rothbard, a Republican, but Jubal mollified him by explaining that the Mt. Rainer News was really a job shop that produced an assortment of local papers, like the Issaquah Press Democrat, the Lake City Star, the Queen Anne News, and a variety of ethnic papers, like the Swedish paper, out of Ballard.

Jubal worked solely as a graphic artist, doing layouts of advertisements, but in his spare time he would use the IBM Computergraph to set some of his poems. Most copy came from press services over teletype machines that punched chads out of a paper tape that was then inserted into another machine which automatically typed the message into words in columns. Computers were on the horizon. The Computergraph allowed you to change fonts and create justified line ends. Having justified lines is a style of typesetting left over from the era of letterpresses, when

type was set in cases by a linotype machine. A lot of the outmoded technology tags along when it is superseded by new technology, for example the term “cut and paste” is still parlance in graphic design being done on a computer. When Jubal worked as a layout artist, you used scissors or an Exacto knife to cut the paper copy, and you used wax or glue to paste together the ads, which were then put onto master sheets to be photographed and the negatives to be burned onto metal plates. Now, you just “click” and print.

Jubal worked at Mt. Rainier News six hours each day, four days-per-week. He helped John, Angel’s dad, with maintenance on his properties. He had time to write and do art. He was content; but Angel, as much as she loved her mother, found it hard to be living next door to Karen, the Matriarch. After Jubal saw an ad for a cattle foreman on a ranch near Robber’s Roost, in Central Washington, he checked it out, and they moved east of the mountains. OM OM on the range.

MANTRA

Jubal’s breakthrough with mantra came in 2003, in Sonoma, at the King of Retreats Drup Chen. He had been practicing Vajrayana—another name for Vajrayana is Mantrayana, or the Vehicle of Secret Mantra—since 1989, but other than the repetition of the mantra prescribed by the various sadhanas (ritual practices) at the times he performed them with his sangha, he did not spend time accumulating any great number of mantras.

Senge Gyapa Rinpoche is a traditionalist when it comes to the way a student is to progress in the study of Dharma. Jubal had, for many years, been studying with Lama Rinchen Rinpoche, who is known for utilizing a Dzog Chen approach in his teaching and does not emphasize the importance of the Ngöndro foundational practices, as a basic way of starting the student on the path.

Ngöndro involves the accumulation of 100,000 full-length prostrations with the

repetition of a refuge mantra, 100,000 repetitions of the bodhicitta mantra, 100,000 repetitions of the 100-syllable Vajrasattva mantra, 100,000 mandala offerings with mantra, and one million Guru Yoga mantras. This practice is intimidating to people with busy schedules, and it can be an almost impossible task to all but the most dedicated practitioners, but Senge insisted that if his students wanted to receive his “mind essence,” they had to complete their Ngöndro. Think of it as an adventure.

By the time of the Sonoma retreat, Jubal had, along with others, been studying with Senge for four years. Very few, Jubal not among them, had completed their Ngöndro, and Senge was not pleased with their progress. He showed his irritation with stern words of reproof since his admonitions had not been effective.

Throughout a Drup Chen, which lasts for many days, there is a continuous saying of mantra in the background by a group on the “mantra chain.” People come and go in shifts, generally of two hours, day and night and day. Jubal had never done mantra for two straight hours, but he signed up and gave it a whirl. The stages of meditative absorption are usually described as: first, movement (like a waterfall); second, familiarity (like a river in a narrow ravine); third, stability (like a calm ocean); and forth, perfection (like a candle flame unmoved by the wind).

Sitting in the back of the shrine room, Jubal’s thoughts cascaded off the cliff of his consciousness like Niagara Falls. His mindstream flowed under the rug, rose in tides up the walls, and crashed in waves through the windows of the room. After two hours, the reinforcements for the mantra chain arrived, but no one indicated they were specifically relieving Jubal, so he continued with his attempts at familiarizing himself with his inner thought processes.

After another hour, Jubal realized he was the only one left of his set, and he decided it was ok to leave, but at that moment, Senge entered the gompa and sat on his throne and began to teach. Jubal was afraid to move; so, he continued with his mantra recitation. Senge taught for close to three hours. Now that he had some attainment with reciting mantra for an extended period, nearly six hours non-stop, Jubal knew he could complete his Ngöndro.

It was in Berkeley that Jubal originally encountered mantra. The seed syllable OM, most often written in Sanskrit, was seen on dance posters and in some of the poems in underground magazines. It was a sort of symbol for the counterculture, like the image of Zig Zag Man on a brand of cigarette papers. If you smoked pot, alone or in a group, you might intone “OM.” Jubal equated it with Kepler’s “music of the spheres,” although the analogy is not altogether accurate. OM expresses the universal within us, much as in the joke about the yogi at the ballpark, who when asked how he wants his hotdog, replies, “One with everything.”

Followers of Hari Krishna danced and chanted on the Avenue. Jubal saw Allen Ginsberg dancing and chanting “Hari, Hari Krishna, Krishna, Hari, Hari,” but Jubal was too shy to try it himself. It was Allen who gave Jubal his first mantra. Homage to the guru! It was in Fairbanks. They had just left a bar and were walking across a parking lot toward Jubal’s VW bus. The temperature was way below zero. Jubal wondered if Allen knew a mantra that would keep them warm, and they chanted Guru Rinpoche’s heart mantra, OM AH HUM VAJRA GURU PEMA SIDDHI HUM.

Mantras are invocations of a particular deity, and they protect the mind from obstacles. They do not translate in literal sense and have many levels of meaning. The heart mantra of Guru Rinpoche, on its most fundamental level, is asking Padmasambhava to appear and bestow blessings. On another level it is the entire path to enlightenment.

It was at the University of Alaska that Jubal wrote a paper on mantra for his linguistic class. He got the idea from an essay he remembered, “Phi Upsilon Kappa,” from Michael McClure’s *Meat Science Essays* (City Lights Press, 1963). He did not have a copy of the book with him and did not include it in the bibliography to his paper. This was not exactly a case of plagiarism, as he did not quote verbatim from the text, as he did with Kazan’s essay on Blake, but he does feel he should have acknowledged McClure’s influence. This term paper became the source of a long poem, “Funk of the F Word,” to which “after Michael McClure” should be affixed in all future versions. Here is a prose version of the poem:

FUNK OF THE F WORD

after Michael McClure

Oyez! I plant a seed.

The American Heritage Dictionary has as the etymology of FUCK the ME verb FUCKEN, meaning to strike, move quickly, penetrate, borrowed f/M Dutch FOKEN, meaning to strike, copulate with.

In the *AHD* appendix, the ME affix PEIK-, meaning evil-minded, hostile (in Germanic, FIKAL; in OE, FICOL, treacherous, false, or fickle.

In *A Dictionary of Slang*, Partridge, using Grimm's Law, finds FUCK to be cognate w/Latin v. PUNGERE, to strike, linking FUCK to PRICK.

Etymology unknown in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, but posits: 1503, Dunbar, *Poems*. "Be his feiris he wald haute fuck itt." 1535, Lyndesay, *Satyre*, "Bishops may fuck their fill and be vumaryit." 1535-6, *Answer to Kingsie Flying*, "Ay fukk and lyke ane furious Fornicatour." 1598, Florio, *Worlde of Words*, "Fottere, to iape, to sard, to fucke, to swive, to occupy." 1680, Anon, in *Rochesters Poems On Several Occasions*, "Thus was I Rook'd of Twelve substantial Fucks." 1684, Sodom, Epilogue spoken by Fuckadilla, "A little Fuck can't stay an appetite." 1800, Burns, *Merry Muses*, "When maukin bucks, at early f_ks, In dewy glens are seen, Sir."

The Middle English Dictionary lists FUK, a noun f/M Dutch, meaning foresail, fukmast, foremast, and that is suggestive. No FUCK in *An Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*, but FUGEL, a bird is there, and the middle finger extended is "flying the bird," a sign meaning "Fuck you!" I've heard it said that the Puritans carved the letters, "F.U.C.K." upon stocks where people were punished "For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge," probably without an intended pun. The historicity of this is dubious.

In *Magic of Words & Speech*, Lama Anagrika Govinda defines mantra as "tool for thinking" that have no specific denotative meaning but are symbolic units that through a synthesis of rhythm & melody, "transport the user beyond meaning into intuitive receptivity." I believe he means meditative consciousness.

The *Mandukya Upanishad* begins, "OM. This eternal word is all, what was, what is

and what shall be, and what is beyond in eternity. All is OM.” In Sanskrit the vowel O is a diphthong constituted of A plus U. The three sounds A-U-M are equated with (1) the waking life of outward-moving consciousness, (2) the dream life of inward-moving consciousness, and (3) the sleeping life of silent consciousness. The primal Sanskrit sound /a/ is produced at the back of the open mouth, a low, back, rounded simple vowel. The open mouth moves towards the closed mouth of the bilabial, voiced, nasal consonant /m/. Between these two sounds is the high, back rounded vowel /u/ formed by the openness of /a/ but shaped by the closing lips.

It is from the position of the closed mouth that all begins, so runs the analogy, and dreams are compounded of the waking life shaped by the unconsciousness of sleep, the closed mouth being the foundation from which speech arises as well as the end to which it returns. (Govinda)

The first sound in FUCK is a labiodental, voiceless slit-fricative. The /u/ sound in N. American dialect is a mid, central, unrounded simple vowel. And the /ck/ consonantal sound is a velar, voiceless stop. F is the fantasy component. U is the libido urge. CK is a catadromous activity, such as the movement of fishes heading toward their spawning grounds.

The meaning of FUCK is contorted in different usage. *The Dictionary of Slang* gives the following: FUCK-PIG, an unpleasant man (1870); FUCK LIKE A RATTLESNAKE, a cowboy expression (1895); FUCKED UP & FAR FROM HOME (1899); FUCKER SOLDIERS, Pukka Soldiers more interested in women than in fighting (1915); FUCK MY OLD BOOTS, euphemistic variant of seduce my ancient footwear (1918); CREATE FUCK, protest (1920); FUCK ABOUT, play the fool (1920); FUCK MY LUCK, Army expression (1920); FUCKING THE DOG, avoid work (1920); FUCKED-UP, failed (1925); FUCKED, extremely weary (1925); FUCKED BY THE FICKLE FINGER OF FATE, Canadian Army expression (1939); FUBAR, fucked up beyond all recognition, U.S. Army expression (1944).

FUCK is used amelioratively and pejoratively. As an insult it means the object so described has been defiled, but as a compliment (“He’s a handsome motherfucker!”) it means the object is held up in a position of power. FUCK is used

as a means of address, of attracting attention, opening a conversation, starting a sentence, and when it is used as pure emphasis, it has no meaning at all—it describes that which is otherwise without description.

Sing FUCK, scream FUCK, mumble FUCK, and your life will be sublime!

Richard here. There were footnotes and a bibliography with this essay, but I have reconstituted it from the stanzas of the poem in Jubal's *Collected Poems: 1961-2000* (pp. 143 ff). The several dictionaries he refers to are standard reference works, although probably now in revised editions. The quote from the *Mandukya Upanishad* was translated by Juan Muscuro in the Penguin Classics edition. The source for the Govinda material is a mystery. I find no book titled *Magic of Words and Speech*, but in the lama's book, *Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism* (Dutton, N.Y. 1960), there is a chapter, "The Magic of Words and the Power of Speech" (p. 17 ff), where the material Jubal paraphrases seems to be expressed. Jubal is not the most reliable scholar. We might expect better from a reformed plagiarist.

JUBAL: Alright, Richard, I stand in a state of correctitude. No need for any further rebuke. What are you going to do for a related romantic interlude?

RICHARD: You think I do not have one?

JUBAL: I'm sure you do. Proceed.

When Jubal was a senior in high school, and it came time for the prom, Jughead that he is, he asked a girl named Veronica to be his date. She was a junior and attractive, very well-endowed, you could say. He did not know her very well, had seen her around, and there were any number of girls from his graduating class that he could have asked who would have gone with him. Janet Taylor for one, and Doreen Monroe, for another, both foxes, but Jubal had his eyes on a mammoth set of mammary glands.

From his best friend, Fred Gold who attended Fremont High, he heard that Belinda Fair, whom Jubal had a crush on, when he attended Bret Harte Junior High, had let it be known she "would give it up," if Jubal would take her to her prom. Instead, felt he must be loyal to Oakland High.

Came the night. He was wearing a tux. He had a corsage. He was driving his dad's new Cadillac Sedan de Ville, a '59, the last model with fins. After picking Veronica up at her house, he drove to The Claremont, a fabulous hotel in Berkeley, where the evening's festivities were to be held. Veronica looked spectacular in her gown. The two of them joined their friends for a sit-down dinner. They danced to the music of Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra. Or they tried to. Veronica could not swing. When it was a slow number, where she could do the two-step, she became rigid and would not let Jubal hold her close. She let on that she wanted to be taken home. It was not yet 10, but Jubal obliged her. She did not kiss him good night.

Jubal drove back to the dance, but there were no "extra" girls. He took a few swigs from a half-pint of Scotch he had, and he began his mantra. He must have said "FUCK" a thousand times. If he raised a deity, it probably was the Devil.

MESSAGE

In Berkeley, it seemed that everyone Jubal met wrote poetry. When he got to Wolf Creek, everyone seemed to be a masseur. Being the location of deep hot springs, Wolf Creek has several spots with developed bathing pools—"different soaks for different folks"—as well as a variety of healing centers.

Many of Jubal's dearest friends are masseurs. Jubal met Jane Rosenquist in a pool at Spring Inn, called the "Sunset Social Club." Jubal was there the day that pool opened and is a charter member of the "club." Yeshe Ling Bookstore was in the plaza adjacent to this resort, and he soaked in the sulfurous waters on a regular basis. Jane was just passing through town on a vacation. They struck up a conversation, and it turned out they both had been born in 1941 and both attended Oakland High School, Jane in the 9th grade, only for a year, while Jubal was at Bret Harte Junior High. It still seemed a strong coincidence, and they kept in touch after their chance meeting. Jane had her practice in San Diego, but she had friends in Northern California and visited Jubal in Santa Rosa (after he became a monk), while he was caregiving his parents. He, in turn, visited her in San Diego on his way to

Yeshe Ling. Jubal claims that this dakini's touch still lingers.

While in San Diego, Jubal stayed with his publisher and friend, Doug Martin, and his wife, the poet Gabriela Anaya Valdepeña. In *Roses of Crimson Fire* (a Scorpion Romance co-published by D Press and Darkness Rising Press, 2008, which won the San Diego Book Award that year for best book of poetry), Gabriela and I weave a story of romance and intrigue, of adventure and misadventure. In this story Bouvard Pécuchet is enamored of a street dancer from La Jolla. The blurb on the back reads: "Anya and Bouvard—she ate, drank, and slept his essence, while he hid behind monastic walls. A tough, handsome mystic is swept, by a liar with a camera, toward a passion he tries to deny. An epistolary novel, told in prose, verse, and image, *Roses of Crimson Fire* is a story to curl up with!" Gabriela Valdepeña was not one of Jubal's lovers nor is she a masseur, but her visage is always a soothing sight.

Abigail Morris is both a masseur and an artistic collaborator with Jubal. She paints with oils and acrylics, and she carves in stone with a sandblaster. She and Jubal did a set of three eye-shaped paintings that they mounted on a shed at Yeshe Ling, now known as "the Buddha-eye shed." Abigail had an upcoming show of her sculptures at a small gallery in Wolf Creek City Park, and she asked Jubal to write a poem for each piece to be displayed near each piece. Jubal listened to the backstories of how each piece had evolved, and from his notes he wrote a series of delicate "evocations."

The couple had made a journey to Mesa Verde National Park to view the Anasazi ruins, and when Jubal later collected the poems written for the sculptures to make a chapbook for Abigail, he used a photo from that trip for the cover of *Party Down Anasazi* (D Press, 1997). The image of the cliff dwellings was somewhat abstract, and he mistakenly printed it upside down. In 2007, when the book was re-released by Katherine Hastings through her Word Temple Press, in Santa Rosa, the cover photography, this time by Abigail, was also mistakenly printed upside down. Abigail laughed and said it was "so like Jubal to be consistently unconventional, that it makes 'The Mask of Yoruba' stone appear to soar."

MASK OF YORUBA

A reminder of innocence
An initiation

Beadwork soaring
Each bead is a friend

Cowrie shell, Orisha kiss
Life stone of the dakinis

Another friend that Jubal collaborates with, who is an artist and a masseur, is Claude Smith. Claude is one of the first people Jubal got to know, when he moved to Santa Rosa. Tamara Slayton, Jubal's mentor at the Waldorf School, Summerhill, said, "Claude is someone you have to meet; you two have a lot in common."

Jubal went to a one-man show that Claude was having of his artwork at a gallery in Santa Rosa's Railroad Square. The show was called "Wabisabi," which is a Japanese word used to denote beauty in found objects. Claude's handling of materials was different than the way Jubal makes his assemblages, more painterly, but both men find junk attractive. Claude had studied at Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn, and Jubal had studied on a cattle ranch, in Robber's Roost, but they took an immediate liking to each other. Jubal gave Claude and inscribed copy of his most recent chapbook, *Talking Trash* (D Press, 1998).

Claude worked shifts giving massages at a hot springs health spa, in Calistoga, and spent the rest of his time painting in his studio, in the village of Graton. Jubal took a part-time job in Graton (a town with one block of storefronts) at Cold Mountain Bookstore. He would drop by Claude's studio to have tea and talk. Jubal admires Claude's work (see at www.claude-smith.com) and has used many of his paintings on D Press book covers. Claude plays a mean standup bass, and he has given musical accompaniment at Jubal's poetry readings.

The only riff in their friendship came when Jubal had a one-man show of his small assemblages and paper collages at Desi's Restaurant, in Sebastopol. Included in this show were a series of color-copier manipulations of Cherrios breakfast food bits.

Claude had originated the idea, seeking out the “natural oat” at Whole Foods, but Jubal was the first to display his portraits of Cheerios publicly, and Claude felt “ripped off.” We know that Jubal has “borrowed” ideas before without proper acknowledgement. This time, to set the record straight, Jubal wrote a detailed history of the oat in art and gave Claude full honors as being the Father of the Oat Icon. He posted his declaration on the wall by the oat pictures. Claude was happy and forgave his friend for his impropriety.

When Jubal left Santa Rosa to go into retreat at Yeshe Ling, he gave the oat collages to Claude. Claude was pleased. “I really like these,” he said, “even if the idea to use the oat was mine, you made it work.” When Jubal returned recently to the area, to give a reading at Many Rivers Bookstore, in Sebastopol, he visited Claude, and the oat collages were prominently displayed. “I don’t put much art by other artists on my walls,” he said, “but yours remain hanging.”

TIME SPEED LANGUAGE

for Claude

Standing on a street corner
Without sleep for a week
Watching the light change
A man walking/ a hand/ a man

A mysterious thing
A man
Speaking from inside a tree or a rock

Here I look at the sea
Hear the waves
Break upon the shore
And in my heart

A woman sails by on springs
And a man pulled along by a dog
A snake sluggish on the concrete

A leaf ashamed of falling

Time speed language—going

Going way beyond

Going on the way

On the way to God

Through love

So far, in this section, I have focused on masseurs and not on massage as the message. Jubal and his wife, Angel, took a class in massage from Jack Horner, author of *Total Massage*, and they enjoyed and exchanged giving massages; but other than love massages, Jubal has not gone in for massage in any big way. With one exception. He began getting regular massages during his battle with prostate cancer.

When he took his dad to the doctor for a checkup at a clinic, in Santa Rosa, he decided to get a physical exam for himself, and it was discovered that his prostate was giving off a high count of dead cell (PSA 4). Although this count was not unusual for a man of 57, he was advised to get a biopsy, and the biopsy revealed a mildly active cancer (Gleason score 6). In Europe, the approach is to “wait and see.” In America, it is to “do something about it.”

The two courses of action in traditional, allopathic medicine are either the surgical removal of the prostate gland or the implanting of radioactive seeds (brachytherapy) in the gland. Both are invasive techniques. Jubal’s medical insurance had a deductible clause, and he decided to try some alternative medical approaches and see if he could combat his cancer that way. If, after a year, he had not had success, he would revisit his urologist.

Jubal assembled a formidable array of professionals: a naturopath, a doctor trained in eastern and western medicine, who acted as a consultant, an herbalist, an acupuncturist, a qigong specialist, and a masseur. Jubal also practiced a Garuda sadhana he had received from Lama Rinchen. These protocols covered all the areas of concern: physical, psychological, and spiritual. His romantic impulse was aroused

by his masseur, Candice Carmine Dzerzinski.

Candice was also a student of Lama Rinchen. Jubal met her in Concord, Massachusetts, at a Dzog Chen retreat, and they reconnected in Sebastopol when she walked into Quick Print copy shop where Jubal was working. Candice's hands were full of loving warmth and a healing sensitivity, but unfortunately for Jubal her interest in him remained purely professional. Still, Jubal did write her poems.

YOUR BONES KNOW YOU CAN

for Candice

Live on the pulse. Drown in life's flow. Laugh at inertia.

Resist—even if you're hustled, throw it out there.

Life's more than a love story.

Life's an inspired gamble.

MARTIAL ARTS

What Jubal knows about martial arts is not much, but what he knows he has used. A couple of judo throws, the arm lock, the full Nelson, the haymaker, and a quick kick in the gonads is pretty much his arsenal when it comes to fighting without weapons. "Each finger a knife, every arm a sword," is an old Korean maxim of karate. And a hard bite on an ear can be very effective in a tight hold, too.

Jubal has had very little formal training. A bit of boxing and some wrestling. In judo, he moved from a white belt to red. The rest he learned on the school grounds or after school in vacant lots—or on the manure piles in the horse corrals near his home in the Oakland hills. Boys fight, or some do. Jubal was one that did, when the occasion seemed to warrant it.

Maybe it was the era he grew up in, following the Second World War, with the warriors returning home. Maybe it was the city he grew up in, Oakland, known for

its mean streets. Oakland is the home of the Oakland Raiders football team, the Hells Angels, the Black Panther Party, of the Symbionese Liberation Army (who kidnapped Patty Hearst), of countless gangs and hoodlums—the home of revolutionaries and renegades. It has, at times, been listed as the “Murder Capitol of the United States.” Oakland’s motto is: “What doesn’t kill you, makes you tougher.” If you live in Oakland, it might come about that you have to defend yourself.

Jubal never carried a gun or a switchblade. He owned them, but he left them at home. Things at Oakland High had not come to that pass, and the streets in his neighborhood were not that mean. He did know how to shoot, and he forged his own throwing knives, but the antagonisms that prompted him to use violence were not serious enough to cause that degree of bloodshed. A black eye, a bloody nose, a couple of bruised ribs sufficed.

It begins to sound like Jubal was pugnacious, but this is not the case. There were those around him that were given to violence, and Jubal witnessed some nasty fights. Outside of rough-housing with the neighbor boys—defending their turf in mock combat—Jubal was “called out” only a few times. Once, in grade school, at Sequoia, for hitting a boy too hard playing dodge ball. They took a few swings at one another, and a teacher took them to the principal, who took these roughnecks into the auditorium and gave them each boxing gloves. The principal told them to go at it, but now it all seems silly, and they shook hands and apologized.

At Bret Harte Junior High, Jubal took offense at being told he was a “punk,” and he met the boy outside the school grounds under an oak tree where the school bus stopped. Jubal and the other boy were just getting warmed up, when the school bus arrived, and the driver broke up the fight. It was mostly for show, and nothing more came of it.

Frank Jaspers, a boy a year older than Jubal, who lived across the street, and usually a good friend, gave Jubal a good drubbing after Jubal had beaten up Frank’s younger brother, Ron. Ron may or may not have had it coming. Jubal only remembers how his fists sank into Ron’s pudgy body. Frank’s fists did not sink far into Jubal’s boney

body, but they left plenty of bruises.

There was the fight Jubal got into at the Y-camp, which I related in the Forestry section. (I wonder if this Y is the source for the “y” in Dylan.) There was the fight Jubal got into on the loading dock at Harper’s Insurance Co. (See Games). And there was the incident in the alley, outside Paco’s Tacos, which I related in the Crime & Punishment section. None of these bouts went more than a round.

There was another incident at Mel’s Drive-in, in downtown Oakland, when a guy pulled up next to Jubal and made a wisecrack through the open window, and Jubal got out of his car, and Jim Bragedo and his sidekick, Jerry, two very tough customers who were sitting low in the back seat, piled out after him, and the wise guy saw what was coming and sped away, but not before Jerry kicked a dent in his fender.

Jubal always felt safe with those two around, although they could get him into trouble. Like the time he went with them to what might well have turned into a gang fight, in Joaquin Miller Park, and Jubal, being from Oakland High, had no business being with the Dons from Fremont, when they were choosing out Knights from Oakland. It was a compromising situation to be in the midst of these rivals armed with baseball bats and chains. It came down to Jim fighting a Knight in solo combat and besting him forthright with fists.

Another time, close to graduation, Jubal was asked at a party to return a bottle of white wine he had taken from the refrigerator. It was to be a gift to a foreign student from Germany. One guy got a bit heated, and Jim shoved him out the door, and as they went down the steps, Jim clipped the guy behind the ear and sent him tumbling onto the sidewalk. Jim put his knee on the guy’s chest, and after a couple of punches to his face, the guy said he had enough. Jubal returned the bottle to the host, and no more was said. Jubal learned from watching Jim in action that in a street fight, if you get a chance, you take your opponent out first, no Mister Nice Guy.

Karate was not practiced widely when Jubal was growing up. Judo was taught. Jubal’s mom enrolled him for a few classes at Law’s Judo, in Berkeley. Boxing and wrestling were still the main martial arts in the West. Jubal was a fan of Floyd

Patterson and later of Mohammed Ali. “Move like a butterfly; sting like a bee” made a lot of sense to Jubal, being a lightweight. Mas Oyama, one of the first exponents of karate in the U.S., a master who had killed a full-grown bull with karate chops, who used judo if attacked by only a lone opponent and karate for more than one, said that the only fighter that had beat him was a lightweight boxer.

It may have been external influences that made Jubal a bit of a scrapper, but I think it is some Black Irish in his blood that make him want to have physical contact mixed with strong emotion, whether it be love or hate. The discovery of the seminal heart essence through the study and practice of Dzog Chen has tamed his pugilistic impulses, but unless you are looking for a black eye, I would not call Jubal a punk.

Muse has me on the ropes
first, a swift upper cut
le mot juste
and just the right
one-two combination

MATHEMATICS

According to Scott Buchanan, author of *Poetry and Mathematics*, what is most concrete in poetry is least concrete in mathematics, and what is most concrete in mathematics is least concrete in poetry. In poetry, nouns and verbs—dog, car, café or walk, drive, eat—are concrete. Prepositions, conjunctions, and modifiers—to, toward, and, but, with, very—are abstract. In mathematics, the numbers are abstract, and the functions are concrete. The number 1 can stand for anything, an orange or an apple, but if you add them together you get fruit. “And” is the same as to “add”; “get” is the same as “equals.” One apple and one orange and one banana. Ezra Pound alludes to this in *ABC to Reading*, when he says, “philosophy has no pictures.”

Still, mathematical concepts can be suggestive of a picture. The Greek letter pi (π) in mathematics is used as the symbol for the ratio (3.141592+) of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. π is called an “irrational number” because the relationship cannot be expressed exactly by a ratio of two whole numbers. A pattern in π never repeats itself. Therefore, π^2 (an irrational multiplied by itself) is a good symbol for “confusion.” In the days when printing was done with moveable type (and this could still apply to graphic designs done on a computer), π^2 represented a mix of printing styles used in an indiscriminate manner. Any mess can be referred to as π^2 , if it is mindboggling.

Jubal had a public-school education in mathematics—arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. Besides having enjoyed solving quadratic equations, Jubal liked plane geometry the best. The simple definitions by Euclid (300 BCE) seemed profound to him. A point: something that has position but not extension, as the intersection of two lines. A line: a continuous extent of length without breadth or thickness. A straight line: the shortest distance between two points.

When Jubal reached the 47th problem of Euclid, which is the Pythagorean Theorem: “In any right-angled triangle, the square which is described upon the side subtending the right angle is equal to the squares described upon the sides which contain in the right angle, or $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$.” Jubal might well have exclaimed “Eureka,” just as the great sage had done when he found it, but he more than likely said, “Wow!” Where Pythagoras (500 BCE) had sacrificed a hecatomb (a hundred bulls) to the gods for receiving this mystical insight, Jubal suddenly became a lover of the arts and sciences.

Mathematics, as defined in the *American College Dictionary*, is “the science that treats of the measurement, properties and relations of quantities.” In occult philosophy, numbers are used to determine qualities, as well. Jubal swings both ways, when it comes to numbers.

Pythagoras heard music in mathematic figures, and he viewed the world as constituted of numbers. From his philosophy, a system called “numerology” has been derived that claims to reveal hidden meanings in common things, such as your

address, the date of your birth or the spelling of your name. Through a set of correspondences between the letters of an alphabet and the numbers 1 through 9, aspects of your life can be determined.

TABLE OF CORRESPONDENCES

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

A B C D E F G H I

J K L M N O P Q R

S T U V W X Y Z

Numbers in this system are manipulated in a certain fashion to arrive at a single number. Jubal was born in 1941. The integers are added together, so $1+9+4+1=15 \rightarrow 6$. In theory, if someone wanted to affect their destiny, they might change the spelling of their name. "Jubal," following the above formula, is a "1." This is arrived at by adding the number equivalents of the vowels, $3+1=4$, which represents the inner personality number, with the total number from the consonants, $1+2+3 \rightarrow 6$, which represents the outer personality expression: ergo, $4+6=10 \rightarrow 1$.

Referring to *The Metaphysical Handbook*, Destiny #1 is a pioneer, one that follows his own calling. This Jubal has been. "Dylan," handled in the same fashion, is Destiny #22, which is called a Master Number and remains a 22. The handbook describes a Destiny #22 as one who is a creator who manifests his dreams. This is Jubal's situation, at present.

JUBAL: Richard, please stop mudding the waters.

RICHARD: Well, then, let me turn to an analysis of the mathematical references in your poetry. In the oil pipeline poem, you use a big number.

BIG FOOTPRINT

One drop goes a long way
to ease the friction.
100 billion barrels, that's

ten to the tenth power—
while the answer is hair,
warm nights in fur,
and the best investment
is Sasquatch.

And in this one, you use a small number.

UP TO SPEED ON QUARK

After the first 10 to the minus 43 rd second
a new layout to the universe
A bouncing bubble, a ball of strings—
A hundred things to delight
fountains, flags
a butterfly of gas in flight

The pipeline poem is skewered towards deep ecology. Crude oil flows from the north slope at Prudho Bay to Valdez, where it is put on oil tankers, like the infamous Exxon-Valdez. Jubal is saying, gently, “Before you turn up the thermostat, put on a sweater.”

Size is relative in the universe. The amount of oil we pump out of Alaska is a fraction of what we use. The time that elapses for the universe to take shape was just that—the time it took (an instant, 10 to the minus 43 rd second), since time and space were co-emergent from the singularity at the instant of the Big Bang. Georg Cantor (1845-1918) reveals by his Set Theory that any given area of space (and by extension, any period of time) contains a ‘perfect infinity of the number of points in the universe’ and so, from a point (call it $-1+1$) 10 to the minus 43 rd second is an infinitely long period of time. (Borges, *Selected Non-Fictions*, “The Doctrine of Cycles,” pp.116-117.)

Futher, from a cosmological point of view, the universe, when considered as

containing all of what Max Plank (1858-1947) calls “simultaneous but only partially overlapping events” (consisting of energy-matter in the dimensions of time-space), is an invoid (Jubal’s word), an object folded in upon itself, although we perceive it as moving outward.

Martin Heidegger (1889-1976), in *Schelling’s Treatise on the Essence of Human Freedom* (translated by Joan Stambaugh, Ohio University Press, 1985, p. 119) says that Fredrich Schelling (1775-1854) realized that “God as Spirit is the existing one who, as Spirit, emerges from itself.” From a Buddhist point of view, the universe is an expanse of rainbow light whirling in the form of a lotus that is the supreme (perfect) mindstream of emptiness-bodhicitta.

MENTAL HOSPITALS

When Jubal arrived at Herrick Hospital, in Berkeley, after his bust for indecent exposure and possession of marijuana, he was spewing verbiage from the deepest recesses of his subconscious mind. You might have thought he was quoting from James Joyce’s *Finnegan’s Wake* or enacting the part of Lucky in Samuel Beckett’s *Waiting for Godot*, perhaps at the same time.

riverrun past Eve and Adam’s brings us to the stones
of Conomara by a circulation of Commodus vicus to
the works of Fartum and Belcher past Howth Castle
the stones know the secret...

After listening to Jubal for a few minutes, the admitting psychiatrist leaped from his chair and left the room, returning with a colleague to listen to Jubal rant. In the dayroom, Jubal met his fellow inmates. There was a hierarchy among those that were not catatonic. The matriarch was Mrs. Parrot. They spoke to one another in doggerel.

Mrs. Parrot is locked in Herrick
She thinks she’s the Queen of Hearts.

Says she, "It would take a derrick
To move my husband, who sits at his desk and farts."

She's still beautiful and young
But whatever it is she wants to confess
Is hard to digest because she speaks in tongues.

Mrs. Parrot confided to Jubal that between the digits of her feet there was toe jam, and in her belly button there was rot, and in her nose was snot, and although it might seem gross, like it or not, if you took a close look, there were bugs with homes and families, who on Sunday went to church, if not eaten by birds from their perch, and in their shit lived microbes, happy as could be, a pure world, dazzling and bright, and what you miss of beauty is what you don't like.

There was a Seventh Adventist Japanese woman whose husband had confined her in a room because she believed she was the Virgin Mary. She said that at the time of the Immaculate Conception, her womb had "burned with the heat of a thousand suns."

Jubal painted a small canvas in the arts and crafts room, blotches of color, in the style of Hans Hoffman. Raw pigment pleased him, the magenta flowing into the cobalt blue. No meaning except painted color. Dynamic brushstrokes. And emotion.

Jubal recounts his stay at Napa State Mental Facility in his chapbook *Hollow Air* (D Press, 1999). Among the many characters he encountered, there was an idiot named Jubal, who he thought was his doppelganger. There was Bob, another Seventh Day Adventist, who thought he was Jesus Christ. There was Smitty, who had been transferred from San Quentin because he was stir crazy, and Mike, who had tried to shoot his family and commit suicide and had failed on all three counts. There was Tom, who had attempted to commit suicide by cutting his wrists. He loaned Jubal a blood-stained copy of *Dawn Visions* by Daniel Moore, who Jubal knew from Oakland High and who had just recently picked him up hitchhiking in a battered Model A Ford, in Berkeley. Jubal's first encounter with a reference to the Great Bodhisattva, Avalokiteshvara, was in *Dawn Visions*.

One person not mentioned in *Hollow Air* was Loraine, who came on Ward D with other female patients for a Saturday Night Dance. It may have been an experiment. The dance only happened once during Jubal's three months on the ward. Loraine sat next to Jubal. She had a presence of forceful energy. She told Jubal that she and her boyfriend had tried to rob a bank and that it had gone wrong. She climbed up on the counter and pissed on the teller who had set off the alarm. She and Jubal were sitting at an oblique angle to the glassed-in nurses' station. Their chairs were close together, facing, and their knees were interlocked. Jubal could smell her thighs, and she seemed ready to mount him yabyum style, when an orderly interrupted them and suggested they dance. Jubal has a weakness for bank robber women. Must be a Bonny and Clyde Complex.

Because the widespread use of psychedelic drugs was a new phenomenon, the doctors were interested in the pathology of "bad trips," and Jubal had a room full of shrinks at his first interview. He had calmed down considerably, after being repeatedly dosed with a psychic stabilizer called Stelazine, and he was more coherent, if less imaginative, in the descriptions of his state of consciousness. He pointed out the irony of being interviewed in the same room where he had once been a guest, when he had visited the hospital with his high school American Problems class. Now, sitting on the opposite side of the table, he was experiencing what it was like to be a "problem." He must have made a good impression, as he was not given shock therapy, and he served his time without incident, except for the incident with his tooth, told in the Dentistry section. He was released after ninety days and transferred back to Alameda County Jail to await the formal "return of his sanity" by the court.

JUBAL: So you see, Richard, if you wonder whether or not I am sane, I have papers to prove I am.

RICHARD: Jubal, people who are sane, do not need papers to prove it.

When Jubal reached the bottom of the steps of the courthouse, he kissed the pavement. His dad may have thought this crazy behavior, but I think he understood. Having had to go through security checks and peer through a porthole to talk to his

son in the tank, as well as appearing in court, must have been humiliating for him, and I am sure he was glad it was over.

For Jubal, it was as if had been holding his breath under water for several months. Freedom felt good, but the transition was not easy. For one thing, the silence in the neighborhood around the Santa Rosa Country Club was unnerving, as Jubal had become accustomed to the clanging of iron doors, the rattle of chains, and the moans and groans of his fellow prisoners and inmates. The squawk of Stellar Jays and the whap of tennis racquets was not the same racket.

POEM ON MY RETURN

I'm back
among the living
back from where angels & devils dwell

I'm back
and see the meager come, the greater go
day follow day as usual

I'm back
and will live lustily
among the oak trees

If Jubal had remained in Santa Rosa among the oak trees, it might have made a difference in how things came to be, but he found the place stifling. He moved back to Berkeley which for Jubal was like an open wound.

He rented a room above University Textbook Exchange, on Emerson Avenue. This was the bookstore where he had been arrested for shoplifting. The book he stole and tried to resell was *Macroeconomic Theory*. Jubal thought, at the time, that he was following the Marxist principle of redistributing wealth, but he knew, now, that it was just a case of petty theft. It was not due to desperation—he was not Jean Valjean in *Les Miserables*—he was just taking a shortcut. Also, he thought he should

suffer. He could have begged forgiveness or have fled before he was taken into custody. Here, he was more like Raskolnikov, in *Crime and Punishment*, seeking penitence and purification. He had created a karmic debt.

Again, Jubal began to despair of redemption, or when he was just at a loss as to what to do with himself, he committed himself to Mendocino State Mental Hospital, near Talmage. This facility was mostly for drug and alcohol rehabilitation. Jubal found the mountain air more to his liking than the sweltering heat of Napa Valley. He was told, however, “Don’t try and get comfortable. We don’t want you here.” Dr. Fliess—old school, Viennese—had Jubal’s maroon spring-bound binder, the one that Lu Garcia had given him to keep his poems together. She said that Jubal’s dad had lent it to her because he thought it was a big part of why Jubal was acting crazy. It contained drafts of what would become “Flower Poem.”

Gladness linked to
Madness to amuse you
Characters move—

Rhythms, waves of color
Flowers.

They whisper to me.
I am a privileged guest.

They let me do as I please.
They do as they please.

In the core of the bud
Is fire,
The bone of desire.

Dr. Fliess said, “As long as you are not following orders from these flowers, it seems harmless enough.” Jubal did not know quite how to take that comment. He decided he should make his poems more dangerous, like this one from *Another Artaud*:

SOUL OF THE ANTI-POET

Spring into movement, like 111 or 666—
It's all in the wrist.
Take your hat off, and stand alone
Wipe that smirk off your chops.
It's ok to fart, it's healthy.
Make it loud.
Salute the sun.
The mucus of life is before you.
Eat up!

Jubal says he feels, at times, that he is a “walk-in” for Antonin Artaud (1896-1948), the French poet and playwright, who had been committed to mental hospitals, in Paris and Rodez, and who had been one of the first Europeans to take peyote. When Jubal was beginning to surf the net and entered a poetry chat room, he was asked to give a name. A copy of Artaud's *The Theater of Cruelty* was in sight, and “Artaud” became his cybername.

Another Artaud by Jubal Artaud (D Press, 2000) is a facsimile of the City Lights book, *Artaud Anthology*, edited by Jack Hirschman, in 1965. Belle Randall calls the book by Jubal (and others in the same genre that he has produced) one of his “forgeries.” (See Belle's essay “Having Tea with Blake: Self-Publication and the Art of Jubal Dolan” online at Big Bridge #12 in “Process: A Tribute to Jubal Dolan.”) She does not mean “forgery” in a derogatory way; she is complimenting him on his inventiveness.

Jubal has similar facial features to Artaud, and he had Elizabeth Marshall, a student of his from Summerhill School, do a photo shoot of him in many of the poses that are found in the Artaud Anthology.

John Bennett, in his “Afterword” to *Another Artaud*, says:

Taking Another Artaud in hand, the well-informed fringe reader will be struck by its mirror-like similarity to another Artaud, the City Lights Artaud Anthology published

in the early Sixties and superbly edited by Jack Hirschman. If one leafs through the pages of Another Artaud, the visual and structural similarities hold, and if one goes no further, a conclusion might be reached that a rather clever thing has been done. But if one delves into the writing itself, distinctions blur, and one Artaud bleeds into the other.

Antonin Artaud, Jubal Artaud—will the real Artaud please stand? Two men who straddle three centuries and who have battled hard to ward off mental extinction; two men touched by madness exacerbated by drugs and alcohol; two poets, two thinkers, two philosophers who suffered incarceration in penal and mental institutions—at this juncture the comparisons end and the fusion begins to take place.

Antonin Artaud died in unresolved torment, and after reading Another Artaud, one is left with the disquieting sense that Jubal Artaud may very well be the reincarnation of Antonin Artaud and that he has—after much purging—spiritually elevated Artaud’s struggle and transcended the darkness.

. . .

Back to the madhouse in Mendocino. Jubal had more freedom at Mendocino than he did at Napa. After he had worked for one day in the laundry, operating a steam press, he was transferred to the Admissions Office. In the laundry, some of the patients were handcuffed to their steam presses, so that they would not wander. Jubal says it was a strong image of a hell realm with the hissing and plumes of steam. One woman sat on a bench and with ornate gestures swatted at invisible flies. At least to Jubal they were invisible.

As an “administrative assistant” in the Admissions Office, he welcomed new arrivals. When his friends, Lu Garcia and Marianne Baskin came to visit, he was at work and acted, much to Lu’s chagrin and Marianne’s amusement, as though they were to be processed for admittance.

Jubal had a roommate, a young man named Tod, who had cut fabric and crafted a complete suit for himself. It was a sad affair. It made Jubal want to cry, yet Tod was proud of his work and wore it with such aplomb that Jubal always complimented

him on his appearance. It made Jubal realize that his own work, his poetry, might be just as ill-fitting and homespun in its way. As Ikklyū points out, "Poetry is full of shit, but we still go ahead and write it."

Did Jubal have a girlfriend at Mendocino? Yes, he did, a girl named Rose. There were dances. They held hands. They kissed. That is as far as it went. After Jubal left the hospital, he drove back up to Talmage and went to the hospital to see Rose. She was standing alone by a cyclone fence, when he drove up, as though she knew he was coming. He asked her if she wanted to get together, after she was released. She smiled and said, "A Black girl from Richmond and a rich, White boy, not likely. Too crazy!"

Living with his parents in Santa Rosa and working at Concept Development Corporation, as a warehouseman that mailed out T.V. Bingo cards and trying to maintain some semblance of sanity, he had time to visit Natasha and the kids in Berkeley. He found Country Joe and the Fish rehearsing in her dining room. A band member, Natasha's new boyfriend, told him she was a swell woman, hardly used. "Dusted her off, good as new," he said. Too crazy!

When he returned to Berkeley, after his first adventure in Alaska, he went with Angel and his mom to a café. Dousing his cigarette in his cup of coffee to put it out, Jubal told them he was feeling unstable. In fact, his hands were shaking, and there was a nervous twitch near one of his eyes. Angel and Blanche took him to Herrick, where he self-committed himself. He spent a couple of days there and was released as an out-patient, out during the day and sleeping on the ward at night.

Angel cooked him huge meals and baked pies for dessert, trying to put weight on him. Jubal's main diet was usually coffee and cigarettes. They were living on Ward Street, which was a fitting name. He was on meds, and with Angel's home cooking, he began to regain his composure. He repainted the whole apartment, except for one wall in the back bedroom. On this wall, Walter Duesenberry painted a mural.

Angel helped Jubal paint the bathroom. The lower half of the walls was a dark blue; the trim board that ran around the middle of the room they painted red; and the upper half of the walls and the ceiling they painted white. The outside of the claw-

food bathtub they spay-painted gold, and they hung a large American flag upside down in the window. American society was in distress, and so was Jubal.

Angel, who became Jubal's second wife, was pregnant. Jubal's condition reversed itself. He had been giving his meds to Robbi Bashō who said it helped him with his music. Jubal was glad, but he was now afraid to go outside his apartment. When Mike Lovewell, who had helped Jubal on his production of *Waiting for Godot* at Cal Poly, came to visit, he could not even get out of bed to say hello. Angel became concerned. Usually, when the going got weird, Angel's solution was to take more Acid, but this time she called Jubal's psychologist, who came to the apartment and diagnosed him "schizophrenic-non-decisive," which in today's parlance might be "bi-polar" but could have meant that she could not tell what direction he was headed.

This psychologist, whose name Jubal cannot remember or wishes to forget, helped him apply for Aid-to-the-Totally-Disabled. She liked to interview Jubal at the Mediterranean Café. She said it gave her an excuse to get out of the office. It is amazing how the prospect of a means of income, a sort of grant from the State of California to maintain his Bohemian lifestyle, improved Jubal's outlook on the world. There were strings attached. Visits to a psychiatrist, medications, and occasional reviews of his condition. It was not going to be easy to play the ATD game.

The Summer of Love. They went to San Francisco to the "Gathering of the Tribes for a Human Be-in" in Golden Gate Park. Jubal remembers: "It was overcast, but it wasn't raining. Angel and I and David Cole wandered through the crowd; I've heard that 10,000 people showed up; there was a bandstand and Allen Ginsberg was up there, along with Lenore Kandel, the "fuck with love" goddess poet, Gary Snyder, Ram Dass, and Leary. Some bands played: Quicksilver, Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother. We weren't sure what it was supposed to mean or what we were supposed to do. I read later that the whole event was an attempt to bring together different branches of the counterculture. I had some poems with me and read to a small circle of Hippies. At some point, I remember someone came floating down in a parachute, and there was a lot of applause. I had taken several swigs out of a jug

of wine handed to me by a Hells Angel, and I was tripping.”

When the first ATD check arrived, retroactively \$800, Jubal and Angel, pregnant with Alvin, drove their VW camper over Donner’s Pass to Reno, got married by a Justice of the Peace, camped at Lake Tahoe, visited Angel’s family in Seattle, drove to British Columbia, boarded a ferry headed to Ketchikan, and kissed the craziness goodbye.

A postscript: Mendocino State Hospital is now a Buddhist Pure Land Retreat Center. Jubal was just a little ahead of his time. Yes—a mental hospital that became a pure land and a mental patient who now sees all appearances and events as the enlightened activities of the buddhas.

MILITARY SCIENCE

This is my rifle.

This is my gun.

This is for fighting.

This is for fun.

—Army Jingle

I was at home in
the Army. They liked
me, they paid to
look at my dong once
a month.

—Philip Whalen

“Homage to William Seward Burroughs”

RICHARD: Were you in the Army, Jubal?

JUBAL: R.O.T.C.

RICHARD: That is the Reserve Officer Training Corps. When was that?

JUBAL: In my freshman year at Cal. Mandatory.

RICHARD: Why so?

JUBAL: The University is a land grant college. Came with the territory.

RICHARD: Is it still mandatory?

JUBAL: No. Part of the revolutionary acts of the Free Speech Movement was to change that policy. There was no reason it had to be mandatory. To meet the government's requirement, it was enough for it just to be offered.

RICHARD: Did you drill in a uniform and carry a weapon?

JUBAL: We were issued uniforms and a M1 carbine. We drilled with the rifle and were trained in firing positions. We never fired our weapon, but we needed to know the nomenclature and to be able to field strip and reassemble it. The uniform and the carbine had to be kept spotless. There were inspections at our weekly drill period, and the inspector issued merits and demerits on our appearance.

RICHARD: Were there classes, too?

JUBAL: Two each week. Two one-hour classes on military science and one hour of drill on the track field each week for two units of academic credit.

RICHARD: How did you fare as a man in uniform?

JUBAL: I was a lack luster soldier.

RICHARD: What did your parents think?

JUBAL: I think my dad was proud of me. He had been too young for the First World War and too old for the Second. As a youth, he was exempted from combat and supported the troops as a member of the Farm Work Reserve. As an adult, he was in Civil Defense. He wore a simple uniform, a jacket and a cap with a badge, and he carried a flashlight. He went around the neighborhood during air raid warnings to be sure everyone's lights were out. You could say he served his country through both World Wars, whereas I was a failure as a soldier. Yet I think of myself as a patriot in the sense that I tried to keep my country from making a big mistake by

going to war with Vietnam.

RICHARD: When did you become active in the peace movement?

JUBAL: In the mid-Sixties, but I became aware of our involvement in Vietnam in 1961. At the main entrance to Cal campus, on the steps of Sproul Hall, I saw a young man sitting with a sign that said he was on a hunger strike until the U.S. withdrew its advisors from someplace called Vietnam. This was Fred Moore. His father was in the military, and Fred knew what was on the horizon.

RICHARD: Were you eligible for the draft?

JUBAL: I was classified 2D, a married student. Later, after I was divorced and dropped out of school, I might have been eligible, but with my history as a mental patient, they wouldn't have taken me.

RICHARD: What did you do to protest the war in Vietnam?

JUBAL: Don't you want to know what happened to Fred Moore?

RICHARD: Yes, of course.

JUBAL: His father flew out from back east, and after consulting with university officials, he talked his son into committing himself to a mental hospital, a good place to be when you can't cope with all the "sane" behavior in the world. And what did I do? I filed that one away. I protested the Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco. I went to a candle-light vigil for Carl Chessman in a protest against capital punishment. I sat in the Mediterranean Café and had heated debates. I too went crazy.

RICHARD: But were you not active in the anti-war movement?

JUBAL: Not to the extent of many of my friends. I went to the Vietnam Day Rally and spoke against the war. I covered the Stop the Troop Train demonstration for the Berkeley Barb. I signed many petitions. I wrote and read poems, which I believe in itself is a revolutionary act, even if the subject is flowers. Think what conditions must occur to reduce a person to write of flowers. The most significant action I took was at the University of Alaska, when I was a student senator, representing married students, and I sponsored a call for the student body to formerly condemn

the war in Vietnam and the secret war in Laos and Cambodia. The University of Alaska was one of the last universities to go on record in opposition to the war. Also, at this time, in 1972, the students and the Indians formed a coalition at the Democratic Convention held on campus and nominated Senator George McGovern as the anti-war candidate in a bid for the presidency. He didn't become president. Nixon had his infamous second term with the Watergate scandal, but this revealed to me how a small number of people can have an effect in politics. Here's a poem:

PRAISE AND BLAME, LOSS AND GAIN

To be peace—empty, clear, compassionate
In this world and not escape through sleep
Through normalcy, through wrapping myself in the flag

A prayer tree flutters in our town square
Prayers for war to disappear in this warm breeze
The leaves are prayers blowing in the deadly winds

RICHARD: Did you finish your R.O.T.C. training?

JUBAL: No, I flunked the class, but before I go into that let me tell you of two events, dramatic events, that caused me to wonder about what I was doing dressing up and playing soldier. Just a normal beginning to the day. I was awakened by KPFA opening with Bach's Cantata No. 78, ("Jesu, der du meine Seele") so lovely, and then an episode of *The Little Prince*, which I listened to as I put on my uniform and gave my shoes a quick buffing. I put my hat on backwards, as did other rebellious students, fully aware that we could be "dressed-down" by any officer on campus who saw us. My roommate, Dale, drove me to school on the back of his motorcycle with his pet monkey riding on the handlebars. As I walked along the trail to the armory, I saw smoke and a crowd of people looking at what turned out to be a fire at the side of the building. No one was trying to put out the blaze. It was a small fire, made with cardboard and some scraps of lumber. A guy was taking pictures. The flames were not having any great effect on the concrete wall, although they did

scorch the surface. I walked on. I didn't want to be there when the cops came. The man with the camera might have been F.B.I. This anarchistic act was surely an act of treason, being some citizens attacking a U.S. military facility, even if it was only a few cardboard boxes being burned. The other event. Another fine day, but perhaps a little too warm to be wearing a wool uniform and marching in formation on the drill field. At some point, a soldier broke ranks, walked to the center of the field, pushed his rifle barrel into the earth, stripped off his uniform, tie, shoes, socks, and all but his shorts, piled them up, hat and coat draped over the rifle, and he walked to the exit and was gone. This was Frank Chin. I knew him from high school. He later had success with his play, *The Chicken Coup Chinaman*. It's a play about breaking restraints. When Frank went A.W.O.L., I knew I was not going to be able to keep in step much longer. My grade for the semester was a F. I got 64% of the points on my tests correct. 65% was a D, which meant that I would have to take the class over again. I asked the captain, who was the head of the department, if we could go over the test scores and see if we might find one point, but he said it was "classified" information. I told him I could get an easier F by simply not attending his classes and walked out of his office.

RICHARD: In conclusion, do you have a poem?

LETTER TO SITO IN TIME OF WAR

We find
ourselves
in a new world
speaking
an old language

We speak
of beauty
and feelings
while the
machines
blast the birds

from our hearts
Watch
the words
hear
the howl
come
to the ear
eye
nose
lip

Scream
at the
dichotomy
of the
comma—
a dream
an illusion
how time
passes

Dinosaurs
dance off
the map
where you
and I sit
drinking
coffee

We hold
down
this loose
end
of the universe
feeling at home
in the smoke

MORALITY

Playing in the background: Webern's *Two Pieces (1899) for Cello and Piano, No. 2*.

Deception is brutal. How do you do this to someone?
I'm disgusting, but I must tell the truth. I'm guilty.
I fell in love. I couldn't resist. I'm selfish.
No one loves you like I do.
Why isn't love enough?
Truth, trust, love—greed, lust, freedom—romance.
Child of passion.

Jubal made moral havoc of matrimony, but he just did not want the 'sixties to end. He met Celeste, dressed like Titania, Queen of the Færies. He was dressed, as usual, in a black suit, Continental-cut to the pants, paisley tie, zippered boots. Celeste had her wand with her, and Jubal knelt on the pavement, and she touched the back of his bowed head with the flat of the star and granted him a wish. These were the days when Jubal was a street poet, and he carried colored pens to write poems on girls' legs. Celeste borrowed one of his pens and wrote her address on the back of Jubal's hand. She said she was having a difficult time going through a divorce and would like his company.

That evening, Jubal visited Celeste and gave her some of his special counsel. He was administering this from behind. She had her hands on the edge of a coffee table. He looked up and saw the painting he had given her husband. It was a painting based on Theodore Gericot's "Raft of Madusa" which he had transformed into a Klee-like jeweled boat. And he thought, "I like the way the boat is painted, but I might have added a fukmast." Jubal did not just think about doing dirty things, he did them.

I owe a debt of gratitude to *Wikipedia* for the overall thrust of the following foray

into descriptive ethics. Forgive me the lack of footnotes.

Is it possible to have knowledge of what is right and wrong?

Socrates admonishes us to look inward
towards our humanness, not towards the world—
Character is the key to virtue

If we can reach our full potential
Become real, we will do good, says Aristotle
Self-realization is the key to virtue

For Stoics, peace of mind is the goal
The inviolate will is the means to this goal
Freedom from attachments is the key

Fulfilling the momentary desire or pursuit
Of spiritual bliss is the principal of Hedonism
“Eat, drink & be merry! Fear not death!”

Mohists promote the benefit of all
under heaven and eliminating
harm to all under heaven

Confucians emphasize relationships
As the most important consideration in ethics—
To be ethical we do what our relationships need

Nonviolence towards all sentient beings—
To find happiness and the causes for happiness
Discipline is the key of our Buddhist virtue

“You may wind up in another’s shoes
In the next incarnation—be selfless
And kind,” say we Hindus

Moral responsibility is the key to Heaven for Muslims

“Keep God in your heart and the world in your hand”
God grants us the faculty to discern good from evil

Love, grace, mercy, and forgiveness of our sins—
With divine assistance, we Christians are called
To become virtuous in both thought and deed

Go to the Bible, to the wisdom narratives
To answer Judaic moral questions—note the
Dynamic interplay between law and ethics

From a Consequentialist standpoint,
A morally right action produces a good outcome—
“The ends justify the means”

Utilitarianism argues the proper course of action
Maximizes a positive effect, such as “the greatest happiness
Of the greatest number,” according to Bentham

Kant argues that we must act from duty—it is not
The consequences but the motives that are important
And the only real good is a good will

Pierce, James, and Dewey, pragmatists, believe
We should emphasize social reform over attempts
To account for consequences, individual virtue, or duty

Postmodernists study the conditions of actions—a simple
Alignment of concepts and actions is impossible—
Accept the messy nature of humanity as unchangeable

So, where does this leave us? Is it possible to have knowledge of what is right and wrong?

A NEW QUESTION: If there is beauty in the moral order, is there morality in the

esthetic order?

“Beauty will save the world—but which beauty?”

—C.S. Lewis

In the Michel Gondry film, *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*, based on a screenplay by Charlie Kaufman, Clementine tells her boyfriend, Joel, that when she was eight she had an ugly girl doll she called Clementine, and she yelled at it, “You can’t be ugly; be pretty!” Clementine continues, “It’s weird, like if I can transform her, I would magically change, too.” Later, when the two lovers are running around inside a bookstore, Clementine says “Hide me someplace deeper, someplace buried, hide me under Humiliation.”

Something beautiful, something desired, something messy. The problem with Beauty and Desire is that they are messy. Shame of masturbation, shame of murder, shame of adultery.

And this takes us back to the issue at hand. The appreciation of Beauty as the foundation of right behavior. Right behavior being the happiest course of action for the individual and for the group. Without a lot of bloodshed and shame. Something beautiful. *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*. Not a bad metaphor for meditative absorption. *Rigpa*.

Kant says, “The correctness of such an ideal of beauty is evidenced by its not permitting any sensuous charm to mingle with the delight in its object, in which it still allows us to take a great interest. This fact in turn shows that an estimate formed according to such a standard can never be purely aesthetic and that one formed according to an ideal of beauty cannot be a simple judgment of taste.” (From *A Syntopicon*— Immanuel Kant, *The Critique of Aesthetic Judgment*— Beauty in the moral order—479c—“The Ideal of beauty”.)

. . .

Dear Jubal,

I have been meaning to write you all week to tell you how much I enjoyed our conversation at the Tea House a week and a half ago, the one that began with Nietzsche and moved on to many other things. I must tell you it came as a particular gift insofar as I had been for the hour or two previous despairing over the dim intelligence of our world, having been subjected just before you arrived at an hour of the most banal conversation imaginable by three very loud women at another table. To encounter someone as well read and thoughtful and insightful as you felt at that moment a minor miracle.

Also, I am really enjoying your book! I have to admit that after I left the Tea House, some hesitation set in, and I wondered if I should have agreed to take it. It is something I usually avoid doing, since I am an exceptionally critical reader and find myself hating most of what I read, particularly if it comes from someone who hasn't been dead for many years. To read something bad from a person I like is deeply unpleasant experience. But not only do I not hate your book, I am thoroughly enjoying it! This may come as no surprise to you, but as we were strangers, I couldn't have known. It has a wonderful liveliness; it's funny and odd and also insightful, and the poetry tucked within it is quite lovely.

I am also struck by a number of curious parallels with myself and my life, which is perhaps not surprising in light of our conversation. I read the "Boats" chapter today - Moby Dick is a very important book for me, and your writing reminded me of a little photo book project that I assembled but never got printed up. Have you read much Conrad? I've been enchanted with his sea novels lately (especially Nostromo [not purely a sea novel, but a brilliant novel that involves the sea] and Lord Jim), largely for reasons you point to in Melville. Also, I am writing a novel about a cattle baron ("Animals"), and have written a great deal about art ("Art").

I will save more extensive commentary until I have finished, but in the meantime please know that I am enjoying it.

I'm writing from a hotel room in Las Vegas, Nevada. I'm here to teach a couple of four-week classes to art students at UNLV; I was nervous to come, for various reasons, but the first week went fine and at the moment I am happy for the quiet and the isolation. I deeply dislike Las Vegas, but there is a special kind of peace to a

cheap hotel room - I am, in many ways, a monastic at heart - and the writing has been going well. As I said, I am writing a novel about a cattle baron in western South Dakota around the turn of the last century, and about his granddaughter, who is half Lakota. It was largely for this book that I was reading Nietzsche, because it is also a book about the story of western philosophy, and about American history. It's a book about a lot of things. It is my second novel. I should be working on getting the first one published, but I am dragging my feet, so it languishes.

Most of my published writing has been art criticism. I lived in LA for fifteen years before moving back to Santa Fe (my hometown) last summer, and I wrote for the LA Times and various magazines - that is why I'm here in Las Vegas. But I've had a kind of crisis of faith with all that and I don't really know where it's going anymore. I'm supposed to be working on a book about art, specifically the concept of value in art - that is what my classes are based on. But every time I sit down to try to do it, I spin out very quickly into despair - from why does art matter? to why does anything matter? It's been a problem. I have always wished I could be a scholar of some obscure and narrow field - but it was not meant to be: everything spins out to the existential. It's maddening.

Well, I hope you don't mind a long-ish note. Thank you again for your book. I've been noting, in pencil, typos here and there, as you suggested - though very few. Best of luck in your continued reading/revision/reflection with the other two.

Best,

Annette

dear annette,

thank you for your note, it touched me, meaning that i felt a sympathetic soul responding to my work, and it touched on some important philosophical, maybe spiritual, issues i too have been struggling with

yes, our lives do seem to have points of contact, like your writing about south

dakota, because just before i went into retreat, i was at the pine ridge reservation, in my robes, dancing with the lakota under the arbor, while my son completed his sundance for that year

and one of my daughters is working on her dissertation to complete a doctorate in art history at the university of washington, her thesis on the italian art movement of arte povera, and she will soon travel to milan to interview germano celant, the organizer of that art movement and now artistic director of the prada foundation, believe me, she has similar concerns, and she is a "scholar of some obscure and narrow field" as you put it and she too has existential angst, yes, it is maddening, but she presses on with her work

i suppose i have a slight advantage in this angst business being a buddhist, since we don't get upset that there is no conceptual "meaning to things" and we just relax into the "emptiness" rather than freaking out, and i can do art for the sake of art, selfish of me to be sure, and my writing i do for the "invisible circle" and for "the process" rather than for any material reason, lucky me

as for meaning, well, guess what? right now, i'm trying to figure out a new system of ethics based on aesthetics, something stimulated by the quote from c.s. lewis, "beauty will save the world...but what kind of beauty?" hmmm, maybe you have an idea

you see, we are in a dark void without beauty, and it's no wonder we fall into despair and wonder about the meaning of life, and it doesn't help being told we think too much, since it is really the case that no one seems to be thinking at all, so there's a lot of work to do to change the moral landscape rather than just leaving things in the messy mess they are at present, and a good place to begin is to "worship at the font of beauty" as pound put it, since so few do

oh, well, how i do go on, an email is no place for this, and i hope we can talk later, when you return

in the meantime, keep the faith and teach well

your friend, jampa

p.s. thank you, most people don't have the time to read me, thinking it is a good read means a lot to me

. . .

Is it possible to have knowledge of what is right and wrong? What foundation for morality is there beyond the Good? Is Evil inextricably mixed with the Good? What of Beauty?

Freedom, according to Friedrich Schelling, determines true Being and transcends all human being. Man is grounded in Freedom, but as Heidegger points out: "The God in becoming emerges in his becoming to something which has become and is the one who he is in this becoming as it. The inner-divine becoming is originally the self-seeing of the God himself in his ground so that this look remains in the ground. Just as when one person looks at the other in distant correspondence and, looking into him, longing becomes clearer in the self-seeing of the God in his ground, but that means precisely all the more aroused and craving. The ground thus wants to be more and more ground, and at the same time it can only will this by willing what is clear and thus striving against itself as what is dark." (*Schelling's Treatise on the Essence of Human Freedom*, Martin Heidegger, translated by Joan Stambaugh, Ohio University Press, Athens, 1985, p. 136.)

Nietzsche propounds a similar idea in *Beyond Good and Evil* but gets bogged down with the polemics of conceptual schemes and relative perceptions. The freedom to think. To think beyond the box. To throw one's body into the painting. To think with the feelings. This is the morality of the future.

Restraint and Abandon. If Jubal is to be forgiven his infidelities, it will be due to the dynamically expressed Beauty of both Apollo and Dionysus in his psyche. Therefore, women fall in love with poets.

In Dante's ethics, reason and will should control passion. Lust allows passion to subvert reason and will. According to a note (p. 557) in Allen Mandelbaum's translation of Dante Alighieri's *The Divine Comedy*, "...true or 'refined' Love was a quality of noble lovers...true Love had been presented as necessarily accompanied by nobility of heart, that is by virtue... Francesca goes on to define Love as an

irresistible mutual passion (line 103) [of Canto V of the *Inferno*], thus blaming Love as a universal force personified in the terms of contemporary courtly poetry, masking her own responsibility for her damnation, but at the same time revealing to Dante the moral danger which exists in all such literary conceptions of Love, even potentially in his own earlier poetry of noble love for Beatrice.”

Blame it on the poets!

MUSIC

The grand concord of what
Does not stoop to definition. No fish
No other seagull, no ocean— the true
Music.

—Jack Spicer, “Improvisations On A Sentence By Poe”

Music. It may all be music, the music of the spheres that Kepler heard, the music of numbers that Pythagoras saw. The first art that Jubal engaged in was music. He took piano lessons and did his best to practice.

There was a 78-rpm record that he listened to called *Sparky and His Magic Piano* which inspired him to practice. It was a fantasy story of a boy who, discouraged with practice, fell into a reverie, and his piano talked to him and committed to play all manner of music, while Sparky had only to sit on the bench and move his hands over the keyboard. Sparky became a renowned concert pianist, and much of the record contains excerpts of virtuosi piano music, like Rimsky-Korsakov’s “Flight of the Bumblebee.” Sparky finally pushes his luck, and the piano refuses to play an encore, and the boy prodigy tries it himself with embarrassing results. His mother’s voice awakens him, and Sparky returns to his practice with renewed energy and dedication.

Jubal played well. He mastered elemental pieces, and one piece in particular,

“Falling Leaves,” he could play backwards as well as forwards in its entirety. This impressed his teacher, and at a recital, much to Jubal’s dismay, she told the audience of Jubal’s ability and encouraged him to show his talent. He froze. The leaves were too shy to fall. He made an awkward exit, and he refused to continue his lessons.

Jubal has a good voice, expressive and with a considerable range. He can remember melodies but usually needs someone with a better sense of pitch to start him in the right key. In grammar school, his voice was designated an alto, and he and another boy sat with the girls in Miss Reece’s class, and this embarrassed him. He liked singing in church. Perhaps it was here that he fell in love with the music of Bach.

When the family traveled by car across the country, Jubal would tune in the radio to a classical station, although Blanche, his mother, complained that the sound of violins irritated her. He would sometimes leave a restaurant early, while his parents had another cup of coffee and ate desert, so he could find some of that “long-haired music,” as his father called it. One evening, in 1956, while the family visited relatives in Iowa, Jubal saw Elvis Presley sing “Hound Dog” on the Ed Sullivan Show. He does not remember if Elvis sang “Don’t Step on My Blue Suede Shoes,” but he does know that he was out of step with the times, and from then on it was Little Richard and The Big Bopper for him, *ueber alles*.

That is, until he discovered jazz. Art Ball sat in front of him in homeroom class at Oakland High. Art turned around and asked him if he would like to go to a place called The Blackhawk, in the Tenderloin district of San Francisco, and see Cal Jader’s Quintet with Mongo Santamaria on Congo drums. West coast jazz, “Cool Jazz,” and The Blackhawk was the place to dig it. Although it was a nightclub and you had to be 21 to be admitted, if you wore a suit and ordered non-alcoholic drinks, the staff turned a blind eye on your youth. Before long, the City Fathers became aware that their under-aged children were attending the shows at The Blackhawk, and they became concerned.

Herb Caen, who it is said coined the term “beatnik” and was a columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, came to the rescue, saying that it would benefit these

youngsters culturally to be exposed to the music of the great performers that were appearing at The Blackhawk. An exception was made to the ordinance, a back entrance to the club was opened, and a chicken-wire screen was erected. Jubal and his fellow jazz buffs had to sit extreme stage left in a cage, but they got to see and listen to Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Shelly Manne, and Company in an intimate environment with the clink of glasses and chatter from the audience.

Based on this club experience, Jubal began a record collection, and to play these records with the best “high fidelity,” he built himself a hi-fi system from scratch. He went to a store called Music City, in Oakland, and listened to a range of components. He had a speaker cabinet custom-built to hold a Lansing 14-inch speaker and a tweeter. He soldered together the parts for a 60-watt amplifier and a pre-amp from Dynakits, and he assembled a studio-quality Rek-o-cut tone arm with a diamond stylus. Some say those tube amps are still state-of-the-art. Jubal was an iconoclast in his defense of “mono-sound,” claiming that from a distance, the sound all comes from one place and that you hear it as a whole phenomenon, especially small jazz groups, which in the 1950s were the main ensemble, trios, quartets and quintets. It was a charmed time. Nothing like it before or since. The era of the Big Band was over. The style of dance was changing. Jazz became a listener’s music.

Jubal listened to Big Band music. He had recordings of Shorty Rogers, Maynard Ferguson, and Stan Kenton. He thought Kenton’s “City of Glass” was very futuristic. In 1959, Jubal and Art went to the first Monterey Jazz Festival, and they heard both Duke Ellington’s and Count Basie’s bands. Jubal finally understood what is meant by “If it ain’t got swing, it ain’t got a thing.” He contends that the stage, with all those musicians blowing in unison, was levitating.

Ralph Gleason, a jazz columnist, was a family friend of Art’s, and he met the two boys in Monterey and told them if they wrote an article, he would get it published. Jubal’s writing skills were not yet developed enough for this task, but he took advantage of having a press pass to go backstage and rub shoulders with the performers. Art was a writer. Jubal fed him tidbits from his observations, like how the members of The Modern Jazz Quartet seemed to be on the outs because every time Jubal saw them sitting together, they faced in different directions. Still, when

they were playing music, they were very “together” and communicated perfectly with their instruments. Jubal thought the Third-Stream music they played with Ornette Coleman, who had a fiberglass saxophone, was the most exciting thing he heard, although most of the audience seemed disgruntled by the atonality of the sound.

Jubal formed a big crush on Annie Ross of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, who were jazz “scat” singers. She made him tremble with her trills and dowapedowaps, but he was too shy to talk to her.

When Jubal graduated from Oakland High and went to Cal, the music he heard around the campus was mainly folk music and baroque. Ethnic folk music was the “in” thing, whether it was African Congo drumming or Appalachian dulcimer music. Among the highbrow purists, the argument was whether there was any music after Bach worth listening to. Mozart was frivolous. Beethoven was clumsy, and the Romantics in general were misguided. And the moderns...oh, my, what a disaster. Stravinsky was diabolic, and Schoenberg was insane. Finally, one wanted to scream, “A pox on Manfredini!”

Joan Baez visited the campus. She was beautiful. Her voice-magic was enthralling. Pete Seegar, too, was inspirational. Bob Dylan had not yet hit the scene to tell us what we were thinking. When Jubal later heard a recording of Dylan’s voice coming from an open window, where once you would have heard a Brandenburg Concerto, he knew the times had changed.

Jazz stayed hip. There was a jazz joint on Bancroft Avenue called The Stew Den. Mostly local talent played there. You could get a simple meal and listen to a small ensemble in the evening and on some afternoons. For folk music types, there was The Jabberwock, run by Belle Randall, who is a good friend of Jubal’s. Her parents, Louis and Carol, had once lived in Robber’s Roost, where Belle was born, and then they moved to Berkeley, where Belle was raised. Jubal met Belle through Lu Garcia, but before their meeting, Jubal had enjoyed listening to musicians like John Fahey and Robbie Bashō in her establishment. Read her memoir of The Jabberwock and of her friendship with Bob Dylan in *Berkeley Daze: Profiles of Berkeley Poets in the*

60s, online at Big Bridge.

Jubal met Bob Dylan at The Blind Lemon, a bar on San Pablo, not far from The Steppenwolf, where Dylan opened for Manse Lipscom, a legendary Delta Blues guitarist. He sat at the bar next to him and said, "I like your music." Dylan nodded and said, "Thank you." This was an entirely different era from when Jubal again saw Dylan play at The Gorge, in Central Washington, in the late '80s. Roberta Flack opened for the now legendary Bob Dylan.

August 1959: Jubal heard *Kind of Blue* by the Miles Davis sextet on KJAZ and knew immediately that it was a classic. This is a jazz album that even those who do not like jazz like. The coolest of Cool. Different era than when Jubal saw Miles at The Paramount, in Seattle. Jazz had fused with World Music. Folk had fused with Rock.

Two people who helped educate Jubal in music were Ernest Blank and Martin Campanile. Jubal had a chemistry partner, named Russell, who was moving away from his major in English towards a major in chemistry, so that he could become a doctor, and he introduced Jubal to Ernest, who already had a doctorate in music and was working on a doctorate in English. A perpetual student. He helped Jubal decipher Andrew Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress," and Jubal began to move away from pursuing a career in medicine towards the path of poetry.

Ernest was a scholar and extremely well-read. There were floor-to-ceiling shelves of books with books in every nook and cabinet in his apartment. He spoke with a slight English accent, and he may have been gay, but he did not make any sexual advances towards Jubal and seemed primarily interested in tutoring the always-full-of-questions Jubal in the liberal arts. Ernest had the mannerisms of an old maid, finical and sometimes shrill. It was Ernest he hurt, when Jubal was busted for plagiarism. Ernest heard about it in the bowels of Dwinelle Hall, that labyrinth where the Minotaur of the English Department dwells.

Jubal accompanied Ernest to concerts at Hertz Hall, where he was given pointers on chamber music. Pablo Casals, a world-famous cellist, was in residence, and they attended his master classes. Ernest also introduced Jubal to foreign films at the Cinema Guild, and Jubal soon became a regular there. Ernest was very upset and

disapproved of Jubal's decision to drop out of school and marry Natasha. He was noticeably rude to her on the one occasion they met. He probably thought Jubal was a fool. When Jubal showed him a copy of his first book of poems, *Breastbeaters*, Ernest said it should have been titled *Breasteaters*.

Natasha introduced Jubal to Martin Campanile. She and Martin's wife, Barbara, babysat for each other. Martin aspired to being a stage manager for an Italian opera company. About as close as Martin came, in those days, to fulfilling his dream was to amass a giant record collection of operas. He and Jubal would study scores and discuss librettos. Martin worked in Emeryville at Record One Stop, a record distributor, and he got Jubal a job as a stock clerk.

Jubal added to his existing record collection, although his tastes were more varied than Martin's. Classics, folk, jazz, spoken word. Then, The Beatles "Blue Album" came out. Where normally a hot album would require a few cases to keep up with the demand, this album required a container load, and it was unloaded and sold within days. Phenomenal. This was "Beatlemania." And Jubal got swept up in it.

Jubal had been influenced in fashion by his Persian friends, and he wore black suits of a continental cut with black ankle boots that zipped up the side. Not that different from what The Beatles wore. And one day, leaving the warehouse, he was mobbed by a bunch of Black teenyboppers, who mistook him for a Beatle. He escaped by hopping on a bus, but one diehard fan came aboard and asked for his autograph. He was going to write, "John Lennon," but instead he wrote, "Jubal." The girl looked at the signature and said, "That's not a Beatle! Are you a Beatle or not?" When Jubal said, "No," the girl changed seats.

One other person who helped Jubal with music was a teacher, whose name Jubal cannot recall, who taught a music appreciation class at Merritt College, in Oakland. Jubal became a "creative listener" and began to understand more about the history and structure of musical composition and to enjoy pieces he had thought strange and even trite. Now, he was at home with the twelve-tone technique of Berg and Webern, as well as the symphonic poems of Respighi and Smetana.

RICHARD: Jubal, quick, off the top of your head, what is your favorite music?

JUBAL: Erik Satie's piano music. Phillip Glass's score for *Kundun*, Mahler's "The Wayfarer," The Beatles *White Album*, Dylan's *Blond on Blond*, anything by Monk. And as a wild card, the works of Harry Partch. Oh, yeah, Bessie Smith, can't forget her.

Jubal is in retreat and does not listen to music. He does have a CD among his things that Steve Fisk gave him right before he left for Colorado. Steve is a "sampler" artist. In some of Steve's compositions, Jubal reads his poems and Steve manipulates them into vocal lines. When Jubal visited Steve in Seattle, they talked about some music Steve was working on, and Jubal misread the title, "Story of a Son" as "Story of a Sow" (which became the soundtrack for the film about Kurt Cobain, *About a Son*), so Steve put "Story of a Sow" on Jubal's copy of the CD.

Jubal feels fortunate to have seen and heard Coltrane live at The Hungry I, in 1967, before this great saxophonist entered the bardo.

BLUE NOTES

Hear that—
Trane, man
Blue Train.

There's a certain shape
To these chords,
A crystal structure.

Inside you can see
Naked people, the living
Dancing with the dead.

Jubal has only had one lover who was a musician. Her stage name was Melody Star. It was an adulterous affair—early morning couplings after Melody's husband had left for work, furtive kisses whenever the occasion arose. Over thirty years have passed. Jubal phoned her. "Your voice is music to my ears," she said.

MYSTICISM

The mood of mysticism is everywhere in the history of Protestantism, but it is nearly impossible to find a mystic.

—Mark Schorer, *William Blake: Politics of Vision*

A Presbyterian turned atheist turned agnostic turned Mason turned Sufi turned Tibetan Buddhist might be a mystic. As Mark Halperin says in the blurb on the back cover of Jubal's *Collected Poems: 1961-2000*: "Jubal Dolan has always belonged to the alternative party, its Masonic-anarchist branch. His poems can be playful or run an idea a bit further than you're comfortable with; they almost always vibrate, as he does. Dolan is one of the edgiest people I've ever known, and in his best poetry that comes through."

JUST AS IT IS

I watch with awe
the sun darken
& shimmer through
violet haze
dream green nights
& watch distances
shatter into foam while
feeling slow kisses
amid calm

FLYING WHITE

Rising with sun

arguing with darkness
I set my hand to move
willy-nilly through a repertory
of cyclic gestures, assembling
lines which wittily approximate
a sea a tree a hill a face

This is the best day to be alive
because if I'm dead I'm dead
& even if I'm dying while I'm alive
creation recedes to its center
to make room for me.

Glory! Glory! Glory!

ALONE

Alone, where nothing stirs
Mystery is all around me
Neither life nor death
Nor some type of nature

I needn't know what I am
Just love the uncreated absolute
Stripped of will & the myriad things
Through love, for love alone

The less said about mysticism the better. I refer you to Evelyn Underhill's *Mysticism*,
the definitive book on the subject.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY

How strange it must have sounded, this quarreling

about dematerialization, voluntary aging, goat gods,
and immortality, to a city that was primed for the
Age of Reason, a populace that was beginning to
put Descartes before des horse.

—Tom Robbins, *Jitterbug Perfume*

The following essay concluded volume 3 of Jubal's *A Book from Luminous Peak* and preceded my listing of the transmissions (*wangs* and *lungs*) that Jubal received from various lamas, along with an account of his early Buddhist influences.

A DEVIL SITS UNDER THE ASS OF SOPHIA

—for Sophia Lewandowski

In Buddhism, the meaning of life, the point of existence, the goal of the self is understood to be the attainment of omniscient Buddhahood. Since Buddha nature is inherent, it only needs to be uncovered. The means to this end are found in the 84,000 teachings and in practice. In Christianity, mystical experience is considered a gift from God, and methods intended to produce divine ecstasy, or union with the Godhead, are discouraged. The direct knowledge of God, when it occurs in Christian experience, is said to be something beyond the individual and the universe, a "Wholly Other," while in Buddhist experience, self and other are found to be empty of essence and yet to manifest as luminous clarity.

Christianity has its roots in Judaism, and Jesus is believed to be the son of the creator god, Yahweh ("He who brings into being whatever comes into being"). The doctrine of salvation through Jesus Christ affirms that God is One God which exists as a Trinity: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Buddhism has its roots in Hinduism, and Gautama is the historical person considered to be the founder of the Buddhist faith. There are many buddhas, a term that means "enlightened one." Just as in Christianity God is One Substance in Three Persons, buddhas have three bodies, the Tri-kaya, that consists of the Dharmakaya (emptiness), the Sambhogakaya (luminous clarity), and Nirmanakaya

(energy that is the quality of phenomenal existence in the course of history). In Buddhism there is no creator god because nothing is actually born or finally ceases to be. In terms of the nature of mind, there is no Self, and in terms of reality, the essence of all phenomena is empty.

In Vajrayana (Tantric) Buddhism, and especially in Dzog Chen, the formation of the trinity (or groups of three) is carried out further. The Three Real Jewels: the Buddha, the Dharma (his teachings), and the Sangha (his followers) are equated with the Tri-kaya, that in turn are reflected in one's personal Guru, one's meditational deity (Yidam, or Deva), and the Dakini (a term with multiple meanings but, here, representing one's activities). The Guru (Lama) confers blessings; the Yidam, accomplishments (siddhis); and the Dakini, activities. These are known as the Three Roots and are manifestations of the mandala of mind (thoughts as wisdom), of the mandala of speech (sounds as mantra), and the mandala of body (forms as deity), respectively.

In Dzog Chen, the "highest" of the three inner yogas of Tantra, the pattern of threes is further distilled. As I received the transmissions from Namkai Lama Rinchen Rinpoche, the interrelationships of the teaching are as follows: the primordial state contains (1) the Base, made up of (a) Essence, which is empty, (b) Nature, which manifests as thoughts and objects, and (c) Energy, constituted of Mind, Voice, and Body; (2) the Path, which consists of (a) the View, or an understanding of the way things are, (b) the Means, or practices that work with Body, Voice, and Mind, and (c) Conduct, or how one integrates the View and practices into everyday life; finally, (3) the Fruit, or the realization of Rigpa, the natural state of one's being from the beginning, what was with one when one was born and will continue at the time of death, the Great Perfection (or Completion), which can be realized: Buddhahood. Since Buddhahood is the core of every individual, the Base, Path and Fruit are inseparable.

The idea of one Substance with three Attributes in Christian doctrine was arrived at by scholars to solve theological difficulties about the nature of Unity. A schism arose in the early church with the Latins adding "and the Son" to the *Nicene Creed*, where it says the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father...and the Son, thus creating

what was called a Double Procession, since God is the Source of All Being. (See *Dictionary of Religion and Philosophy*, Geddes MacGregor, Paragon House, 1991.)

A complex matter, still not completely resolved, but the solution, in my humble opinion, is to rearrange the order of the Personæ in a Buddha-body sequence. Jesus is the Nirmaka, the manifestation of God on the earthly plane of four dimensions; in the hereafter, fused with the Great Progenitor, as an object of worship, He exists as Yidam, on the Sambhogakaya level; and together, alpha & omega, Yahweh-Jesus issue from the Spirit, or the Dharmakaya. The Spirit of God is the unfabricated “nessness” of suchness, self-cognizing Rigpa. It is not the Holy Spirit that “broods on the face of the waters” in *Genesis* (1.2) but the Creator, who is baffled by Samsara and by His role in the unfolding events.

POISED

—for Webster Hood

Why is there a Universe!
How did the Universe come into being!
Shouts of joy or fear or accusation.

Bumping my head against the wall
Like La Motta in Raging Bull,
“Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!”

Bertrand Russell’s frustration
When, as a child he asked,
“What is matter?”

And the answer, “Never mind.”
“What is mind?”
“It doesn’t matter.”

The Universe is big
And getting bigger, expanding fast

And ever faster—a basketball

Crossing twenty-four time zones
On its way to the hoop
Only there is no hoop

No end to an expanding Universe.
I drift in infinite space
(or no space), an illusion

Of myself in an obscure place,
A floating reflection,
Nothing holding me up.

What's nothing's circumference!
 π and light—
The defining functions.

A circumference of no-space expands
@ speed of light towards a critical radius.
The impalpable algebra of infinity.

This U
A sub-atomic structure
Of a large U.

No U, just dots on a time line,
Or like a bulb on a timer
On/off.

Vacuum soup. Eternal mind.
An egg, a holy word, a string.
Winos and zinos in stasis.

Black bodies, black holes, blue light

Anti-matter, negative space & big bangs.
The quarks of charm & strangeness

And the quiriness of God.
No limits mean multiple Universes.
Limits: a one-night stand.

Singularity is the instant
The Universe appears, every region
Including the axis of spacetime

Squeezed into a single point
Poised.
 $A = \pi r^2 / -1 \text{Threshold} + 1/E = mc^2$

Empty: does not exist,
Has never existed
Will never exist.

Empty: has “potential” to exist.
Manifests as primordial mind pool.
A heap of awareness.

What is truly empty!
Every minim has stuff—
Even without mass, there’s spin.

Exists and not-exists at the same time.
Either/or, neither/nor, both and/other.
Nothing spinning—no word for this.

Given a previously annihilated U,
Then it is possible
For a new U to come into existence.

Things are already out of hand
By the time the Prime Mover
Produces/invents/creates the U.

Bodhisattvas cruise by in a Ford Escort
With automatic weapons on their laps.
I hear them peel out

On the corner of Alpha and Omega,
Laying down a streak of rubber
Before their Dunlops dig in.

A mirror in the void.
A flight of photons
Against the force of darkness.

Can't see the bullets coming,
A bullet from the past
And one from the future.

A bullet on the chart
And one to the heart.
Spirit tries to reach me

But it hits an event horizon
Like a bug
On the windshield of a car.

These final stanzas do not bode well for my attaining enlightenment; however the Muse keeps me honest and candid. Regarding this essay, the foregoing passages dealing with the Trinity are only part of the equation.

In Christianity, the male principle of the Godhead is dominate. For Protestants, the Virgin Mary, who is the main figure representing the Divine Feminine, is reduced to a cardboard cutout in a Christmas nativity scene. And in Catholicism she does not

fare much better, acting as an intermediary to her Son in prayers of petition and supplication.

In Buddhism, the Mother of the Buddhas is *Prajnaparamitta*, the Supreme Mother and Goddess of Wisdom, associated with Sophia of the Gnostics and Athena of the Greeks. However, unlike Athena, she was not born from the head of a god. She is the Primordial Wisdom Dakini, and her teaching expounds the nature of the void, that “form is emptiness and emptiness, form.” No more profound ontological teaching exists.

With its repression, if not outright suppression, of the feminine principle, it seems to me that the religion of Christianity is half-baked. The tantric union of wisdom with skillful means, the feminine with the masculine, is skewered towards skillful means, and this has resulted in an emphasis on rationalist philosophy and has allowed the formation of the empirical sciences to occur. Not a bad thing, but there is the problem of moral accountability. An imbalance.

Again, in Buddhism, the goal is known: to overcome suffering and attain, through meditation, the state of consciousness known as enlightenment. For one oriented to a materialistic-rationalist system of thought, the goals are hypothetical, and reality must be analyzed through experimentation to determine the truth. What follows is a short history of how we, in the West, arrived at this approach. (MacGregor, op.cit.)

René Descartes (1596-1650) investigated reality and found that traditional forms of knowledge were groundless. He systematically doubted everything as a method to ascertain the truth. His famous statement, in *The Discourse of Method*, “Cogito, ergo sum” —“I think, therefore I am” —was meant to be a clear idea from which he could prove the existence of God. He did not intend to posit the existence of a mental self and thus create a mind-body split in consciousness. Actually, from the antecedent, “I think,” the most that can be logically deduced is: “I think, therefore I think.” Anything more than that—“existing”—is a leap of imagination. As Padampa Sange (circa 12th c.) remarked, “If you do not destroy grasping by seeing appearances as the nature of consciousness, consciousness will not be realized to

lack inherent existence.”

David Hume (1711-1776), in his *Philosophical Essays Concerning Human Understanding*, disputed the ontological argument of Descartes and argued instead that rational investigations of reality cannot yield truth and that causal connections between things are also unprovable because we only observe sequences of events and not initial causes nor final effects. Nothing is as it seems. As it says in the *Longchen Ningthig Ngöndro*, “Like moons in water, sights deceive us.”

Immanuel Kant (1724-1804) pointed out, in his *Prolegomena to Any Future Metaphysics*, that until we understand how we know, we cannot answer any of the ultimate questions with certainty. This follows from Descartes’ method of doubt in philosophical inquiry and Hume’s skeptical epistemology. This pronouncement hastened the development of empiricism and the scientific methodologies that have been developed over the last two centuries.

In the 20th century, the application of such disciplines as language analysis, semiotics, and deconstructionist criticism have fairly-well reduced philosophy to rubble. The minute world of quantum mechanics and the vast reaches described by astrophysics have models that resemble the muddleheaded poetics of the mystics. Will neuroscientists finally discover how the vast network of the brain functions, so we can finally know how we are to know what is really real?

In the meantime, we wandering sentient beings, in order to transcend suffering and accomplish enlightenment, to reach Wisdom, will remain grateful for the experience, although without empirical verification, of the union of bliss and emptiness.

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POLITICS

I VOTED FOR IKE WHEN I WAS EIGHT

The Incredible Bureau does not discriminate
Between polished shoes and Greek statues,
And I didn't always talk with a stutter,
And I didn't always live in the gutter.

SINGIN' DIXIE

You're right, Charles
The South did win the Civil War
And America can't wait
For the next Texas Bar-B-Q.

The two poems above reveal a range in Jubal's political sympathies. Jubal would have been more like 10, going on 11, when he marched with a placard that read "I LIKE IKE" on the Sequoia Grade School playground. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the 34th president, was inaugurated in January 1953 and served as Commander-in-Chief until 1961, when Jubal was marching around Cal Campus protesting mandatory R.O.T.C. By then, he was a Kennedy supporter.

One had to be 21 to vote in the 1960 election, and his man did not live to run for a

second term. Jubal could not bring himself to vote for Lyndon Johnson, who he believed might have been a conspirator in the assassination plot, a belief he no longer holds. Jubal was living in a cabin in Alaska during the Chicago riots at the Democratic Convention, in 1968, but he was in sympathy with the protests against Herbert Humphrey because he felt this presidential hopeful was following in Johnson's footsteps and was oblivious to the fact that the majority of primary voters were against the war in Vietnam. According to *Wikipedia*, "After the Chicago protests, the demonstrators were confident that most Americans would side with them over what had happened in Chicago, especially because of police behavior. They were shocked to learn that controversy over the war in Vietnam overshadowed their cause...It was often commented through the popular media that on that evening, America voted for Richard Nixon." In hindsight, Jubal often wonders if the actions of his cohorts were too rash. Consider this: if the term "antidisestablishmentarianism" was applied to the state instead of the church, Jubal thinks that whereas, in the '60s, he was once a disestablishmentarian, he is now, after the January 6th Insurrection, on the opposite side of the barricades. Age does that to young anarchists.

"That government is best which governs least," or as Thoreau amends Jefferson's statement, "That government is best which governs not at all." (Henry David Thoreau, *Essay on Civil Disobedience*.) Jubal is not a bomb-throwing type of anarchist, but he has doubts about the various forms of government humans have invented to maintain social harmony. Whether power is in the hands of the many, as in Athens, or in the hands of a few, as in Sparta, there is a cycle of liberalism followed by a cycle of conservatism. One group naturally checks the excesses of the other. This tug-of-war, this ebb and flow, is called the dialectic of history. No one is happy with it. As Buddha reminds us, this is samsara, the cycle of existence. And it's not just any old samsara; this is the samsara of the Kali Yuga.

PRESIDENT BUCHAMAM SLEPT HERE

Expanding Our Dominions

With Might and Right
With Axe, Rifle, and Plow
With Computer and Hydrogen Bomb
In the Course the Propagandists
Mark on the Soil and in the Sky
For the Stars of Empire
With the Policy of New Possessions
(Be it the North Pole or Iraq)
Beyond the Seas and the Atmosphere
According to the Logic of History
And the Duty of Destiny

All for Power, Sex, Money, Death

The rhetoric of this poem is from a 19th century tract. James Buchanan (1791-1868) was the fifteenth president of the U.S. (1857-61), an expansionist period in the country's history. The Wild West was corralled, yet some of the flavor of taming the west lingers in Alaska.

WOODNOTES

Living in the woods is a fruitcake idea
Can others be influenced by seeing how
It's done—expanding circle—friends
Town, state, country, galaxy, cosmos
Returns me back to myself

Repression, exploitation—leaving
The city to avoid the establishment
And, in turn, I become the Man—
Good weather, one clear day in thirty
In this rain forest—ego hunting—lots
Of weird animals in the mind, the mind
Itself a crazy monkey

Somewhere, the governor of someplace
Makes money in real estate, and
Dr. Leary attends Altamont, says
It's a lesson to be learned, while
Alvin and I float in our boat—far away
Neil Armstrong takes his giant step

On one of those rare, clear days at Deep Bay, a hunter in an outboard motorboat shot a sea otter in the cove in front of Jubal's cabin. Jubal considered this a rude thing for anyone to do. The man was within his legal rights, but Jubal took offence. He confronted the stranger, and he had a handgun tucked in his belt. From the deck of the cabin, Jubal shouted, "How would you like it if I pulled up in front of your place in town and shot your dog in your front yard?" The man offered to share the meat, but Jubal declined the offer and went inside, without further insult, to be with his family.

In a phenomenological sense, the entire range of politics was imbedded in these events. From Jubal's state of being the monarch of all he perceived, "the King of the great Outdoors," to an oligarchical dispute, to his decision to withdraw, which had it come to a vote with his wife and child would have been confirmed to be the best course of action before the situation escalated to a state of conflict and anarchy.

All the elements that precipitate conflict, since the days of pre-historic man to now, were present: territory, food, wealth (otter skin), machismo and saving face, protection of family, anger, greed, and paranoia. And there was blood. There's nothing like the sight of blood to stir up rage. Perhaps, what irked Jubal most was that the tranquility of the day was disrupted by a gunshot.

If human beings have any chance of surviving on this planet beyond a karmically determined condition of suffering due to negative emotions and wrong views, we need to evolve a mindstream that is less aggressive and inflexible and more compassionate and loving. Political solutions have their place, but what it will take is for every person to come to terms with their demons, their habitual tendencies,

of overcoming their fear of “doing unto others as you would have them do unto you” and in finding happiness by helping others to be happy. It is a jungle out there—or worse, it is a civilization out there—and it is hard to survive the food chain, the chain gang, and the chain store.

Jubal feels he was lucky to survive two terms of George W. Bush. He is not sure Obama is any better. He has been out-of-touch with current events, while in retreat. (Today, February 17, President’s Day, 2014, Jubal signed a petition against the right of any president to assassinate terrorists overseas with drones as a violation, by extension, of the 5th amendment of the Constitution.) He heard Rainbow, his caregiver, question the validity of President Obama receiving the Nobel Peace Prize. He wrote her a note.

ON PRESIDENT OBAMA’S WINNING THE PEACE PRIZE

The Nobel Peace Prize is not given on a whim. The process is long and involved. As I understand the process, there are many delegates appointed by the Nobel Committee, experts in their fields (including past recipients of the prizes), who submit the names of candidates. Then, the committee correlates the names of the nominees into a master list on which they vote. Each member of the committee has a final “short list,” and the name of the winner must be on all the members’ final short list.

There is, of course, a symbolic or political message to the Nobel Peace Prize. Here, it is that the world prefers peace to war. It was also a vote by the world that it had confidence President Obama would change course, after the Bush Administration. But there must be the expectation of a real substantive endeavor having been rewarded.

So, President Obama wins the 2009 Nobel Peace Prize. Things must have cooled off significantly in world affairs since I went into solitary retreat, in January. At that time, there was a world financial crisis, and “W” and his neo-com buddies were pushing on with their war in Iraq, while ignoring many frightening events and taunting Syria, Iran, and North Korea as members of what they construed to be an

“Axis of Evil.” In such an environment of political and economic instability, a world war was not unthinkable.

In Africa, there was a continuing genocide in Sudan’s Darfur and unrest in the Congo; in Eastern Europe, the Bosnia-Croatia conflict was about to resume; the Russians were angry about our plans to build a missile defense system near their borders; the Pakistani president, about to be toppled, could leave a nuclear arsenal in the hands of Islamic fundamentalists; North Korea and Iran had every intention of continuing their uranium enrichment programs, adding to the nuclear threat; the Israeli-Palestinian crisis of terror and retaliatory strikes was at an intense pitch; and China continued to buy up the world. If any of these infernos have been quenched or contained, it would be worth ten fucking Nobel Peace Prizes.

I commented at that time that this did not sound like Jubal, that he was playing to the stands. It is unlike him to express pro-establishment sentiments. He distrusts institutions, following Blake, that governments are “a pretense of Liberty to destroy Liberty.” Jubal believes that the only kind of democracy is the kind that promotes fairness regardless of class or creed or sexual orientation. What Jubal is expressing in his note to Rainbow is sympathetic joy, and he is simply sharing in Obama’s triumph. I also sense wistfulness for the youthful expectations of the Kennedy Era. Jubal has given his entire literary output a political slant. At his website, www.dpress.net, when you enter the area behind the stupa icon to reach *The Collected Books*, a line appears, as you touch the page with your cursor: “You asked what I could do for my country, Jack.”

Jubal is not a naïf. He knows the Kennedy Administration was tragically flawed. Robert MacNamara, JFK’s Secretary of State, has publicly confessed that their Vietnam Policy was wrong. Politics is called the art of compromise, and it wreaks havoc on a person’s integrity. The character of a politician (whatever that might mean) probably lies somewhere between the depiction of the senator, played by Jimmy Stewart, in *Mister Smith Goes to Washington* and the senator, played by Kevin Spacey, in *House of Cards*. As Melville pointed out in *Moby Dick*, all politicians

have had their ass holes sewn shut.

Jubal once flirted with Communism. He claimed he was a Marxist, and his parents were terrified. His picture was in the newspaper showing him protesting the Un-American Activities Committee. He was sent to a psychiatrist, who hypnotized him and told him to repeat, "I am not a Communist" over and over. Jubal did, but he kept his fingers crossed behind his back. I am going to conclude this section with Jubal's telling of these events, as it was published in *Berkeley Daze* online at *Big Bridge*.

BLACK FRIDAY

(Prefatory note—I have always told the following story as it is here presented, but recently Michael Rossman, author of The Wedding in the War, pointed out some historical inaccuracies. He wrote—"Joshua Porlock says that the suicide did NOT happen while he was working there, but before that. As for your reference to Fred Moore, who was sitting-in alone on Sproul steps in '61 to protest compulsory ROTC, I can correct that from my own memory. Gosh, it's hard looking back that far without documentary sources, isn't it? Also, I believe you are referring to William J. Lederer, who co-authored The Ugly American with Eugene Burdick. Professor Lederer may well have been subpoenaed to appear before HUAC in their planned 1959 visit in San Francisco, as many people were, but that visit was cancelled; and it was not until May 1960 that HUAC actually did visit, to interrogate other dozens of subpoenas, and to face the protest you speak of, in which we were hosed down the steps.")

Political Science lectures at U.C. Berkeley, 1959. Professor Learner is showing us both sides to an ideological conflict, revealing positive and negative forces in two systems of economics and government, Marxism/Communism vs. Democracy/Capitalism. For this he is accused of corrupting youth and is subpoenaed by the House of un-American Activities Committee (HUAC).

Black Friday. I go to the county courthouse in San Francisco with my friend Dennis Wier. I've known him since grade school. We're on assignment for KPFA, the non-

profit, listener-sponsored radio, and we are trying to record for posterity hundreds of agitators giving the seig heil salute to Congressman Willis, the chairman of HUAC. Later in the day, the demonstrators gain admittance to the courtroom, which has been packed with American Legionnaires and Daughters of the American Revolution. The city police, fearing they are losing control of the crowd, turn on the building's fire hoses and wash the protestors down the steps of the courthouse to the sidewalk.

The first edition of the San Francisco Chronicle reports: POLICE ATTACK STUDENTS, but the next edition quickly reverses this headline to read STUDENTS ATTACK POLICE. This is the first use of force by municipal authorities on the public since the San Francisco General Strike during the Great Depression. In the morning, my father sits down at the kitchen table and opens his Oakland Tribune and begins to choke.

He's sputtering. "What. . . what is this?" The newspaper is being wildly waved in my face, but it is clear to me — my picture is on the front page. I had climbed up on the cement portico with a hand-held microphone, and someone from the Oakland Tribune took a profile shot of me with my hand held up against a backdrop of placards and protesters giving the Seig Heil salute. A protest movement is arising, and I can still feel the exhilaration. It is the formation of a hive, what is later to be called the Birth of the New Left. The buzzing of mindful bees.

My parents send me to a local psychoanalyst, who hypnotizes me and gets me to repeat after him, "I am not a Communist. I am not a Communist. I am not a Communist." I think of myself as the patient of the phrenologist in Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* having my cranium measured, a 19th century scientific method of determining psychological change in people sent into the jungle. I'm headed up the river. I have read some psychology and know a little about hypnosis. I fake my trances and give myself auto-hypnotic suggestions to counteract any effects of Dr. Charcot's attempts at brainwashing. I gaze at the reproduction of a Gauguin painting of Tahitian maidens in the doctor's office. I lift my finger in response to the doctor's inquiries. "Yes, I hear you. No, I am not a Communist."

I'm moving upstream. Up to this bend in the river. I write a diatribe. I'm on my way

to the Dean's office with this scabrous piece of scatology in my fist when I'm waylaid on the steps of Sproul Hall by Joshua Porlock. Josh is a poet, older and wiser, and he knows I am headed for trouble and steers me in a different direction.

Josh has been working as a watchman in the bell tower of the Campanile, and a man jumped—perhaps while Josh is sorting out the pattern of alliterative "s" sounds in Robert Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." (The guy climbed up on the guardrail, tossed his briefcase over, yelled "Look out below," and followed it down.) Glass partitions are finally installed. There is talk that the Campanile is a phallic symbol which is across the bay from the Golden Gate Bridge, which is designated a maternal symbol because the spans form the shape of breasts. There sure are a lot of interesting theories floating around. Somehow the combination of male and female symbolism creates a vortex of energy that works on the unstable psyches of people prone to suicide. Interesting. Nothing about both structures being tall and accessible, and that falling from them is lethal.

Josh tells me he thinks it would be better to revise the poem. We walk back across the plaza towards our dorm. We stop to look at a young man sitting just inside the campus boundary with a sign on his chest, indicating he is on a hunger strike until the U.S. withdraws its advisors from someplace called Vietnam. America sleeps. A war machine is slowly slouching its way towards Saigon to be born. I watch the son of an Air Force officer sit in his hunger strike for several days. Finally at the prompting of the university administrators, his father flies out from Washington D.C. and talks his son into having himself committed to a mental institution. This is the beginning of the Litany of the Dead.

POETRY

I know that poetry is indispensable,
but I do not know for what.

—Jean Cocteau

For Jubal, poetry has been solace and succor. He finds metaphors for his poetry everywhere. It has been a path of discovery. If it has been an escape from the drone of daily existence, it has been, for Jubal, an escape forward.

MY ESCAPE FORWARD

What's up?
What's down?
What's there to do?
What's done?

It doesn't matter if I go up the Congo
Down the Mekong
Or follow Strawberry Creek
If I go far enough, I'll drown

Strawberry Creek runs down hill
Past the Cyclotron thru Faculty Glade
I sit by the stream
And my dreams are full of heavy metal

My freshman year at Cal
Prof. Parkinson proclaims my essay
"My Home"
Is the worst thing he's ever read

These squiggles are my class notes
For Atomic Radiation and Life
Must be the paths of tiny zinos
No mass, just spin
Frank Chin takes off his Rotcy uniform
Sticks the barrel of his rifle in the ground
And walks off the drill field in his shorts
He's no chicken coop Chinaman

The Un-American Activities Committee
Is in town—Black Friday—the cops
Fearing they are loosing control hose
The rabble down the courthouse steps

At breakfast my dad chokes on his toast
I'm on the front page giving a sieg heil
What he can't see is the microphone
I'm holding for KPFA

A war machine slouches toward Saigon
I hear the litany of the dead
A protest movement is born—
The formation of a hive

Released from Imolian darkness
A pair of caliphers measure my skull—
Is my brain pan enlarged
By Tibet, by Nicaragua, by Burma

The lines form a circle—
Bosnia—East Timor—Kuwait—
A Super Bowl of genocide
For the control of oil

It's an end run
The Scuds vs the Patriots
It's a blitz
On a fortress, on a mosque

Silence before me and behind
I skipped today, went
Around midnight into tomorrow
I knew those hours were broken

Jubal ran his finger down a list of schools and pointed at one without looking—

California Polytechnic State University, in San Luis Obispo. Inland, on Highway 101, between Atascadero and Santa Maria, Cal Poly is a respected school for Engineering and Agriculture. Jubal enrolled in English and Philosophy. The English Department, in 1964, included Speech and Drama, and Philosophy was part of the Mathematics Department.

Sean, Jubal's dad, was happy to have his son out of Berkeley, paid his tuition and ensconced him in a rooming house near campus. The landlady made it clear she would not allow female visitors. Jubal soon discovered there were very few women students, the school being, until the previous year, open only to men. The few lived in a Methodist enclave. They dressed in fashions from the 1950s. Girdles with nylons, not miniskirts with bare legs.

Jubal was quick to organize a series of poetry readings. Upon discovering there was theater that did not get much use, Jubal decided to put on a production of Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. The program notes to this production reads as follows:

THE AVANT-GARDE PLAY

The play of avant-garde writers around the world mark a new development in the contemporary theatre. Because its basic premise is the ultimate absurdity of the human condition it has been called "The Theatre of the Absurd." Sources for this development can be traced to the mimus of antiquity, the Commiadell' Arte, the French Harlequinade, the English Music Hall, American vaudeville, the expressionist and surrealist drama of the early twentieth century, the Keystone Kops, Dadaism, Brecht's epic theater, and the Marx Brother's movies. It has been said that the Theatre of the Absurd mirrors the present situation of Western man and will leave a permanent imprint on the history of drama.

Waiting for Godot does not tell a story; it explores a static situation: "Nothing happens, nobody goes..." A feeling of uncertainty is produced; this and the ebb and flow of this uncertainty—from the hope of discovering the identity of Godot to its repeated disappointment—are themselves the essence of the play by Samuel Beckett. When asked who or what is meant by Godot, Beckett replied, "If I knew, I

would have said so in the play.”

Two performances of *Waiting for Godot* were held at the Cal Poly Performing Arts Center with Jubal Dolan as Vladimir, Philip Harth as Estragon, Trevor Chandler as Pozzo, Roger Lowry as Lucky, and Mark Nielsen as A Boy. Phil lived down the hall from Jubal and was his gin rummy partner. Trevor was one of two Black students on campus, and Jubal cast him in the role of Pozzo, not only for the racial implications in his being a being a slave holder, but because of his booming voice. Also, he could crack the whip. Jubal took a lead role and also tried to direct. Mike Lovewell, who is listed in the program as the stage manager, had experience as a director and rescued Jubal in the eleventh hour, as the play began to flounder in embarrassing confusion. This time Jubal did not fall in love with A Boy.

The March to Selma: Jubal harangues a small group of students in the quad. He stands in solidarity with Martin Luther King Jr. and his followers. He condemns the brutality of the police and citizens of Alabama. He is vocal: “We shall overcome!” He moves into a bungalow at Law Apartments with Dexter Cousins, the other Black student at Cal Poly. Together they paint a mural on the bedroom wall of a Black Adam and a White Eve being expelled from the Garden by an Angel ringed with fire. Later, this mural is painted over by the Arab students who rented the place after Dexter and Jubal had decamped.

Jubal introduced Dexter to Tara. Her husband, Francis, was absent. Francis was descended from a long line of Theosophists, and he had left his wife and children to build a stupa on Evan-Wentz’s land at the base of Mt. Cuchama, near San Diego. His home was in the shape of a six-pointed star, a Tantric symbol of the male and female energies in union. At end of each star point, there was a window with a fruit tree. One could reach out and pick an apple or a plum. Jubal owned a copy of the Evan-Wentz’s edition of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*. He had heard about tantric sexual practices, but he had never encountered anyone who had experience in this subject.

Tara said she would take as a consort (sexual partner) whoever could stand on their head in a full lotus posture first. Dexter beat Jubal in this contest, but Jubal did

master this asana after much agonizing effort. He has always been curious if Tara and Dexter coupled in this fashion.

Although not a lover, Tara was a muse for Jubal. He went with her to a reading from the *Hundred Thousand Songs of Milarepa*, and Jubal felt an immediate connection with this yogi-poet of Tibet. It was at this time that Jubal broke through a writer's block he had from the time of the "D.T. Poems" in his first book, *Breastbeaters*.

For many years, Jubal considered his first book a mistake. There are many misspellings and many atrocious clichés in his early poems. The printing was of poor quality; the plates were burned in a closet in an orange crate with a light bulb. However, when Jubal looks at this book now, he realizes that if he had not brought these poems into print, he would not have committed his life to the poetry path and not done the epic work he knew he could do and which he has amazingly carried out. In the seed is the fruit.

SCORPIO, SCORPIO RISING

Scorpio

Beastie in the bunghole

Bugaboo of bugaboos

Mite in the middle of the Third Root Race

Big eight of the cycle of life

Maggot of the mind's eye

Mistake, abortion, crablouse

Error of the raised eyebrow

O deadly persuader

O propagator of corruption

O comic of crimes not yet committed

O gutless guttersnipe

O diddler at the door of destruction

Let me fall with you into generation

“Scorpio, Scorpio Rising” is a crossroad’s poem. By this I mean that Jubal was at a crossroad as whether to continue writing and at a crossroad in the sense that he met the Devil and made a bargain for his soul to become a poet. By a stretch of imagination, the Y in Dylan could be a juncture where he made such a decision.

Jubal picked a point of departure and committed. When he heard that there was to be a two-week long poetry conference in Berkeley, he asked his professors if he could submit work that would get him C grades in his classes, if he left before finals. His Drama credits were assured with the successful staging of *Waiting for Godot*. His Philosophy professor stipulated that he must stay abreast of current events. He was required to turn in the journal he had been keeping for one English class. The professor in his other English class said he knew Robert Creeley, who was to be at the conference, and that Jubal would learn more in two weeks studying with Creeley than he would from staying through the rest of the quarter at Cal Poly. With his teachers’ blessings, Jubal hitchhiked out of San Luis Obispo to Berkeley.

A DOCUMENT

Letters and Science extension, University of California, Berkeley, July 12-24, 1965:

THE BERKELEY POETRY CONFERENCE

“Following the practice and precepts of Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams, [these poets] have built on their achievements and gone on to evolve new conceptions of the poem. [They] have already created their own tradition, their own press, and their public. They are our avant-garde, the continuers of the modern movement in American poetry. Through their work many are closely allied to modern jazz and abstract expressionist painting, today recognized throughout the world to be America’s greatest achievements in contemporary culture. [The new American poetry is] now becoming the dominant movement in the second phase of our twentieth-century literature and already exerting strong influence abroad.”

—Donald M. Allen in his anthology

The New American Poetry: 1945-1960

Participants will have an opportunity to enroll in any of four one-week seminars to learn more about how poems are written and how poets think about their work. The conference also features a series of seven lectures and ten programs of readings by the poets. The conference is structured so that those who wish to follow the work of individual writers may attend a combination of lectures, readings, and seminars.

ROBIN BLASER, a New Romantic poet. Books: *The Moth Poem* (Open Space, 1964).

ROBERT CREELEY, attended Harvard University, Black Mountain College, and the University of New Mexico. Editor of Divers Press and of the *Black Mountain Review*. Taught at Black Mountain College, University of British Columbia, and is currently a Lecturer in English at the University of New Mexico. Guggenheim Fellowship in Poetry 1964-65. Books include *Le Fou*, *The Immoral Proposition*, *The Kind of Act of*, *All That Is Lovely in Men*, *The Whip*, *A Form of Women*, *For Love: Poems 1950-1960*, *The Island*; and forthcoming, revised edition of *The Gold Diggers*. Edited (with Donald Allen) *The American Story*, and *The Selected Writings of Charles Olson*.

RICHARD DUERDEN, grew up in the Bay Area. Attended the University of California, Berkeley. Served with the U.S. Marines and Merchant Marine. Editor of *Foot* and *Rivoli Review*. Book: *The Fork*.

ROBERT DUNCAN, taught at Black Mountain College. Recipient of a Guggenheim Award, the Union League Prize, the Harriet Monroe Prize, and the Levinson Prize. Books: *Heavenly City*, *Earthly City*, *Poems 1948-49*, *Medieval Scenes*, *Song of the Borderguard*, *Caesar's Gate*, *Letters: Poems 1953-56*, *Selected Poems*, *Faust Foutu*, *The Opening of the Field*, *Roots and Branches*.

ALLEN GINSBERG, attended Columbia University. Travels include Mexico, the Arctic, Tangier, Venice, Amsterdam, Paris, London, and the Orient. Books: *Howl and Other Poems*, *Empty Mirror*, *Kaddish—Poems 1950-60*, *Journals*.

LEROI JONES, Rutgers, Howard, and Columbia Universities. Longview Award, Whitney Opportunity Fellowship, OBIE Award for Best American Play, and Guggenheim Fellowship 1965-66. Editor, *Yugen*, Totem Press, *Floating Bear*, Cornith, *Kulchur*. Currently teaching at the New School and Columbia University; founder The Black Arts Repertory Theatre/School. Books include *Preface to a Twenty Volume Suicide Note*, *Blue People*, *The Dead Lecturer*, and *The System of Dante's Hell* (forthcoming). Plays include *Dutchman*, *The Slave*, *The Toilet*, and *A Recent Killing* (forthcoming production).

JOANNE KYGER, Santa Barbara College. February 1957 arrived in San Francisco. 1960-64 spent in Japan; residence is now again in San Francisco. Poems this year in *Open Space*, *Writing #3*, *12 Poets and a Painter*.

RON LOEWINSOHN, born in the Philippines. Came to the United States with family in 1945, settled in San Francisco. Postponed college for travel in the United States and Canada. Received 1963 Poets Foundation Award. Now attending San Francisco State College. Books: *Watermelons*, *The World of the Lie*, *Against the Silences to Come*.

CHARLES OLSON, "uneducated" at Wesleyan, Yale, and Harvard." Taught at Clark, Harvard, and Black Mountain Colleges. Recipient of two Guggenheim Fellowships and a grant from the Wenner-Gren Foundation. Books include *Call Me Ishmael*, *Y & X*, *Letter for Melville*, *Apollonius of Tyana*, *This*, *In Cold Hell in Thicket*, *Mayan Letters*, *Projective Verse*, *Maximus Poems*.

GARY SNYDER, born in San Francisco, graduated from Reed College, and attended the University of California, Berkeley, and Indiana University. Spent most of his childhood in the Pacific Northwest, and since then has lived mostly in Japan. Taught the poetry workshop (1964-65) at the University of California. Books: *Riprap* and *Myths and Texts*.

JACK SPICER, "a traveling academic poet; known in song and story." Books: *After Lorca*, *Billy the Kid*, *Lament for the Makers*, *Heads of the Town Up to the Aether*, *The Holy Grail*, *Language* (to be published).

GEORGE STANLEY, attended Jesuit High School, University of San Francisco,

University of Utah, University of California, Berkeley; U.S. Army. Has lived in San Francisco since 1957, except for a year in New York. Works as a clerk and writes poetry. Books: *The Love Root* and *Tet Rouge/Pony Express Riders*.

LEW WELCH, graduated from Reed College, attended University of Chicago and “far too many other schools.” Lives mostly in the mountains and performs his work at readings all over the country. Books: *Wobbly Rock* and *On Out* (unpublished).

JOHN WIENERS, graduated from Boston College, and studies at Black Mountain College under Robert Duncan and Charles Olson. Became associated with The Poets’ Theatre in Cambridge; two one-act plays were produced by the New York Poets’ Theatre and the Judson Poets’ Theatre in New York. Founder and editor of *Measure*. Received the Poets’ Foundation Award 1962. Currently Teaching Fellow at University of New York at Buffalo. Books: *The Hotel Wently Poems* and *Pentacles*.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Thomas Parkinson, Professor of English, University of California, Berkeley. Donald M. Allen, West Coast Editor, Grove Press. Robert Duncan, Poet. Richard Baker, Program Coordinator, University of California Extension, Berkeley.

LOCATION

Berkeley Campus, 101 California Hall.

. . .

When Jubal got to Berkeley, he scored a kilo of Mexican weed from the boyfriend of Jubal’s soon-to-be girlfriend, Helen. Jubal sold a half-pound for \$40, recouping half of his investment, and he made up some matchboxes and a few lids to be sold on the street. Without a scale to weigh the drugs, his count was sometimes light. On two occasions he was called on this and had to make it good, and when he heard that Helen’s boyfriend had been busted, he decided to keep a low profile, especially after an officer on the beat along Telegraph Avenue began addressing Jubal by his first name. Jubal stashed the bulk of his weed and concentrated on the poetry conference.

On the first day of the conference, Jubal stopped by the Mediterranean Café and

traded Elio, the Italian bartender, a short poem for a shot of espresso. This seemed to Jubal to be an auspicious beginning to the adventure about to commence. He met Richard Kretch on his way to California Hall. Somewhere along the way, perhaps when they climbed up to the windowsill to listen in on Creeley's lecture, Jubal tore the crotch out of his suit pants. Kretch mentions this in a poem.

Here is Jubal's recollection: "It was a hot day. The windows were open. Creeley was saying, 'There is a war. There is not a war.' Robert Duncan, who was sitting in the classroom said, 'Why don't you let those guys come in?' Creeley gave his ok, and we hopped down and joined the I.W.W. of Poets. I expect Richard Baker, who oversaw collecting admission fees, might have had a concern, but nothing was said about it, and from there on it appeared the events were free, as it should be with poetry."

Jubal introduced himself to Robert Creeley, and Bob asked him if he knew where he could score some weed. That afternoon, Jubal took Bob and Ed Dorn to the carriage house where his friend, Patrick Clare lived, and they all turned on and did a deal. Afterwards, Pat, amazed at their talk, asked, "Who were those guys?" Jubal said, "Just a couple of poets."

Besides Robert Creeley, the only poets on the roster that Jubal had heard of, and the only ones whose poems he had read, were Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder. Bob and Ed seemed like cool cats, so Jubal sat with them at a reading of the New Poets, mostly student from Gary Snyder's writing class. Ed told Jubal he should read, but Jubal was too shy. He was not too shy to announce an impromptu party for Allen Ginsberg at his ex-wife Natasha's house on Derby Street. What Jubal had neglected to do was to give a heads up to Natasha or to make any preparations for such a gathering.

ALL THE HEADS OF THE TOWN LIT UP

I filled vials with violets and grass.
I made baggies of marigolds and grass.
I loaded a wine bottle with grass

And announced a party for Allen.

I underestimated by a hundred
How many would attend this bash.
I was in a spot, so I put out my stash
And passed my Stetson.

Olson filled the papa chair
And passed his pipe—that was some pipe.
Orlovsky and I made it to the liquor store
Much to everyone's relief.

Kretch read a diatribe seated on the commode.
Lew Welch swung from the chandelier.
It was Creeley, demanding everyone know
Where the fireman & police were located

That cleared the place.
So, I added up the cost & the cost of the cost.
Nothing was stolen & nothing was broken
Save for the chandelier.

Allen Ginsberg was one of the first to arrive at the house on Derby Street. I think that Jubal was both relieved and amazed at this. His tokens of marijuana had worked their magic, but Allen could tell that this silly boy was unprepared for the entourage that followed in his train. He opened his coin purse and put some folding money in Jubal's hand and told him to pass his hat. Close to \$60 was forthcoming, and Jubal went to the liquor store. He was accompanied by Peter Orlovsky, who Allen no doubt sent along with the young, mustachioed poet to be sure he did not abscond with the loot and that he made wise purchases for the party.

When they returned, the house was full of guests, and Natasha had fled upstairs. Charles Olson had arrived and was seated in a large, stuffed arm chair. He was a big man, something like 6 foot 8 with girth. Jubal filled his pipe with weed. It took most of an ounce, a lid. Jubal had decided to make an offering of what was left of

his kilo, and he broke it up on a sheet of newspaper in a bedroom, which opened through sliding doors onto the spacious living room. Joints were consumed as fast as they were rolled. Smoldering bombers were arriving from every direction, along with jugs of Red Mountain wine.

The readings of the younger poets from the conference spilled over into the front room. The scheduled readers had been Gail Chiarello, David Bromige, Jim Thurber, and Gene Fowler, among others—now, the street poets read, seated on an antique commode that had arms and a seat on hinges, so it appeared to be a throne.

Creeley arrived late, close to four in the morning. He was not in a good mood. Jubal had given him a tri-angular shaped wine bottle (one of Natasha's keepsakes from their courting days, when they had spent an evening at a Flamenco restaurant, near the La Brea Tar Pits, in Los Angeles). In the bottle, along with buds of marijuana, was a map to the party, designed like a treasure hunt map in a fantasy kingdom: "Here, the Faculty Glade and the Saxon Hunting Lodge (Beware of Trolls!); here, Ishi's Wigwam (Beware the Spirit of the Last Wild Indian!); here the International House; here the Blind School; and here, where the road bends, marked with an X, you will find the pool where dwells the Salmon That Fed on the Nine Hazel Nuts of Poetic Art."

Creeley did not exactly demand that people know where the police and fire departments were located. He merely pointed out that few people knew where they were and where to turn in case of an emergency. From that time onward, whenever Jubal moved into a new town, he sought out the location of the hospital and other municipal buildings, and tried to orient himself in his surroundings. He considered Bob's remark very sensible.

Jubal made excellent use of his time with the poets, getting sound advice on many life matters. He told Gary Snyder about his plan to go to Alaska and earn enough money to start a bookstore in Berkeley. Gary said that Berkeley had enough bookstores already, and suggested Jubal find a town somewhere that did not have a bookstore and take Berkeley culture there. Jubal ran with this idea. After he retired from seventeen years of bookselling in Robber's Roost, Washington, and a

two year stint in Wolf Creek, Colorado, he moved back to California to care for his elderly parents. After he had been in Santa Rosa for a few years, he went to hear Gary read at the Berkeley Community College. It was a mixed bag of poetry with music and visuals. Gary's work had recently been translated into Russian. Gary spoke on Siberian shamanism—you cannot suppress the teacher in Gary Snyder—and, then, he read some of his poems, and the woman who had translated his work read the poems in Russian. When he had an opportunity, he approached Gary and re-introduced himself and mentioned how he had followed Gary's advice and how things had worked out over the past forty years. Gary smiled and said, "And now you're back."

The readings and lectures at the Berkeley Poetry Conference still reverberate in Jubal's consciousness. As John Bennett put it, in his *Air Guitar* story on Jubal, it was "an event creating a white light intensity that rivaled any drug high and had more staying power." Jubal remembers Olson striding across the stage in California Hall, his arms spread wide, as though he encompassed the breadth of the universe—"36 billion light years and still expanding, will it return to its origins and repeat the performance?"—and when he read from "Maximus to Gloucester," he stammered and returned to the beginning and caught the meter and the voice was strong and the measure pure, and Jubal felt that Homer was present in the hall.

Ginsberg read from his journal, poems that would soon be published as *Planet News*. He had been traveling about the globe and had insights into what was happening on Planet Earth. He had been in Prague and was crowned "King of May" and færie dust sparkled in all his words.

When Creeley read, Jubal sat in the front row in Wheeler Auditorium, and the halting, sorrowful, soulful lines flowed into Jubal's heart, as tears flowed from Bob's one good eye and from the socket of the eye that had once been wounded.

Olson was drunk the night he read in Wheeler. In the collaborative poem, *Spade*, that Jubal and David Bromige wrote years later, each has a different remembrance of Olson's performance. David felt it was a poor showing, ill-mannered and insulting, and he refused to applaud. Jubal was more tolerant. He knew that Olson

was suffering from heartbreak after a young woman had left him and that being recognized by his friends at the conference as “President of the Poets”—whatever that meant—was not the acclaim he ultimately sought, as the heir of Ezra Pound’s lineage. He was a sad sack that night, but he did put on a show. Both Bromige and Jubal would attest to that. And it went well past closing time. The janitors were waiting in the aisles, mops and buckets in hand, actually clanking the mops on the buckets, indicating their impatience for Charles to conclude his reading.

The poet who had the most far-reaching impact on Jubal’s work was Jack Spicer. As Lew Harris says in “D Press: A Jewel in the Net,” his introductory essay to Jubal’s *Collected Poems*, “it was Jack Spicer’s molding of ‘series poetry’ into little books that had the most singular effect.” Without an understanding of Jack’s concept of the “messages” in poetry, he was speaking Martian. Dana Gioia includes a few of Jack’s poems in his anthology, *California Poetry: From the Gold Rush to the Present*, but he dismisses Jack as a minor poet. What Mr. Gioia does not get is that Jack is a poet’s poet and one of a very few whose work is on solid ground

Jubal was blessed to be able to sit with Spicer in the back seat of an old car and listen to him cleave morphemes and cantilever syllables. He was Orpheus, marked by Thanatos, and soon after the conference, he died.

POETICS

What is the point, Jack?
If poetry is a conversation
Among the dead, and the poet
Gets it second hand, a vampire
Moon sucking off the sun

And the poet, Jack?
A battered radio transmitting
Static between the stations
On a lonely stretch of road or

Punch-drunk fighter who's taken
One too many hooks to the head

Powerful emotion recollected,
The most exasperating art—
Potts makes an analogy
With Mahamudra, Williams hears
A sort of song, Lu Garcia invents
A ragged song, and Yeats sees
Tattered clothes upon a stick

Belle says poetry is experience—
I awake with morning light
Thoughts sweet as honey
Buzzing in my brain
Swatting them I get stung
By real bees in a dream garden

When all was read and done, the brooms and mops put away, and the bards had departed, Jubal returned to his place at the marble table in the Med. The morning after the conference concluded, he was drinking espresso, and he looked up and made eye contact with a man who very much resembled himself, thin, with dark hair and a wispy mustache, sport coat, vibrating at a high level of intensity.

Luis Garcia introduced himself and said, "I saw you around the conference, and I wanted to meet you and invite you to a continuation of poetry readings with a few of my friends at my house in the hills." The house on San Antonio was Lu's family home—his parents were away for a spell, and Lu, who had an apartment on College Avenue, took advantage of their absence to stage a mini-poetry conference.

Luis Garcia is the unacknowledged Poet Laureate of Berkeley. He was born and raised there and, now in his mid-seventies, still has a home in the Berkeley hills. In 1964, he traveled to Chile and while there published his first book, *The Calculated Lion*.

(See *Una Cita en Santiago: Luis Garcia en Chile* by Gail Chiarello, Workwomans Press, 2014, www.workwomanspress.com.) When he returned to Berkeley, he was lionized, and soon plenteous books appeared: *The Mechanic* from White Rabbit Press, *Beans* from Oyez, and *Mr. Menu* from Kyack Press.

Many of the poets that came to the San Antonio house to read and converse have remained in close contact with each other. Lu calls them “the invisible circle.” They read and wrote poems; they dropped Acid and got high; they made love in a cultural efflorescence. A helpful thing Lu did for Jubal was to give him a thesis binder that had a spring-action construction, so Jubal could quickly rearrange his poems in new sequences for a reading.

Jubal typed some of his poems on a special typewriter that belonged to his dad, who used it for his speeches. It had a 14-point typeface, and this made the type easier to read from a distance. On Lu’s maiden Acid voyage, Jubal handed his binder of poems to his friend, and when Lu opened it, he got his mind blown.

SONG

the president of the univers-
ity, Ph.D. LL.D.
acting in good faith
opened the key to symbols
and saw

the new requirements
applicable to persons
not embarked
are shown in circles

Do Not Fold, Bend
Stipple or Mutilate

Lu introduced Jubal to Doug Palmer, who was putting together an anthology to be

called *Poems Read in the Spirit of Peace and Gladness*. This would contain work by poets in the Berkeley scene, many of whom had read at the Berkeley Poetry Conference. Gail Chiarello was an editor, and she was reading poems for the anthology. Jubal gave her a few, but he gave her his originals; and he became nervous they might get lost. He went by Gail's apartment and, as no one was home and the door unlocked (not uncommon in Berkeley in those days), went in and retrieved his poems. And so, when the anthology came out and the poets read at Cody's Bookstore, Jubal was in the audience but was not one of the performers. There was one poem, however, by Marianne Baskin:

FOR JUBAL

Handing
flowers
 child of
 God
there's rue
for you
 Ophelia
lost
tears
mirror
the flowers
floating
in the pool

What happened
to you
 child of
 God
casting
flowers
to the riders
on the winds

Lost souls
drowned
in the petals
pointing
in the whirling
lines of
tears.

One cannot live on poetry alone, although Jubal made a concerted effort to do so. Where did he live? What did he eat?

As for food, there is usually a pot of spaghetti and a jug of cheap wine to be found in a Bohemian village such as Berkeley. When he had money in his pocket (often thanks to the largess of his parents), he ate hamburgers at Kips, chow mein at Robbie's, or shish kabob at the Med. As for a place to sleep, he crashed where he could. After the mini-poetry conference at Lu's parents' house wound down, he stayed with Lu at his apartment on College Avenue, where Dwight Way makes a jag, across from Gilman Hall, where Jubal had lived when he was a student.

The apartment had a small kitchen, a bathroom, a living room (where Lu slept, when he slept, which was erratically), and a small bedroom that was set up as a study and art studio, where Jubal had a mattress on the floor. Among the books Jubal discovered in the study were the writings of the poets he had recently heard read: *All the Heads of the Town Up to the Aether* by Jack Spicer, *Roots and Branches* by Robert Duncan, *The Maximus Poems* by Charles Olson, as well as other works he was unfamiliar with, like the poetry of Lorca and Neruda and a copy of *Tender Buttons* by Gertrude Stein. All were illuminating to the young Jubal and remain favorites.

The legend that Lu and Jubal kidnapped Robert Duncan stems from this time. In truth, the young poets spotted Duncan waiting for the light on the corner of Haste and Telegraph and whisked him off to their pad and held him hostage for a couple of hours at the point of their poems. Duncan would not accept any weed, but he did seem to get high on the words of his young admirers.

Jubal held a séance one night, while Lu was absent. Jubal's friend Tara, from San Luis Obispo, came to visit with two of her friends, Patience and Hawk. Jubal had left Tara his Berkeley address, an apartment he had (but no longer) shared with a girlfriend, Mindy. He was in the neighborhood, visiting Patrick Clare, across the street at the carriage house, when the three of them pulled up in Tara's VW bus.

Jubal had visited Hawk and Patience at an old farmhouse they lived in, the night he and Mindy spent the night together in Tara's bus, when she came to visit him. Jubal parked Tara's bus on a slight hill near Hawk and Patience's farmhouse. The emergency brake in the bus was broken, and when Jubal and Mindy began to make love, the bus began to jerk backward down the incline with each passionate thrust and counter thrust of their coupling. The bus would stop when they stopped and begin to move when they moved. They giggled in happy blending.

Mindy and Jubal were not giggling any longer. Mindy and Patrick had become a couple. Patrick said, "I always sweep up after your messes." Jubal left with his friends quickly, so there would not be a scene. Jubal took them on a walking tour. He showed them his favorite spots along the Ave from Dwight Way to Bancroft. Shakespeare & Co, The Continental, Moe's old bookstore next to the green door, the laundromat next to the Med, where Congo drummers gathered at night to beat out their rhythms, The Forum coffeehouse located where the Lucky Market had been, which had left because the manager said the students stole him blind. Many of the anchor stores, like Hinks and Woolworths were leaving due to the influx of Hippies.

There was still much of Berkeley that reflected the values of the older generation. Frazier's Furniture Store, where Natasha and Jubal had picked out Franciscan Ware for their wedding dishes, Nicole's Gallery, where you could buy a Picasso or Miró original. As Jubal writes in his preface to *Berkeley Daze*:

Berkeley is, or was in the 50s and 60s, the Athens of the West—the Berkeley of Baroque music, the Berkeley of Nobel laureates and little old ladies in tennis shoes...the Berkeley of George Goode's haberdashery, where you could have a bespoke suit cut; of the Cinema Guild & Studio which was run by Pauline Kael and

Ed Landberg—a street with tobacco shops and Mom and Pop grocery stores, like the Garden Spot, or the Co-op, where Allen Ginsberg had a vision of Walt Whitman among the artichokes—a street that, in those days, supported many and various bookstores. I would bop down the street, get the time from the clock on the campanile by looking into the mirror in the doorway of See’s Candy Store, peer into Creed’s Bookstore and salute Big Daddy at his chessboard, check out the marquee on the movie house, buy a pack of Gualoise cigarettes at the Garden Spot, and then cut across the street to the Mediterranean Café for a shot of espresso.

Jubal is being nostalgic, but he tempers his sentiments with:

O, too surreal—of course the street needed to be liberated—there is only so much bourgeois charm one can stomach before the homeless puke on your shiny shoes, and the street vendors camp on your doorstep, and the unread copies of Marx’s Communist Manifesto clog the drains.

Tara said, “You belong here, Jubal; this place is you.” He took Tara, Hawk and Patience through Sather Gate, took a short cut along Strawberry Creek to the Faculty Glade, showing them hiding places where he turned on, stopped at Kroeber Hall to look at the Ishi Exhibit, then back off campus to see Bernard Maybeck’s Christian Science Church with its Belgium glass windows and trellises, winding up at Lu Garcia’s apartment on College Avenue.

Tara’s bus was parked nearby, and the friends went there to eat food Tara had brought in a wicker basket. Also, in the basket was a bag of homegrown weed that Tara said was a “hidden treasure” that she had found under the dash, hidden there by her husband, Francis. They took this treasure back to Lu’s place. They lit a candle and passed a joint—the old magic—and when they had all gotten off, Jubal read a poem.

PATTERNS

Look at the numbers

Kant 478a-79d

There is beauty in the moral order

And Bacon who should
Be in Everyman's Library
Knew Augustine confessed

I have a friend who says
There are 3 principles
The good, the bad
And that which is neither

As for the which is neither
My friend told me to stop
Smoking, which changed my life
Because I smoke 2 to 3 packs

I write this sitting
On a Persian rug
Listening to a harpsichord
On a Victrola play
Partia #2 in C minor
Schmieder 826

478 79 3 2 3 2 826

There was silence. Then, Hawk said, "I think you raised some old ghosts. For a moment I saw Plato's shade."

MACHIG: Hello, Richard, looking at these numbers, I decided to do a bit of numerology, I added them together and came out with a total of 1,393, and this reduces to a 7. The letter Y is a 7.

FOR JUBAL DOLAN DORJE

Phet! E ma, the old monk who
Lives at Luminous Peak.
His beard is gnarled, his finger nails

Dirty, his voice scratchy.
His mudras may be messy,
But birds nest in his rafters.
And Troma whispers wisdom to
Him in the afternoon.

No doubt his mind is free, self-
Liberated like a snake untying itself.
No doubt his mind is luminous,
Painting the peopled hills
Like an orange setting sun.
No doubt his heart blesses all,
Effortless & sweet like the second
Cookie he snuck after dinner.

E ma, e ma! Praises to the old monk
Who lives at Luminous Peak!

—Devon Ward-Thommes

PRINTING

Jubal's business card reads: "Jubal Dolan: printer-poet-yogi-monk."

Benjamin Franklin (1706-90), American statesman, diplomat, author, scientist, and inventor, has this epithet on his tombstone: "Printer." Jubal sees this as an epitome of his own life's work. Here, in Jubal's words, is the story of D Press:

D PRESS ORIGINATED IN ALASKA

After I acquired a 1927 Kelsey "Excelsior" hand press, I began printing in an attic apartment, in Ketchikan, near the ball field. I'd come home from a day's work in the back shop of The Ketchikan Daily News, and I'd print 100 pages and hang them to dry on cotton string along the roofline of the apartment. On the weekends, I bound

my books together, set type, and prepared for the following week of printing. The printing was smudgy and uneven, but I pressed on. The typefaces were worn, so I over-inked and pressed harder, pressing the letters into the paper, embossing the page, letting the ink bleed through. Grant Risdon taught me how to cut linoleum blocks, and in a rush of visual imagery, I tipped my linoleum nudes into the books, alternating poems and blocks, giving color to the big words.

After reading *How to Live in the Woods on \$10/Week*, I moved wife and child and press to Deep Bay, fifteen miles from the nearest road by boat. D Press moved into a new dimension. Pouring the words right into the typecase seem natural. I began to break my poems into smaller and smaller units. Tried to express myself with just the Anglo Saxon. I was printing with 60-point Bodoni type, and this limited the number of words that could be arranged in a 4X6 inch type case.

People said, "These aren't poems! What are you doing?" Well, I was working with the physics of the poem, the subatomic particles, semiotic murmurs, getting down to the hub and nub, nothing behind itself, no ideas but in things as applied to the letters of the alphabet. My idea of the book consisted of five poems: one political, one religious, one erotic, one psychological, and one about language.

SOMETHING PRIMAL ABOUT THE STITCH

On my return to the Bay Area, in 1975, while working at Árif Press, I learned how to make a signature stitch from Wesley Tanner, and I applied this bindery technique to my book-making format. A fusion of high-tech and low-tech elements.

You need a needle with a large eye. Darning needles are dull; get a sewing needle long enough to grasp. I use linen bookbinding thread, which has a strong weave. Dental floss? Sure, I've used that, but book-binding thread is best. Cut the thread to length by wrapping it once around the length of the book; thread your needle with a few inches of string sticking through and punch it through the middle, from the inside, outward. Make sure you go straight, or the stitch will come out off center. Next, go to the top or bottom of the spine on the back cover, a couple inches from the edge, and poke straight through to the inside. Then, go back to the center hole, and, being careful not to run the needle through the thread, stick the needle

through the center hole. Now, go to the opposite end of the spine and poke through the back cover to the inside. The stitch is complete except for tying it off. Run the needle and what's left of the thread under the piece going into the center hole and cinch the two ends tight, not so taut that the book bows but taut enough to remove any slack. The two ends should be about the same length; but if not, work the shorter end forward, and tie the two ends in a square knot, not a slip knot. Trim the two ends to equal length. I leave them long, so if the knot slips, you have enough thread to retie the ends. Sew together a few pages and, voilà, you have a chapbook.

AND WHAT IS THE CHAPBOOK?

According to the *1911 Encyclopedia*, the chapbook was first mentioned in 1824, when the bibliographer Dibdin described a work as being a chapbook, printed in rather a neat black letter. The source of the word is from the OE, chap, to buy and sell, and is a comparatively modern name applied by booksellers and bibliophiles to the stitched tracts written for the common people and circulated in England, Scotland and the American colonies from the late 15th century onward by itinerant dealers, or chapmen. I've also heard that the derivation of the word comes from an apron worn by the chapman, which had pockets that contained items for sale, but this might well be a term confused with the leather pants called chaps (from the Mexican, chaparajos) worn by the American cowboys to protect their legs from the bramble bush known as chaparral. In *Poets & Writers Online*, Therese Eiben claims that the origin of the word is either cheap book, sold at newsstands during the era of Penny Dreadfuls or chapter book, because of its scant number of pages.

There are many kinds of books, books such as a pre-Columbian codex (where a manuscript is painted on strips of deerskin which are glued together to form a single band, then folded accordion-fashion and glued onto wooden boards) to Jackson MacLow's pages made from two-by-fours. The signature stitch has been used since the renaissance, where it was employed to sew a quarto page (a large sheet of paper, printed on both sides, folded twice and cut along the folded edge to form eight pages). Sewing the pages to the cover is part of the foundation of the book, what holds it together, and it contains a utilitarian element as well as an esthetic element. Jerome Rothenberg remarks in his editor's note to *The Book, Spiritual*

Instrument (Granary Books, NY, 1996), "To say again what seems so hard to get across: there is a primal book as there is a primal voice, & it is the task of our poetry & art to recover it—in our minds & in the world at large."

TOWARD THE BOOK THROUGH THE COMPUTER

One of the uses of a computer is to solve the problem of justifying lines. Justified lines are the even alignment of words at the margins of a text. It is the demarcation of where a line of type ends, not the end of a rhythmic line, where the number of scanned syllables makes one line a bit longer than the next because of the constituent parts of the sentence in various scripts and fonts. It's the printer's task to choose the right font and make the line end at a given spot, to choose the point size of the font so the longest line fits in the type case, within the margins. Poetry is usually justified to the left margin and proceeds as a dance of consonant and vowel. The carcass of prose is anchored to both margins with hyphenated word breaks. In letterpress printing, lines are justified by filling the space between pieces of hand-set lead type. In a computer, this operation is accomplished in a text box by clicking the desired format on the tool bar.

MAPPING OUT THE BOOK

First, I estimate the size of the book. Then, I make a dummy of the book by figuring out how much of my text will fit on a page, say 8½x11 inches, folded in half, or half-letter size. I count the lines and estimate how many pages it will take, adding a title page, a page for acknowledgements, a dedication, and so forth. I divide by four since there are going to be four pages on a sheet of paper folded in half. I take that number of blank sheets, fold them, and write the page number and an abbreviation of what text will appear on each page. This guides me since the opposite sides of the page are not consecutive. For example, in a 32-page book, page 1 is next to page 32, page 2 is coupled with page 31. If a given page is going to be blank, I write "blank" on it. I design the page setup in landscape and create my master pages, using either Publisher or Quark programs. All this to say, if I want to add a new page of text, I have to think in terms of four pages.

Although the cost per copy decreases slightly when you reach certain print

amounts, the unit cost per book is essentially the same for one book as it is for one hundred. This is in contrast to offset and letterpress processes where the setup cost is much higher, and the runs must be longer in order to make back the initial investment in labor and materials. I make short runs. I use the book as an editing tool and print off one copy at a time until I am satisfied with the layout and content, then I run a handful of copies to be archived in the collections of a few friends. I sell books at readings and exchange books with poets that I meet, but, at present, I am not as interested in marketing my books as I am in the process of creation.

BACKWARD PROCESS

I work from the final form, the book that is already accomplished, like in a Tantric visualization, I develop the book by extending the vision, adding the ornaments, which are the poems. Marllarmé conceived of the book as a spiritual exercise. To me, the book fuses Newtonian sequence and Blakian simultaneity. It's a vehicle to write poems, the book as pen. I am writing with the book. Jack Spicer, winning out against the poem, is my inspiration for molding serial poetry into small books. The poem arrives on the page, whether I collage it together from bits or carve it from a single block, whether I dream it or work it out as a puzzle. Once it makes it onto a sheet of paper and can be read, the poem is already a part of a book. And, once in a book, it gets lonely, wants to speak to other poems. I let it breathe, let it percolate, let it draw to itself magnetic companions, let them be a piece of a larger poem. What starts it?—a metaphor, maybe, or some scribbling on the washroom wall, something fleeting, a little synaptic firing in my brain. I get these firings into words and onto a page because I have developed a modicum of mind-body coordination, and the words might even mean something. I keep making books, this book overlapping the next, always leaving a bit undone, like a Navajo weaver, letting the spirits come and go.

The foregoing essay is adapted from *My Process* (D Press, 2002). This is not the whole story of D Press. The roots of Jubal's printing can be traced back to a rubber stamp press that he had as a child, to his job as a bindery clerk at Harper's Insurance

Co. to the various project books he made for his classes through his school years—there is an entire English grammar he meticulously copied for Mrs. Weismiller in the 10th grade—and to his connection with Dennis Wier at Berkeley Pamphlets. He gained further experience working on letterpresses with Wesley Tanner at Árif Press. He learned graphic design and photography from his newspaper experiences at the Ketchikan Daily News, the North Star, the Berkeley Barb, and Mt. Rainier News. He assisted John Bennett with a mimeo mag, *Vagabond*. He took a printmaking class, in Alaska, with Terry Choy. While working at Quick Print, in Sebastopol, he utilized the most recent photo coping machines.

Jubal has printed in most kinds of media, from potato prints to the computer, linoleum block printing, wood block printing, mono prints, etching and engraving, mimeograph, offset and letterpress. He sometimes combines printing techniques in a single volume. The rationale behind the making of small books and the controversy surrounding “self-publishing” is explored in detail by Belle Randall in her essay, “Having Tea with Blake: Self-publishing and the Art of Jubal Dolan,” online at Big Bridge (Vol. 7), and which originally appeared in Vol.13, No.2 of *Raven Chronicles*.

The thrust of Ms. Randall’s argument is that a poet has more control over his or her material, over the selection of materials, layout and design elements and so forth. She points out that there is a long, honorable tradition of this kind of publishing. Small presses, which are usually run by poets, publish not only their own work but the work of their friends, who may have presses of their own, and reciprocate in like fashion. Jubal calls this “collaborative publishing.” There are also “co-op” type publishing enterprises, where a group of poets join to edit, work on marketing, and job out the printing of their members’ books. A new wave of publishing has arisen with the advent of “print-on-demand.”

Initially, this technology enabled all authors to be their own publisher by simply submitting their manuscript to a company that designed and marketed their book. Now, the authors choose from several templates and design the book by themselves. The finished design is maintained on file, and copies of the book are printed whenever a copy is needed, on demand. Publishers are not burdened with

large and taxable inventories, and, as authors, their works appear on lists in the marketplace with the International Standard and Library of Congress book numbers.

Jubal's English publisher, Verian Thomas, at Comrades Press, in Warwickshire, used Liberus to produce Jubal's Collected Poems: 1961-2000. In his "Foreword," Verian Thomas explains his vision:

Comrades Press was founded in 2000 as a direct result of its online magazine. The amount and the quality of poetry, fiction, and non-fiction that we received was staggering, much of it from previously unpublished writers. We decided to rectify this by becoming publishers ourselves and, with no funding whatsoever, set about the task of bringing the work of the misplaced poets of the world to the world. The first step in this rather grand and impossible plan (the higher the goals, the higher you can climb) was to be the publication of the first of our yearly anthologies. However, the possibility of publishing the work of Jubal Dolan arose, and a race began to see which book we would publish first. As both the horses were in the Comrades stable, the race was a foregone conclusion, and I am proud to say that you are holding the winner in your hands right now.

By utilizing print on demand technology and online stores, we are able to produce quality books without many of the overhead costs associated with traditional methods. This means that we are prepared to take risks that would probably have other publishers waking up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night. Rather than publishing what we know will sell, our goal is to publish work that we like, work that we believe in, which should be the only reason for anybody to publish anything. Comrades Press works on a non-profit basis. If we make any money from our publications, it sits in the bank account just long enough for us to make the red numbers a little smaller before it is channeled straight into our next publication. This also allows us to produce short-run chapbooks from brand new authors whose work grabs you by the throat and demands to be read or picks away at the back of your brain until there is no choice but to go for it.

Verian Thomas left Jubal to slug it out with Liberus, it being an American company.

Mr. Thomas paid for the primary cost of the book, and Jubal worked with the layout artists. Mr. Thomas's idealism might have been dampened had he experienced the confusion and setbacks that Jubal encountered. Every glitch surfaced: lost files, uncorrected changes, inventive designs, and just when things would be going smoothly, the layout artist would change, and it would begin over, a new horror story.

A work the size of Jubal's *Collected Poems* is not a small undertaking. It contains nearly 500 poems spread over that many pages with forty illustrations. It required diligence by the graphic artists who worked on the book to be mindful of the nuances of line breaks and stanza separations, and this is not required with prose which can be poured into linked text boxes without mishap. The shift to self-design was a positive improvement in the software.

The Collected Poems took one year to produce, and it did come out in good form, very close to Jubal's intentions. The head honcho at Liberus rolled up his sleeves at the end and worked on it himself. Everyone learned; the system evolved. There are now many print-on-demand publishers on the web, where publisher-authors choose from a selection of templates and design the book themselves. "You pointed the way, Jubal," said Gail Chiarello, who is the publisher of Workwomans Press, in Seattle.

When Jubal moved to Santa Rosa, in 1998, to care for his parents, he bought a computer, a Compac with 1 gig of memory and an early Windows operating system. He began to data input his poems from a handful of chapbooks and from a group of thesis binders. As he did so, he began to edit and polish poems and bring neglected poems to completion. *Collected Poems: 1961-2000* is organized into sections of poems composed, more or less chronologically, in geological locations: Berkeley, Aptos & San Luis Obispo, 1961-68; Ketchikan & Deep Bay, 1968-70; Fairbanks & Preston, 1970-74; Robber's Roost, 1974-95; Wolf Creek, 1994-97; and Santa Rosa & Sebastopol, 1998-2000. Of the 462 poems with titles (many are serialized under one title), just under half (229) are included in the Santa Rosa & Sebastopol Section.

The poems in the Santa Rosa & Sebastopol section were mostly new works, but many were revitalized from older works that had been abandoned. This two-year period was a flowering of Jubal's new-found skills that emerged with his teaching himself how to use his computer to design his chapbooks. He returned to his muse at Deep Bay, pouring his poems directly into the Grail.

Now, Jubal began to publish more books for other poets. He raised *bodhichitta* and took his bodhisattva vows into action. He saw that he could relieve suffering with the creation of chapbooks. He could have worked on a soup line, and that would have been a good thing, but he could also use his knowledge as a printer to make poets happy, and poets, even (and maybe especially) middle-class poets, do suffer.

Jubal resolved to publish all the poets he knew or encountered and to publish their work regardless of the level and style of writing. His proposal to them was to design a hand-stitched 24-page chapbook with a color cover, run on a copy machine in an edition of 33 copies (of which he kept 3 copies for his archives), and the poet would pay for the cost of the material, plus 15% to cover the cost of overhead. When the initial job was done, Jubal gave the poets a set of the masters, and they could run off more copies if they so desired.

Once Jubal had established D Press website, the authors' books were displayed online in "the stable." Anyone who said that this was a form of vanity press was reminded that Jubal initially approached the writer, and it was standard practice for authors to purchase their own books from their publishers at an authors' discount, and this amounted to the same thing as paying for costs, since Jubal did not make any profit other than his merit for helping sentient beings. Of the 273 books that were archived at Shield's Library, at the University of California Davis, in 2008, 151 are by Jubal and his aliases and 116 are by other authors. More recently, Jubal has designed a website called Kapala Press, which is the Vajrayana tributary of D Press (www.kapalapress.net).

As Jubal continued to create books, he found it expedient to have blank templates in various sizes and formats that he could copy and use without building them from scratch, and this became his personal form of print-on-demand. His process

accelerated. In 2003, Jubal had the inspiration to put all his chapbooks sequentially into bound volumes. These volumes would contain the books with their original typefaces and covers. Since all the masters were in his computer, it seemed to be an easy matter, simply print them out, reverse alternate pages, run them two-sided on the copy machine at Sprint, and then cut the stack in half and combine them into volumes. Easy in the vision but not quite the way it was to be done in reality.

Jubal had been experimenting with gluing pages together in a bindery press he had made from two boards, long bolts and wing nuts, similar to the one he had used at Harper's to glue insurance forms together. He had found a strong, flexible, clear adhesive (trade name "Goop") at the hardware store that was effective. It took more time to organize and assemble each volume of *The Collected Books of Jubal Dolan* than he anticipated. The basic idea was sound for each individual chapbook, to cut and stack the pages, but the color cover had to be run off separately and inserted, and the process repeated for each chapbook, until the whole volume emerged and could be glued. He glued four books at a time in two groups to produce one eight-volume set, each with a cover in a hand-made box. Once complete, it was a history of D Press. A professor of neurobiology at U.C. Berkeley, who Jubal met at a Dzog Chen retreat, bought a set, saying, "It is the history of your mind."

The cover design of *Collected Poems: 1961-2000* imitates New Directions covers, a publishing house Jubal admires. The title pages of *The Collected Books of Jubal Dolan*, each with a Tarot card symbol, imitates the Black Sparrow edition of *The Collected Books of Jack Spicer*. Here we touch upon an aspect of Jubal's oeuvre that Belle Randall has called his "forgeries," meaning the production of books that resemble or imitate already existent and recognizable books. Jubal calls this "harmonizing."

Jubal also writes under a variety of pseudonyms, cautiously trailing in the wake of Francesco Pessoa, the Portuguese poet. Jubal has created a body of work for Jubal Dolan, Dylan Artaud, Doug Oporto, Luis Mee, and yours truly. We have written poems, novels, and belle letters. There is mystery, intrigue, romance, and adventure. This is life.

PSYCHOTHERAPY

The late 80s were tumultuous years for Jubal—his hell raising love affair with Krystal, his heavy drinking and drug use, culminating in his near murder. These were also active times in Jubal’s art—poetry, yes, but especially in the visual arts of collage, assemblage; and video, as an actor, writer and assistant to productions of Dan Herron, Kim Secunda, Jimmy Eisenberg, Sean Albright, and Sean O’Neil.

One person who stood by Jubal, as friend and as counselor, was Sabina Adler. Sabina and Jubal had a brief fling before she married Pete Mann, but their romance transformed into a friendship based upon a deep respect for one another’s intellects. After her divorce from her first husband, a fundamentalist Christian, Sabina moved to Robber’s Roost, Washington, to attend Central U. and earn a master’s degree in psychology. She has worked as a school counselor for twenty years and has earned honors for her work. She owns a house on Sorenson Street, as do two of Jubal’s ex-wives. Jubal spent many hours talking with Sabina, not as a therapist but as a friend, and she helped Jubal realize the potency of his habitual tendencies and hidden motivations. From Jubal’s disclosures, Sabina has estimated Jubal has been intimate with over three hundred women, but Jubal contends he has made love to only half that many. In his discussions with Sabina, he may have embroidered a tale or two.

MACHIG: That’s still a lot, Jubal. Why so many?

JUBAL: Because I could. Ikkyū said: “Get laid—that’s enlightenment. Sitting on your ass doing mantras is crap!”

Jubal and Sabina intersected in their aggregation with Krystal, Jubal because she had dumped him and Sabina because of her affair with Pete Mann, Sabina’s ex. For Jubal, Krystal was the most beautiful woman in the world; for Sabina, she was the Whore of Babylon. Not mutually exclusive. As Blake put it: “Every harlot was a

virgin once.” That has a nice Tantric ring to it.

Jubal lived with Krystal for two years, after pursuing her for a year. The night she gave in to his persistent pleas for her love, he was wearing his son’s black leather motorcycle jacket, and with his long black hair he must have been irresistible, sitting at the foot of her bed, after climbing through her window to read a poem. Krystal has a dark psyche. Jubal loved her to her bones. He climbed into her bed, and they barricaded the door, after stocking up on pot, coke, wine, and gin. They painted and drew pictures, made collages and made love for a week without Jubal going to work or Krystal going to school. They sent out for pizza, and Krystal’s two children fended for themselves. Tina and Pan came by and said they wanted to live in Jubal’s bungalow behind John Bennett’s house and that they would move Jubal’s stuff to Krystal’s, and they did.

AS ABOVE, SO BELOW

He wants to know my birth time for an astrological chart.
I thought I knew where I had put my birth certificate,
But when I look, I can’t find it, although I find the kids’
Social Security cards & the numbers I need for my loan.

He says a Gemini generally has a lot of boyfriends
And goes steady with one or more each week, says I’m
Searching for a soulmate or another side to myself.
He’s older and wise with intense blue eyes.

He’s laid back against the door of my closet
And holds a glass of white wine, twirling the liquor
In the glass with the Gemini twins painted in gold
And tells me what I need in a lover.

He’ll stay up all night talking with me, remember
The lyrics in “Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band”
Tell me I’m the most beautiful woman in the world
When I look like a dead horse.

This guy's hot for me & wants to wait on me hand & foot.
I'm chain-smoking generic lights, & I can hardly breathe.
I'm wierded out. I can feel the bones of my skull in my head.
I wish I could dissolve into nothing in peace.

Krystal grew up poor in Texas and had suffered many hardships, but Jubal felt that much of Krystal's negativity stemmed from not having an opportunity to express herself or discover her latent talents and native intelligence. She was enrolled in college to become a teacher, and she was getting good grades. Once Jubal showed her a few techniques in making collages, she out-shown her teacher. The two of them would drink and fuck and make gluey messes, sleep, and do it all over again.

SECRET SPOT

We are redeemed in Paradise
My tongue in you
 Now now now
I drink you
 And we explode
In this mortal bed

What is this lightness?

You can realize enlightenment through the intermingling of passions. Heaven. And a woman can be hell. Drinking and fornicating being obstacles that bind you to samsara.

KRYSTAL ON THE ROCKS

I like the rocks.
I like everything on the rocks.

I like hard rock.
I like Rachmaninoff.

I've had it straight.
I've had it mixed.
What I really want is to get off
On the rocks beneath the stars.

Things began to crumble after Krystal and Peter opened a daycare center in an empty church, called The Arcadia Children Center. This was a peak experience for Pete, who had long wanted to start an alternative school. It was a peak experience for Jubal when he grabbed Peter by the collar, while he was playing the piano, and began slugging him on the front lawn of Krystal's house on Calgari Street. Krystal called the police, but when they came, she did not press charges. Jubal was lucky. He did get in some good licks, but he did not win back Krystal's affections.

Sabina made an appointment with a hypnotherapist-friend of hers. This episode was related in a convoluted manner in the Drug section. Jubal used a technique of "snipping the umbilical cord" that connected him to Krystal, a technique similar to the Dzog Chen practice of "cutting loose" (Trekchöd), allowing the thought-impulse-desire to liberate itself. Sabina, also, took Jubal to have colon therapy. Her words: "You have to get this Krystal shit out your system." Sabina was looking out for Jubal on physical and psychic levels.

So he would not be alone, Sabina introduce Jubal to some of her female friends. Lucy, a recovering alcoholic, led Jubal a merry chase and left him in a state of unrequitedness.

SLOWLY
for Lucy

Are you crazy?
No, I love you.
You love everyone.

There's only one you.
You're crazy.

Slowly, at a snail's gallop, we move
Between the ocean and the moon.
You'd think we were kiss-proof.

Living in the ether
One another in the other
We're hiding from the void outside.

You're in your tower
Addled on Freud
I hear the celestial choir and beyond.
I'm going west.
Let's meet in the east.

Lucy was probably wise to keep Jubal at a distance and focus on getting her degree in psychology. Jubal swore he had quit drinking, and he kept his word, but she was taking no chances.

Sabina visited Jubal twice at Yeshe Ling, in Colorado. The first time, in the early '90s, Jubal was working at Yeshe Ling as a volunteer, and Sabina took a Green Tara Retreat with Lama Prajna. The second visit was after Jubal had moved to Wolf Creek to operate the retreat center's bookstore. It was the summer of 1977. Jubal was living at José Avellanos's house, while he was in Vietnam. This was the summer Jubal and Julie became friends. It began with a flirtation in the bookstore. Julie came in and browsed. She was looking at New Age music CDs, and she turned toward Jubal and twinkled, like she had fireflies in her eyes. Jubal was smitten.

Julie was staying in her parents' condo, in Fairfield, and working at the Riverside Restaurant, in Wolf Creek.

WHAT WHERE IS HERE

I drive to Fairfield
A fair field
I drive to Riverside
A river side

I turn right, then left
Our spirits meet
You laugh, I laugh
Perfection is infectious

Lama Prajna said, “She’s too young for you, and you shouldn’t be making passes at women in the bookstore. You are the gatekeeper, and many of the women who come into the store are ‘damaged’ and are seeking refuge.” Jubal understood his teacher’s concern, and he promised to respect her wishes in the future; however, Julie had connected with him, and they continued to spend time together. They did not sleep together. They did not have sex. Julie said she had had too much sex and needed friendship. Jubal gave her space. He still had hopes of seducing Julie, but he was willing to wait.

In the meantime, they went for soaks in the springs, walks through town, hikes in the woods, and they talked about everything in the cosmos. Julie was 19 and Jubal, 55. Jubal did most of the talking, and Julie seemed fond of listening. They were relaxed in each other’s company. They had similar interests. Julie had spent time in India studying Hatha Yoga and Vedanta philosophy at an ashram. She had aspirations of becoming a film maker and creating documentaries. Since Julie had some high quality digital video equipment, Jubal suggested they make a film. Julie liked the idea. They were not sure what the film would be about, but they packed a lunch and drove to New Mexico.

THIS SCRIPT HAS A BUTT SHOT

Shooting video in Echo Canyon
Picking up voices of Mexican children

Bouncing off the walls, I dance free form
In the piñon pine, spooking a murder of crows

Cut to
Ghost Ranch
I'm wearing black
A man with a briefcase
Walking through the desert
I work out a bit where my clothes
Are a rippling specter on a mirage lake

I jump out of my suit, drop my briefcase
Run naked toward the highway
A car passes in the distance
Dissolve

Accidentally left on, the camera sways
Catching our torsos at odd angles
Hands rolling a cigarette
Smoke and mirrors
Hands driving

Chatting about freedom & responsibility
And the need to awaken the sacred
In our present commercial
Progressively degraded
Mode of being

A wrap, after we shoot the sunflower
Room sunflower wallpaper sunflower
Hot pads clock calendar cups napkins
Sunflower vase plastic sunflowers
In a bouquet

Julie in a sunflower apron
Cooking sunflower soup

Her brightness and pulse
In every loving spoonful
Without a hint of script

When Sabina visited Jubal, a stop on her road trip, she met Julie and was incredulous that they were as close as they were without being lovers. They told her it was still an issue, but that they were working it out through being creative in art. Sabina had them sit down in the kitchen full of sunflower images and reveal how they had thwarted their sexual impulses. Sabina believed the sexual drive could be sublimated through artistic processes but that it would be incomplete.

Julie said she could feel the heat between Jubal and herself but that she trusted him and wanted him in her life and not to become just another boyfriend she had discarded. She admitted there was sexual energy in his hugs and that his kisses had a touch of passion, but she said she wanted there to be juice in their relationship, that it was healthy to acknowledge there was a physical attraction.

Jubal told Sabina that he was trying to reform his obsessive need to make love to every woman on the planet. He said that he was using the Tantric approach of transforming his lust into lovingkindness. He recognized Julie suffered from low self-esteem because of her past sexual encounters and that it was his decision not to manipulate, confuse or harm. Sabina admitted that she was impressed.

. . .

Now, thirteen years later, the movie continues. There was a scene shot in Golden Gate Park, in the Shakespeare Grotto, near where Julie lived, while studying film at San Francisco State College; a scene shot on the beach near Bodega Bay; another scene shot in the backyard of the Santa Rosa house, when she visited Jubal with her boyfriend, Cajun. Julie in New York, when she worked on the Amy Goodman Show, and they took the subway to The Cloisters, and she filmed a Tibetan monk wandering in a medieval garden.

A letter arrives from India, dated 21 July 2010.

I am sitting here in India amongst other students, listening to the words of Swami

Jnanamarga in person, as he unfolds the teachings of the Gita. I have come here with my dear husband, Noel, to not just hear his words, but to document this incredible tradition. I am directing my first documentary, and it is probably the hardest thing I have ever done in my life.

So I have my headphones on, which are connected to a sound mixer that I have taken on the responsibility of running. Hiding behind the plastic chairs in the classroom—I am unable to see Swamiji & the camera guy I hired because I do not want to appear in the film. I would be back in my room if it wasn't for the fact that I fired my sound person two days ago who I hired in New York. It's the midway point of the project (well, production, that is) and I am desperate to watch the footage—to see what I have and what I need...So without sight of Swamiji, my mind has wandered to you—wondering how your life is, how much I miss chatting with you...it dawned on me that I could call Yeshe Ling. I was surprised to hear that you would receive letters.

THE RANCHES

The first ranch Sean and Blanche Dolan bought was near Willits, which is on State Highway 101, in Northern California. They referred to it as the Longvale Ranch because there was a small town—a hamlet, really—a few houses and a general store with gas pumps that contained a post office—near the Ranch on the Dos Rios Road, along a stream called Outlet Creek.

There was a logging road that climbed three miles up a steep incline from Hwy 101, about fifteen miles outside of Willits, and then leveled off through pasture land before reaching the S Bar D Ranch. A spur of the main road ran through the ranch and connected to the Dos Rios Road in the valley. There was a lumber mill on a plot of land between the road and the river. The lease on this land brought in a small amount of income.

Other than a few acres of wooded land along a ridge top, the majority of the 1200

acres was steep and treeless. There had once been a forest, but it had burned, and leafless snags punctuated a landscape of brush and grass. It was a mountain ranch that could only support a few head of cattle, but it was excellent terrain for deer, bobcats, fox, squirrels, quail, rattlesnakes, and a host of other small animals. And insects: the snags were full of bugs, and there was the constant tapping of woodpeckers trying to get at them.

Located near a spring, there were two houses, a large garage with a workshop, a small hay barn, and a set of corrals. There was also a fenced-in chicken coup and a spring house. The main house had been built in the 1920s and had been well-maintained. It showed craftsmanship in its construction: finely finished woodwork and quality materials. After more than thirty years of use, the linoleum on the floor showed a minimum of wear, and the tile work in the kitchen and bath was like new.

The ranch hands' house was not so-well built, but it was habitable, and it was occupied by a couple named Beadle, Stan and Ann. Stan had worked mostly in the logging industry, and Ann had been a waitress in truck stops. They were happy to be caretakers of the S Bar D. They were hard workers, and Sean Dolan had plenty of work for them to do.

The main house sat under the branches of several Ponderosa pine trees. One entered the house from the rear, after crossing an expanse of mown lawn, and hung coats and hats and stowed muddy boots in a glassed-in porch connected to the kitchen. The front door, a formal affair with a leaded glass window and a brass door knocker, was never used. Just off the front porch was the spring house. Jubal liked the atmosphere of the spring house, but the water snakes frightened his mother and sister.

To improve the water supply, Sean bought two 1500-gallon wine vats from Asti Winery, and Sean, Stan, Kip (a close friend of the family referred to as Uncle Kip), and a friend of Kip's, named Albert, set about re-assembling the numbered, wine-soaked boards. Albert was black. I mention this because it was unusual, in the 1950s, for Jubal to work side by side with an African American. Jubal, being small, had the honor of climbing through the opening at the top of the casks and taking

apart the scaffold that supported the lid, while the sides were being erected. The wine fumes were potent, and Jubal, age 14, got his first buzz. Or imagined he did. The wine casks sat in an abandoned apple orchard. The new water supply was gravity-fed to the houses. This required the digging of a trench from the apple orchard to the ranch houses. Albert's specialty.

Stan's task was to fence the land. Stretching barbed wire around a 1200-acre spread, especially in mountainous country, is no easy task, but Ray was up to the challenge, and Jubal lent a hand. When the job was completed, 50 head of cows were bought and brought to the corrals, near the lumber mill, to be artificially inseminated. Part of this episode is told in the Animal section. Some of the cows gave birth, and some did not. "The herd would not hang together and wandered all over hell and gone," as Stan put it.

The main transportation around the ranch was an Army surplus jeep from World War II. Jubal learned to drive with this vehicle. Jubal says, "I learned to drive much too fast and recklessly—'wreckedly' would be more like it." Here follows the story of the gates.

Sean bought two 14-foot galvanized steel gates for the ranch. He and Jubal loaded them into the horse trailer and drove them up to the ranch. They stopped for lunch at a roadside café on the outskirts of Santa Rosa. When they reached the ranch and went to unload their cargo, the gates were gone. They drove back down the mountain side to the highway, but the gates were not on the road. They had been put in the horse trailer at a steep angle, and it did not seem probable for them to have fallen out along the highway. They were not sure, but they guessed the gates were stolen, while they were in the café having lunch, and they also guessed they had not checked the trailer when they got back into Sean's Cadillac.

A couple of weeks later, Jubal and his sidekick, Fred Gold, accompanied Sean to the ranch. For some reason, perhaps so they could drive it up the hill, the jeep was stationed near the highway. The drive was dusty in the wake of the Cadillac, and Jubal took a short cut across some rough terrain to get ahead of his dad's car. Then, so his dad would not have to eat his dust, he sped ahead.

The two boys, clear now of the billowing dust cloud, were making good time along the road. Carefree and enjoying the fresh air and scenery, they rounded the corner to the ranch entrance much too fast to stop before they smashed through the new metal gate that Sean had had Stan install the previous week. Sean was peeved, to say the least, and the boys spent the weekend on foot.

On another weekend, Jubal, Fred, and Fred's cousin, Burt, were driving around the ranch. Jubal was at the wheel, and he took a corner too sharply; they hit some loose gravel; and they spun into a pasture along the road. Burt bounced out; Fred jumped; Jubal drove it out to the bumpy finale. When the Jeep came to a halt, Jubal shouted, "Is everyone ok?" Everyone was alive, if somewhat bruised, but Fred pointed to a wheel in the grass and then to the spare and said, "That doesn't look right; we don't have two spares." It was then that Jubal noticed the odd angle the Jeep was leaning at and, upon inspection, discovered the left front axle was missing a wheel and the lug nuts sheared. The boys spent the rest of that weekend on foot, too.

Jubal mostly hiked around the ranch with his dog, Spot, and usually with a firearm, a .22 or an over-and-under 4.10 shotgun. Jubal hunted, but he also liked to explore. There were remnants of earlier settlers: a garbage heap with rusted metal and broken glass, old fence posts with hand-forged nails, and mounds of rocks that might have been Indian grave sites. The proof of Indians having lived and hunted in the area was evidenced by the Mason jar full of arrowheads Ann had collected, while tilling the soil for her garden. The presence of the spring would have been an excellent place to camp. When Jubal's dad decided to excavate an area to build what he called "a fire-protection reservoir" (to justifiably avoid paying a luxury tax on a swimming pool), Jubal sifted through the dirt looking, without success, for an arrowhead. Jubal tells me that the only arrowhead he has ever found, he found in the driveway to Luminous Peak.

RICHARD: Jubal, were there horses on the Longvale ranch?

JUBAL: Yes, I can see Ann on a small horse, a mountain pony, dappled, a roan as round as a barrel. I see Stan sitting tall in the saddle, but I can't picture the horse.

My dad had a big Tennessee Walker in those days, and I had my bay mare, Lady. I remember the four of us riding down a ravine on the backside of the ridge, where Dad had a stand of timber thinned. There was an old cabin, near the border of the property. Inside, I found a gallon jug, partially full, of Coca-Cola syrup. I wanted to take it with me. I had heard that Coca-Cola once contained cocaine, and from the looks of the old-fashioned label, this was the elixir I was searching for. I was told to put it back where I had found it. I also remember looking at this abandoned cabin and wondering what it would be like to live as a hermit in an isolated location. And here I am.

The second ranch that Sean and Blanche bought was seventeen miles west of Red Bluff which, in 1957, was on State Highway 99. Now, Interstate 5 runs up the center of California and passes the outskirts of Red Bluff. The county road from Red Bluff that ran through the ranch into the mountains, crossing Mendocino National Forest land, eventually hooked up to the Dos Rios Road that passed through the Longvale Ranch. Jubal made that trip during the days that his family was moving from one ranch to the next.

It was a more difficult trip than he expected. He left from the Longvale Ranch before noon and made good time to Covolo and the Round Valley Indian Reservation. The reservation is aptly named. A round valley, it is an incredibly beautiful spot. Jubal admired the scenery, but as David Bromige said, "Scenery is one thing that can't be eaten," so Jubal stopped at the Covolo General Store, bought a soda pop, and asked for directions.

Since the road through the forest was not always clearly marked, Jubal stayed on the most travelled route, but as it got dark determining which road was the main road became more difficult. Once, after driving into the middle of a hunters' camp and rousing some irritable hunters, he backtracked to a ridge top. He had a sleeping bag with him, and he found a place to rest until dawn. When there was enough light to see the signs, he continued on his journey, arriving at then Red Bluff ranch in the forenoon, a day after his departure. That evening, Sean and Kip arrived, having driven the Cadillac over the same treacherous trails. Sean was always one to take his Cadillac where no Cadillac had gone before.

The Red Bluff ranch had 1500 acres. There was abundant grazing land among rolling hills. There were, also, two hayfields, one of about 30 acres that had gone wild and another of about 10 acres of alfalfa that was under irrigation. The buildings consisted of two houses in need of repairs, an outdoor cooler set up to process meat, a large hay barn with loading corrals, an open-fronted shed for equipment that had a workshop containing a forge, and a screened-in sleeping room, separate from the houses.

The equipment consisted of a Ford tractor, a D4 Caterpillar, a hay baler, a mower, a rake, a gang plow, a harrow, a pump and sections of pipe for irrigation, to which the jeep and a ton and a half cattle truck with racks were added. The truck and the military jeep and a Willys jeep pickup, having been maintained by Uncle Kip, who was an excellent mechanic, were in good repair. The equipment that came with the new ranch had seen better days and needed work, but this was the idea: to buy a run-down ranch, fix it up and sell it for a profit. In the meantime, having fun being country squires was the order of the day.

It was fun, and it was a lot of hard work. For fun, Jubal and Fred drove the jeep up the creek bed as far as they could go—and a little further—until they were stuck. Then, they would drive the tractor up the creek bed to pull out the jeep. When both the tractor and the jeep were mired down, they would pull both out with the Cat. They never managed to get the Caterpillar stuck, although Jubal nearly flipped it over going up a creek bank. “Son-of-a-bitch!” he said.

Work on a ranch is never done. Jubal painted the houses white on the outside, and after the interior walls had been removed, insulation installed and covered with beaver board, he painted the inside white, as well. It was on a weekend, one summer, and Fred came to visit. Jubal had just finished putting thin slats of pine over the seams on the bedroom walls. Fred had ridden up with Sean and Blanche. Jubal was looking forward to a weekend free of work.

Fred brought Jubal a half-pint of Scotch and a half-pint of Bourbon for himself. They went to town to see a movie, and when they got back to the ranch, they were very drunk. Jubal’s parents were asleep in one of the two bedrooms, and the boys made

their way to the other. Jubal was tipsy and fell against a wall. Beaver board is made of pressed wood shavings, stronger than cardboard but less substantial than real wood. Jubal's hand went through the wall, and he thought this was funny, so he drove his hand through the wall again. Fred did the same, and then in hysterical glee, they began to careen into the walls, leaving dents and tears on all four walls.

Sean and Blanche were awakened by the commotion and went to investigate, and they were appalled by what they saw, especially as Jubal had now begun to vomit and was spewing puke onto the wreckage. After some very harsh words, the boys were left to sleep in the mess they had made. In the morning, Sean set the two malefactors to digging, with pick and shovel, a trench across a hard-packed gravel road deep enough to bury a culvert. It was not deep enough to hide the boys' shame.

Fred was not the only friend of Jubal's to visit the ranch and risk life, limb, and reputation. Jerry spent a weekend. He claimed he was a falconer. He said he had trained a goshawk to hunt. While riding around the ranch with Jubal, Jerry spotted an owl's nest in a tall tree. A mother owl was seen leaving her nest, and Jerry wanted to climb the tree and get a baby owl. It was maybe 60 feet to the nest. By the time Jerry was near the nest, the mother owl had returned and had begun to harass him. It was also beginning to get dark, and Jerry really had no alternative but to retreat.

Slower going, in descent, with an angry owl making harassing dives, and by the time Jerry was halfway down the tree, it was dark. Seeing Jerry's predicament and the danger he was in, Jubal told him to hold tight, and he angled the jeep in such a way that the headlights lit the tree, but this was not enough light, so he drove the jeep back to the ranch and got the pickup truck that had a spotlight on the cab door. He also brought a couple of flashlights, and with this illumination, Jerry reached the ground safely.

Once the ranch was put in order, it required someone to run it on a day-by-day basis. Stan and Ann did not make the move from the Longvale ranch. An elderly couple, the Greers, who had been on the Red Bluff ranch, who were living in the

smaller house, stayed through the transition. Jubal does not remember their name, but he remembers them with two instances involving small planes. The first instance was when Ben Zimmerman flew Jubal to a local airport in his Piper Cub, and Mr. Greer picked them up and drove them to the ranch. He drove them back to the airport, after the weekend was over. It was Jubal's first experience in a small plane, and all his flying dreams are rooted in this experience.

The second instance was the near fatal crash of a small plane on the ranch. Mr. Greer related how a badly burned man had staggered into the yard, told of his plane crashing, and asked for help. Mr. Greer drove him to the county hospital in Red Bluff for treatment. Mr. Greer pointed in the direction where the plane was said to have hit the ground, and after crisscrossing the area Jubal found the wreckage in a patch of burned brush.

The cockpit was blackened by the fire, and the metal was twisted and melted in places. The tail section was untouched except for scratches, but the plane was a total loss. There was a first-aid kit under the pilot's seat, and Jubal started to remove it but then decided to leave it. No reason: it just seemed the wreck should remain as he found it, an artwork, an assemblage, a flamage.

After the Greys left, Sean hired a man to work on the ranch and then fired him for spending too much time in town in the bars. This information came from Mr. McClintok, a neighbor. Sean hired Art and Goldie to manage the place. Art was handy with machinery and kept the old baler operational, which was no mean feat, as balers are prone to break down. Thus, the term, "haywired." Goldie had worked for Sean and Blanche before she married Art. Sean was happy with the couples' work and was only aggrieved on one occasion, when Goldie's brother-in-law was allowed, without permission from Sean, to hunt on the land. His name was Leon.

It was at the opening of the hunting season. On a Friday evening, as Sean, Uncle Kip, and Jubal were arriving, they saw Leon loading the carcass of a deer into the trunk of his car. He waved and drove away without being formally introduced. Kip said, "The least he could have done is offer to share the meat from his kill." Jubal suspects that it was the larger of the two pet Mule Deer bucks that roamed near

the ranch houses and, after that season, was never seen again. The smaller of the two was later found gut shot, hanging on a barbed wire fence near the creek by the hayfield.

The love affair Jubal had with Goldie and her daughter, René, is told in "Farming." Art and Goldie stayed on the ranch until Sean sold the place. Jubal does not know what became of Art and Goldie. He saw René one last time, after he entered Cal. He had the address of her apartment in Oakland. He rang the bell, and the door was opened by a young girl, who said that she was babysitting. Jubal waited in his car, drinking Scotch, getting out for a spell to write a long love poem with his finger in the dew on the hood of his Chevy.

When René and her date arrived, whoever she was with kissed her goodnight at her door but was not invited in and did not linger. Soon, the babysitter came out and hurried on foot up the street. Jubal waited a couple of minutes and then rang the bell. René said she had been told someone came by, someone who had frightened the girl babysitting. Jubal apologized for that and for the lateness of his visit. René said he could come upstairs and see the baby.

As they were looking at the sleeping infant, René said, "What if it was yours?" Jubal said, "Then we should get married." René asked him to leave and never return. Jubal has many times wondered if his dad had arranged with René to keep her out of his son's life. Sean had certainly made considerable efforts to keep Jubal on track, not that he had much luck according to his particular plans.

The plan Sean had for adding 300 acres of grazing land to the S-D Ranch led Sean and Jubal and young Mr. McClintok to the hermitage of old Mr. McClintok, on a back section that the owner of this neighboring ranch had made his preserve. Old Man McClintok had retired from ranching and left the endless affairs of that enterprise to his son. Now, he lived the life of an old man basking in the sun. He had a two-room cabin, kept a few chickens, and raised goats.

When he needed supplies, he drove a battered pickup truck to town. While he was there, he would stop at a second-hand store and buy a box full of dishes, cups and bowls. Back at his cabin, after he had cooked and eaten a meal, he would pile the

dishes in the sink. When the sink was full of crusty dishes, he would throw them through the window into a dry creek bed.

In the bedroom window, hanging on a hook attached to a cord, there is a gallon crock containing whiskey, cooling. In the corner of the room, near the bed, there is a double-barreled shotgun. Every morning, Old Man McClintok awakes, knocks back a slug of whiskey, picks up his shotgun, goes outside and fires at a chicken hawk. I put this scene in the present because of its archetypal nature: the Eternal Gizzer in Long Johns Blasting Away at His Tormentors—real or imaginary.

READING

As Borges has written, in his *Prologues to a Personal Library*, “A book is a thing among things, a volume among the volumes that populate the indifferent universe, until it meets its reader, the person destined for its symbols. What then occurs is that singular emotion called beauty, that lovely mystery which neither psychology nor criticism can describe.” Jubal was blessed from an early age to discover that emotion and has worshiped at its fount throughout his life.

Jubal has lived the life of a Romantic, meaning that he has been influenced by acts of chivalry, of marvelous achievements, of historical events, of the supernatural, of heroism and kindness, brutality and rapaciousness, anything that appeals to the imagination—most of this, for him, found in books.

Early books that Jubal read with interest were biographies. He had an orange cloth-bound set for young readers: Abraham Lincoln and Davy Crockett were his favorites, perhaps inspiring his love of words and of living in the outdoors. Jubal checked out a copy of *Early Man* from the Bret Harte Junior High School library, and this book opened his mind to a version of history greatly expanding on what he knew from reading *The Bible*. He remains astonished at the length of time we spent chipping flint and how this industry continued to very recent times. In it are embedded modern science and technology.

There was an edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* in the family's home. Jubal read sections at random, articles on the Peloponnesian War, on the Pegasus, and the pelvis. There were not many books in the family library. His parents read magazines—*Time*, *Life*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Redbook*, the *Reader's Digest*—but Jubal checked out books from the library. Mr. Roberts, the teacher for Jubal's American Problems class, which was for seniors in High School (Oakland '59) where questions could be raised about what was really going on in the world, had an extensive reading list that he recommended to his students. Sigmund Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* introduced Jubal to theories of psychology, as did Alan Watts's *Psychotherapy East & West*.

Jubal liked Freud's bold ideas and style of writing which brooked no argument, but somehow Watts, who lived just across the Bay, on a houseboat in Sausalito, rang a bell closer to home. Zen. Jubal, having glimpsed a clandestine copy of Ginsberg's *Howl & Other Poems*, was drawn to City Lights Bookstore where he found an array of far-out literature: *Beat Zen, Square Zen and Zen* by Alan Watts, *Abomunist Manifesto* by Bob Kaufman, *Gasoline Alley* by Gregory Corso, and a witty little book called *Twink* by Robert Shure that Jubal enjoyed giving to girls he dated.

Other books on Mr. Robert's list that raised Jubal's consciousness: Rachael Carson's *Silent Spring*, a book that addressed the effects of pesticides on the environment. (The term "ecology" was not yet in vogue.); Margret Mead's *Growing Up in Samoa*; and Ruth Benedict's *Totem & Taboos*. Both anthropological books introduced Jubal to divergent behavioral patterns. Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* took things a step further. Its themes of colonialism and racism became an allegory for America's incursion into Vietnam during the coming decade.

At Cal, beyond the books assigned in class, there were interesting books on people's coffee tables. Jubal discovered James Joyce's *Ulysses* and read what he could with the help of Stuart Gilbert's interpretation and the same for *Finnegan's Wake* with the help of Joseph Campbell's "skeleton key." Salinger's works were popular. And Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land* and Günter Grass's *The Tin Drum*. And, later,

the *Artaud Anthology*. And Alexandria David-Neel's *Magic and Mystery in Tibet*. Jubal wondered why the works of P.D. Ouspensky were not on the philosophy department's reading list.

Ernest Blank, one of Jubal's mentors, introduced our young scholar to the Morrison Room in the Doe Library. And there Jubal heard a reading of Homer's *Illiad*, and although he could not understand the story, he could hear the clash of arms on the battlefield. The sound of it amazed him. He listened to spoken word recordings and began to appreciate the beauty of language. He liked to sit in this luxurious setting, sink into an armchair, and read. He found it to be one of the greatest pleasures in life.

A lifetime of reading would require a lifetime to relate, perhaps as many lifetimes as those of the characters in the books themselves. It was during Jubal's stint as a bookseller, in Robber's Roost, that he became less of a purist, in the sense of reading only "great" books, and he learned to enjoy reading genre literature. Mysteries, science fiction and fantasy, espionage, and suspense, and, yes, romance all had their places on Jubal's shelves. And since this popular literature paid Windy City's rent, Jubal felt he should sample his wares.

Who are Jubal's favorites? He likes his spies to be crafty. He thinks John Le Carré writes as good a sentence and develops a plot as well as any writer of fiction that has come along, past or present, and his oeuvre creates a picture of the clandestine world and all its moral ambiguities that is epic in scope. Jubal likes his detectives hard boiled. Dashell Hammet's *Continental Op* is the prototype. In fantasy, Jubal is charmed by Ursula K. LeGuin. Jubal distinguished between science fiction and science fantasy in that sci-fi usually has some hard science at its root, whereas sci-fan just gets you where you are going by some magical means. Jubal is a fan of Huxley, Heinlein, Philip K. Dick, and William Gibson. For suspense, it is hard to improve on Poe, but Steven King is certainly a worthy successor and just as "literary." As for romantic novels, no one has improved on Jane Austin. Jubal is still a classicist in his tastes. While in retreat, Jubal seldom reads, but when he does he mainly reads dharma books, although he has read an occasional secular work, like the amazing *Moby Dick*. He considers *Jitterbug Perfume* by Tom Robbins to be a

dharmabook.

Jubal's first encounter with Tibetan Buddhism occurred as he was walking up Telegraph Avenue, in Berkeley in 1959, and he saw a *kapala* (a human skull made into a bowl) and a *kangling* (a human thighbone trumpet) in a curio shop window. He was immediately aware that they were ritual items and assumed they had made their way to Berkeley because Tibetan refugees had been forced to sell their sacred relics to survive. "Weird," he thought, "show me more."

Buddhism was a new subject of interest to Jubal. Knowledge of the Vajrayana (Tibetan Buddhism) was still esoteric. Zen was the form mostly practiced in the West. Jubal received glimmerings of Buddhist thought from reading Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* and *Dharma Bums*. In 1963, while visiting New York, he saw a copy of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* on a coffee table. He asked his friend, Paul Babbington, if he gave any credence to the ideas in this book. Paul replied, "Why would I believe in such primitive notions?" When Jubal returned to Berkeley, he bought a copy of this fascinating but difficult to read book at Moe's Bookstore.

Jubal read on. He read Christian mystics with joy: *The Dark Night of the Soul* by Saint John of the Cross, *Way of Perfection* by Saint Teresa of Ávila, *The Imitation of Christ* by Thomas à Kempis, and Evelyn Underhill's *Mysticism*. Thanks to Ernest Blank, Jubal was able to peruse the two-volume set of Jacob Boehme's *Mysterium Magnum* and *Signatura Rerum* among the rare books in the Doe Library. After his bust for flagrantly plagiarizing from Alfred Kazan's introductory essay to *The Portable Blake*, Jubal retained an interest in Blake scholarship. Boehme was a major influence on Blake, and William Blake became a major influence on Jubal as a printer-poet.

A study of the occult became necessary in order to broaden his education. The *Secret Doctrine* by Madam Blavatsky, *A New Model of the Universe* and *Territum Organum* by P.D. Ouspensky, and *A Vision* by William Butler Yeats found their way into Jubal's hands. Jubal continued to have interest in Eastern religions and philosophy. He read *Essays in Zen Buddhism* by D.T. Suzuki, *One Hundred Poems from the*

Chinese, translated by Kenneth Rexroth, and *Rip Rap and Cold Mountain Poems* by Gary Snyder. He read *Autobiography of a Yogi* by Yogananda on a bus ride to and from Los Angeles. Believing he had a calling to be a recluse, he tried to enter a monastic order at the Vedanta Society, but he was told by a Swami that he would have to attend a few meetings first.

He had not yet learned how to “sit,” other than to burn some incense, sit before a candle, and pass a joint. Eastern ideas remained paradoxical and ambiguous to him. He found the Church Fathers easier to understand. On November 23, 1963, he was in Moe’s Bookstore reading *Summa Theologica* by Saint Thomas Aquinas when the music program on KPFA was interrupted, and the assassination of President Kennedy was announced. This pulled Jubal out of his enchantment with the Middle Ages. He walked out of Moe’s and up the street, but at the corner of Haste & Telegraph he was unable to cross, feeling a heavy sadness and a smoldering anger and seeing a dark stain on the world, an indelible stain. He knew he could not return to that age of bygone glory.

In the sense of turning an idea into action, the most important book Jubal ever read was *How to Live in the Woods on \$10 per Week* by Bradford Angiers. Living in Ketchikan, Alaska, in 1968, Jubal was inspired to move with his wife and child to a cabin near Deep Bay, fifteen miles by boat from the nearest road. Among the books Jubal took to the woods was a treasured copy of *Walden* by Henry David Thoreau. He also took Ezra Pound’s *Cantos*, *Foundation of Tibetan Mysticism* by Lama Anagarika Govinda, and two novels by T. Lapsang Rampa, *Cave of the Ancients* and *Doctor from Lhasa*. These last two books, by an Englishman who one day came downstairs for breakfast and told his wife that he was a reincarnated Tibetan Lama, had a profound effect on Jubal. Fictional as they are, they created a vibrant, romantic portrait of the Land of the Snows and the masters of meditation who lived there.

The hodgepodge of ideas welling in Jubal’s brain began to be sorted and put into order at the University of Alaska, in Fairbanks, which he attended between 1972 and 1974. He took classes in Western Philosophy and Eastern Philosophy from Professor Walter Benesh. Since the number of students in the classes were usually

the same students, the discussions often were far-ranging. The Pre-Socratics, the Taoists, Descartes, Hume, Kant, Nagarjuna, and Heidegger, all mixed into a heady stew; but it meant that Jubal could be comfortable at any table, whether the subject was Dewey's "instrumentalism" or the Chinese emphasis on the "rectification of names."

It is fitting and agreeably ironic that a plagiarist became a poet and an avid reader and convicted book thief became a book seller. Windy City Books opened in Robber's Roost, Washington, in 1978, selling new and used books, coffees, teas, cards and prints. For seventeen years, Jubal tried to find the right book for the right person at the right time and for the right price. He would like to make it clear that the "O.P." marked in pencil in the upper right-hand corner of his used books, next to the dollar amount, meant out-of-print, not over-priced.

Thoreau remarks in one of his essays that he had observed travelers with knapsacks wander by his cabin with a carefree air about their movements, but he knew that, although they seemed to have momentarily abandoned their burdens, they had left behind them a barn load of possessions. When Jubal sold his bookstore to his son, Alvin, he stored the rare book and poster collection that he and Angel had begun in Berkeley and that he had added to over the years. I guess he did not believe that there really was life after retail.

Han Shan would laugh—
It only seems I've moved ahead

He heard wood choppers
I hear chainsaws on the valley floor

And my cabin, Luminous Peak?
Not one but two shelves of books

RED PATH

I've been told the Eskimo have eighty words for snow. The Haida, the Tlingit, and the Kwakwaka'wakw, who live in the rainforests of the Northwest probably have that many for rain. It has been known to rain as much as 200 inches in a year in Ketchikan. Jubal says that "Ketchikan" is a Tlingit word that means "spread of an eagle's wings," although *Wikipedia* mentions "thundering wings of the eagle" among various possibilities.

Jubal became friends with two Tlingit brothers, Ollie and John, when he worked at Ketchikan Cold Storage. Ollie was a drinking companion, and John, the one with whom he hunted. Ollie lived in the village on South Tongass Avenue, and John lived with his wife in a small apartment in town. The indigenous peoples of Alaska were lucky not to be subjugated to the indignity of the Reservation.

Jubal never met John's wife. When Jubal visited him, John would answer the door and come out, shutting the door behind him. Once, Jubal heard a girl's voice say, "But I want to see him," to which John said, "Keep the door locked and don't come out." A wise man's move with Jubal about.

Fairbanks, Alaska, is situated at the juncture of the Chena and the Tanana rivers, just south of the Arctic Circle, the "Land of the Midnight Sun." Jubal was a student at the University, and Angel worked as Information Secretary at the Student Union Building. They lived in married student housing, and Alvin went to daycare in the village and mail drop, called College. During the summer, Angel was in charge of tours. Jubal was her bus driver, and he would regale his passengers with the lore he had picked up reading local history:

1901, Captain Barnette sets up a trading post; Felix Pedro discovers gold near Fox, site of the Red Dog Saloon, the setting for Robert Service's 'Ice Worm Saga'—

*Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway
From my ruthless throne for a million years and a day
Hugging my mighty treasure, waiting for man to come.*

Miners call the place Fairbanks after an admired senator from Indiana, later a vice-

president under Teddy Roosevelt; census in 1912, 3500, present population, 84000; Barnette became the most hated man in town after his bank failed. In these early years of settlement, the Tanana Valley was an important agricultural center for Alaska...

Angel would arrange for a small plane to fly the tourists to Arctic Village where they could buy native handicrafts and artifacts. The natives of the interior are in the Northern Athabascan language group. The village was in two locations. The younger generation preferred to live in the government buildings next to the airport which they maintained, while the older generation lived further up river in a more traditional setting. Jubal has a pair of exquisite, beaded moccasins and a soap stone pipe, called a chillum, that he acquired on those excursions.

When Allen Ginsberg visited this village and was introduced by the bush pilot, a young man said that he knew who Allen was and that he had read "Howl." Allen said that he had a similar experience in the Australian Outback, where an Aboriginal had asked him how Bob Dylan was doing.

Not all the people were that hip. One morning, in winter, on his way into the library building, Jubal noticed a man and a woman with a baby, bundled up in furs, standing in an alcove. Later, when he came out the building, this family was still there. He asked if they were waiting for someone, and the man, a boy really, said he was unable to locate a room and showed Jubal a piece of paper with a name and number in the 2000s. The young man said that he had looked all through the library, a building that contained classrooms, but he could not find a number beyond 1000. Jubal took them inside and led them into an elevator. When he pushed a button and the floor began to tremble, there was a look of awe, if not terror, in the couple's eyes. When the door opened and they were in completely different surroundings, they were in a state of amazement. Jubal showed them the stairwell and told them that this passageway also connected the floors, but that if they descended beyond the first floor, they would find themselves in a basement, another concept with which they would be unfamiliar.

So far, Jubal had not connected to the Red Path in any formal way. In 1994, during his first year at Yeshe Ling as a volunteer, he met Richard Running Deer. Jubal had seen this man in a black cowboy hat delivering water to the land in his pickup truck. He was surprised when Richard Running Deer asked him to come to one of his teachings. When Jubal went to the fire circle that night, Richard Running Deer was wearing the full regalia of a Ute Medicine Man. In his head dress of eagle feathers and his beaded shirt and leggings, he was an impressive sight.

He asked various people to stand, while he wove a spell with a fan made of Macaw feathers. Then, he gave each person a psychic reading. To Jubal, he said, "You are always standing back. Are you a teacher?" Jubal said he did not think he was a teacher. The medicine man said, "Don't be so sure. You need to acknowledge yourself; no one but you can do this."

TOO MANY HORSES, NOT ENOUGH SADDLES
for Richard Running Deer

Where do you come from?
Before anything
there was dirt
a breast-shaped mountain
a valley, a plain
just dirt

Mother Nature wearing
a dress with many pockets
looks over the land
and bends low
moving her hands
she makes clouds

Taking seeds from her pockets
she throws a few here

some there, some in the valley
pfff, pfff, pfff
some on the plain, pfff, pff
and on the mountain, pff
she stands up and the clouds leave
and she calls Father Sky
“Bring the sun over here”
this is on the first day

On the second day
she takes a look
and makes adjustments
she says to Father Sky
“Take the sun back
back further, over there!”
and she takes some seeds
from a pocket way in the back
that she’s never used before
pfff, pfff, over here
pfff, pfff over there

Mother Nature is a lot like us
she’s never satisfied
always making corrections
pfff, pfff, pfff

Then she takes the water people
from a pocket near her hem
and sets them to one side
and the winged people
and the four-legged people
from yet other pockets
she takes the two-legged people
and sets them to one side
and says, “Pay attention
don’t say anything

watch what I do
and I'll explain later"

This story goes on
Mother Nature adds
and subtracts, she points
the water people toward the valley
and the four-legged people
to the mountain and the plain
the two legged people
beg her to have their place
but first she tells
the winged people
to fly over the land
and report back to her

She invites the leaders
of the peoples to a circle
the Bear tells the humans
"I will give you wisdom
but you can't hunt me"
the Elk offers bones
for tools and hides for clothes
and meat for food
the Fish promises
to keep the river water clean
and the Eagle to carry
messages to the Great Spirit

And the story goes on
for a long time
and I may have forgotten
a part, like about Coyote
promising to be a teacher

The Conquistadors come

with their firesticks
and the Bluecoats with their rifles
now, we're in the time
of the third language, T.V. land
and Mother Nature looks over
the breast-shaped mountain
at Bobcat bounding
from an alter at YesheLing

A new moon
yip yap and yowl of Coyote
screech of Hawk
and drumming sounds
from a yurt at the base
of the Continental Divide
east meets west
we're back to basics
wood and water, water and wood
the energy of vajra
song and dance

Our love of the land
is our comfort and strength
this the Ute people know
this the Buddha people know
the sangha is a circle
here is where we are from
awake to the scent of rabbitear sage
ears hear fire, eyes see light
all one taste
garden of fire, garden of stars
garden of air

This cosmological poem came to Jubal in a dream, transmitted in one piece. He woke up and wrote it. He made some stanza breaks and added a few

embellishments at the end, but it is mainly a rendering of a story told by Richard Running Deer at a teaching he gave in a tipi in Kapala Meadow, at Yeshe Ling. Jubal showed the poem to his teacher and asked if it was ok to make it into a chapbook. Richard Running Deer said, "It's a version of a story I told, but it is your poem." Jubal was given a Macaw feather and told to keep it hidden in a secure place, as it was a symbol of his initiation onto the Red Path. He was given the name Jubal Sitting in the Bookstore. I doubt there is a Ute translation.

Grandma Bertha Groves, a woman then in her 70s, lived with her husband, Vincent, on the Southern Ute Reservation, land that adjoins Yeshe Ling. In the early years, the retreat season would begin with Native American ceremonies: Grandma Bertha would teach on herbs and healing, and Vincent would lead a sweat. Grandma Bertha always asked Jubal to make her coffee because she liked the way he made it. His secret was Folger's Instant (and not too strong), the way his mother drank it.

That Utes and Whites, both male and female, could sweat together (with the exception of women on their "moon time") was a controversial issue among members of the tribe. Grandma Bertha Groves was one who made no distinctions and believed the Red Path to be open to all. Some of the sweats were rigorous. Jubal contends the Ute's were extracting revenge, but it is more likely that Vincent was used to the intense heat. A factor to also consider is that there was a degree of insensibility to pain because Vincent often consumed peyote beforehand. Still, when Jubal was invited to a sweat at Grandma Bertha's lodge and she led the sweat, she did not put forty rocks in the pit.

MOTHER OF ALL SWEATS

for small feather

It's the equinox

a lot of newbees in the lodge

maybe too many bodies for 40 rocks.

In the first round

a girl behind me starts to cry
and in the second round
Jack, a veteran of many sweats
passes out.

Vincent tells Jack to sit up
and Jack sits up
but soon his head is in my lap.
Third round
a boy near the door asks to be let out
and the girl behind me, moaning now
says her body is numb.
She is shocked by this big Ute
spitting water in her face.

We're in the womb.
No one leaves prematurely.
Teetering at the edge of the pit
a man is talking to his selves.
The spirits are moving.
He's asking why he is here—
"Let me out of here, I can't take it."
Vincent has never seen such a thing
but he lets them out.

The Tibetans have a saying,
Until the head is cooked
of what use is the tongue?

One spring, members of the Maoris from New Zealand visited Yeshe Ling. Mortimer, a master mason, was helping to build a stupa on the land, and he was married to a Maoris princess. Nima, another Maori, was a friend. They were students of Lama Rinchen.

NIMA'S FIRST SWEAT

Vincent tells this warrior
To sit in front, and Nima sits
As close as he can to the pit

The scar tissue of an old wound
The scar tissue of his past
Blisters in the sweating prayers

Ute and Maori know
In the beginning, something breaks

Nadia, the queen mother, gave Jubal a green stone pendant, whose name in the Maori language means "Vast Expanse" and that by accepting her gift, Jubal became a Maori known as Son of Vast Expanse.

Jubal has connections with the Sioux. Sparky Shooting Star and Horse Hubble came to the land to lead a Vision Quest. The Vision Quest, the Sweat Lodge, the Pipe Ceremony, the Giveaway, the Sundance, and the Cord Cutting are some of the traditional ceremonies practiced by the different branches of the Sioux Tribe.

CORD CUTTING

Yeshe asks me to be her surrogate father
Lloyd, born 1917 in Arkansas
Shirsten will play the part of Emma
the mother, born in Peru
We meet at the sweat lodge
Yeshe is wearing peasant clothing
a long skirt, a white blouse
Sparky Shooting Star and Lama Prajna
stand to one side to guide us

The three of us form a triangle

with a ribbon around our waists
and Emma and I speak to our daughter
how she has lived up to our expectations
time, now, for her to be on her own

As she wrestles with this separation
we cut the cord of one too long in our service
and her tears fling aside the pretense of the rite
and hammer home the meaning of being grown

The Vision Quest is popular among the teens. They spend one night without shelter in Hidden Valley. There is an experienced guide to set the questers in the place in the woods for their night alone. Still, the parents cannot help but worry.

VISION QUEST: SO MANY RAINBOWS

The mothers sit by the fire chanting
I can see them in the lightning flash
Rain comes down in sheets—I can't
Tell if it's all rain or the mothers' tears

The questers hope to encounter an animal or have some experience, the more supernatural the better, to signify not only their bravery but the possibility of a “life vision” during this rite of passage. In 2008, a girl was visited by a cougar. The girl was sitting beneath the tree she had chosen, wrapped in a tarp, and the cougar stood before her and, then, moved away into the shadows. Jubal thought it might have been a bobcat. “It was big,” the girl said, “and it had a tail.” A cougar, then. Jubal has had opportunities to demonstrate his knowledge of survival skills to the Indians.

BUILDING A FIRE FOR THE MEDICINE MAN

I throw a few leaves in the fire pit
Add a cluster of twigs, stuff in a napkin
Stir the ashes and light a match to this confusion.

A puff of smoke from the leaves
A branch catches, crackles
And goes out.

Horse asks, "What are you doing?"
"Making a fool of myself," I answer
"Just wondering," he says.

Lorain Fox Davis and Chief Avril Looking Horse visited Yeshe Ling on route to Crow Dog's Paradise on the Pine Ridge Reservation, in South Dakota, for a Sundance. The Chief is the custodian of the original pipe given to the Sioux by White Buffalo Woman. At times (usually long periods), the pipe is unwrapped, and Pipe Holders touch their pipes to this Supreme Source to renew the spiritual connection they have in unity with their brothers and sisters.

Jubal's son, Alvin, although he did not attend that gathering, is a Pipe Holder and has completed his four-year commitment as a Sundancer. What follows is a piece written after Jubal returned from the Pine Ridge Reservation, in 2005.

SUNDANCE

Something to sleep on, that's a good place to begin. We spend a third of our life in bed, so having a good mattress is important when you're camping. I'm always using used stuff. I had a thin, camping mattress I'd inherited from a friend, and I took it with me to the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota and blew it up, and the air went right out of it, and I looked at it, and it had half a dozen patches, and I thought, "Oh, that was silly of me." We had to go to town the next morning, so I bought a new air mattress, which I could inflate with a pump plugged into the car's cigarette lighter.

I set my tent on a slight slope and had to prop the mattress up with stuff out of my pack. It was like being on a waterbed, only it was an airbed, jiggled, but I did get a good night's sleep. The Sundancers had their tents in a separate area, near the sweat lodge. My son, Alvin, had plans to dance. I helped Melanie and Keith, his wife and son, get their tent set up down the road from the arbor and the dance circle. Alvin made his camp in the area reserved for the dancers.

Next, we had to cut a tree for the ceremony. First, we went to the wrong spot. We followed a car that went to the area where a tree had been cut the year before, and we looked around, and then we drove back to Mark's, the medicine man's, house. We had driven around for an hour, and just as we pulled up and parked, Mark walked out, got in his pickup, and everyone got in their vehicles and followed him, along with another pickup towing a long flatbed, out his driveway and down a reservation road. We drove back to where we'd been. Mark and his helpers climbed down the side of a hill to the cottonwood that had been chosen.

There's a young girl, who plays the role of White Buffalo Calf Woman. In some ceremonies, there are four girls, but in this case there was just Amelia, the adopted daughter of Dan and Marcie, from Robber's Roost, Washington, and she took a brand new ax and made a mark on the tree in each of the four directions. Then, a man shimmied up and ropes were thrown to him. The ropes come from the guys that are going to pierce. They have to have their ropes ready. It's part of their gear. They have to be prepared. They have their pipe and their skirt and their rope. Their pipe has to be wrapped with sage, and they make anklets and bracelets and a crown of sage. They mark their ropes in a special way, and there were bits of colored cloth tied to the ropes, this one with red, this one with a strip of red and blue, and so forth. Eleven men tied onto the tree, the Tree of Life.

We were parked along the road. People drove by and stopped. Little groups of people, family, connected to the dancers. People looking at one another, checking each other out. I'm a Tibetan Buddhist monk, but I wasn't wearing my robes. I wore my jeans because I wanted to help with the tree, which had to be caught. It can't touch the ground. All the ropes were attached, and a man took the ax and whacked the tree, and it fell, and while some of us used our hands to steady

the tree, others steadied it with their ropes.

This cottonwood didn't seem so big, down in the gully, but after we caught it and carried it up to the road to the trailer it was more impressive. A chainsaw was called for, and some smaller trees with forked limbs were cut to support the tree on the trailer, so that the branches wouldn't drag on the ground. A few leaves touched the roadway, but the bulk of the tree was propped up and tied down, and then the caravan set off for the Sacred Circle. It was dramatic, the cars following the tree along the road across the prairie at sunset. People driving the opposite direction stopped their cars, showing respect. They knew it was a Sundance Tree. They knew these dancers were going to dance for the people.

The arbor for the Sundance was tucked behind a low hill. You couldn't see the arbor coming up the road until you were right on it. The arbor was about forty feet in diameter. Small, forked trees covered with pine boughs for shade. Inside the arbor in another circle there were tiny prayer sticks with a strings of tobacco ties at the top. Different colors for each direction. Four gates with larger prayer sticks. Yellow in the east, red in the west, green in the north and blue in the south. At the red end was an altar for the pipes and the Tanka, the buffalo skull. In the center, a pit had been dug for the tree.

By the time we arrived, it was getting dark, and people bustled around. The ropes were removed, and the lower limbs were trimmed off the trunk. And then, there was the ceremonial process of taking the tree into the center of the Sacred Hoop. There were four stops, and we had to hold the tree above the ground. I counted forty of us, and the tree must've been forty-two feet tall. We could have used two more people. It was that heavy. At each stop, the Pipe Girl proffered the pipe to a direction, and the medicine man chanted. To the north, to the east, to the south, to the west, and we held the tree off the ground.

After these stops, we took the tree through the East Gate, and again held the tree, while women tied prayer ties in the upper branches, along with special objects. A bundle of wild cherry branches. The skin of a buffalo, cut in the shape of a buffalo, with the hair intact. And a cardboard cutout of a man with a hoop in one

hand and a pipe in the other, which was tied in the branches above the buffalo. While the women worked, we held the tree. I heard a crackling, buzzing, crunching sound, and I turned, and above the East Gate, a meteor was burning up in the atmosphere. Crackling and blowing up.

There's a character in the Lakota lore called Fallen Star, so a falling star seemed appropriate and a good omen for the Sundance. Then, all the dancers that had plans to pierce tied their ropes onto the tree for a second time. At this point, the ropes were used to raise the tree, and everyone huffed and puffed and pulled and pushed. The men with the ropes spaced out around the circle and steadied the tree, while some packed the earth around the base. The tree is considered to be alive at this time. It represents the axis of the world and is a symbol of rejuvenation, of renewal. The medicine man, who is known as the Interceptor, and his helpers did their ceremonial thing. The ropes were rolled up, and we went to bed. The ropes dangled from the tree, ready for the time when the piercing would begin.

Piercing is the most dramatic part of the Sundance, but it is not the biggest part. It happens near the end, but before then, there is a lot of dancing. There are different sides to this dance: a physical side, an emotional side, an intellectual side, and a spiritual side. These correlate with levels of interpretation. A literal level, the dance, the sun, the heat. Then, there's the emotional pressure on staying the course. The metaphorical or allegorical side is revealed in the stories behind the ceremonies. The flesh sacrifice that mirrors the Lakota tale of Inyan, where the first creation was accomplished through giving blood, giving life force. And, there's the spiritual part. The dancing for the people. The sacrifice of something that is yours alone to give. To renew, to purify and heal, like the Chöd practice, in Tibetan Buddhism, where we symbolically cut ourselves up into small pieces with a knife and feed our demons.

The women don't pierce. But they cut pieces of flesh from their arms. They can cut one piece or one hundred pieces. Not big pieces, just big enough so they bleed. There are different reasons to give flesh offerings. It's part of the myth of rejuvenation. This is the offering that connects you with the totality, to propitiate the cosmos. It may be you do it for your grandmother, who is ill, and at the same

time you do it for the people as a whole. And then, you do it for yourself, for the vision, for the courage, for the honor, for fortitude. To return to the roots of your personality. A solar return.

The dancers don't all have extensive knowledge about the symbolic qualities of the dance; some have more, the medicine man and his helpers; but for most it is enough to know what they are doing is good for the people. It's natural for there to be a macho attitude, but I've heard that there are Sundances where a person who is just into body piercing can go and pay money and pierce. The Lakota consider this a desecration of their tradition.

Again, the piercing is not the main part of the Sundance. It comes near the end. The main part of the dance is dance. The drummers drum; the singers sing; and the dancers dance. There are pipes to be smoked and prayers to be offered up to the Great Spirit, Wakan Tanka.

I was there to help Melanie and Keith and to support my son. The Lakota culture has a division of labor. There's men's work and there's women's work. Old men were traditionally left in the camp with the women and children, while the young men went off to hunt. Old Buddhist monks fall into another category, as I will tell about later. As an elder, you get a lot of perks. Like you can wear moccasins if you dance.

And then, a windstorm came along. Blew tents over. Blew tarps away. Blew about 18 hours straight. Kept everyone awake all night. So, after getting the tree set up and a day of dancing, everyone had an exhausting night of sleep. The dancers get nothing to eat or drink. No food or water. Four days dancing in 100 degrees of heat. But the prairie was still green. There had been a thunderstorm just before we arrived. The year before it had gotten up to 107° and the ground was scorched. This year it stayed in the high 90s with a sweet zephyr, so it was tolerable in the shade. Still, with the sun beating down, I could see that Dan was getting second degree burns. Alvin, who has tattoos covering his back and shoulders, lucked out, because they covered his tattoos with a paste made from finely-ground pipe stone, most likely so there wouldn't be a conflict of religious symbols. This saved him from

severe burns. Alvin said the dancers found some sun screen, and they used it, although they weren't supposed to, but they did because it was there, because when you're at higher altitudes, the air is rarified and the sun burns ever so more deeply.

The medicine man decides what medicine they need. One day they got a plum. Alvin said it was the best plum he ever tasted. One day there were lemons. They sucked them and ate the peels. But they didn't get much sustenance. And then, they smoke. Tobacco. It's the Indian thing. Maybe not Marlboros, and they didn't pay attention to the Surgeon General's warning. Alvin, who chews, started smoking during his breaks because he couldn't spit on the ground inside the Sacred Hoop. They smoked and they sweat. They went from a 100° dance in the sun to a 140° sweat lodge. Much cooler when they came out. Rigorous.

Nobody failed. Well, one dancer had a close call, nearly passed out, but he was pierced deeply. In the Spielberg TV series, *Into the West*, the young medicine man, Beloved of the Buffalo, pierces and dances from sunrise to sunset, but he was seeking a particular vision. The Sundance on Mark's land began later than sunrise, but it still had to do with ritual time. There were so many rounds that needed to be completed each day.

The first day, I wanted to see the dancers get started. I wasn't sure of the etiquette. I had heard all kind of things. No shoes, no jewelry. No photography. But I'd read some. I'd plowed through a copy of Maile's *Sundancing on the Pine Ridge Reservation* and a copy of Black Elk's *Sacred Pipe*, which Alvin bought when we stopped at Battleground National Monument in Wyoming. It was important to tune into this battle scene. I overheard a man ask a young Sioux clerk at the museum if she had any more the Custer's Last Stand T-shirts, and she made an interesting Freudian slip. "No," she said, "we ran over them."

At the Sundance site, Keith and I took folding chairs and went to the arbor. We found a place to sit near the entrance. The drummer and singers began on a cue. The dancers walked in procession, led by the Interceptor and White Buffalo Calf Woman, around the outside of the arbor and entered the East Gate. They took

their places in the circle. This is where they would dance and where they would eventually pierce. Alvin was on the far side. Number two, low on the totem pole because this was his first Sundance. Last year he had been a helper. Now, he was prepared for the real thing. On his right, Wayne, one of the dancers who, the year previous had split before the dance was completed. Soren was on Alvin's left. Soren is a friend of Alvin's from Robber's Roost, and he too is a dancer who had broken ranks the year before. Therefore, Wayne and Soren had dues to pay. Alvin said that he was put next to Soren to lend him support. A controversy rages around the issue of Wasichus (Whites) dancing in the Sundance. I heard a Lakota say they must try and keep the purity of their tradition, so that their children and their children's children will survive and prosper in the sacred manner intended by the Great Spirit. I heard another Lakota say that anyone interested in learning the Lakota way is welcome, and that this has always been the way.

At any rate, we were there, and we entered the arbor. The grass under the arbor was sharp because they had mowed it. The grasslands in general are beautiful, lush, an ocean of grass. The prairie, so many grasses. I looked them up: big bluestem, little bluestem, switchgrass, Indian grass, prairie sandBeadle, prairie cordgrass, western wheatgrass, green needle grass, blue grama, side-oat grama, ricegrass, dotted greyfeather, buffalo grass.

Imagine tens of thousands of buffalo. Imagine wagon trains waiting two or three days for a herd to pass. The Sundance must be conceived in this context. The grasses, the buffalo, the dancers dancing for the people who follow the buffalo.

Keith and I found a place to dance. I danced in my robes. When a round of the song was finished, the dancers raised their arms to the sky. This is called a pushup. There might be twenty pushups to a dance. And at the end of each dance, the dancers lined up at the South Gate and presented their pipes, two or three at a time, to people picked from under the arbor by the helpers. By the end of the day, all the pipes had to be smoked. The pipe is presented four times, and on the fourth presentation, you take the pipe back to your group and share it with your friends and the people in the group next to yours. This allows people to meet one another. The pipe is passed, and the expression, "Mitakuye oyasin" is said after you have

taken a few tokes on the cherry bark mix in the pipe. The expression translates as “to all my relatives.” The word “Lakota” means an alliance of friends.

The dancers dance in place. They are given a place and they dance there. They dance to the beat of drum. The step can be to every beat or to every other beat, so some dancers dance faster than others. Some dance higher; some dance with their feet closer to the ground. Wayne danced high. Alvin danced lower, but Alvin had a double step. I saw only one other dancer use this step. He touched his heel and the ball of his foot to the ground, a double-action two-step. Dan said he thought this step was more complicated than was needed, but he said it was important to find a step that worked for you, because you were going to have to use it day in and day out for four days. The ground gets hot. You dance, and the grass is gone, and you must dance on the bare ground. You have to have a step that works for you.

While the dancers dance, they blow a flute made from the bone of an eagle’s wing. Some don’t like to blow the flute, because it takes extra energy, so they forget their flute. Alvin looked for one. He asked at Prairie Edge, a store in Rapid City that sells Indian regalia, but they didn’t have one, so he was able to say he tried. Most dancers blow the flute, which has a tinny sound when you hear it from a distance. The combination of the regular beat of the drum and the randomness of the high-pitched flute is eerie and other-worldly.

Purification and sacrifice. That’s the path. I had arrived thinking the dancers danced day and night after they pierced, for four days, without food or water. So, I was relieved to find out they only danced during the day without food or water, that they pierced near the end, and that they got to sleep at night. This is surely a painful religion, but it is a religion of thanksgiving, a religion of rebirth, renewal, and healing.

To some extent, the flesh offering resembles the Crucifixion of Jesus. The tree with the cherry branches attached is the cross. The Sun Dance. The Son of God. So, there are crossovers in symbolism, and many of the dancers are Christians. However, the Sundance has its place in a tradition separate from Christianity. The

dance was given to the Sioux by White Buffalo Calf Woman maybe a thousand years before Christ or maybe 500 years ago. Where were the Sioux a thousand years ago? This was before the horse. They would have used dogs to haul their belonging. Driven buffalo off cliffs and speared them. Ethnologists say the Sioux came from North Carolina, were pushed up to Minnesota, and then came a great migration in the 17th century, and with this was the fusion of the horse, the bow and the buffalo that made the rise of the Sioux Nation on the prairie possible. But it is also possible that some of the people were already on the plains, that they had been practicing their theology around the Black Hills from time immemorial. Certain archeoastronomical aspects of their religion indicate that this is so, and the Lakota would like to believe it.

Man mirrors the universe. This is the anagogical side of the dance. As above, so below. The human reflects the divine. Again, the Sundance is one rite given by White Buffalo Calf Woman. She was a maiden. Two warriors saw her in a mist. She was naked. One of the warriors had lustful thoughts, and he tried to rape her. She turned him into a nest of snakes. The other warrior was humble, and she revealed the seven ceremonies to him. Then, she turned herself into the white buffalo. The ceremonies on earth unite the people to the ceremonies that are being performed in the heavens.

Among these rites is the Pipe Ceremony. The smoking of the pipe begins with loading tobacco, or other substances, into a pipe and then acknowledging the four directions, as well as Mother Earth and Father Sky, and ends with a final offering to the Great Spirit, Wakan Tanka. The pipe is held by the bowl with the stem pointed outward while it is smoked, and in the last step the pipe is held with its stem pointed straight upward, out into the center of the universe. This is how your spirit is unified with the spirit of the Great Mystery. It acts as an interface between you and the divine. Not to be disrespectful, but in this respect the pipe is Jesus Christ. Black Elk said, "You killed your Jesus Christ, but we never killed our pipe."

In another way, this is very Buddhist. Wakan Tanka is like the Dharmakaya, that which is beyond quantification. Then, there are Superior Gods, like the great Boddhisattvas of the Sambhogakaya. Inyan had no beginning, since he was there

before any other. His spirit was Wankan Tanka, and he was the first god. Inyan felt a need to exercise his power, so he spread himself around in a great disc, which he named Maka. To create Maka, Inyan opened his veins and bled. His blood was blue and made the waters and the sky. At first, Inyan was like a soft cloud, but after giving his life force to create the world, he became hard, like the rock.

It is said Wankan Tanka gave the buffalo to man. The entire industry of the Lakota was the buffalo. Hides for clothes and shelter, bones for tools, meat for food. And to follow the migration of the buffalo and renew the cycle, the Lakota had a very time-factored lifestyle. They had to be in the right spot at the right time doing the right thing. There was a strict ceremonial sequence to be followed. The stars, to the Lakota, are the language of the spirit world, and what was happening on Earth had to coincide with what was happening in the heavens. Therefore, the Lakota followed the sun and imitated the story in the stars as they journeyed through the Black Hills. On the vernal equinox of spring, it was their practice to collect their tobacco for ceremonies and to prepare for their journey. From their winter camps they moved to Bear Butte and from Bear Butte to the Devil's Peak for the Sundance on the Summer Solstice. Every step of the way, a star symbol showed them the path. All things are related, and each part represents the whole, the same as in the tradition of Hermetic Philosophy.

There's a Sacred Hoop that surrounds the Black Hills which is mirrored in the constellations. The Hoop is the path of a great race run between the four-legged creatures and the two-legged creatures. The Black Hills reside on both sides of the border between South Dakota and Wyoming and stretch from southern Montana to Nebraska. The whole panorama is multi-dimensional. The stories relate to the stars, and the stars mirror geographical locations on the ground. But they are not fixed. For example, the stars in the constellation of the Hand relate to the story of the Chief who lost his arm (stars which are part of the constellation of Orion). In another context these same stars are the backbone of the constellation of the Buffalo.

Anyway, back to the dance. Once I found out elders get lots of perks, and I'm an elder by the fact of my age, I relaxed. I had my own practices to do, but I was

fascinated by the dance. I got a good step going, and since there is a Refuge Tree in my tradition, I did my refuge mantras to the beat of the drum and danced and did my mantras all day long.

So, I supported my son, got my work done, and at the same time made a spectacle of myself. Who is this monk? The natives were curious. I got some interesting looks. A little girl, named Megan, crawled twenty feet from her mother across the prickly grass, climbed up into my lap, and began to finger my mala. I guess she was a little tulku, a reincarnated lama, who recognized those beads. The young men wanted to know what I was about, what religion I was. I told them stories. I made comparisons between our two traditions, not suggesting the Tibetans were directly related to the Sioux genealogically, although there is anthropological evidence that the Native American culture has roots in the Asian migrations over the Bering Sea, but that the rituals contained similar elements. The idea of the flesh offering and the nature of “cutting through” in Chöd particularly interested them.

Among the dancers there is rivalry. A lot of gallows humor goes on. Someone might say, “Tomorrow, you’ll be hanging” or “I’ll see you hanging.” The dancer next to Alvin, Wayne, had dues to pay from the previous year. He had to high-step it. He had to dance like mad. For four days he was Lance Armstrong on steroids. Dance, dance, dance, dance. Beautiful. And the guy on the other side of Alvin, Soren, an old rock-n-roller who’s played with many of the rock bands in the Pacific Northwest, kind of a tough guy, kind of a boozier, but at his core, he’s a brave heart. He, too, had cut out the year before, and he was making amends, showing that he had it together this year. I was proud of Alvin. He danced steady. He told me later that he had his moments of doubt, but he didn’t show it. None showed weakness. There were some older guys, who wore moccasins, and there was a woman, but they all danced every round.

Then, there’s the young girl, Amelia, who carries the pipe. She’s a Lakota, the adopted daughter of Dan and Marcie. Part of the adoption agreement Dan and Marcie made was that Amelia would stay involved in the Lakota Way of Life, but Amelia is a modern teenager, and she would like to not. She thought she could get

out of the role she had been cast into. She put up a fight. She had attitude.

Another man had brought his daughter, Shannon, and she supported Amelia's rebellion. She might have gotten into the spirit of the ceremony and danced in support of her friend, like Keith did in support of his dad. Instead she sat around all day looking bored. But I'll hand it to Amelia; she stayed the course, even though her snootiness got her dad a few demerits, which he paid for in flesh. Teenagers. Lots of drama.

Lots of politics, too. Mark, who leads the dance had inherited this Sundance from his father, Vernal. The year before there had been a schism in the group. A dancer named Orville, Mark's second-in-command, had a vision to do his own Sundance, and he had pulled out this year, and it left the dancers in a quandary as to who they were going to follow. Alvin felt that since he had committed with Mark he should stay this year. He likes Pauly, but he felt he should be loyal to the group. He had been a helper for Mark and was invited to dance this year. So, he was there to dance.

Mark is married to his second wife, Angela, and she has still to prove herself competent as the medicine man's wife. Some of the older women don't think she's up to snuff, and there's gossip. There's always gossip. On the second day, she asked Melanie and Marcie if they would cook a lunch. And the girls made an arrangement to have the food delivered early in the morning.

Melanie is a trifle skittish. She's studying to be a psychologist, and I bet she'll make a good counselor. She's the mother of four. She's a grandmother. But she is still in her 30s, which is young for a grandmother. She's a strong homemaker, takes great care of her brood, gets perfect grades in school, but she's susceptible to getting stressed out. Surprise. And her friend, Kathy, I love her, too. She's got a sense of humor. However, she can suddenly take off in an unpredictable direction. Get in her car, drive around, looking for lost Indians who need a ride home. She has heart and soul. But I could see this cooking lunch for fifty or sixty people might go askew.

So, we discussed the project with Dan's wife, Marcie, who has had more experience, and she suggested Melanie and Kathy take the food that's delivered in

the morning and get started, while she and I go over to Amelia's grandmother's place and prepare the rest. We'd go to a city called Sioux Nation and shop. Next morning, I met Marcie and we drove to a house trailer with about twenty junked cars scattered about, and dogs, and debris, no grass, a creek bed filled with garbage. Let's not judge it, but it was not a pristine site.

There was a car with a pair of bare legs sticking out from under it and a guy sitting on the fender talking to whomever was under the car. A group of young children were playing a game in the dusty driveway. One little girl asked another, "Are you a boy or a girl?" The other girl replied, "A boy," and the first girl said, "Well, boys run backwards, and girls run forward." That's it, I thought, now I know how it works.

We knocked on the door of the house trailer, and it opened and we entered. Inside, there were maybe three or four bedrooms. I didn't go back to look. A bathroom on the right, off the entryway, a living room with a curved couch. TV. Kitchen with a sink full of dishes. Kitchen table next to the wall. Three teenage girls, looking very hung over, sat on the couch with a baby and a toddler. The grandmother, sitting at the kitchen table with coffee and cigarettes. Two hulking men, one with a crew cut, dressed as a gangbanger, the other with a pitted complexion and long hair. I'm introduced to the grandmother, Betty, but as I was standing over her right shoulder, I reached around and shook her hand in reverse fashion. When I was introduced to the gangbanger, he gave me a high five and we went through a hand jive routine. The longhair gave me a conventional, albeit limp, handshake. I was introduced to Betty's husband, Buddy, and was told he was a priest in the Native American Church. The Native American Church is not the Lakota religion, comes from the Southwest. Junior was into peyote, and there was a decidedly hallucinatory vibe to him. Right away, he wanted to tell me about a special medicine he knew of that would keep the bullets from penetrating my robes.

Betty snapped at one of the girls on the couch, "Wake up. You can't be watching that baby if you're asleep. That'll teach you to stay out all night." The men excused themselves and went outside, and I was offered coffee and cigarettes, which I declined. Said I was fasting, and Betty said she understood.

I excused myself, and I went to the bathroom. I lifted the lid on the toilet, and the seat fell off. The faucet was dripping, and I could see that the grout was missing from the tiles around the sink. Obviously, there wasn't a handyman in this household. I went back to the kitchen, where I was introduced to another member of the family. A young man in his late teens, named Scout. Crew cut, cowboy shirt and boots, silver and gold rodeo buckle. Bright eyes. Had an aura about him. I was told later that he has a mental disorder, has a problem with directions. Has to be told what to do. He does what he's told until he's told to do something else. Childhood abuse. Still, this boy had charisma.

The day before had been Marcie's birthday, and Betty asked Scout to sing "Happy Birthday." Scout sang a truly heart-rending version of this song. Right up there with the one by Marilyn Monroe. It came from deep within him, like he was channeling the song from another dimension, like there was an ancient songster singing through him. Changed the whole dynamic of the gathering.

Then, we talked about the lunch for the Sundance, said we would buy some potato salad at the grocery store, but Betty wouldn't hear of it. "No," she said, "that's not the right way. There's no spirit in that kind of food."

I said, "But we have to have this meal ready by 2:00, and it's past 10. I'll be glad to help." But Betty said they could do it, that I couldn't help because it was the women's responsibility to prepare the meal. So, we headed for Sioux Nation in her SUV. There was a monitor on the speedometer that beeped when we exceeded 65 mph, and the beeper beeped steadily, as we sailed down the road.

At the Sioux Nation Supermarket, I again asked if I could help, and I was again told it was women's work, so I wandered over to a section of the store that had books and bought a copy of Ronald Goodman's monograph, *Lakota Star Knowledge*, which has helped me in understanding a little of the stellar theology connected to the Sundance.

A Sioux lady came up, while I was reading, and asked me what I was. I told her I'm a Tibetan Buddhist monk. "Where's that?" she asked. I told her I'm living in California caregiving my elderly mother but that my home is in the Four Corners

area of Colorado, at Yeshe Ling Retreat Center. “What are you doing here?” I said I was at a Sundance, that I was waiting for some women to buy groceries and that they wouldn’t let me help. She said, “Well, that’s not the Lakota way. If you offer to help, they should let you help.” I thanked her for this information.

We bought \$192 worth of supplies. Chopped ham. Cheese. Chips. Hotdogs. Buns. Mustard. Ketchup. Mayonaise. Pickles. Potatos. Flour. Onions. Gatorade. Bottled water. Ice. Lard. There’s a saying around there: “If it uses lard, it’s good.” Outside, getting the groceries in the SUV, we were approached by a young man wanting money for gas. Betty railed at him, “Get a job. I’ve worked every day of my life. You don’t have to beg.”

Begging is endemic on the reservation. When we first arrived on Mark’s land, there was a car stalled in the middle of the road, and one of the men asked if he could have \$20 to buy a part to fix the car. A hose was blown. He had a piece of the hose in his hand. He said he was one of the singers for the dance. As I knew I was going to give something to the singers at the end of the ceremony, I decided to give it to them in advance. I knew it was a scam. The car started up, after they had their money. He knew I was an easy touch. His name was Sean, and I gave him another \$5 for cough drops later.

We drove back to the trailer. I told Betty that a monk is really neither male or female. I told her what the girl in the supermarket had said about accepting my help, so she put me to work chopping pickles. Betty made fry bread, and Marcie boiled potatoes. When the pickles were chopped, we peeled the cooked potatoes, twenty pounds of them, and cut them into small squares.

The mother of the teenage girls, who’d been putting a fuel pump on the car, came in and headed for the shower. She reappeared in flashy clothes with hair slicked back, dress tight on her ample hips, cigarette dangling from the corner of her mouth, nodded at me, and went out without a word.

I cut thin slices of chopped ham off the block, and Betty slapped on a sheet of cheese and made forty sandwiches. We had two tubs of potato salad, a pan full of sandwiches, and a whopping good-size container of fry bread. We jumped back

in the car and headed for the Sundance, arriving just on time. Melanie and Marcie were relieved to see us. Everyone ate happily, while paper plates, styrofoam cups, and napkins blew about in the wind. These people are doing what they have always done. They're a nomadic people, camping out in house trailers, getting together with their extended family to feast, leaving their garbage where it lies. The thing is, modern garbage is not biodegradable, and the people are not moving on. For the most part, they've never learned the trades of plumbing, carpentry, and electrical work. Their houses fall around them. It's a repair man's dream come true.

Buddy showed me a little repair he had done in the kitchen of his trailer. He had nailed a strip of cherry wood around the edge of the counter, where a piece of the original trim had fallen off. It was neat enough, gave the counter a rustic look, but he must have put the wood on while it was still green, and it had shrunk, and a quarter inch of the plywood behind the strip showed through. I told him it was nice.

These are sociological judgments, and I am not a historian of the reservation. But I listened. An elder, known as Uncle Jeb, told me he was skeptical of the politicians, given their history of broken promises. The federal government has acknowledged it has completely screwed up the bookkeeping on the money it has collected since the 1880s, when it leased the Lakota land to timber, mining and oil interests. It owes Natives Americans billions of dollars, but the whole issue is tied up in court.

Meanwhile, on the Pine Ridge Reservation, there are three and four families living in run-down trailers or sleeping in junked cars. Something like ninety percent of the people is unemployed. Alcoholism is rampant, without there being a treatment center. Uncle Jeb, who is in his 70s and has recently recovered from quadruple bi-pass surgery, is luckier than most. He and his wife, Adrienne, run a tipi bed and breakfast. But they have their problems. Recently, one of Uncle Jeb's eight sons died, and now they are caring for thirteen underage grandchildren.

I met a man who worked for the housing authority. He was at cross purposes with himself because it was his duty to kick people out of their homes if they aren't keeping them up, but his Lakota way isn't to make poor people homeless. He said,

“It’s like we’re living in a third world country. Like a concentration camp. POWs after the Battle of Little Big Horn. We are still paying for that one. In my opinion, it’s a Custer fuck by a bunch of circle jerks.”

I heard another bitter saying: “The Cheyenne did the fighting. The Sioux got the glory. The Crow got the land.” I drove through the Crow reservation, down through the Crazy Mountains. Things looked more prosperous there. One thing I discovered: the Lakota are a fierce, friendly, fickle, and forgiving people. They are like the French in that they are proud of their language and culture. Their language holds them together as a people. They do things the way they do them, and they aren’t going to be coerced into doing anything differently.

The Sundance continued, round after round. Keith did his best to imitate his father’s step, and I danced by his side. We stood with the sun on us, so we suffered, too. The idea of the suffering is that you are doing it so the people may live. A ritual for past favors granted. A rite that draws down divine power into the pledges, the dancer being a channel for the Great Spirit. Alvin could see us. We danced to support him and the others.

I saw different kinds of piercing. There’s the piercing of the skin on the breast. There’s a team with a scalpel. I saw one of the scalpels stuck in a tree. It was a medical instrument, but not exactly antiseptic. The patient lies down on a buffalo skin laid out at the base of the tree. The Interceptor and his lieutenants talk with the dancer who is to pierce. They draw a circle on his chest where they are going to cut, rub a bit of dirt on the spot, make two incisions, and insert a wooden peg. If the guy being pierced has had forethought, he has sanded the rough edges off his pegs. A short piece of rope is tied to each peg, and that piece of rope is tied to the longer rope which in turn is tied to the tree. After you’re done, and you’ve popped off, they plug the hole with a mushroom. I’ve heard there are cases of infection, but Alvin has done this twice, and he has had no problem healing, so the mushrooms must have some power. The wound heals and leaves a small scar, about the size of the tip of your little finger. This is not exactly a science, more of an art, I would say, in the sense that there are several factors that determine a piercing.

It sounds grotesque, but it is beautiful. There is a humor about the whole process. The dancers tease one another. They psych themselves up, and if you don't like being teased, it's not the place to be. One side of the experience is to be prepared for the physical pain, and another side is about prayer. The spirit moves in mysterious ways when you are in an altered state. The dancers look for their visions. It's individualistic. Everyone is doing their own thing. There's no dogma. If you listen to five different people on the subject, you get five different takes. So, you have to piece your answers together and put it to use as best you can.

When the dancer is pierced the frontal way, and the rope extends to the tree, the Sundancer doesn't want the rope to be loose. He wants it taut, so he leans back while he dances. He dances awhile, and then he moves up to the tree, where he prays. He does this four times, and the fourth time, he pulls back and pops the pegs out of his flesh. Or he tries to. Alvin did it without any problem. Pulled his shoulders back and freed himself. Others had more difficulty.

There seems to be three variables. One, how thick-skinned you are, your physiology. Two, how deep the Interceptor cuts you. And three, how the spirit or randomness enters the equation. Guy, Marcie's husband, only hung from his right side because the cut on his left side was imperfect, so he was somewhat imbalanced, hanging from one side only. And the year before, he broke free on one side but not the other, and Marcie pulled him off. So, for two years running, he had an odd experience with his piercings.

Wayne tried to pull himself free three times without success, and the Mark pulled him off. This may have been to humiliate him in some way because of his earlier performance. The same with Soren. He's a big man, but he couldn't pull free. Some say this is good. The longer you hang and the longer you suffer, the better for you and the people. Two dancers charged across the circle to Soren and made a linebacker tackle to free him. Afterwards he said, "Now, I feel like a real Sundancer."

Another way of piercing is to pierce on the back and haul seven buffalo skulls tied in tandem around the perimeter of the circle, maybe fifty yards. Buffalo skulls are bigger than cow skulls. One of the dancers I saw do this was dancing for his

grandmother, who was ill. She limped behind him on a cane. I suppose he wanted to be pierced deep, so he could drag the skulls a long way. And he did. He drug them around four times, and then he tried to break loose, but he couldn't. A couple of the dancers sat on the skulls, and he tried again, and again. Still, he couldn't free himself. So, the Interceptor made a couple of precision cuts, and with a good tug, the dancer broke loose. People were crying, as he jogged around the circle a last time, carrying two staffs with eagle feathers attached.

Wayne pierced again, on the back this time, and they brought a rope which was thrown over a fork in the tree and attached it to him, and he stood on a two-by-four, which two men lifted, while his family held onto the other end of the rope. He was given eagle feather fans, one for each hand. These he held out away from his body, and when the two-by-four was removed, he was left hanging in the air, flapping his arms like wings. He didn't break loose, and you could hear sobs coming from the audience. Then, the Interceptor and a helper yanked him down. I saw blood gush. Wayne fell to his knees and held onto the trunk of the tree. Then, he collapsed, and they laid him on the buffalo skin, and his family gathered around him. I couldn't hear what was said, but I am sure they were thanking him for his sacrifice, his bravery, his fortitude. He had redeemed himself.

When Dan drug the skulls, he broke loose after about thirty feet. So, it's hard to know how much is punishment and how much is the way the spirit moves. Dan pierced on the last day. Some dancers psych themselves up and want to pierce sooner. Some wait until the ordeal is nearly over. On the fourth and final day, there was extra ceremony. A healing ceremony and a teasing ceremony. In the teasing ceremony, a painted clown splashed water on the dancers. She guzzled water in front of them, but they ignored her antics.

After the final dance rounds, after the Interceptor had pierced, all the dancers walked around the arbor and shook hands with the onlookers. One thing that I had been warned about early on was that no one was supposed to walk across the East Gate. And just as everything was winding down, a couple of little kids ran across that space. One ran back, and everyone said, "No, no," and then he ran across again, and I thought maybe the dancers would all have to pierce again or go to the

sweat lodge, but Dan caught the kids and took them back to their parents, and all was forgiven. Their timing was excellent, right at the end, like they wanted to jinx the whole ceremony.

Then, we feasted. The dancers hadn't had much sustenance, a plum, some lemons, a splash of water. But now they were offered a full banquet. Beef stew, sandwiches, salads. They chowed down, but it didn't take long for them to fill up. People hugged. They congratulated one another. They wanted to talk about their experiences, or not. They were exhausted but ecstatic.

The next day, we took the boughs off the arbor and picked up a mound trash. Then, we loaded our gear in our car and took the extra food over to Mark's. He was just getting up, and there were a pile of kids on the front room floor under blankets. We talked awhile. Said how much we appreciated everything. I told him a little about Buddhism. Asked him if it was ok that I danced in my robes. He assured me it was, and he asked if I would attend next year. I said I'd try.

Before leaving, I saw Uncle Jeb. "Who is it that says the Lakota way is in jeopardy? It's the ones who leave the reservation and come back and think they can improve things by doing it the white man's way, the New Agers." He paused, and then he continued, "Did you feel that wind? That's how the Spirit moves. It can see you, but you can't see it."

SCARS

Jubal's earliest scar, a spiral. He is seven, and he lives on Arlington Avenue in Kensington. He is riding a racing scooter, a Flexi-flyer, down a hill, and he catches his right ring finger in the brake mechanism. Peels back a nasty flap of skin in the soft pad of flesh above the first knuckle. The searing pain of torn and bruised flesh, the shock of seeing his blood gushing from an open wound—so odd we are full of liquids. Screaming up the street, he stops for a minute and sticks the bloody mess in a puddle of water on the pavement to be sure the end of his finger is still there.

Reassured it is, he dashes home, and his mom wraps his hand in a towel and takes him to the hospital. His first stitches. Six of them. He is an initiate now.

A rock gouges the palm of Jubal's hand. He is riding his first horse, Patches, a Paint, long in the tooth. They are late getting home and pushing it. Coming up Robinson Drive in the Oakland hills at a full gallop, Patches hit a patch of gravel. All four legs go out from under him, which catapults Jubal into a ditch and on top of a pile of lathe and innumerable small nails that pierce him all over. His left hand hits the pavement, and sharp gravel punctures his palm Jubal's wind is knocked out, and he lays there, while Patches clambers to his feet and begins to chew on some grass. His dog, Spot, licks his face which gives him encouragement, as he crawls on his hands and knees. When the world quits spinning, he pulls himself loose from the sticks that are attached to his clothes. He opens his pocketknife and digs the pebble out of his flesh. His shirt is torn, and there are scratches and tiny, bloody wounds, but nothing seems broken, so he gathers up the reins and hobbles home, leading his horse. Outside of a nasty gouge in his palm, the rest of his wounds are superficial and clean up with dabs of peroxide. The hole in his hand is not bad enough for stitches, or at least he did not go to have it stitched, and it heals up to form a heart-shaped scar.

When Jubal is nine, he gets over a hundred stitches after nearly cutting his thumb off. He was living on his cousin's farm in Iowa for the summer, and he was having a great time milking cows, driving a tractor, and riding in the bin of the combine. He is a greenhorn, but he does have chores. Late afternoon. The men have been cutting hay and are putting it up loose in the loft of a barn. A hot day. Jubal's job is to stand at the back of the barn and relay a signal to the tractor driver to let him know when he should back up or come forward. He is wearing bib overalls and an engineer's cap that is a couple of sizes too big for him. The cap has a safety pin in the back, but it is still loose, and it falls off, and when he bends over to pick it up, he puts his hand on the rope to steady himself, and his thumb goes into the pulley. He pulled his hand out of there fast, but the pulley pinched off the flesh to the bone. Now, this is pain. This is crippling. After this, nothing ever hurts again. Eventually, the thumb heals, and the nail becomes a claw with which Jubal can open cans and

dig through brick walls. The nerves are only partly restored, so he has to check for damage whenever he hits his thumb with a hammer.

A three-inch scar on the inside of his right ankle and a four-inch scar on the outside of the ankle where he had pins and plates installed on his fibula and tibia. It all happened fast. One minute he was nailing a tarp to the ridge line of a roof in the rain in his rain gear, and the next minute he was airborne, after sailing down a water slide he had created—the Wrong Brothers. Landed flat-footed on the concrete. Did he think he could tuck and roll like they teach in parachute school? No such luck, the concrete was unforgiving. He heard the leg pop. He looked at the right leg and knew it was broken—those Cubistic angles, something drawn by Picasso—thought, “Shit, oh dear, I need help.” Yelled a few times from the mud puddle he was lying in, and the lady of the house came to the door. Told her he needed an ambulance. She called, and it came, but he could see it moving around the various lanes on the property trying to find the right address. He sent the lady's son to point them in the right direction. The ambulance took him to a small, local hospital, and he had luck getting the good orthopedic surgeon on call, Dr. Campbell, who put the pins and plate in his right leg. Left heel fracture, nothing to do there but let it knit together.

No casts. An ankle support on the right leg and an Ace bandage on the left. Three days in hospital and then home, crawling to the toilet. Painful, but soon he could stand and take small steps with his right foot, which helped him get in and out of my wheelchair. Crutches in the second week, after he had begun to use the right leg with the pins and plates to carry his weight. The heel fracture prohibited him from standing long on it. Takes a while for a fractured heel to heal. No fancy dancing, but he knew he would tangle again, if not tango. The doctor said he would be fine with ‘pin and plate fixation’ and recommended early movement. He asked for a set of X-rays, so he would not be stopped at security points in the airport.

Jubal has a scar on the right side of his lower abdomen after a hernia operation. The hernia appeared after a poetry reading where he displayed his collection of chapbooks. He refused help lifting the trunk that contained his books, and he carried it to his car. The bulge from his intestine appeared, and he had it diagnosed,

but before he could have an operation, he attended a retreat at Yeshe Ling. Some of the yogic practices are very physical, and when he returned to his doctor, the bulge had grown, but the operation was successful. Again, his ninety-year-old mother set the dayroom up with a hospital bed and cared for him, while he recouped.

It is said you cannot complete the full transference of the body into light—the Rainbow Body—if you have tattoos or scars, so Jubal’s carcass will remain earthbound for this incarnation.

Scars can be tender, itchy, and displeasing. Scars can be beautiful and intriguing. A scar can be a map, a mark of bravery or a sign of stupidity, a reminder of how precious life is and how cruel. A scar can be an ornament or a form of disfigurement. Some scars show, and some scars are deep in the psyche. Jubal says, “I look at my scars, astonished that I miraculously heal. The wounds vanish, and pale marks in the meat are all that remain.”

SCHOOLS

Let’s you and me go burn down a couple of universities
Fairy International, flap your mothy wings to speed the blaze
—Philip Whalen, “To Edward Dahlberg”

There is a saying (and a book with the title), “All you need to know you learned in kindergarten.” Jubal is in accord with this opinion. He enjoyed having his natural ability to express himself developed. He liked snack time; Graham crackers and grapefruit juice is still one of his favorites. He was willing to try and be polite, and he learned not to eat paste. He still likes to take short naps. Learning not to end a sentence with a preposition, as in “There is some shit up with which I will not put,” came later and is not nearly as important nor as useful as the aforementioned.

Jubal once concocted a fictitious list of foods that he had supposedly eaten for breakfast in lieu of simply admitting he had only had a bowl of Cheerios. This was in the second grade at his grade school in Kensington, California. The classroom was in a portable building on a hillside above the main building. From his seat by a window, Jubal could occasionally catch a glimpse of a rabbit that sat atop a rock outcrop. A part of Jubal's mind liked school; making up stories seemed easy enough; but a part would just as soon be chasing rabbits.

In 1948, there were still streetcars along The Arlington, the avenue in front of Jubal's house. One time, he decided to let his ride to school go past and he spent the day climbing trees, following a creek bed, and exploring new byways in his neighborhood.

TRACETONES & AFTERTONS

Smell of fungus and eucalyptus
Rough bark and smooth rock
Remind me of a boy
Escaping up a creek
In search of Excalibur
Or ever elusive El Dorado.

Now, on the more traveled path,
I rein in my passions and fear consequences.
Crisp though I am from compromise,
A salty will o' the wisp
Become a vulture's snack,
My mind still shifts and drifts.

The consequences of Jubal playing hooky meant a visit to the principal's office and some, now, forgotten punishment, such as writing "I will attend school" on the blackboard one hundred times. It was glorious on Indian Rock that day.

Sequoia Elementary School is on Lincoln Avenue, in Oakland, in the Upper Diamond

Area. Jubal entered the third grade there in 1949. The school building was two-storied, in the shape of an L. The leg of the L was an auditorium with a basketball court. The playground was covered in asphalt in the area where the girls played and partially covered in the boy's area, except for an area of dirt that served for baseball and football fields. The grounds were enclosed by a Cyclone fence.

On the corner of Lincoln and Hearst, across from where the school buses stopped, there was a mom-and-pop grocery store in the front room of a house. One wall, behind the counter with the cash register (the kind with numbers that sprang up on separate tags), was devoted to penny candies: licorice whips, cinnamon wheels, wax tubes filled with flavored syrups, jaw breakers, sour belts watermelon, and packs of gum in flat sheets (5¢) that contained a card with a baseball star. Yoyos were the rage. The boys would stuff their mouths with bubblegum until they could hardly chew and would "walk the dog" or "fly to the moon" on the way to school, blowing bubbles that covered half their faces when they popped.

Miss Robertson was a teacher's assistant in the third grade. Jubal remembers her because she was pretty and smelled nice when she came close and leaned down to help with his schoolwork. Mr. Shriner was young, too. This was the first wave of new teachers, after the War, replacing ladies with gray, if not blue-tinted, hair. Mr. Shriner was tall, over six foot, and he had an intimidating presence in a classroom that was scaled for children. He was kind, and Jubal liked him, even after being berated for reciting the same poem two years running. Jubal memorized new material for Mrs. Latimore in the sixth grade. Mark Antony's speech in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*: "The evil men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones."

Mrs. Latimore had an eagle's eye. She also had a yardstick that she used mainly as a pointer, but it seemed that she could whack a hand across the entire room when she caught you passing notes. The desks had inkwells, and compositions were still written with pens dipped in ink.

Bret Harte Junior High, named in honor of Francis Bret Harte (1836-1902), author of *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches*, offered grades seven through

nine, although a student could opt out and take the ninth grade at high school. Jubal attended Bret Harte for three years (1954-56). Jubal learned in grade school that he needed to stay on top of his homework during the week, if he wanted to have his weekends free to play. Jubal did not excel in his academic studies, but he maintained grades well above the average. There was no one subject that interested him; his grades in math and science were on par with those in English and social studies. If there was one area of interest, it was girls.

Dore Sorenson was Jubal's first steady. She lived with her mother and an older sister on "the flats" below the hilltop homes along Hillside Blvd. where Jubal lived. Jubal lived in an isolated area and rode home on a bus that served the small group that lived there. (Mrs. Holmes had her station wagon decked out with flashing lights and a stop sign that flapped out from the side of her vehicle to meet the bus codes.) Since Jubal could not tarry after school, his time with Dore during the week was limited to walks between classes, where the couple would hold hands. Or, more risqué, Dore would allow Jubal to put his arm around her waist and let his fingers ride on her hip bone.

Outside the door to class
She kissed him twice,
And now she feels his fingers—
"Wake up, Miss, you're in Geometry!"

Dore wore Jubal's leather coat and a silver I.D. bracelet with his name on it. On weekends, they might meet at one of the movies theaters in the local districts, The Diamond or The Laurel or The Fruitvale. It was hard to concentrate on the films because of the commotion created by the antics of the young audience, but the film was not why the teens were there. They sat in the back rows and necked, while the children threw popcorn and jumped on their seats.

There is an instance when Jubal was unfaithful to Dore. She failed to show up for their date at the theater. He waited in the lobby through the newsreel and the cartoons. A girl at the candy counter caught his eye. She was one of the "tough"

girls, who Jubal did not associate with, as they had their own clique. “Gang” might be a better term. She asked Jubal if he was waiting for someone. She, too, had been stood up, and she asked if he might like to sit with her. He followed her to a seat in the back rows near the aisle. He liked the way her hips moved, accented by the swaying of chains on the motorcycle jacked she was wearing.

Jubal put his arm around her. When someone came along that she recognized, she would hide her face, although not completely, by snuggling against Jubal’s chest. He soon realized he was being played, and that the guy she was waiting for, who might be older and drive a motorcycle, showed up, Jubal would be in trouble. At the intermission between the serial and the main feature, he left his love nest and took a seat in the balcony.

Dore did not hear about this escapade. She had a reasonable excuse for not meeting him. The following Saturday, Jubal hiked through the grasslands to the bottom of the hill, and the two of them went to their secret spot behind some rocks to pet and get flustered. They remained a couple through the eighth grade. Dore went to Fremont High, and Jubal stayed at Bret Harte. He began to date girls who went to private schools and boarded their horses at Canyon Stables.

There were a couple of exceptions. First, Stella Raines. In ninth grade algebra, Jubal and Stella, who sat at the desk behind him on the outside row and out of view of the teacher and classmates, began a titillating activity of sexual contact. Jubal would reach back with his hand and gently stroke the soft flesh on the upper part of Stella’s calf and the hollow behind her kneecap. Even with Stella as a distraction, Jubal got a B in this class. It may be as Immanuel Kant contends—that with mathematics being composed of analytic propositions, one need not look at the external world to deal with them, and they tell us nothing new. Jubal’s hand, however, was exploring new territory.

Isabel French, too, left a mark on Jubal’s heart. On his fourteenth birthday, Isabel said she would like to give him a birthday kiss. Jubal asked for 14. She said she would see. They got off the bus at their usual stop, and Jubal followed Isabel to the trail that led up the hill to her house. They went behind some bushes, and Isabel

let Jubal kiss her. The next day, she let him kiss her again. This time she told him he needed lessons in kissing, and over the next few days she showed him what she knew. It was a lot for a girl her age and much more than Jubal had ever experienced. At school, Isabel was aloof, but after school at the trail head, in his arms, she was passionate. They lost track of the number of kisses. As suddenly as these kissing lessons began, they ended. On a Saturday morning, Jubal's dad told him there was a girl at the corrals who wished to see him. Isabel was sitting on a fence patting Jubal's mare, Lady. She had come to say goodbye, as her family was moving. They kissed for the final time.

I was painting *tigles* in the Dharmakaya
And I remembered where I learned to kiss
Her name was Isabel French—
The French really know how to kiss

Oakland High School is located on the corner of Park Avenue and MacArthur Blvd. The old building has been torn down. It was known as "The Pink Castle." The high school, more or less in the center of the city, had a broad demographic of students. The way Oakland dealt with school integration was to allow public transportation to be without charge to students, and they could go to whatever school they chose to go to. Most went to the school nearest home. In those times, Castlemont and Fremont were in the White neighborhoods. Oakland Tech, closer to the Black ghetto, had a Black student body. Oakland High was a mix. 40% African American, 50% Anglos, 10% Chicanos and Asians. The Civil Rights Movement was active. There were clashes among the races in the Bay Area during Jubal's high school years. The Black Panther Party was founded in Oakland, in the mid-60s, and some of the members had been students at Oakland High.

The Black Panthers, whose ideology involved "policing the police," were not the only infamous group in Oakland. Whereas the Black Panthers were considered a threat to society because they were a revolutionary socialist organization (as well as being Blacks), the Hells Angels motorcycle club was considered an organized

crime ring by the authorities. Some of their members had dropped out or had been expelled from O.H.S.

Jubal's mother must have wondered what kind of movie she had let her son attend when she dropped him off at The Oaks, on Solano Avenue in Berkeley, for the first showing of *The Wild One*, starring Marlon Brando and Lee Marvin. The street was full of motorcycles, and the gangs, wearing their colors, were lining up to buy tickets to the show.

The Wild One, a fictional story, is based on a historical event that took place, in 1947, at a planned motorcycle rally in the small town of Hollister, California, when more motorcyclists arrived than had been anticipated to watch the rally and party. Although, in fact, only minor damage occurred, it became known as The Hollister Riot. In the movie, rival motorcycle gangs descend on a sleepy village without local law enforcement and hold the place hostage during a weekend orgy. The movie, with Brando as an anti-hero and Marvin as a sociopath, helped to give motorcycle clubs a bad reputation. The Beatles rock group took their name from this gang of sociopaths to reveal their rebelliousness.

It must have been timed for the procession to pass Oakland High during the lunch hour. On a sunny day, the Hells Angels staged a funeral for one of their members that consisted of a black Cadillac convertible with the deceased in an open coffin, propped up in the back seat, followed by two rows of motorcycles with the brothers and their "bitches" seated behind them. The caravan had two Oakland Police officers on motorcycles as outriders. Jubal is sure the corpse had a reefer in his mouth. That was the custom.

Jubal admired the audacity of these long-haired wild men, even though their lifestyle and politics were far removed from the social conscience that he was developing. He would become a rebel with a cause, unlike the angst-driven character portrayed by James Dean in the movie *Rebel Without a Cause* or the restless wanderlust of Sal Paradise in the book *On the Road*. Politically, the Hells Angels were more aligned with the Oakland Police. Jack Kerouac voted for Richard Nixon.

Regardless of politics, Jubal was still a hell raiser. The first thing, starting off at Oakland High, he lost his driver's license after trying to evade arrest for speeding. Jubal's dad paid restitution for the damage to a police cruiser and the fence and landscaping at the city park where Jubal crashed. There was no need to replace the cherry '52 Chevrolet since he would not be driving for a year.

Although Jubal got into trouble from time to time, he maintained a B grade average in his studies. He did not shine, and he was not above cheating on a test, but he kept a low profile. He did not like to be called on by his teachers. It came as a surprise to his teachers and his counselors and his parents and to himself when he scored in the top 10% of the country on his college board exams. Here he did not cheat. He merely got sober and did the best he could on the battery of tests that he took. His method was simple: he answered the questions that he knew the answers for first; then, he used deductive reasoning; and, lastly, he guessed. He must have been a lucky guesser because he was accepted at every college where he applied. His dad would have preferred he went to Stanford, but Jubal chose Cal Berkeley.

So, Jubal was something of a wunderkind in his senior year. He found himself in a group of "brains," and where he had not wanted to stand out, he was now a showpiece for his teachers: bad boy makes good. "A guy with lots of personality, whose socks always match his shirts," reads one entry in his yearbook. Another, "We sure aced that biology final after you found those graded test papers in the cabinet." Or, "Be sure to leave a few girls and some booze for the rest of us after you graduate."

Jubal did not stay in touch with his high school friends. The only one he still knows, who went through all the grades with him, is Garret Davis, who still lives in Oakland. Garret came to a poetry reading Jubal gave in Santa Rosa before he left to go into retreat, and he introduced himself and they reminisced. Garret reminded Jubal that their 50th high school reunion was scheduled to take place in the following year, and he wanted Jubal to attend with him, if he could. In January of 2009, Jubal was sealed into Luminous Peak for his long retreat at Yeshe Ling. He sent a letter explaining how he could not attend the reunion asked Garret to say hello to anyone

who remembered him. He sent this poem:

AGE

I wanted to grow a beard,
but my mom didn't like it
my dad disapproved, or
I had to go before a judge.
"We're not letting you out
of the hole until you shave
off that ridiculous red beard."

In the '80s my hair was long
and my beard glorious & full
but when I was elected to be
Worshipful Master of Lodge 39
they said, "Tell him to cut off
that beard; he looks like Jesus."
Looks like Jesus, as though
that was a crime, but I complied.

Now, I'm a Buddhist monk
in long retreat, and it's derigeur
to let your hair grow
and I see my reflection
and I have a long beard
and it's white.

RICHARD: Anything to add, Jubal?

JUBAL: Yes, Richard. I'm puzzled. As you tell this story, I can't be sure I like this Jubal character or not. He was a privileged child, spoiled, headstrong. There is a mix of the Boy Scout and the Rascal. He has manners, can be polite and presentable, and yet he goes off track and is irresponsible. He is respectful and appreciative of his teachers, yet he might pull a stunt, like the time he drew a picture of a hand with

the fingers “flying the bird” in his Spanish class. His teacher was a Japanese man, who probably had been interred in a concentration camp during the War. He was furious. He was trying to regain his dignity, so Jubal’s joke was doubly insulting. Since I am Jubal, I am ashamed of myself. I was not only a brain; I was a sinful smart ass.

RICHARD: Jubal, these pranks, and some of them are quite serious breaches of etiquette—indeed, you broke the law and acted in unethical ways—are none of them heinous. Everyone might well break an ordinance, once in a while, just so they can know they are really free. You have more than atoned for your sins, if that is what you want to call them. As a Buddhist, you have brought your misdeeds onto the path as fuel for yogic transformation. There is no need to flagellate yourself.

. . . .

Jubal was standing on the corner of Shattuck and University Avenues. He had been attending classes at Cal for one week. A lady with gray hair addressed him. “You probably don’t recognize me,” she said, “but I was your second-grade teacher. I’m Miss Dickenson.” Jubal told her it was nice to see her again and hurried away. It was eerie, as though he had stood on that street corner for his whole life.

It is hard to know why Jubal has a fascination for Berkeley. It is like a love affair. Poets take cities to heart. Berkeley is for Jubal what Buenos Aires was for Borges, what Paris was for Baudelaire, an unending rose unfolding. Jubal has sat at the same table in the same coffee house at the same time of the morning, just as I now sit in The Teahouse, in Santa Fe, and watched the light shift and seen travelers go and return and felt the world to be immaterial, a construct of his mind, such as is suggested by Bishop Berkeley, after whom the city is named. Perhaps, if he did not celebrate the city (and this is a misinterpretation of the bishop’s philosophy), the city *would not exist*. Jubal’s paean to Berkeley’s street poets, *Berkeley Daze: Profiles of Poets of the ‘60s* is such a celebration. It is an Orphic hymn.

Bob Kaufman sat at the table with Jubal. He did not say anything, since he had taken a vow of silence after J.F.K.’s death. Pete Orlovsky sat with Jubal and read the poems in Jubal’s binder. He gave Jubal the “Clean Asshole Seal of Approval.”

Thomas Parkinson sat at the table. The wound from the shotgun blast that he received from a lunatic, who accused him of being a communist, had healed, although the scar tissue disfigured his once handsome face.

Jubal sat with Allen Ginsberg, Ed Dorn, and Robert Creeley. Allen said to him, "Be quiet. I want to hear what Ed has to say." Bobbie Louise came in from a shopping spree, and Jubal complimented her on her leather miniskirt. He was aware of Creeley keeping his one good eye on his wife.

Max Scheer pressed Jubal into service on the Berkeley Barb seated at this table. David MacIntyre discussed a plan to go to Alaska with Jubal at this table. Jubal argued with his girlfriend and turned over her plate of spaghetti there. Jubal sold pot under this table. Johnnie, the owner, gave Jubal a Christmas fruitcake for being one of the Med's best customers that year.

It might have been the environs around the campus that Jubal liked. The ethnic foods, the bookstore, the telephone poles thickly covered with posters. Jubal attended many events on campus. He went to a lecture by Julian Huxley and one by Jean Renoir. There were art movies. He first saw Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast* in Wheeler Hall and a premier showing of Orson Wells' *The Trial*, starring Anthony Perkins, based on Kafka's novel. And Kenneth Anger's films, which included *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome*, on three screens, showing past, present and future, with Anäis Nin in one scene eating jewels that represented L.S.D.

After Jubal's year of academic misfortune, he hung on as a fringe and took as much advantage of the intellectual climate as he could. It was not the easiest time to be a student with all that was going on in the streets and on campus outside the classrooms. When Jack Weinberg was arrested by the Berkeley Police for distributing political literature and not being an enrolled student, Jubal joined others in a violation of free speech protest and sit-in to block the passage of the police car.

The Free Speech Movement became known as the Filthy Speech Movement after John "the Poet" Thompson stood outside Sather Gate with a sign that read "FUCK." John was a street poet. Here is a reminiscence of his from his "Forward & Beyond,"

from *Berkeley Daze*:

How to convey the giddy sense of infinite possibility that hung in the air? You didn't need pot, hash, or acid to get high. There was a feeling of weightlessness permeating the air. Every day was sunny, everybody smiled, students at UC Berkeley almost danced down the street on their way to class. The air was cleaner, purer, sweeter. The streets were litter free—this is actually true. People didn't lock their doors, strangers began talking on a street corner and became life-long friends, poets and musicians were everywhere, soon to reinvent the way America produced art and music. Hair was getting longer, morals were getting looser, women were getting stronger, men were getting gentler, non-violence was the word, even as the police beat down the anti-war and Civil Rights protesters.

Writing about Dzog Chen, Keith Dowman, in his introduction to *Eye of the Storm: Vairotsans's Five Original Transmissions* (Vajra Pubs., Kathmandu, 2006, pp. xi-xii), says, "Deprived of a lineal tradition, guides and precepts, it may burst out spontaneously as an imperative of the human spirit, as it did in Europe and America in the 'sixties." Jubal nearly destroyed his mind trying to fix a world that seemed broken. Understood, in hindsight, it was part of his generation's mystical quest.

Monkeyshines. During Jubal's first semester at Cal, he had shared a large studio apartment, on Montgomery Street, in Albany, with a high school chum, named Dale. Dale had a pet monkey, and it would ride to school with them on the handle bars of Dale's 2-cylinder B.M.C. motorcycle. The monkey caused a commotion in the main lecture room of Lawrence Hall, when it got loose and jumped from student to student, until Dale retrieved it from a student who had held on to the monkey's tail. The little monkey was short-lived. It died after eating a piece of tripe. Dale had some canned tripe, and Jubal thought tripe was a kind of fish and should be fried. Wrong. Tripe is a cow's stomach and very tough. Needs to be boiled for a good, long while. As Dale and Jubal prepared the tripe, it was uneatable, but the monkey ate a piece they had left on a plate. In the morning, they found the beast dead in its cage.

More monkeyshines. During Jubal's second semester at Cal, he lived in Gilman Hall,

on the corner of Dwight Way and College Avenue, in Berkeley. Jubal stole a fireplug from a construction site and placed it in the center of his room. One of the cleaning ladies reported him. As he was walking up the street, he encountered a tall, muscular policeman carrying the fireplug out of the dorm. Jubal was actually happy to see it go. He had a bruise on his leg from stumbling into it, drunk, in the dark.

And more monkey shines. The dorm formed a radical government, and during the time when the House of Un-American Activities Committee was holding hearings in San Francisco, Gilman Hall invited Archie Brown, a longshoreman and card-carrying Communist, to speak in their community room. The dorm president was subpoenaed before H.U.A.C., and the rest of the dorm residents were investigated by the F.B.I.

The 0.94 grade point average Jubal had from Cal was rebuilt at Merritt College, in Oakland, and at Cabrillo College, in Watsonville. Jubal studied subjects that he was interested in rather than focusing on the pre-med track he had been on. He took courses in philosophy and English literature because he wanted this knowledge. Once he raised his grade point average, Jubal was admitted to California Polytechnical State College. Sean Dolan installed Jubal in a rooming house for men. The landlady said there would be no monkeyshines.

It was probably for the best that San Luis Obispo was a sleepy, cowboy town. Jubal got along with the cowboys. He told them about the S-D Ranch and about having dated Sandy Black, the rodeo trick rider, and of having shook hands with Jim Shoulders, known as “the Babe Ruth of rodeo,” who had won five World All-around Rodeo Champion Cowboy Awards. Jubal needed a rest. He was recovering from a year of coming and going through a series of mental institutions.

San Luis Obispo was not Berkeley. Jubal needed intellectual stimulation. The only wine and beer bar in town had a recording of Bob Dylan’s “Subterranean Homesick Blues” on the jukebox. Jubal was homesick for Berkeley. He thought about hopping a freight train that slowed climbing a hill outside of town, a train he had read about in Kerouac’s *Dharma Bums*, but he rode his thumb instead, as more in keeping with his times, back to Berkeley to attend the Berkeley Poetry Conference.

It was five years before Jubal again attended school. Some of that time was spent in Berkeley and some of it in Alaska. After their adventure living in a cabin near Deep Bay, Angel, Alvin, and Jubal traveled up the Alcan Highway to Fairbanks, so Jubal could attend the University of Alaska. Situated just below the Arctic Circle, the University of Alaska is located near the juncture of the Tanana and Chena rivers. It is a delicate eco environment with a thin veneer of grasses, mosses and lichens, called tundra. It is a treeless plain with a few hills—very isolated. Some of the locals call it “the armpit of the world.”

According to *Wikipedia*, Fairbanks’ climate is classified as subarctic with long, cold winters, and short, warm summers. In Fairbanks, winter lasts from late September until early May. Snow arrives early and in large amounts. Average winter low temperatures range from -15 to -25 °F, but extremes can range from -60 to -75 °F. Fairbanks’ low-lying location at the bottom of the Tanana Valley causes cold air to accumulate in and around the city. Warmer air rises to the tops of the hills north of Fairbanks, while the city itself experiences one of the biggest temperature inversions on Earth. A phenomenon called ice fog occurs when air is too cold to absorb additional moisture, such as that released by automobile engines or human breath. Instead of dissipating, the water freezes into microscopic crystals that are suspended in the air.

In the summer, this area is known as “The Land of the Midnight Sun.” In the winter, the students stop their studies at noon to watch the sun briefly rise above the horizon. At the winter solstice, Fairbanks experiences close to four hours of sunlight. At the summer solstice, Fairbanks receives about twenty-two hours of direct sunlight. People stay up longer in the summer. In a village near Nome, Angel witnessed children jumping on a dried whale carcass around midnight.

In the winter, Caribou snuggle against warm buildings. People wear mukluks, which are made from the Caribou’s hide. There is an inner liner with the hair, which is hollow, turned inwards, and there is an outer boot showing the hair. Mukluks are light, allow your feet to breathe, and allow you to move quietly in the snow. Mukluks are tanned by the natives using urine—piss cured—and teachers ask students to leave this kind of footwear in the hallway and not wear them in the

warm classroom because of the odor. Outside in the quad, there might be a moose on the loose gone berserk. The Fish & Game Department has to sedate the beast and transport it to a wilder location. Snarling sled dogs can also pose a threat on the way to class.

There are some wild and woolly critters on university land. One of the research projects is the Musk Ox Farm. A musk ox is a cud-chewing animal, more sheep than ox, about five feet high at the shoulder and about eight feet long. They are native to arctic America. They are also to be found in Siberia and Greenland, and they are covered with a long hair, called *qiviut*. Qiviut (pronounced “kwiv-it”) is softer than silk and stronger than wool. When Jubal was at U. of Alaska, one member of the research team, an Englishwoman, was designing knitting patterns that could be read by the Athabascan women to enable them to knit gloves, hats, and scarves for exclusive boutiques. The male half of the team was an authority on the knuckle bones of Paleolithic musk oxen.

The summer Jubal, Angel, and Alvin arrived in Fairbanks, they camped in their bus and then moved into an apartment complex until student housing on campus became available. The apartment was necessary because Angel got work at the Student Union Building as the Information Secretary, and it was easier to keep up appearances having running water and a bathtub.

Angel found she had an old boyfriend on campus, a man with a Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology, who was working on a research project that summer. He and a woman colleague were working on habitual tendencies using stop watches to determine the time between their urges to have a cigarette, while they were quitting smoking. The woman’s husband, Ken, and Jubal became friends. Ken had a briefcase containing different varieties of marijuana—Acapulco Gold, Panama Red, even some grown in Alaska’s Matanuska Valley. It was a good berry season that year, and the two potheads would get stoned, pick berries—high and low bush—and make deep dish pies in a cast iron skillet. There were earthquakes. You could hear them coming, the tremors increasing, and after shaking things up, they would roll on. The psychologists and Jubal’s pot-smoking friend left Fairbanks at the end of the summer.

Jubal and Angel made new friends. Ralph and Pansy Cargill, he was studying to be a lawyer and she, a painter. They are now divorced, but they still live in Alaska. Ralph became a municipal attorney for the City of Anchorage, and Pansy became involved with the State Art Commission. The last time Jubal saw Pansy was at a Dakini Retreat at Yeshe Ling, in the early 'nineties. Friends from Ketchikan arrived. Larry Kerschner, Al Banks, and Misty Lee. Al and Misty, now a couple, found an abandoned house on the flood plain and winterized it as best they could by putting gravel on the ground with planks for a floor and covering the walls with space blankets to reflect heat. You had to sit on the back of the couch with your feet up and the stove going full blast to stay warm. Jubal was glad his family had central heating.

Walsh Hall was a short walk to the S.U.B. where Angel worked. The University had not yet built underground passageways. Alvin attended a pre-school in the village, called College, at the bottom of the hill. Jubal would bundle up in an Air Force parka, put Alvin in a snow suit inside a down sleeping bag and ride with him on a sled to school. The return trip took longer, hauling Alvin and a bag or two of groceries up the hill. Until the weather became too cold, Jubal drove the VW. He would take the battery out at night and drain the oil to keep it warm inside the apartment.

But, alas, when it was 40 below, a temperature where metal is brittle, Jubal abandoned the VW in the parking lot, after snapping off a door handle. He also snapped off his mustache when he rubbed it with the back of his glove. People left their cars running if they could not find a parking meter with an electrical outlet to plug in their oil pan heaters. Jubal decided to use his vehicle as a deep freeze. He put a haunch of caribou in the back seat and sawed off chunks when he needed meat.

The caribou came from Robert Allen, one of Jubal's English teachers, who Jubal assisted in butchering the animal on Allen's dining room table. Allen taught English at Ketchikan Community College, where Jubal met him through Angel, who had studied with him. Allen moved to Fairbanks and was teaching English literature. Jubal took a course in Canadian literature with another professor who taught

Canadian history as part of the course in tandem with Allen. The course in Canadian History and Literature alternated between lectures on books such as *The Jesuit Relations* and *Lord Durham's Report* and *The Journals of Susanna Moodie* and Leonard Cohen's *Beautiful Losers*. Allen allowed Jubal free rein to write a stream-of-consciousness term paper.

Jubal's term papers were controversial. His Chaucer professor was disturbed by Jubal's comparison of the Canterbury pilgrims to Bob Dylan's characters in the song "Desolation Row." He wrote in the margin: "Cryptic and obtuse." Jubal's linguistic professor told him that his paper on the word "fuck" as mantra was not even at the level of a cocktail party conversation. Another professor, taking a more tolerant stance, felt that Jubal was daring in his handling of "devilish complicated ideas" in a paper about the metaphysical background of themes in the works of the Romantic poets. One of Jubal's philosophy professors conceded that Jubal's comparison of Concrete Poetry to his ideas about Semiotic Phenomenology was interesting and original. His World History professor, on the other hand, wondered why Jubal would waste his time on such an insignificant person as the Latin poet of the late Roman Republic, Catullus. Some people get Jubal and some do not.

In the fall of 1973, Wood Center, the University's Student Recreation Building, opened. With such harsh winters with such long nights, the University spared no expense in building a pleasure dome worthy of Kublai Khan. There was a large ballroom that had walls that slid on tracks to create different size rooms. There was a bowling alley in the basement across from a full-liquor bar with a dance floor. There was a mezzanine with an espresso bar, and a staircase that rose from there to end at a small platform with just enough room for a table and a few chairs, exposed on all sides by open space in a high-ceiling, cathedral like room that had many small lounges, nooks and romantic, secluded crannies. The isolated staircase into space became known as "the clit."

Guest luminaries performed in the ballroom. Allen Ginsberg read there, and Buckminster Fuller gave a talk. Jubal and members of the Art Department created a "happening" in the basement. They made plastic tunnels inflated by fans and painted with psychedelic designs and furnished with mattresses. They hung potato

chips on threads from the ceiling. Jubal read his potato chip poems, and there was improvisational dance and music. People like to get close and party in the winter.

It was not all play for Jubal in Alaska. He worked for Artic Geology, once he graduated from college, sinking test holes along the Trans-Alaskan Pipeline. With Jubal's permission I am going to re-notate his poem "The Beast" into a prose poem.

THE BEAST

Old Valdez. 275 sq. miles. Second oldest white settlement in Alaska. Capt. Cook 1778, Bligh Island 1794, Spaniards 1798. In the 1800s whaling. Copper mined. Route to the goldfields. Blue fox farming in the 1920s. Iron Trail by Rex Beach set here.

New Valdez. Rebuilt after an earthquake on a new site. Voted All-American City 1965. "Valdez rhymes with ease." South Terminus of Alyeska's pipeline from Prudhoe Bay.

Wrathful Alyeska. Auger in one hand, marsh probe in one hand, geo-stick in one hand, polaski in another.

I take soil samples along the surveyed route from Valdez to Tonsina. I follow the Lowe River through alder swamps across marsh muck to bog mire. Streams jammed with rotting salmon.

I follow a bear trail to the cutline where I auger twenty feet to bedrock. Sidetrack to Kendal Cache to collect lichens and weathered telegraphy insulators. I note the conglomeration from glacier deposits.

Along glacier benches to bedrock, across rivers to bedrock, to bedrock under ridges, under boulders, under cobbles, under sill, under sand, under volcanic ash. I take a rest and get sick.

A caravan of Winnebagos pass. A woman points to a dead salmon and exclaims, "Someone should do something about that!" Cheechakos. 10% chance of rain in a rainforest means 10 inches of rain.

At Trans-Alaska Pipeline Point on Ground TAPS PG=361+68, I join my copter pilot. Mustachioed Viet vet with shades, his scarf trails in the breeze. Under the front seat is a stash of Berkeley Barbs.

He drops me off on a sandbar. There's a field of devil's club and a jungle of alder hanging from granite cliffs between me and my test hole.

Kingcrab to Otterman

Glacierized graywhacky

Sandy sill

Silly sand

Gravel

Cobbles

Indian love stones

Fucking rocks

Over

Otterman to Kingcrab

Reading you

Alluvial fan

Metamorphic composition

Zone theory

Montage effects

Colluvium

Colluvium

Clear

Dhal sheep graze below me. A bull moose into the brush as we land. Up the line, a grizzly and her cubs go into hiding.

From the Arctic Ocean at Prudhoe Bay, over the Brooks Range, across Koyukuk River, across the Yukon River and the Tanana, stretching across the Alaskan Range, this in temperatures below zero for more than one hundred days, below forty below for weeks, dropping to eighty below in arctic winds.

From Thompson Pass, down a glacier moraine, to the northernmost ice-free port, the pipe slouches towards Valdez.

The data gathered from the excavation of materials along the initially planned route, the eighty miles between Tonsina and Valdez, proved the ground to be unsuitable for the pipeline. Rather than crossing the Lowe River and running the pipeline behind several spectacular waterfalls, the pipe descends, as Jubal indicates in his poem, from Thompson Pass, down a moraine and follows the river to its destination in the port of Valdez. This was the eve before pipeline construction. Jubal was told by his employers that there was a lot of work ahead and that he would have his share, but Jubal and Angel had weathered five winters in Alaska and decided to go “outside.”

SCIENCE

I think if some of the great poets had lived in our time
they might have been not poets but scientists.

—Alfred North Whitehead

Science is defined as the systematic study of facts and principles. The facts and principles are determined through an application of what is called the empirical method which is knowledge derived through direct examination of phenomena.

The first sciences that Jubal took an interest in were chemistry and astronomy. Jubal’s dad succumbed to entreaties and bought him a Gilbert chemistry set from the toy department at Montgomery Wards. Chemistry deals with the composition of substances and the elementary forms of matter. Jubal followed the directions in the text that came with his chemistry set, but it was not long until his predisposition towards abstract expressionism took hold, and he created stink bombs.

Jubal would gaze at the heavens and wonder about the cosmos and the meaning of his being on a planet in a solar system in a galaxy, a speck in the vastness of space. When the opportunity arose to visit Chabot Observatory, in the Oakland hills, Jubal was excited to go with Mr. Shriner and some of his fifth grade classmates. It was

cold that night up on the platform. Astronomy requires a tolerance for cold weather. They looked through the 20-inch telescope at the moon and at Jupiter and Saturn. It was the beginning of a life-long love for a subject that involves not only empirical data but contains mythic lore—the starry heavens.

It is one thing to be told that the moon is pitted with giant craters, that the planet Saturn has rings and that Jupiter has many moons, and it is another thing to observe this with your own eyes. When Jubal was dropped off at his driveway by Mr. Shriner after their trip to the observatory, a night with a full moon, Jubal howled like a wolf.

It is more in the domain of epistemology than exact science that the discussion of the triad of the perceiver, the perception, and the object of perception occurs, but the root of scientific investigation is in observation and in trying to show how we know what we know. Scientific Realism views objects of knowledge (ideas as well as things) as separate from our awareness of them, as having real existence and of being constituted of matter and energy. On a human-planetary level this seems to be the norm of experience.

In his *The Physical Principles of Quantum Theory* (1930), Werner Heisenberg declared that on the sub-atomic level, if the location of an object is known, its speed cannot be determined and vice versa. This “indeterminacy principle” has ramifications not only in cosmology but in theology and philosophy. Another aspect of this view is that an act of observation can alter what is observed. The tools of measurement have a qualitative effect on the space-time co-ordinates of the object or force measured in the physical sciences, and the presence of an observer effects the data collected in the social sciences. Anthropologists have been told cock-and-bull stories because the aborigines felt that it was what they wanted to hear: “Yes, a woman is filled with child after she passes between those two rocks.”

In Buddhism, not only the observer (the “I” or self) but the objects of reality have no permanent substance or enduring characteristic. Their essence is emptiness (shunyata), although their nature is to manifest. Thus, the existence of objects is an illusion. To arrive at this understanding, so that it can be more than an intellectual concept, a yogi trains his or her mind to have the experience of

“emptiness.” The techniques of meditation that are observations of inner states of consciousness, of thoughts and emotions and their habitual patterns, help the yogi to understand that the nature of the reality we usually believe in is a phantasmagoria.

It is tempting to compare the findings of nuclear physicists to those of the yogi, but as Keith Dowman pointed out in a talk at Yeshe Ling, in 2008, the terminology of the mystical endeavor obscures the physicist’s description of reality, while the physicist’s terms do nothing to clarify the hypothesizes of the yogi. To the extent that the yogi approaches reality through systematic observation and experimental methods, subjective though they may be, this system can be said to be scientific; and the more the theoretical physicist reveals his findings for a unified theory of everything in metaphorical terms, his quest verges on a description of music, if not mysticism.

SEX

“It was good; it was bad; it was beautiful.”

—Héctor Lavoe

Jubal’s earliest sexual memory is of climbing an oak tree naked and rubbing his newly erect member against the rough bark. His first sexual contact with a person was with Casper Stackpole, an older boy from the neighborhood, who spent the night at Jubal’s house. Jubal questioned Casper about this new development of his body, and Casper stroked him until he came. Jubal found the emission to be a pleasant sensation but the wetness afterwards was disconcerting.

The two boys met at Jubal’s favorite tree, and they played with one another in frenzied abandon. Casper’s cock was larger than Jubal’s, and it amazed him how powerfully it would spurt. Jubal hoped to someday have such a noble cock, and in

time he had. A special cock with a twist near the crown.

The affair of Jubal and Casper was soon over. On a Fourth of July weekend, they were shooting off firecrackers among some rocks at the top of a grassy hill. Jubal was about to light a cherry bomb beneath a tin can, when he noticed a pair of high, black boots in front of him. An Oakland Motorcycle Policeman was standing in front of him. The man looked at the scene and judged it safe and left. After a while, Jubal, Casper, and Henry Palmer, another neighborhood boy, wandered down the hill. Jubal set off a small firecracker, a lady finger, on top of the plume of a dandelion; only it fizzled and created a blaze. Before Jubal could stop it, the hillside was on fire, and a house at the edge of the field would soon be threatened by the flames. The three boys fled in terror to Casper's house. The boys sat on a ratty couch on the patio and watched the smoke rise and listened to the sirens coming their way.

There was not an investigation, since no serious damage to any property occurred, but it would not have taken a Sherlock Holmes to track the boys down, there being only six boys of their age in the neighborhood. The policeman probably kicked himself with his shiny boots for not confiscating those firecrackers when he had the opportunity. After this incident, Jubal and Casper drifted apart.

I can see that to tell about every one of Jubal's love affairs, A to Z, in detail is not feasible, so I am going to construct this chapter along the lines of the five categories Jubal used in his early chapbooks that will reveal divers aspects of his sex life: political, religious, psychological, erotic, and linguistic.

Politics and Jubal's Sex Life

Because Jubal was born just prior to the United States entering World War II, he is technically not a member of the post-war Baby Boomer generation. Still, turning 21 in 1962, in a time of changing sexual mores, he did fit right in with the Love Generation.

The two reports published by Alfred Kinsey, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* (1948) and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* (1953), revealed a panorama of

activity being performed by human beings beyond the scope of most people's imagination, even if their own actions were part of the sexological statistics. This knowledge combined with the general use of the birth control pill in the early '60s, allowing women the opportunity to engage in sex without fear of becoming pregnant, opened the way for an era of sexual promiscuity. Jubal caught the ninth wave of sexually liberated females, and in good surfing form, he hung ten through the endless summer.

Long-hidden lifestyles began to emerge into public view. Homosexuals, lesbians, bisexuals, and transvestites began to "come out." Jubal became aware that there were many kinds of sexual orientation.

All very confusing for a young man adopted by a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant couple from the mid-west, who had migrated to Berkeley, in 1940, and who epitomized the meaning of "straight." Except for an erotic hug with a compliant oak tree and a bit of coextensive masturbation with his friend, Jubal remains straight. However, after the injections of the drug, Lupron, to reduce the size of his prostate gland before the implantation of radioactive seeds (brachytherapy) to rid him of cancer, Jubal developed E.D. (erectile dysfunction), so now his sexual makeup is closer to the neutral category, which is preferable for a monk.

Not that Jubal does not flirt. He flirts with everyone. And he has had one homosexual experience, a traumatic experience that he refers to as a kind of rape. After his stay in Napa Mental Hospital, while in a mental stupor produced by psychic stabilizers and pot, Jubal visited a new acquaintance, who took advantage of Jubal's open mindset. Or, if you prefer, his confusion and inability to resist. Christopher undressed him and proceeded to have Jubal perform fellatio, and then he sodomized Jubal's dazed body. Jubal claims it was an act of love, just one for which he was unprepared. He realized afterward that he was not gay.

Two books that strongly influenced Jubal were Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* and André Gide's *Cordyion*. Jubal believes in women's equality with men and with an individual's right to marry or make love with whomever they choose, as long as they are consenting adults. For Jubal, the term "marriage" means an

intimate union, and he believes that wedlock between same sex couples should be recognized by governments and sanctified by religions.

An area of sexual politics that helped awaken Jubal from chauvinistic slumbers was while he was the proprietor of Wind City Books, in the mid-'80s, and he had become successful enough to have employees. He was wont to hire attractive college girls, and when he put the make on Cynthia, she let him know that if he sidled up to her in such a fashion again, she would slap him with a sexual harassment suit. Jubal took this admonishment to heart and understood the power employers have—and how this can be abused—and, then and there, he resolved never to use authority in any capacity to confuse, manipulate, or harm.

Religious experience and Jubal's sex life

In the Western tradition of religion, the only place for sex is within the confines of marriage between a man and a woman, and then mainly for procreation. Carnal knowledge is the forbidden fruit, the source of sin, and the human body is considered to be an unclean vessel in which resides a pure soul. Saint Augustine puts it succinctly: "We are born amid piss and shit."

There is an alternative tradition in the West that glorifies sex—or romantic love—that stems from the troubadours, who wrote lyrics for songs and performed in the courts of Southern France in the Middle Ages. In the genre of these poets, the beloved is glorified, and we can still hear their unrequitedness in today's popular love songs. "Shaboom shaboom tralalala tralalala."

In the mystical literature of the medieval period, and especially during the Renaissance with the Spanish mystics, such as St. John of the Cross and Teresa of Avila, there is the "melting" of the individual soul with God. The union of the self with the beloved is spoken of as a marriage, and the experience is metaphorically sexual. The anonymous author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*, a 14th century English treatise, speaks of "a sharp dart of love" that penetrates the "cloud" separating man from God. (MacGregor, op. cit.)

In the Islamic mystical tradition, the Sufi poets are explicit in their use of metaphors

equating human and divine love. Rumi says, “To my eyes, lovers touching are folded wings in a beautiful prayer,” (translated by Barton), while Kabir says, “When my lover comes and I feel his feet, the gift I have for him is tears” (translated by Bly).

In the Tantric Buddhist tradition of Tibet, tutelary deities appear in sexual union (yab yum), symbolizing the union of skillful means, or compassion (male), and wisdom, or emptiness (female). The visualization by the practitioner might include graphic details, such as a mantra that circles from the mouth of the mother consort through her secret place (lotus=vagina) into the inner path of the father consort’s secret place (vajra=penis) and through his mouth return. I have not included all the details of this sexual symbolism because such practices (sadhana) are kept secret—and rightly so, for to experiment with these meditation techniques without a formal initiation and proper guidance will result in confusion.

Following in the footsteps of William Blake, Jubal’s poetry has mystical overtones. However, in some of his early work, he seems to reverse the order and attempt to bring spiritual themes to a secular level, as in “Tantric Tune-up” (*The Scorpion*, D Press, 1975):

Wheel your rig into DICK’S—
You’ll get a square deal.
Dick distributes VAJRA PRODUCTS
VAJRA protects your transmission
Parts. Perfect parts
Produce the proper frequency
To transcend planetary interference.

Pour VAJRA in your crankcase, it’ll be-
Come a peacock with 6 heads & 9 tails.
After this rite, thing’s will be right on.
Stick it in your gas, it’ll swell
Until there is a tyger in your tank.
Stuff it in that stash behind the dash.

Rub it on the hood or slip it in your ear.
VAJRA stops heat, sludge, jerking

And the formation of calluses
On your eyes.

In Jubal's middle period, where there is a preponderance of love poems, the influence of Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Rūmī is discernable, fused with elements of the poetry of Provençe, as in the poem addressed to Holly Warburton.

WATERDOWNSTONE

We compare our scars
And talk for hours.

You sit, I spin.
Love looks through love.

Our dream will not sleep.
Feelings jog us awake
I hold you, my heart
And sing a fool song
To renew the day.

You want your plan to work
Your luck to change,
A miracle to come.

I open my heart
Right or wrong
To sing this song.

In Jubal's present stage of poetry, even though he is an ordained monk, he still occasionally writes in a romantic vein. He is not ashamed of this. He feels it is

keeping with the Beat poet tradition, as well as in the Zen monk tradition. He can be raunchy like Ikkyū Sojun (1394-1481):

I don't have Ikkyū's libido
he was blessed Love is blind
I still enjoy a good blowjob
even if it's in my dreams

or, like Saigyō (1118-1190), he can be tender and, when he wishes, write like a woman:

awake to the tiniest sound
the thap of an insect
hitting the windowpane
how I wish it was his footstep

Psychological dimension of Jubal's sex life

My biography of Jubal Dolan has the aura of a psychological novel, but when Sabina Adler, Jubal's counselor friend, read some of what Jubal originally wrote, she was not pleased. Here is her response:

Okay, to correct some misapprehensions, I am not a counselor who is moonlighting in some unethical manner. I was a friend with talent. As a trained counselor, I don't generally say the stupid things other people say when they are friends. What I say tends to resemble motivational interviewing, but it is in the friendship and was not some kind of quasi-ersatz psychologizing or psychoanalysis of any kind.

I am not a psychologist of any kind. I AM at present considered one of the top school counselors in the state of Washington, and by ETS Princeton as one of the best currently practicing in the country. During grad school I practiced skills on Jubal because he came over every blessed night while he was drying out from alcoholism and going cold turkey. But it was all reflection and motivational interviewing, still. Some education. After I got my degree this is not what anything was. It was friendship.

He claims: "fool, genius, idiot, saint, madman, poet." More likely: monk, lover, genius, bipolar and self-medicating seducer, and poet. But don't negate old friend.

Please don't put pseudo-Freudian psychobabble into my mouth or as some kind of bullshit couch session. We discussed sex as a form of transcendence a great deal, and substance abuse as an attempt at transcendence, not some kind of titty deprivation fantasy.

What do I think? Lots of variables: sex addiction, substance addiction, probably some bi-polar tendencies, and then that pesky ptsd which manifested in tremors, etc. under stress. Learning his own strengths, and moving into religious addiction saved his life.

Good analysis, there, Sabina. I still think Jubal has a Raskolnikov complex, who in turn had a Napoleon Complex. "Napoleon Without a Bone" is one of my favorite Jubal poems, revealing just enough of Jubal's inner life but not too much. The poem is in *Second Boiling* (D Press, 1999) and is coupled with "Irresolute." Originally, they were one poem, and here I am recombining them.

NAPOLEON WITHOUT A BONE

Politics determines our destiny
along with MUD and the power of romance

tentative
halting
difficult irresolute
daunting

mystery, exile,
a bone apart

Not so far to Corsica from here
Not so far

Not so far from here

You who lead me
You who look on my pangs of
cyclic loneliness and fear

I awake and say, "Good Morning,"
to my bones

Between thought and act
Between cause and sequence
Between fate and abeyance
Between nature and our hearts

The parable of Self works itself out
My myth unfolds
Between the illusion and the confusion
I swell with strength

To live Nature's force
by emulation or by imitation
to take Life in its green fuse
with intention
released from shadow

To study, map, decode,
utter, know

Working ahead of all process
continuously changing, merging
while indecision meanders down the river

The root of poet is *poietes*
Maker, make your luck

Erotic component of Jubal's sex life

To continue this romp...the eroticism of Jubal's work is more apparent in his pictures than in his poetry. Look to his linoleum nudes, which can be found in the chapbooks from his days in Deep Bay and Robber's Roost. There are a few poems that are intended to titillate, but most of the love poems are poems of unrequited love and mystical longing. They are, as Eve West points out, in "A Tribute to Jubal Dolan" (*Big Bridge #12*), "His poems of love are arrestingly unhampered by sentiment."

Jubal reserved most his written erotic impulse for his letters. Two of his most erotically inspired books are in an epistolary format: *What Zen Wisdom*, a collaboration with Joie Phenix and *Roses of Crimson Fire*, a collaboration with Analya Valdepeña.

Two of Jubal's stupidest letters were written in an erotic style. The first was written to his high school sweetheart, Amadeus. He composed the missive at Fred Gold's house at Hillside Stables. He wrote it on stationary reserved for business correspondence with the stable's logo and letterhead. Jubal did not sign this letter; he crumpled it up and dropped it in a wastebasket. Unbeknownst to him, Fred mailed the letter to Amadeus. Amadeus may have been excited by Jubal's sensuous similes, but Amadeus's mother, who found the billet-doux in her daughter's dresser drawer, was shocked.

Jubal and Fred were unaware of the turn of events, but when they approached Fred's house, one day in the following week, and saw two Cadillacs in front, they were sure something important was happening. Amadeus's father waved the "thing" in Jubal's face, blathering, "scum, filthy, foul language." Jubal's dad was speechless, but his stern countenance did nothing to alleviate the tension. Fred's confessing to having sent the letter only added to the depravity, as now there were two scoundrels involved. Fred's dad seemed mainly upset that the letter was written on his stationary.

This letter was juicy. It told of all the places in and on Amadeus's anatomy that Jubal wanted to put his penis, places in and on the fair maiden's body (Amadeus having light blond hair and a delicate complexion), until the two of them floated in bliss on a sea of their own liquids.

The other stupid letter is one that Jubal wrote to M. (of the hardy hymen), after Angel and Jubal had moved to the little mill town of Preston, after living in Fairbanks. Jubal wrote the letter at the kitchen table, while his wife and mother-in-law were preparing dinner. When Jubal put stamps on the letter and headed to the post office to mail it, Angel tagged along. She took the letter from Jubal and read it. She was not pleased with its contents.

As Jubal remembers it, the opening paragraph was intended to be erotic but could be easily misinterpreted as verging on the perverse, since it alluded to a scene in Fritz Lang's silent film, *M*, where Pete Lorrie is watching the reflection of a young girl in a store window, and the blade of a knife suddenly protrudes from the pocket of his pants.

"Another deva!" Angel shouted. "So help me, you are incorrigible. How can you do this to me?"

"I'm disgusting, but I have to tell the truth. I couldn't resist. I'm selfish."

"No one loves you like I do. All I can see is her all over you."

"Passions need secrets, but deception is brutal."

"You try and make it with every girl that is willing. Will you please get serious about our marriage?"

And Jubal did—for a while.

Jubal enjoys a bit of porn. Growing up in an era when such material was highly censored, he found *Playboy* and *Hustler* a great improvement over *National Geographic* for pictures of the naked female body. He preferred the steamy, untouched photos of Larry Flint's mag to Hugh Hefner's airbrushed bunnies. For a good read, he turned to *Esquire*, and he had a subscription to the short lived *Avant-Garde*. It was Jean Genet's masterbatory novel, *Our Lady of the Flowers*, written

while the author was in prison, that made Jubal realize the power of erotic language.

An aside: It was because of the Warren Court's rulings that pornography and sexually oriented publications proliferated. It is fitting that Jubal had, as a baby, sat on the Chief Justice's wife's lap. Earl Warren was then the Governor of California, and he was traveling on a train, and he asked a waiter to invite Jubal's parents ("that nice family over there") to join him and his wife for breakfast.

One of the things Jubal admired about Angel's parents was their liberal attitude about sex. It may, in part, have been a part of Britta's Swedish heritage and her influence on John. Jubal knew that his in-laws enjoyed themselves in bed because there were several sex manuals—the *Karma Sutra*, *The Joy of Sex*, Japanese woodcuts—in a bedside bookcase in their bedroom. They, in turn, enjoyed Jubal's artwork. One of Osmond's favorites was an etching of chemical configurations with tiny nudes. Jubal had submitted the etching to his chemistry professor—another of his controversial term papers.

In *Roses of Crimson Fire* (Darkness Visible Press, La Jolla, 2008), there are sensually stimulating letters written to Gabriela Anaya del Alma by Bouvard Pécuchet. I could not have written these letters, being too shy, but there they are. The following email was sent on Thursday, September 28, 2006, at 4:33 pm.

For me there are no more stories to tell. I will make love to you the only way I can now, with words, long words, short words, dream words, words of mutual feelings, a procession of words that move in you, a movement of words within you that reach your lips for a kiss. Think about this: words that visit you in the day, words that visit you at night, words that move in a silent way, words that search for your hidden fire, words that fill the bowl of your hunger, words that cradle you in their luminous blossoms, words that allow your flight to a multitude of worlds, words that tickle your goddess feet, words that nibble your goddess ear, words that are often lucky, words that in early morning help raise your spirit to meet the duties of the day, words that say they love you every way, words that say I shed tears for causing you distress.

The linguistic element in Jubal's sex life

Erostimusty

Umoosyrite

Oustmisery

Riotymuses

Yumstories

Stemisyours

Mysterious

These anagrams of “mysterious” invite the reader to free-associate and create stories.

Erosimusty. It is spring, and Jubal is standing with a knot of students at Bret Harte, at the far end of left field during lunch recess. He is positioned behind Dore with his arms around her waist and his erect penis firmly wedged in the crack of her protuberant butt. There is a portable radio on. The Dodgers are playing the Yankees, and Padres is pitching. There is the sound of a bat making a solid hit, and Kent Taylor, a tall boy for his age and the golden boy of the football team, nonchalantly reaches up and catches a baseball barehanded and then tosses it to the leftfielder. A god.

Umoosyrite. Augusta lies in the grass along the bank of the Teanaway, where the river is warmed after running along a bed of limestone before it reaches the swimming hole beneath the falls. She patiently shows Jubal how she wants her clitoris massaged—gentle strokes and not too much pressure—and Jubal spends the afternoon learning buzztalk.

Oustmisery. Karen works at Coffee Catz. Jubal meets her at 11 am, and they go to Safeway to buy milk for the café. It looks like things are going to work out. Karen goes with him to see *Shakespeare in Love*. She invites Jubal to her apartment for a breakfast, but something happens while she is cooking. She becomes hysterical and tells Jubal to leave. He walks along the beach near Bodega Bay. Sits on a log. Watches a surfer tumbling in a wave. Feels wiped out.

Riotymuses. Jubal wants a metaphysic so loose the most incredible accident could occur, and it would not cause a ripple. Jubal searches for the ultimate omphalos and the continuation of culture. Is Great Pan dead?

Yumstories. “Yum” can mean tasty, and it can represent the female consort. “Yummy” can be hot and dangerous.

Stemisyours. Jubal is intrigued with the idea of poetic lineage. Shakespeare is the Exulted Teacher, and Chaucer is Lord of the Family. The Muse makes it possible to discover the mind treasures that are poems. I am intrigued by the Y. “When you come to a Y in the road, take it,” said Yogi Berra.

. . .

With the broadening of the definition of “obscenity” by the courts, which then accepted works such as Joyce’s *Ulysses* and Ginsberg’s *Howl* as having valuable literary value, writers and artists took advantage of the new permissiveness, and the border between “erotic” and “obscene” became—if it had not always been—obscured. The controversy over Jubal’s books being kept under the counter at the U. of Alaska Bookstore occurred near the time of the Supreme Court’s Three-Prong Obscenity Test, which tries to balance local community standards with wider social standards. The case being resolved by the University in Jubal’s favor only emboldened him.

He has gotten a lot of mileage out of his erotic art work. Steve Kowit has used the linocuts in two separate editions of *Heart in Utter Confusion* to illustrate his takes on Hindu love poetry. John Bennett published Jubal’s linocuts in one edition of *Vagabond* and in his *Tribute to Henry Miller*. Jubal has sold framed prints of his linocuts and not thought too deeply about why such material might be censored. This was revealed to him in a dramatic way.

John Bennett and Jubal shared a booth at Bumpershoot, an arts festival in Seattle, selling their books. Business was good. People browsed, and some bought things. A young girl, maybe 12, and her mother stopped at Jubal’s end of the table. The girl picked up one of Jubal’s letterpress books—the one that has a white cover and “ketchikan 69” at the bottom—one where every poem is vulgar and the prints are

crude, a book to tweak the nose of a prude but not one he intended to destroy a young girl's innocence. Jubal is not sure which page she was looking at; but she was frozen there; and tears welled in her eyes. She gave a little moan which caught her mother's attention. She took the book from her daughter's hands, slapped it down on the table, gave Jubal a piercing look, and the two of them moved away.

SOLITUDE

Emerson criticized Thoreau: "Instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry party." Jubal would like to consider himself a member of that party. In "Walking," Thoreau writes, "Every sunset which I witness inspires me to go to a West as distant and as fair as that into which the sun goes down." (*The Natural History Essays of Henry David Thoreau*, edited by Robert Sattelmere, Peregrine Smith, 1980.) Jubal replies:

Thoreau would envy me
I live in the Rockies
The West of his future—
A pretty walk from Walden Pond

In the East, sacred wisdom
That I can also find looking
Far to the West and entering
My lama's mindstream

Like the 19th century naturalist, whose studies seemed to his contemporaries to be mere idleness, the reasons for wanting to be a hermit in the 21st century may appear to be the lifestyle of a slacker, but as the 14th century master of meditation, Longchenpa, admonishes: "Avoid places of diversion and distraction; remain in solitude." (Longchen Rabjun, *The Precious Treasury of Pith Instructions*, Padma Pubs., 2006.)

For Thoreau, the fruit of his meditations and observations was to come into harmony with nature, while retaining the advantages of the arts and sciences. For Jubal, the fruit of his path is the view that he has never, in actuality, been separate from this original state.

Long periods at Luminous Peak without
A reference point. Life goes on in the world—
A plane leaves a contrail, headed west.
At night, a distant light, a car moving, then
Gone around a bend—
I do some shadow dancing and laugh.
Maybe, I've gone around a bend.

Jubal has never been one to be lonely, although when he is with people, he enjoys their company and is convivial. He accepts that “aleness” is the human condition. Even with a lover, one is alone. On a deeper level, Jubal has found the “Self” who is lonely—nay, who is alone—is a phenom created by consciousness, and a self-liberated *Vidyadhara* (a knowledge holder and decoder of the symbols of the supreme secret teaching) to which he aspires, can in no way be “alone,” if he has attained the Youthful Body in a Vase, that is emptiness.

Also, Jubal does not feel that he is alone because the path he follows to become a Vidyadhara is well-blazed, and he feels the presence of the great masters to whom he often appeals for support.

I follow the masters of meditation—
Their bony fingers gesture
“Up here; we're up here!”
Luckily, I have my flashlight.

As a boy, Jubal hunted and fished alone or with his dog and on horseback, but he found he did not need a reason to go into the wilderness. Like Thoreau, he could enjoy a walk, or as Thoreau calls it a “sauntering,” (a word derived from French sources, i.e., *sans terre*, without a home or land). The English have the word “to

stroll,” meaning to meander, or walk in an indefinite course, for pleasure. When Jubal was a bookseller, in Robber’s Roost, and business was slow, he would hang a “Gone Fishing” sign on the door of Windy City and let the shop’s namesakes blow him hither and thither.

In retreat, at Luminous Peak, Jubal’s boundaries are set. He has been ritualistically sealed in.

My retreat boundary extends
Ten feet beyond my deck—
I’m overwhelmed by the infinite
And all I’ll never see here

There are two days of the week when he walks 316 paces up the gravel road to his food box, on Tuesdays before noon, to deliver his food list, and on Thursdays, at 1 pm to pick up his supplies. It is not a long walk, but Jubal turns it into a promenade, on some occasions, and on other days, he does a walking meditation, taking trouble-free steps, going without arriving, in the style practiced by Thich Nhat Hahn, as described in *A Guide to Walking Meditation*.

On some of these rare outings, Jubal stops by a tall, first-growth Ponderosa pine with a hollow core, the kind of a tree a Shaman might enter another realm.

That tree on the path
Knurled, with withered limbs
I give it a hug—I’m old & knurly
With a withered limb, too

Jubal claims he asked the tree its name and was told to call it “YL”—and Jubal asked if YL was its first name or its last name—and the tree replied that YL represented its location, since a tree has no need of a self. YL asked Jubal if he was at all lonely in retreat, and Jubal said, “Actually, it gets a bit crowded living in tight quarters with

one hundred peaceful and wrathful deities,” so you can see there is a good-natured comradeship; but that is as far as it goes.

“Embracing the Tree” is a basic Chi Kung exercise, but that Jubal creates imaginary dialogues with a pine tree is an indication that he sometimes misses human contact. This usually occurs when his practice falters and he has doubts about his path.

A morning of mantra muddle
Mudra mangle and fuzzy yidam—
Put paid to this condition
Of frustration and confusion

When there is this kind of “eruption,” Jubal remembers Senge Rinpoche’s pith instruction: “When your practice goes sour, do more practice.” And he does.

Vajra ground perfected
Vidyadhara levels matured
Four kayas fully actualized
Who’s your lama, now?

And then, Jubal’s infallible humor kicks in:

Cloud language, Dakini script
Very hard to decipher—
Maybe I need a consort
Just for this one occasion

All kidding aside, Jubal takes his retreat seriously. He is in Luminous Peak to achieve the two accomplishments of merit and wisdom, his own attainment of Buddhahood in this lifetime and to aid in the enlightenment of all sentient beings. These are not empty concepts to him. He has faith in the dharma and devotion to the gurus who have brought him, through their blessings, to a level where this is a possibility.

Jubal has been fortunate to have four lamas and two khenpos (Ph.D.-types) assisting him: Lama Prajna created an environment for long retreat through her vision; Senge Gyapa Rinpoche gave Jubal pointing out instructions and ordained him as a monk; Rigdzin Kumaradza Rinpoche transmitted Do Khyentse Yeshe Dorje's terma, *Dzinpa Rangdröl* (a complete cycle of teaching, which translates as "Self-liberation of Clinging"); Lama Gyurme Rabgye, Khenpo Ugyen and Kenpo Sonam, performed the necessary rituals and gave Jubal many teachings and instructions, as they sealed him in and set the boundaries.

E MA HO

SPORTS

God is a big white baseball that has nothing to do but go in a curve or a straight line. I studied geometry in high school and I know that this is true.

—Jack Spicer, "Four Poems for The St. Louis Sporting News"

apparently
I did not understand
when He spoke of the grain
which is the symbol of man

looking to the burial of the seed
its death and resurrection—
I want mustard on my hotdog

—Jubal Dolan, "Sermon on the Mound"

Jubal is by no stretch of the imagination a sports fanatic. He has his favorites—baseball, swimming, and track, those sports which he played with some proficiency—but he enjoys other sports, too, when he is in the mood.

There were moments of glory for Jubal as an athlete, and moments of humiliation. At times, he beat out the competition, and at other times he was beaten. He finally found he was not fond of competition as a means to excel. He turned inward—as ascetic sitar players often do, to play for God—and became an artist.

In team sports, Jubal was second string. At Sequoia Grade School, in the 6th grade, he was, however, the coach's secret weapon in touch football. This game may not require padded equipment to play, but it can get rough, especially if you are on the line of scrimmage when the ball is snapped by the center. In some plays, Jubal, lightweight that he is, was the center.

The coach would assign two heavier boys as linemen to either side of Jubal for protection. When Sequoia was within a few yards of a touchdown, after the ball was in play Jubal would fall back and find an opening in the front line to enter the end zone, where he could catch a short pass for a touchdown. Not a play that could be repeated twice in a game, but against Sequoia's chief rival, James Lick Grammar School, Jubal scored the winning points in the last quarter of the game. On the ride home, the chant went up: "We licked Lick!"

Baseball is a team sport but not a contact sport, until someone like Ty Cobb comes at you with his cleats in the air, while you are trying to tag him out. Many sports enthusiasts find baseball boring. "Nothing happens," they say. It is true that there are long stretches when the action appears to lag, like when a pitcher is pitching a no-hitter, but always there is tension building. When something does happen, the batter gets a hit or a runner steals a base, then things move very fast.

There is something about the exact dimensions of a baseball diamond that creates close play. The speed of a hardball can be thrown (a pitcher's fast ball on its way 60.6 feet to home plate at 90 mph) is something only the best batters can hit one-third of the time, and when it is hit and fielded to first base, the batter barely has time to make it there and be called safe. Jubal played baseball in Junior High—a few games as shortstop—but mostly he played with his neighborhood friends in the horse pastures. It is more a game he likes to watch on TV, where there are cameras catching all the angles.

In Iowa, when Jubal stayed on his cousins' farm, he would go to games to watch Aiden play in a local league. Iowa farm boys take baseball seriously, as is made clear in *Field of Dreams*, starring Kevin Costner, based on the novel by Ray Kinsella's with the same title. Burt Lancaster plays a supporting role in the movie. And a movie starring Burt Lancaster, *The Jim Thorpe Story*, based on the life of the great Native American Olympic athlete and all-around super star, whose medals were taken from him (and posthumously returned) for playing professional baseball in the bush leagues, inspired Jubal.

Baseball, the "national sport," dates to the early days of the founding of the country. Jubal contends there is a baseball bat with the signatures of the first four presidents sequestered in the Masonic Archives in Washington D.C. He has a hard time keeping a straight face when he says this. As for the steroids scandal in baseball, Jubal's favorite remark is: "I would like to have seen Mickey Mantle on steroids."

In high school, Jubal tried out for the track team, but after clipping his kneecap running high hurdles, he joined the swim team. If there is one thing Jubal can do, it is swim. He learned young. His mother paid for lessons after a near mishap at Y-camp. Jubal had climbed out on some logs that were jammed together in the Gulwala River and had fallen off and been momentarily trapped beneath the surface. He kept his wits about him, held his breath, and swam like a frog away from under the log jam. This act of survival gave Jubal courage. That summer he entered an underwater swimming contest and placed third. In fact, he was well ahead of the other swimmers, until he ran aground on a shoal of gravel and had to maneuver around it with his head under water.

At Oakland High, his performance at trials was hampered by his knee injury from track, but he made second string. His moment of glory came, after his knee injury had healed, at a meet with Castlemont. He was entered in the individual 100 yd. medley: backstroke for one length of the pool, breaststroke (butterfly style) for one length, finishing with the crawl (or power stroke). He got a good start, made tight turns, and won, seeming to himself without effort. The cheer went up. The coach

said, if he tried out again in his junior year, he would be on the first string and was sure to earn his Letter. Jubal savored his winning moment, but he did not go for the gold.

Max Sprint, a winner of eight gold medals in the Olympics, in an off-handed comment, said that he got his speed and endurance by imagining a naked woman awaiting him with her legs spread at the end of the pool. Jubal thought he would practice the “breaststroke” without entering the pool or getting into a pair of racing trunks. For this, he did not need a big letter O.

Other than some “Hippie golf,” where you smoke weed and knock golf balls around the green, Jubal pretty much steered away from sports after high school. He hunted and fished in Alaska, but it was for survival and not for pleasure. He needed two college units and took Introduction to Swimming at the U. of Alaska. He dog paddled around for a quarter, doing the best he could to look like he was a beginner, but the teacher caught on. She asked him to swim 100 yds. freestyle, and he tied the pool’s record. Embarrassing.

But not as embarrassing as the last competition Jubal entered, in Robber’s Roost. John Bennett, who at the time was a seasoned long-distance runner in top form, asked Jubal to swim across Peoples’ Pond, along the Yakima River, as a part of a biathlon. Jubal was out-of-shape from too many years of smoking and sitting around in his bookstore, but he said he would do his best. He found that he could swim the length of the pond without too much effort, and he had hopes of making a good show.

The day of the race came. The swimmers took their places on the edge of the pond. Jubal had on his racing trunks. He was set. The gun fired. Jubal made his dive from the bank into a tangle of bodies and right off got kicked hard in the forehead and took in a nose full of water. By the time he recovered, the pack was ahead of him. By the time he reached the opposite shore, the only swimmer behind him was an obese woman. He did make it out of the water and tagged John, who ran like Hermes to the finish line to win for the two of them in their age category. Jubal knew it was a hollow victory, but he decided it was best to retire from the sports

arena in triumph rather than in defeat.

STARS

“What’s that shining thing?” she asks him.
At first he tries to hide it, but then he says,
“It’s a star, Ma. I picked it.”

—André Brink, *Praying Mantis*

RICHARD: Jubal, which are your favorite stars?

JUBAL: Those that make up the constellation of Orion. To me, the mighty Hunter-Warrior is the most beautiful thing in the world. Of course, it’s not an object nor is it in the world. It’s a group of stars in a particular configuration, some within our galaxy and some far outside, but the startling brightness and unique arrangement of this grouping of stars (some of the galaxies) dominate the sky and been commented on since people first looked up and became conscious of stars and deep sky objects.

At first, we were probably not aware of the great depths of outer space. The second century astronomer, Ptolemy, who believed that the earth was the fixed center of the Universe, conceived of the heavens as like a colander with tiny pinholes for light from the outside to shine through, a dome over our planet, which moved over us, within which some bodies, “Wanderers” (other planets), circled. Now, we understand the daystar (our Sun) to be at the center of our Solar System (a heliocentric system), and with the aid of the Hubble telescope, we find ourselves to be at the edge of one galactic arm (Milky Way) amongst a million, if not more, galaxies.

PERFECT

Arguing into the early hours
About the global economy
And the greenhouse effect
We solve the world's problems
For another night
While the stars shine
Through the colander of the sky

After you leave I continue to drink
Until I'm topped up and tipping over

Miserable fuck that I am
I crawl across a gravel pit
And down a culvert
Where I find a pinhole of firelight
And I laugh and laugh
Happy to find light
In the middle of the tunnel

RICHARD: Return to Orion, Jubal.

JUBAL: I am reminded of a slight discrepancy I caught in the movie, *Men in Black*, when the boss tells his agents, played by Tommy Lee Jones and Will Smith, that there isn't a galaxy on the belt of Orion. True enough, for the belt itself, but new stars are being created in the Orion Nebula that is an area of Orion's sword that hangs from the belt. However, it would have complicated the plot to mention this, since the "belt" was a collar on a cat, named Orion, in the movie.

The word "Orion" (according to Richard Hinckley Allen in his *Star Names: Their Lore and Meaning*) comes to us from the Greek, into the Latin, Oarion, as transcribed by the Roman poet, Catullus, from the *Odes of Pindar*. There are many names attributed to the Orion constellation by the ancients. The Syrians called it Gabbārā, and the Jews knew it as Gibbōr, both names meaning "Giant," the latter thought to

be Nimrod cast into the sky for his defiance of Jehovah. The Egyptians associated Orion with Osiris. The Hindus saw Orion as the god Praja-pati in the form of a stag in pursuit of his daughter, represented by the star we call Aldebaran. I see the constellation as a “Sambhogakaya Cowboy” in this poem:

RODEO OF THE EQUINOX

There’s an urgency to his line, the
Tension meant to hold

A wonder. Orion
Lassoos an Atlas-bred heifer.

Sterope is tied hard and fast
With hemp.

Not too shabby, all agree
And space is taut in admiration.

The Olympian buckaroo
Puts a silver buckle on his belt.

Sterope licks her burn in the calf pen.

RICHARD: Who is Sterope?

JUBAL: One of the daughters of Atlas, a Titan in mythology, portrayed as holding the earth on his shoulders. She is one of the contenders for being the Lost Pleiad, a star in the constellation called the Pleiades, a small cluster of stars near Taurus, the Bull, which has become indistinct to the naked eye. It could be seen among “the Starry Seven” in Roman times, but it was dim, and was used to check a soldier’s eyesight. A story is told of Orion pursuing Sterope and her being made invisible by Apollo. The Pleiades, although they take up a relatively small area in the sky, are a glittering eyeful and have been compared to fireflies, a silver braid, a silk sash covered with

gems, a necklace, a flock of birds, as well as old wives and nanny goats.

PLEIADES

Orion chased them.
Sterope fell into a faint.

Vulcan set a net to catch
Venus in her embrace of Mars.

Sappho saw the seven sisters set.
She knew love makes a poet into a boar.

You say, "All's fair,"
And I, "Boars have wings."

RICHARD: There is not enough room here to relate all the lore of all the constellations. Tell me about your astrological sign, Scorpio?

JUBAL: It is said that The Scorpion stung The Giant and killed him. Scorpio rises on the horizon, and Orion descends, running scared. Because the position of the stars have a striking resemblance to the outline of a scorpion, it has this form in many cultures. It has also been known as Eagle, as Snake, as Azure Dragon. In Egypt, during the reign of the Pharaohs, the priests had eleven rather than twelve signs in their zodiac. The Romans added Libra to create their Julian calendar, and they pruned the stars that were The Scorpion's claws to make this sign. Since Scorpio (with its powerful Mars energy) was in such close proximity to Virgo, it was prudent-minded of the Romans to insert an inanimate object (the sign representing a book or a set of scales) between these potential lovers, something like the proverbial bed sheet between the Traveling Salesman and the Farmer's Daughter.

EYE OF THE SCORPION

Is issuing from the brain
Shining upon us to block
Our knock off

A pearl in wine
The web of life, and a worm
Weaving deep in the earth

A wooden bowl being filled
With blood to make bread
As the cauldron boils

More gold, more gold

Is issuing from the brain
White is holding a corpse
In the east of the brain

Yellow is holding an arrow
In the south of the brain
Black is holding a skull cup

In the north of the brain
As the worm weaves
In the eye of Scorpius

I have always enjoyed being a Scorpio native, investigating the mysteries of sex, death, and transformation. A perfect fit with the Vajrayana. Ideal for a yogi.

RICHARD: The poet's muse is compared to heavenly beauty in Byron's poem—I hope I have it right—"She walks in beauty, like the night/Of starry climbs and spacious skies." Have you had such a muse, Jubal?

JUBAL: Among my loves, I would elect Laura. She wanted to study with Roger and Debbie Fouts at the Chimp Lab. She said she would need work and a place to live. Had other schools to look at. I liked her. I was up front and offered her a packaged

deal—a room in my new house, a job at Four Winds, and dinner that night at a restaurant with candlelight. She accepted my invitation to dine. We talked. She was intrigued but wanted to go on with her trip to U.C.L.A. and the University of Arizona that had programs in Primatology. She said she would stay in touch by phone, and she did. She was not the shy type. She said she found my offer attractive. She liked my house, my bookstore, and me.

We talked on the phone as she traveled southward. For a while she was staying with a friend in Hollywood. Then, she went to Tucson. Central U. still looked good to her. There was just one hitch—a boyfriend back home she was having a hard time leaving. She would see, she said, but after she returned to Mississippi, there were no more phone calls. She was a Miss from Mississippi with four “eyes” who was blind.

MAID OF MISS
for Laura

Something small
The size of a star.
Did you make a wish?
Far away,
Far, far away. Hard,
Hard like a star.
A miss, a mysterious
Maid made of mist.
A face that enters
My dreams
And a kiss I miss
When awake.

Love sighs
Never, forever.
The world is small,
The heart huge.

Love signs
Never,
Forever.

Pisces quivers
On the horizon.
Venus exalted,
Her dream is deep
She fairly bristles
With romance.

She walks
To work on the stars,
A goddess in her constellation.
Believe me, the stars
Are really
There.

The stars,
Music,
Joy in all weather,
And those few
Moments
We made real.

She walks
To work on
The stars.
Love's location
Hidden
Within the tiniest of
Spaces.

RICHARD: Lovely, Jubal. I like the allusion to Grauman's Chinese Theatre, while Laura walks to work in Hollywood. Let us turn from the starry heaven to the silver

screen. Off the top of your head, who are your favorite movie stars?

JUBAL: Let me see...Falconetti facing her tormentors in *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, Max Von Sydow playing chess with Death in *The Seventh Seal*, Charlie Chaplin eating his shoe in *Gold Rush*, Louise Brooks looking innocent in *Pandora's Box*, Giulietta Masina street walking in *Nights of Cabiria*, Buster Keaton leaping aboard a locomotive in *The General*, Marlon Brando yelling "Stella" in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Lee Marvin with a silver nose in *Cat Ballou*, Marleen Dietrich being wicked in *Blue Angel*, Paul Newman eating eggs in *Cool Hand Luke*, Audrey Hepburn just back from Paris in *Sabrina*, Gregory Peck being diabolical in *Moby Dick*, Humphrey Bogart going crazy in *Treasure of the Sierra Madres*, Elizabeth Taylor walking into the kitchen and saying "What a dump!" in *Whose Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, Toshiro Mafune shrugging his shoulders in *Yojimbo*, Alec Guinness on the telephone in *The Horse's Mouth*.

I brought a halt to Jubal's recitation of movie stars. He is a movie-watching maniac, when he is not in retreat, and he has an encyclopedic memory. The movies he mentions in "Stars" hardly reached the 1960s. While in retreat, he heard that Sandra Bullock had won an Oscar, and he wondered if *There Will Be Blood* had garnered awards and whether the passions still ran hot between Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie.

SYNTOPICON

Jubal's broad interests and in-depth understanding of so many subjects, as well as his eclectic taste, may come from his early perusal of encyclopedias, atlases, and other compendiums of knowledge. In high school, he was one of the first proud owners of a set of books called *The Syntopicon*. These books were the brainchild of Mortimer Adler, at the University of Chicago, who elicited the help of many scholars and directed their energies to construct the Great Ideas Program.

Initially, there were 52 volumes in the set, two of which were the "syntopicon"

proper which are a synthesis of topics, as the name implies. The topics (Great Ideas), such as “good” and “truth” and “beauty” and “freedom” and “justice” and “happiness” have an introductory essay dealing with the topic and an extensive outline of subsidiary ideas related to the main topic.

The volumes are printed with double columns of text, so there are four corners of reference on each page, designated *a* through *d*. The authors include philosophers, poets, dramatists, historians, novelists, scientists, mathematicians, and psychologists in the Western traditions, and the reader can find his topic of interest cross-indexed to all the authors in the set. For example, if the reader wishes to check on “Beauty in the moral order,” this is discussed by Immanuel Kant in his volume on pages 478a-479d.

There was debate around the inclusion of some writers rather than others, that the authors included only represent a fraction of the talent that might have been exploited, but some of these concerns were addressed with subsequent works and syntopical outlines that emerged with reading and discussion groups, often hosted by public libraries. At the time Jubal acquired his set with Homer, Herodotus, Shakespeare, Dante, James, and Freud at his fingertips, there was a lot for him to read and ideas to explore.

How did Jubal become acquainted with *The Syntopicon*? The books were in his high school library, where Jubal hid his crib notes for his Latin tests, when he would purposefully be late to class and be sent to the library by Miss Viola. Was she wise to this tactic of his? Perhaps. He did not make a habit of it. She would make an appearance. Jubal kept his eye peeled. In class, he sat in the front row, next to her desk. He was under her watchful eye for two years, until he graduated. It may just be that she had a special place for him in her heart.

After Jubal entered Cal, he ran into Miss Viola on Telegraph Avenue. They were going into the same restaurant, and she invited him to have dinner with her. During the desert course, she put her hand on top of his and wished him good luck in his college career. Jubal saw her in a new light—it was a romantic setting—and he had the impulse to put his hand on top of hers and say something in Latin, a memorized

tag like, NIXA VENIT SPECIES GENIBUS SIBI CONSCIA CAUSÆ, from Manilius, which might even have had some relevance (“Conscious of his shame, a constellation kneels without a name,” here translated by Creech.) From the restaurant, they would go to his studio and conjugate the senses of their bodies language. Jubal let the moment’s fantasy go, and they parted company. And I am off topic.

Jubal sent an inquiry form to the Great Ideas Center, and they sent a sales representative to his door, who turned out to be another of Jubal’s teachers, Mr. Shriner, his 5th grade teacher from Sequoia Grade School, doing a bit of moonlighting. It was an easy sell. Jubal had already made up his mind, and his parents considered it a good investment. Jubal was happy to see Mr. Shriner again. With the sale, the feeling was mutual.

TEACHING

Those that can, do; those that can’t, teach.

—George Bernard Shaw

May the teacher and student holder of the lineage
fill all mountains and plains.

—from “Protectors of Dzinpa Rangdröl Practice”

The epigrams above reveal different attitudes concerning the importance of teachers and teaching. Shaw was an English playwright, and his attitude seems to be the present American educational policy. Teachers are overworked and underpaid, and the quality of education suffers. Classrooms have too many students and the main emphasis is on testing rather than pedagogy. Teachers are hard put to keep students from being left behind.

In Old Tibet, there never was anything like universal education. In America, the Health, Education and Welfare Budget is second only to the Military Budget, the

largest in the world. In Tibetan, the term “lama” means “highest” and when applied to a teacher is likened to the Buddha. In fact, the teacher’s role is to enable the student to uncover his or her Buddha nature. The teachings of the Buddha (Dharma) are considered of primary importance. The Tibetans did not have a standing army, and they transmitted the Dharma to their neighbors in exchange for military protection.

Jubal considered teaching, but once he investigated the lifestyle and the politics of the profession, the less he was attracted to this vocation. Like with the medical profession, being cooped up all day in a cubicle asking patients to open their mouths and say “Ah,” he was reluctant to ask students to open their minds. He wanted to be his own boss, to do his own thing, and this is what he did. It was not the lure of worldly pleasures and riches that drew Jubal to a solitary path. He was aware of the universality of suffering and felt he could best server others by first realizing Truth before attempting to communicate it, and if he got laid along the way, well and good.

For fifty years, Jubal has communicated his personal truth through his poetry. These poems, in the strictest sense, may not be considered Dharma, but many of them are recognizable songs of realization, what the Tibetans call “dowa.” The professor of neurobiology, at U.C. Berkeley, who bought a set of Jubal’s *Collected Books* and told him that it was a paradigm of his consciousness, “a mind in a box.” Scary.

Jubal performs his poetry. And he has occasionally taught with skillful means. For Mark Halperin’s creative writing class at Central University, he showed students how to make an anthology of their poems. For Joe Powell’s class, he discussed his influences and read poems. The same for Charles Potts’ class, at Whitman College, in Walla Walla. And for Belle Randall’s class at the University of Washington. Jubal was invited to teach a creative writing workshop for the Washington Poets’ Association that was held in Robber’s Roost at Central, and he taught a bookmaking workshop for California Poets in the Schools at their conference at Mills College, in Oakland.

Jubal studied to be a poet-in-the-schools under the guidance of Arthur Dawson. After his apprenticeship, he taught one class, in Petaluma, to a group of “problem students.” Only one student seemed vaguely interested, and he was intimidated by the others and became distracted. Jubal was heckled throughout his presentation. It was a miscalculation on his part to read Robinson’s “Mr. Flood’s Party,” a poem he thought would appeal to those of them that were sober enough to understand it. The teacher, who was normally in charge, left Jubal to his own devices to keep order, but he was helpless. It was not the best classroom situation to be initiated in, but from this experience he could see he did not want to be a disciplinarian as a prerequisite to teaching.

At the other end of the spectrum from unruly students, Jubal encountered exceptionally talented students at Summerhill, a Waldorf School, near Santa Rosa. Jubal was mentored by his friend, Tamara Slayton, and taught a class in poetry, collage, and Tarot for two semesters. Here, the students lacked interest because they knew (or thought they knew) too much. Jubal was tempted to tell them to go on ahead into the world if they were so smart and see how far their smug, narcissistic self-indulgence got them.

PAGE OF WANDS

for Joelle

Black on black on black, black dress, black
Nails, black eyeliner, blond hair dyed black
Dog chains & combat boots with 2 inch soles
You want to learn Tarot but don’t care a fig for
Ancient Egypt or the Order of the Golden Dawn

Ok, I’ll forget the traditional babble
Take you to a coffeehouse & sit across from you
Here, play with the cards, look at the pictures
Correspond with whatever comes next
That girl’s tattoo says **BROKEN**
In bold letters across her back

The coal miners' strike in Harlem County
Kentucky in the 1970s—
No kidding, things get me down
Better now, sitting in this café

Note my inflection and the emphasis
Put on precision, value, fun
Coming at you sideways—
First a double mocha, then history
Then a balloon—inside
I write "Poot was here!"
And vanish into air

Of course, most of the class was well-disciplined and creative, wrote poems, drew pictures and made collages. Elizabeth Marshall, for one, did a photo-shoot of Jubal for his *Another Artaud* chapbook. Jubal created two editions of an anthology of his students' work called *Aluminum Baby*. Lu Garcia was a guest poet. The school ran out of funds for Jubal's project, but the administration was happy with his performance. Still, Jubal was not sure he wanted to be a teacher. When you teach, you take on the karma of your students.

At Yeshe Ling, Jubal organized a series of "poetry lunches"—round table discussions exploring poetry and dharma. He created chapbooks for Áine Pierandi McCarthy (*Tomorrow's Clew*) and Lily Brown (*Poems to an Old Monk*).

Lama Prajna suggested that he teach a poetry workshop at Yeshe Ling after completing his three-year retreat. While in retreat, Jubal attached a poem to his grocery list that his gatekeeper, Ani Kunzang liked to read at the weekly ganapuja at Yeshe Ling and at the checkout counter in City Market. Ruben, a long-time employee, might add a line or two of his own. Occasionally, someone waiting with their cart of groceries would chime in. Jubal has a small but dedicated audience.

Jubal is indebted to all his teachers, both secular and spiritual. He takes obstacles onto his path, so misfortunes and people he has found difficult to like are recognized by him to be beneficial to his development as a knowledge-holder. He

bows in obeisance to his teachers.

THEATRE

“The play’s the thing,” and much of Jubal’s life has been connected to theatre and to trying to decipher what is theatre and what is life. “Theatre” encompasses many kinds of performance, from the scale of Wagner’s operatic *Ring Cycle* to the *Monster in the Box* monologue of Spaulding Gray. A cardboard box can serve as a puppet theatre. A solo violinist playing for spare change in the subway or a mime following pedestrians and imitating their movements are also theatrical performances. “The show must go on,” whether it is a 3-ring circus, a Broadway musical, or a poet reading without a microphone in a bookstore.

Long strips of gossamer cloud

The first stars step out on stage
Wearing halos and wire wings
I’m eager for the play to begin

Jubal was introduced to Shakespeare in grade school. He and some of his classmates memorized parts from *Julius Cæsar*. Jubal had the part of Mark Anthony: “The evil men do lives after them/The good is oft interred with their bones.” I come not to condemn or condone but to tell Jubal’s stories. There is a cosmic comedy underway. As Allen Ginsberg once told Jubal, “You are a clown.”

While at Oakland High, he went to San Francisco to see a traveling Old Vic performance of *MacBeth*, and at Cal, as a freshman, he saw a university performance, directed by Ariel Parkinson, of *The Tempest*. While at Cal, Jubal was a regular at The Cinema Guild & The Studio, an art movie house with two theatres, where he saw Lawrence Oliver’s movies of *Hamlet*, *Henry V*, and his favorite, *Richard III*. He considers these definitive performances, but he is not a snob and

has enjoyed Kenneth Branaugh's Henry, a German Hamlet by Maximilian Schell, a punk version of *Romeo and Juliet*, a Nazi-like version of *Richard III*, and the post-modern *Searching for Richard* by Al Pacino. What about Mel Gibson as Hamlet? Jubal agrees with one critic who said that Shakespeare intended for Hamlet to be pretending to be crazy, not to be crazy. Still, Mel's version has the best swordplay.

Most Jubal's experiences of dramas have been in the movies but not all. He has had the opportunity to see *The Oresteia Trilogy* by Æschylus at the Greek Theatre at U.C. Berkeley, a Japanese Bunraku puppet drama, also at Berkeley, and classic English puppeteering, in an intimate setting, in Carmel, by Geddis and Martin, for whom George Bernard Shaw wrote a short play. Shaw claimed puppets were the ideal actors because they did not have their own interpretation of how a role should be played.

This could turn into my recording one of Jubal's free-associative lists—the plays of Tennessee Williams and Richard Burton tied up in a hammock with the D.T.s, in *Night of the Iguana*, Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor so much in love in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* and perhaps not so much in love in Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* This would give me vertigo.

Back to Jubal's life experiences. In Aptos, in 1962, Jubal and his wife, Natasha, joined The New Vic Theatre troupe. The New Vic was an outdoor theatre next to The Sticky Wicket Restaurant, owned and operated by Vic Jowers and his wife, Sidney. Vic was an Englishman, who had married his sweetheart, a math professor at Vaser, and they had settled in California. Vic had luck in finding sponsors for his theatre, and his friends helped him turn a vacant lot into an entertainment spot.

Besides plays, there were art exhibits and musical evenings. Robert Hughes, a student of noted composer, Lou Harrison, who lived in the area, arranged for classical ensembles and jazz combos to perform. During the intermissions, there were strolling minstrels. A note in a program reads:

AN EVENING IN SALZBURG, 1790

The classic Viennese masters wrote a good deal of music for the outdoors, and Mozart, in particular, for the beautiful gardens of Salzburg. This evening's program

tries to recreate the atmosphere of those rich summer evenings through the performance of that music in its original instrumentation, through sets and costumes, and with the help of that most eminent of Mozartians, Dan Giovanni. With his song and sagacity he will guide you through the evening's program.

Divertimento No. 8, K.213.....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(Conducted by the composer)

Octet in F Major.....Franz Josef Hayden

Rondino in E flat Major.....Ludwig van Beethoven

Intermission

Partia No. 1, in F Major.....Karl Ditter von Dittersdorf

Quintet No. 3, in B flat Major.....Johann Christian Bach

Serenade No. 12 in C Minor, K.388.....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

After every performance, the performers and audience would retire to the restaurant. Vic, feeling expansive, might open the taps for a round on the house, and the party would begin.

On another evening, Dave Hoffman's Jazz Ensemble, a quartet of San Francisco jazz artists. And on another date, An Intimate Evening with Geddis and Martin, actors with puppets from the Carmel Valley's Tantomount Theatre (not for children was advertised). Mainly, The New Vic was used for plays.

The stage was not much. Jubal and Pierre D'Alvern, with some help, knocked it together from sheets of plywood and 2x4s. There was a raised platform and a wing, stage left. It had a back and two, angled sides with a roof. Stage right, there was an entrance and exit door that led to a dressing and prop room, constructed from an old parachute, suspended like a tent on poles. The audience area was enclosed with a bamboo curtain on which paintings by local artists were hung. At the entrance, off the parking lot for the restaurant, there was a ticket booth, where wassail (hot cider & wine mix) was available along with copies of the plays. Food could be brought from the restaurant and eaten at small round tables.

MACHIG: I don't understand why you can't say the name of that play in the theatre. I said it, and everyone freaked.

JUBAL: It's superstition and tradition, a taboo—shows you're in the know—keep teasing the actors, and you'll be blamed for every little thing that goes wrong.

RICHARD: Alright, you two, are we on the same page or not? I'm talking about The New Vic Theatre, and it sounds to me like you're talking about The Old Vic.

To continue. The stage was only constructed to last the summer, and all the productions came off without any major mishap. There were five performances of Moliere's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* with Vic Jowers in the lead, as Monsieur Jourdain, the "Bourgeois," and a supporting cast of fourteen actors, four dancers and three singers, plus a nine-piece wind orchestra.

DANCING MASTER: All the disasters, all the fatal misfortunes that make up the history of mankind—blunders of politicians, the mistakes of great commanders—they all come from not learning to dance. (From Act 1)

There were four performances of Beckett's tragicomedy, *Waiting for Godot*.

VLADAMIR: To every man his little cross...Till he dies...And is forgotten.

ESTRAGON: In the meantime, let us try and converse calmly, since we are incapable of keeping silent. (From Act 2)

Waiting for Godot by the Irish playwright, Samuel Beckett, is the archetype of "Theatre of the Absurd" drama. The play was originally written in French (*En Attendant Godot*) and later translated by the author into English. It was first produced in 1953 at the Little Theatre de Baylone and ran 400 performances there.

Jubal played Estragon to Pierre D'Alvern's Vladamir. Jubal was new to theatre. He had not experienced being in almost continual proximity to actors, who, once they had learned their lines and "entered" into their roles, tended to live their part on a daily basis, as though they had walked through a mirror. In researching his part, Jubal went to a performance of *Godot* at a theatre-in-the-round in San Francisco, and he listened to a recorded performance. He could not help but be influenced by the vocal inflection of Burt Larr on the recording. He thought the actor in the City

had nothing on his moves, which the drama critic from *The Examiner* later praised as “Chaplinesque.”

Jubal also had a small part, as the Tailor, in the comedy-ballet by Moliere. The director of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* was Larry Killian, a friend of Vic and Sidney’s, a professional director from Phoenix, Arizona, who volunteered his services. He brought with him his leading lady, Penny Farmer. Penny became friends with Lindsey Talbut, who played Lucille, the daughter of Monsieur and Madame Jourdain, played by Vic and Laura. Lindsey was cast as A Boy in *Godot*, and in her real life was breaking up with her boyfriend, Dario Cheval, the director of *Waiting for Godot*. Larry was taking Penny to Lake Tahoe to watch some summer stock repertory theatre, and he asked Jubal and Lindsey to join them. “A good experience,” he said.

While Jubal watched *The Man Who Came to Dinner* in a rustic setting, he held hands with Lindsey. Later, beneath the moon, they kissed. Meanwhile, in Aptos, under the same moon, Natasha, Jubal’s real-life wife, who had a role in *Le Bougeois*, as a servant, was kissing Pierre. Nicole was kissing Vladimir, and Lucille, Estragon. Historically, Moliere liked to create interesting “chemistries,” by accommodating his actors and actresses in their love affairs or to pair them to create jealousies.

MACHIG: It is hard to keep track of all these star-crossed lovers leaving one realm to be someone else in another realm and in love with another person somewhere else.

RICHARD: It was confusing to them, as well. I am reminded of a story. The Barrymores—Ethel, Lionel, and their son, John—were all on stage together. There was a hiatus in the dialogue. The prompter gave the line, but there was no response. He gave the line again. Still, no response. He gave it a third time, and this time it elicited a response from Ethel. It could be heard by the audience. “We all know what the line is, but whose is it?”

When Jubal left Natasha at the end of the summer, Dario Cheral gave Jubal the phone number of his friend, Lorraine, in New York. She was married to Paul Babbington, who has remained a life-long friend of Jubal’s. Paul and Lorraine gave

Jubal shelter. Not long ago, after Jubal returned to Yeshe Ling from Santa Rosa and ten years of caregiving his elderly parents, a young man, who was cooking for the retreat center, told Jubal that he was one of Lorraine's sons from a second marriage and that she said to say, "Hello, out there."

Jubal mainly performs on stage by reading his poetry. One of his favorite performances was a collaboration with Steve Fisk, who now lives in Seattle. He is a composer and sound engineer. www.stevefisk.com. He helped Jubal create staggered repetitions of words through four speakers set in a quadrant, at a city park in Robber's Roost—"quadraphonic sequencing"—with a tape loop run through a tape deck and around a mike stand.

The words of the poem were lifted from a magazine article that contained place names used in arrangements to sound like sentences: "What Sumatra Java fight?" and "Ceylon, Abyssinia." Jubal added, "He has Russian fingers and Roman hands." Zelda, Jubal's wife, said it did not seem original. Jubal said it would be when he was done. He sat on a chair in the middle of the four speakers; the chair tipped over; and the poet read from the ground on his side. When asked what that was about, Jubal said, "It's dance—classical ballet ascends and modern dance falls to earth."

In the same vein, there is a piece Jubal is yet to perform. It will take place in an art gallery, and the audience will look at the artwork, while the poet reads facing a wall.

FURNITURE POEM

for Steve

start with two marks
wisp of a world

on the cusp of chaos
and in this corner

a hint of disclosure
about a continent in stasis

ambient poetry
elevator murmurs

This is Jubal as a Dadaist. A more conventional performance was his collaboration with Carol Chun dancing to his poem, "Too Many Horses, Not Enough Saddles," at Quicksilver Gallery in Forestville, California, the evening George Bush was elected to his second term, and Jubal decided to wear his robes full time. Before the performance, Jubal had asked Carol if she had a romantic interest in him. She said, "No."

They collaborated again on a dance-skit at Yeshe Ling, in 2008, after the episode with the bear that kept breaking into the staff's yurts. The skit was entitled "The Teacher" and is a part of *The Magic Bear* (Kapala Press, 2009). Jeff Rudel gave the performance high marks, which pleased Jubal. Another spontaneous performance occurred on a hillside near the Tsogal Temple, while Jubal recited a story called "The Yogi & the Lizard," for Rigdzin Kumaradza and a small group of students, and Carol danced the part of the lizard.

THE YOGI & THE LIZARD

A lot of creatures hereabouts are young and skittish, but one old lizard pulls up and we palaver. He (or she) gets a bit of Dharma from me, and I get a bit of lizard wisdom from him. The usual from me: "Rare is one's luck to find the Holy Dharma." All things are impermanent. Consider this and practice, so you will be free of regret at the time of death."

From him: "Rare is the opportunity to rest in the sun in a solitary place safe from predators (and busy bodies) and close to a hidey hole. While I rest, I visualize myself as a winged dragon, and I ascend into the sky, soar once around Ekajati Peak, fly across Hidden Valley to Chimney Rock, being very careful not to spook Jeff's horses. Then, I settle on my rock again, in a state beyond image, and hang out."

Jubal wrote a scene for Gabriela Anaya Del Alma and Bouvard Pécuchet, which is

included in *Roses of Crimson Fire*.

SPARKS

BOUVARD: You are the embodiment of wild desire. You'd look good even in pajamas. If I'd met you first, I'd be with you, but I'm with her, and she's the best for me.

ALMA: She's the best for you? You've got to have an edge to love? I'm not good at loving third-party people. Have I been here before?

BOUVARD: We get caught up in feelings when acting with other actors.

ALMA: Leave it alone, Richard, the geography between us is a shield. Don't cut yourself off from wild desire. I've done it.

BOUVARD: I'm faithful to love, but it's not going to control me, just because all things have sex. It's torture to worry about us cheating.

ALMA: Too stressful, to be honest. Too stressful to be honest. I love this crush.

[She takes a drink from a tall latté.]

BOUVARD: Hard in this life, you've only got one body.

ALMA: Only one flag, only one life, only one leaf. Good line, Richard.

RICHARD: I want to coddle...I mean cuddle you, well, both, but I know you have a natural feminine, non-toxic, body-pure immunity to adultery.

ALMA: You're right, I am careful about hygiene. It's a thing with me, but [unctuously] if I was to be unfaithful, it would be with you.

BOUVARD: You, you, you...at least, you're not dumb. Blind, maybe, but not dumb.

[He takes a sip from her glass.]

ALMA: True love's an exotic club, that's for sure, and we got the talent for it.

BOUVARD: [He rises.] True love is just a romantic notion.

[She finishes her drink.]

ALMA: Keep it up. [Her line overlaps his.]

BOUVARD: Do you give heart?

ALMA: I struggle to keep house. I do everything but cook. I can spend the whole day reading in bed. No reason to find someone else, beside me.

BOUVARD: And people have everything, including self-sabotage.

[He sits.]

ALMA: Why are you fidgeting?

BOUVARD: [Straightening himself in his chair] My pants are too tight in the crotch.

ALMA: If I had to choose between my survival and my dignity, I'd choose love.

BOUVARD: [Wistfully] Yes, I miss the hungry years—but not too much. Then, you don't have time for love.

ALMA: No, but you encourage my wild side. [Half rising with excitement] There's a charm in love affairs. Fun to be with you. Pure passion. Endless. Reckless.

BOUVARD: A kiss from you couldn't hurt, babe.

ALMA: With kisses come consequences. [She slumps.]

BOUVARD: I know you could cook my perfect omelet, too.

ALMA: [Ignoring him] Once, I went on a date with a guy. We walked on the beach. I kissed him, but he didn't call. Wished he had. I took my blouse off. Had on a plaid skirt and boots. Took off one boot because he wanted to see if I had cankles.

BOUVARD: Cankles?

ALMA: He wanted to see if he could tell where my calves left off and my ankles began. I knew he didn't have balls.

BOUVARD: And I'm playing the part of a...I just feel intoxicated by my desire for you. I could kiss you all night. [Nonchalant] Just a physical fact.

ALMA: [She puts both gloved hands over her ears.] I can't hear a thing you're saying.

BOUVARD: It's nothing. All the same a kiss from you couldn't hurt, babe.

Dim lights. Sparks fly.

. . .

JUBAL: It is my contention that practice should be more like theatre and less like punishment. You are the star. Break a leg.

MACHIG: Wouldn't that hurt?

JUBAL: "Break a leg" is only an expression of encouragement. The idea is to do well enough to have an encore and break the "leg" of the curtain.

TOOL

"Tool" is another word with varied meanings and connotations. Going to my dictionary, I find:

tool (tōōl), noun, an instrument, esp. one held in the hand, for performing or facilitating mechanical operations, as a hammer, saw, file, etc. or a machine that performs such operations, or anything, even a person, who is used by another to some end. As a verb, to work or shape with a tool, to work decoratively, as with a bookbinding tool on book covers or a saddle maker's tool on leather. Colloquially, it can mean to drive or ride in a vehicle. It can also refer to a man's penis.

Jubal first became aware of tools, in the formal sense of the word, when his family moved to a house on Robinson Drive, in the Oakland hills. The house had been built by Mr. Jesup, who was a professional cabinet maker, and he had built shelves and cabinets with shelves wherever space allowed in the house. It was a split-level house with stucco on the outside and a shingle roof. On the lower floor, there was a large workspace. On one wall there were three sliding doors, behind which there was an array of cubby holes for hand tools.

Sean Dolan was an executive for an insurance company and did not work with hand

tools for a living, but he had been raised on a farm, in Iowa, and he had basic skills in woodworking. His father had left him a collection of tools, when he died, and they had remained in a large, wooden shipping crate with a brass lock, until the various tools found a place in the cabinet .

Having been born in 1900 and grown up on a small family farm and having lived through the Depression Era and the War years of scarcity, Sean had the habit of saving any useful item that “just might come in handy.” He smoked a brand of cigars that came in a plastic container with a lid. These containers were reused to hold nails, nuts and bolts, and the like. One of Jubal’s first jobs was to pull nails out of used lumber, straighten them on a short section of railroad tie with a claw hammer, and sort them to size for future use. He learned that the word “penny” (a coin that once had considerable value) was used to describe the size of a nail, for example, a four or five-penny nail, had once been the cost of the nail. Jubal’s love of etymology was born.

At Bret Harte Junior High School, Jubal took woodshop and metal shop from Mr. Mann. He was instructed in the use of many hand and power tools. He did not exactly excel in these classes—he got his usual grade of B on most projects—but he enjoyed working with his hands and was proud of the projects he completed. When he sold his family home in Santa Rosa, he came upon an assortment of objects he had made, which Sean and Blanche had kept and used and, no doubt, treasured.

Of the wooden objects, there was a cutting board in the shape of a pig, a shoeshine box, and a small bookcase. The “pig board” was made of pine and might have been better made of a harder wood. The shoeshine box and bookcase showed small irregularities in construction, but all functioned and had been put to good use. The same was true of the metal objects: an aluminum spice rack with two shelves held spices, and an aluminum container to hold a box of wooden matches were in service in the kitchen. The solder on one was excessive, and the angle of a flange was slightly off, but only slightly.

In the garage, Jubal found a fishing gaff with a handle of cast aluminum with a design tooled on a lathe. There was a flowerpot hanger and a pair of shelf brackets

made of steel that had braces wrought by being heated in a forge and twisted to form a design. The most interesting piece, the one that showed the most work, was a clamp. This device Jubal still has in his toolbox. It has a pair of moveable pieces to bring the jaws together. The construction required Jubal to shape metal with a hacksaw and a file and to use both a drill press and a lathe; and he learned how to make a threaded bolt and a hole-thread for the bolt. Jubal enjoyed making a tool that could be used to make other things. Something paleolithic resonated with him.

When Jubal loaded his truck with personal belongings to come to Yeshe Ling, these old shop projects were in a box to go, but at the last minute in loading and during the confusion of the estate sale, the box got off-loaded and set aside. Jubal has regrets, but he uses the loss as a test of his ability to self-liberate clinging. The pig board and the clamp were in other boxes, so he did have his favorites with him in Luminous Peak. Hopeless sentimentality.

Many of the tools in Jubal's toolbox are antiques, tools that once belonged to his grandfather, and some would be considered antiquated. Braces with bits that have angular shanks have been replaced by battery-powered hand drills; crosscut and rip saws with wooden handles have for the most part been replaced by the electric motor-driven table saw, chop saw, and hand-held circular saw; and ye olde hammer is used less, now, with the intrusion of the air-powered nail gun. All these new tools save time and wear and tear on the carpenter, but Jubal says he will miss the ringing sound of his Estwing claw hammer that Chris Shambacher gave him when they built the Kittitas Deli.

Having learned to use tools and work with his hands was a boon to Jubal, who has never been out of work for long. He also used his college education, once, when he was assigned to a lab at the Marquis Cannery in Emeryville, California, to do "qualitative analysis" because he had written on his application that he had taken chemistry at Cal on his application.

The job consisted of measuring the pH (the concentration of the ions of hydrogen atoms in a liter solution) of tomatoes. This is quickly accomplished with a piece of specially prepared paper that indicates "acidity" by changing color. Jubal

determined the viscosity (the rate of flow, which indicates the shape of the elements in a liquid to resist change) of catchup. This is an important quality of this condiment, as anyone who has shaken a bottle of catchup in frustration without result or had it all poured out on their plate in a glop knows. Jubal poured catchup on an upright board tilted at a specific angle and timed the flow with a stopwatch. pH paper and a stopwatch, those were the tools of his trade.

Jubal read Lawrence Stern's *Tristram Shandy* that season at the cannery. Another of his tasks was to test a can of tomatoes that he had followed through all the canning stages, from the raw fruit to a sealed can that had been placed in a cooker. As he walked along the catwalk above the processing line, the novel was in his back pocket, and it fell onto the conveyer belt below. The way Jubal tells the tale, a girl waved the book at him and placed it into a 16 oz. can, and it was sealed and put into circulation; but I doubt the veracity of this tale. At least, the last part.

What are the trades that Jubal has worked at and the tools he used? As a stable boy, he used a shovel to muck out stalls; as a ranch hand, he learned many skills, among them how to drive a D-4 Cat; as a bindery clerk, he used glue; as a prep cook, how to use kitchen knives; as a Kurtz salesman, how to demonstrate a vacuum cleaner. He ran a drill press and drove a fork lift at a furniture factory; he is handy with a hand truck in a ware house; knows the difference between a *peebee* and a *hindu* in logging operation; can type 50 wpm and use a camera as a newsman; burns plates and develops negatives; trims fish; paints houses; chops wood; fells trees; digs with an auger; sets stage lights; changes diapers and washes clothes and cooks; can rebuild engines on pre-'70s autos; manages small businesses; can run a tree planting crew; forge metal and operate torches; walks high steel; likes dishwashing; lays tile, carpet and linoleum; butcher, carpenter, plumber, electrician at a handyman's level; astrologer and tarot card reader; printer; yogi; monk.

Jubal and his high school friends did a lot of "tooling" around town in their hotrods. Henry Palmer had a '52 Oldsmobile, and he dropped in an overhead '56 Olds V8. The body was stock, except for the oversize tires in the back that gave it a slight rake. The hood ornament and the maker's insignia had been removed and the holes filled in and painted with primer. Henry took it to the local drag strip, and it turned

96 mph in a quarter mile. Impressive enough in those days. A mean street machine. Frank Jaspers, who lived across the street from Jubal, had a '40 Ford with a '54 Ford flathead engine with a LaSalle transmission: 4 on the floor. It was in this car that Frank and Jubal did their "midnight auto" shopping—not the stealthiest machine with its dual exhausts and glass-packed mufflers.

Fred Gold, who lived at Hillside Stables, had a '38 Chevy. Its engine had been bored out, and it sported a 4-barrel carb; but its winning feature was the custom interior of black and white Naugahyde upholstery and deep pile rugs.

Jubal's first car was a 1941 Ford with a defunct engine that someone gave him, but he never got around to rebuilding the engine. He sold it for junk and took possession of a 1928 Graham Page fire truck given to him by Giorgio Rossi, the owner of Hillside Stables. Unfortunately, Jubal could not find replacement parts for the air brakes, and although he drove it a few times slowly around the ranch, his dream of showing up at an Oakland High School football game never materialized.

Because his dad was an executive for Harper's Insurance, Jubal was prohibited from making alterations to his 1952 Chevrolet coup, or the company would not insure it. Replacing the taillights with those from a '54 Mercury, replacing the grillwork, chopping, channeling, and then molding the body, let alone putting in a super-charged engine stayed a fantasy, although Jubal did cherry out the car as stock. Too bad Jubal drove it over a cliff.

Drive-in restaurants, where you ate in your car from trays attached to the door and food was at some places delivered by girls on roller skates, was where teenagers hung out on weekend nights. You tooted from one establishment to another, looking for action.

TRANSMISSIONS

Samsara and Nirvana are both creations of the mind.

—Padmasambhava

What follows is a list of empowerments, oral transmissions, and teachings that Jubal received from his masters.

NYANG TINGDZIN ZANGPO RINPOCHE

1989 Seattle: Dzog Chen Introduction to Mind

1990 Oakland: Dzog Chen Retreat

Longchen Nyingtik Ngöndro

Rigzin Düpa: *The Sadhana of the Embodiment of the Vidyaharas*

Daily Practice of *Unsurpassed Vajrakilaya* (terma of Ratna Lagpa)

Yanta Yoga

DRO RINCHEN BAR RINPOCHE

1992 Vancouver, BC: Wangs and lungs for a variety of practices to be undertaken under the guidance of Lama Prajna Allione

1996 Concord, Mass: *Avalokitesvara Korwa Tongtrug* (terma of Senge Drugpa)

1999 Blue Tara and Green Tara and Vajra Dance Empowerments and

Sadhanas extensively practiced: Tuns, short, medium, and long:

Waxing moon: Guru Tragpur; Waning moon: Simhamukha

Simhamukha: The Profound Essence of Simhamukha, Queen of Dakinis

Mandarava: Sphere of the Vital Essence of the Vajra

Guru of the White AH: A Kar Lama Naljor

Xitro: Practice of the Peaceful and Wrathful Dieties

Gharuta Practice

Senge Drugpa's *Sang Chöd*

9.9.99 Consecration of Stupa for Nyagla Pema Duddul

[Note: after the consecration of the stupa, in 1999 by Lama Rinchen and the arrival

of Trulzhik Senge Rinpoche, Lama Prajna moved away from Lama Rinchen's teachings and began to focus on those of Senge Rinpoche. Jubal followed his female lama.]

During 1995 through 1998, three summers and two winters, Jubal lived near Yeshe Ling and worked in its bookstore that was then located at the Spring Inn plaza, in Wolf Creek, Colorado. He had opportunities to receive dharma teaching from many lamas and experienced practitioners.

1995 BO LODRO WANGCHUK

Guru Rinpoche's Seven Line Prayer

1995 NETEN DRAGMA LHUNGLYAL

Guru Rinpoche Drup Chug

1997 TULKU CHETSLUN SENGE RINPOCHE

Dzog Chen Retreat (again in 2008)

1997 ZANGTON TASHI DORJE RINPOCHE

Medicine Buddha Retreat: *Sky Dharma "A Stream of Lapis Lazuli"*

1997 TULKU SENYIMA BUM

White Tara Empowerment of the Wish-fulfilling Wheel, along with a Short Preliminary

Practice of *Longchen Nyingthig*; (Crestone, 2000)

Excellent Path of Awakening: Union of Samanthadra's Intentions

2000 LAMA CHOBER

Three Words That Strike the Vital Point (and again that year, in Berkeley, and again at Yeshe Ling, in 2009)

In 1998, Jubal moved from Wolf Creek to Santa Rosa to be a caregiver to his elderly parents; his father was 98 and his mother, then, 89. Each year, for the next ten years, Jubal returned to Yeshe Ling, either in the summer or the winter, for a retreat

to receive teachings. During those years that he lived in his parents' home, he was in semi-retreat. The West Coast Yeshe Ling sangha met monthly at Carol Chun's house, in San Anselmo, and they rotated Senge Rinpoche's practices, as well as holding Drup Chugs (short accomplishment practices).

The path as laid out by Senge Rinpoche is structured differently than that of Lama Rinchen. Lama Rinchen's is more of a Dzog Chen approach. He holds nothing back, empowering his students to practice many sadhanas. He gives the wangs (empowerment), and you practice what seems to fit the level you are at with your sangha, getting lungs (explanations) from senior teachers. Senge is more traditional. The practices he presents may be abbreviated for people with busy lifestyles, but the path is a gradual one and must be accomplished step-by-step in the following stages: (1) completion of Ngöndro (the foundation practices); (2) Mahayoga: completion of the three roots: (a) Lama Rigdzin Dupa (Guru Rinpoche), (b) Yidam: Practice of Xitro, (c) Dakini: Practice of Green Tara; (3) Chöd: Laughter of the Dakinis; (4) Rushen: Tri Yeshe Lama; (5) Trekchöd and Tögal.

TRULZHIK SENGE GYAPA RINPOCHE

1999 June 18-26, Yeshe Ling: Nature of Mind Retreat. At this retreat, Jubal received pointing-out instructions. Called late at night to fix the lama's bed, Jubal was asked if he would like an interview, after he had put things right. The story is told in "The Lama & the Carpenter" (*A View from Ekajati*, D Press, 1999).

It was a peak experience for Jubal, having his mind essence revealed in a traditional setting, literally at the feet of the lama. His faith in and devotion for Senge arose, and Jubal began to attend a small gathering, a group of four, to whom Senge taught the *Longchen Nyintig Ngöndro*. At the time, Jubal was unaware of the significance of this rare and special opportunity. In Tibet, Senge Rinpoche is something like a rock star and draws crowds that fill an entire valley.

2000 July, Yeshe Ling: Dzog Chen Retreat

2002 May, Alameda, at Orgyen Dorje Den: Xitro empowerment

2002 Fall Residential Retreat at Yeshe Ling, where Senge Rinpoche unexpectedly revealed a mind treasure (ter): “Trömai Drubtab Sang wai Yeshe Zhug” (The Practice for Accomplishing Tröma, Known as Secret Primordial Wisdom)

2003 Sonoma County: King of Retreats Drup Chen

2004 Sabud Center, San Anselmo: talk on the Union of Mahamudra and Dzog Chen

2005 Yeshe Ling: Rigzin Dupa Drup Chen with Vajrasattva Empowerment

2005 Yeshe Ling (at Lama Prajna’s house): Ordained as a novice monk (genyen). Jubal happened to be holding one of his chapbooks in one hand and his pocket knife in the other, and Senge Rinpoche named him Jampel Dorje (Indestructible Sword of Knowledge). Jubal maintains use of his refuge name, Jampa Dorje (Indestructible Lovingkindness), as the change of one syllable created confusion. “Jampel” is the Tibetan name for Manjushri, one of the Eight Great Bodhisattvas, and “Jampa” is Maitreaya, who is the Buddha of the eon to come. In either case, Jubal has a lot to aspire to.

2005 & 2006 Yeshe Ling: Tri Yeshe Lama training in retreats.

2006 Calistoga: Phowa Transference of Consciousness at a residential retreat center.

2007 Yeshe Ling Residential Retreat in December, back to back with a retreat in Houston.

2008 Houston: Vajrasattva Empowerment, along with exposition of Longchempa’s “Commentary on the Meaning” in January.

Senge has also transmitted the “Laughter of the Dakinis” Chöd and a Green Tara from *The Luminous Vajra Treasury*: “Osel Dorje Sang Dzö Ley Pagma Drolma Zangmo Shug So” to Jubal in retreat. Senge’s sister, LAMA JETSUN MELONG, has given a Green Tara Empowerment to Jubal twice, once at Tara Mandal, in 2000, and at the Calistoga Phowa Retreat, in 2006.

TARA-PEACH TRANSMISSION

Senge wants to learn how to can peaches.

Lama Prajna is telling him how, step by step.
Erik translates. Senge takes notes
while giving Lama Prajna a short version of the Tara practice,
which he wants included at the end of the main text.
I sit outside the tent, chuckling to myself,
waiting for the text to emerge,
so I can run off another edition of the book.
Senge is transmitting it word by word.
Lama Prajna writes down each word in phonetic Tibetan,
and Erik translates it into English.
Then, another step in the process of canning peaches,
and Erik translates that into Tibetan,
and Senge writes it down in his notebook.
Then, another line of the Tara practice,
and Lama Prajna writes that down, and Erik translates.

OM CHAG TSAL JETSUN TARE
OM Homage to Jetsun TARE Goddess
Wash jars, rinse. Place jars in hot water.
TU TA RA E YI DUNG WA KUNCHOB
TU TA RA E Save from all suffering
Pack the sliced peaches into hot jars.
TUGJE TOGMED TURE PALMO
Unimpeded compassion TURE Glorious One
Leave one finger of space at top of jar.
DAK LA DRUPCHOK TSOL CHIK SWA HA
Grant me the ultimate siddhi SWA HA
Cover with boiling syrup, leaving headspace.

In the aftermath of 9-11, Jubal found it difficult to travel wearing his robes. One official told him, as he was entering La Playa Airport, near Durango, that his experience had been that Lamas carried daggers. Jubal told him that purbas were ritual tools, but that he was not a lama. At San Francisco International, he was asked if he would rather enter a glass box or be frisked for explosives. Jubal said he preferred the box with the air currents—“Makes me feel like the Flying Monk, a joke

that was lost on the official. At the airport in Houston, it was announced that “joking about hijacking” was not acceptable. When Jubal asked why he was being searched, he was told it was because he was “bulky.”

SAMSARA IS AN AIRPORT

Samsara is an airport surrounding a delayed flight.
I’m stretched out with my eyes closed
listening to the travelers and the intercom.

“...want my money back...”

“...want to be in San Francisco, now...”

“ ...really no reason for this...”

“...is it a red color code, today?”

“...is it really raining there?...”

“...will my luggage arrive?...”

“Will the pilots for flight 2807
please report to Gate A6?...”

This presence
that is all
that is

Given
each moment
each breath

“This is your last boarding opportunity.”

On Jubal’s return to Yeshe Ling, in 2008, there was a change in the public’s perception of monks. No one was yelling at him, “Go back to where you came from!”

The downside of the “Free Tibet” protests during the ’08 Olympics was that the

Chinese Authorities got tough with the Tibetans. The confiscated Senge's passport and forbade him to travel, even in Tibet. This left Jubal on his own to figure out what to do in retreat. Lama Prajna suggested he begin a cycle of practices called *Dzinpa Rangdröl*, which is a complete path from the preliminaries through the high Dzog Chen and is a terma of Do Khyentse Yesh Dorje (1860-66). It features Machig Lapdrön (1055-1145), who established Chöd in Tibet, as the White Dakini.

Rigdzin Kumaradza, who had moved with his family from Nevada to Santa Fe, New Mexico, was planning to introduce *Dzinpa Rangröl* ("Self-Liberation of Clinging") in July of 2008. Rigdzin Kumaradza is an incarnation of one of Padmasambhava's heart sons (first disciples), and he received the transmission for this cycle of practices from H.H. Dilgo Khyentse, with whom he had studied after spending nine years in a Chinese prison.

Jubal asked if there would be any conflict with what he had been doing with Senge Rinpoche (*Longchen Nyingthig*) and this new cycle, and Rigdzin Kumaradza said that they complimented each other, since Do Khyentse was the mind incarnation of Jigme Lingpa (1730-98), who discovered the *Longchen Nyingthig Cycle*. It all seemed to Jubal to fit together and be auspicious, and he began with the *Yang Sang Khadro tug Tig Ngöndro* ("Exceedingly Secret Heart Essence of the Dakinis Preliminary Practice") in retreat at Luminous Peak.

RIGDZIN KUMARADZA

1996 Dudjom's Mountain Dharma Retreat practice ("Extracting the Quintessence of Accomplish")

1998 *Riwo Sang Chöd* Retreat at Yeshe Ling

2008 Bardo Teachings at Yeshe Ling

Introduction to *Dzinpa Rangdröl*.

Tsogyel Karmo (White Tsogyel).

Jubal received the refuge name, Rangdrol Rigzen (Self-liberated Knowledge Holder)

Yang Sang Khadro Tug Tig Gi Ngöndro

2009 Tröma Nagmo: “Quintessence of the Heart White Tsoygyel Drupchen (August 23-31)

Chöd: “Reflection of the Countenance”

Chöd: “Accomplishment in One Seat”

2014 Trechöd and Tögal Longchenpa’s Seat, Madrid, New Mexico

After the White Dakini Drupchen, in 2008, Jubal performed five days of fire pujas with Eden Bacall, his “retreat wife” (who did her retreat in the cabin called Karuna), and then he was again sealed into retreat by Lama Prajna, Khenpo Sonang, and Khenpo Ugyen Wrichuk. After they had completed the traditional three-year retreat, there was a ceremony conducted by Lama Kumaradza at the Tsogal Temple on June 19, 2012. He honored Eden and Jubal by announcing that they were Dzinpa Rangdröl Lineage Holders, and he gave them each the hat of a Drupla (a lama who has accomplished the dharma in retreat). Lama Prajna could not be present for the ceremony, but she sent a poem.

A POEM FROM LAMA PRAJNA

For Eden and Jubal, June 19, 2012

A young yogini and an old yogi
went up on the hill for three years,
To dance with bears and mountain lions,
Lightning and thunder,
Snow and rain.

Their gods and demons
Accompanying them through perilous winters, sweet summer days,
Wind blown Springs and the stark clarity of the autumn sky.
Moons waxed and waned,
feasts were offered,
hair grew,
clothes became tattered,
hearts opened,

minds stabilized.

They went knowing a little and longing for full awakening,
Held by the sweet arms of Tara
Tumbled by Troma's stomping dance,
Shattered and reconstructed in their subtle bodies by the tsa lung
And opening into the vast clear sky of the nature of mind in the Trekcho.

Always brave, humble and diligent.
Supporting each other, praying for everyone.

I have known you both from the beginning of your paths,
And here you are at this time of fruition,
The first to finish three-year retreat at Yeshe Ling.

Setting such a good precedence for those who will follow you,
With your strong hearts of devotion,
You have done it like it was done in the old country.
Setting the foundation for true discipline and accomplishment.
Becoming learned in the ritual arts,
Caring for family and Sangha,
Praying for those in need,
No time off,
Full time practitioners...

My heart is sad not to be there with you today,
But my heart swells in joy and love and celebration
For what you have done for all beings.

EMA HO! EMAHO! EMAHO!

TRAVEL

Someone makes tracks along the paths of Ithica...

—Jorge Luis Borges

Although commercial jets debuted in the late 1940s, widespread commercial jet travel began in the late '50s and early '60s. Before that, air travel was mostly on prop-driven planes. Jubal's first trip alone on an airplane was when he flew home from Iowa, after having nearly cut off his thumb on his cousins' farm. It was a flight on a DC8 from Omaha to Oakland on Western Air Lines that stopped in Denver and Salt Lake City.

Planes with props fly at lower altitudes than jets, and there is more air turbulence. Inexperienced flyers kept a barf bag close at hand. Since the travel time was longer, meals were served at regular intervals. Airline food—another reason for keeping a barf bag close at hand. When Jubal arrived in Oakland, in 1951, he walked down a portable stairway onto the asphalt, where his family met him. A kind stewardess helped him with his things, as he had a large bandage on his left hand. Stewardesses, in those days, were chosen for their chorus-girl good looks, advertising “coffee, tea, or me?” as the comedian Shelly Bergman put it. This was a time before equal employment, airport security, and no smoking policies. There were smoking sections on planes that had no ventilation, but the lovely stewardesses had barf bags.

Jubal's next flight was on a jet airliner, in 1962, after leaving his pregnant wife, Natasha, and daughter, Katrin, and fleeing to New York. He landed at La Guardia, now JFK International Airport, and entered the then new TWA terminal designed by Eero Saarinen. Jubal had a sensation of renewal and adventure, as though he had landed on another world, and he explored Manhattan like a pilgrim arriving at a holy shrine.

In 1965, Jubal flew from SFO to Vancouver, where he spent the night, and continued on, the next day, to Matanuska Island, where he boarded a trawler that ferried him to the City of Ketchikan. Seeking work, our young adventurer flew on small jets to Juneau, to Anchorage, and back to Ketchikan, where a sea plane took him to a logging camp on an island in Tongass National Forest.

Several times, Jubal flew from the West Coast to Durango, usually via Denver but sometimes Phoenix. The Phoenix flights are memorable because, on two

occasions, he fell in love. On one, he was reading a book on Buddhism, and a vivacious blond in the seat next to him struck up a conversation about how she wanted to know more about the Buddhist path. Jubal gave a Dharma talk, and by the time the plane landed in Seattle, the woman said that Jubal was her guru. Jem gave him a card for a bar where she worked and told him she wanted to spend more time with him. Later, when he phoned, the manager of the bar told him that she was unavailable. At the bar, Jubal made a discovery. Jem was a pole dancer. He talked to her, but she told him that she could not fraternize with customers and for him to wait until she was off her shift. They went to her apartment and had sex. They were in the afterglow of their love making when the phone rang. Jem told Jubal that it was her Shaman, and that she had to go and see him. Jubal realized that he was part of Jem's collection of gurus and bid her fond adieu. Still, there was that initial spark that set the Phoenix ablaze.

The Phoenix is one of Scorpio's symbols, and Jubal is good at rising out of the ashes of rejection. On another Phoenix flight, Jubal sat next to Naomi and her two-year-old son, Solomon. They were on their way to Santa Cruz, in California, so that Solomon could spend time with his father, Naomi's ex. Solomon was asleep in the window seat, and Naomi and Jubal were together in seats that were at the back of the plane with no one across from them. They began holding hands and moved on to kissing, and they would likely have gone all the way, but the flight ended. In the hurry to disembark, there was no time to exchange phone numbers, and upon arriving in the terminal, there was a bruiser awaiting his son and the mother, so Jubal gave his new sweetheart a parting smile and headed for the bus stop.

Jubal's first romance was on a train. The California Zepher operated between Emeryville, California, and Chicago, Illinois, and was routed through dramatic scenery. It had a car at the end of the train called the "Vista Dome," a two-story car with a bar that had a glassed-in roof. This is rather commonplace now, but in 1949, in its first year of operation, it was a sensation. And Jubal's young friend was a sensation, as well. She was with her parents, as she showed him their private compartment. Jubal remembers sleeping in a berth, in a sleeping car. The two children roamed the train and were inseparable. It may have been that she was the

only child his age to play with, but he thinks there was more to it. The lavatory in her compartment smelled horrible, not like excrement, more like something had died and gone undetected until it had rotted. The young lady made apologies, and Jubal found that he could forgive her anything and everything. After his first love departed, in Nebraska, and he was alone, Jubal was reduced to playing Gin Rummy, under the stars, as the wheels beneath him carried him across the continent.

There was a Vista Dome on the Amtrack train he took from Grand Junction, Colorado, to Martinez, California, in 2002, after a summer retreat at Yeshe Ling. It was probably not the same car, but it looked from its worn condition like it might have been. The rail system, at least in the western part of the United States, has mostly been abandoned. There are still freight trains, but the passenger trains are being retired. One can still find a few “tourist trains” that highlight wilderness and wildlife in logging and mining locals. Jubal sat on a hard, wooden seat on the narrow-gauge Skunk Line with his friend Fred Gold, that ran from Laytonville to Willits, in Northern California, just to have the feel of the Old Days, and he enjoyed the thrill—for a short distance.

When Jubal flew to New York to visit his daughters, Zoe in Brooklyn and Gianna and her family in Massachusetts, he stayed with his friend, Paul Babbington, in Cranford, New Jersey, and when he went into the city, he took the train and used the subway system. This was a couple of years after the attack on the Twin Towers, and people were still edgy. On the road trip to visit Gianna, Paul and Zoe and Jubal were at a rest stop. Jubal was wearing his robes, and he heard a man ask another, “Is that a terrorist?” The other man hushed him, “No, that’s a Buddhist monk, you dope.”

For the most part, people were friendly and way more open than New Yorkers had been during Jubal’s previous visit, in 1962. A Hindu lady in a pretty sari sat next to him and joined in doing mantras on her mala. Several times, he was asked about his garb. Paul said that the events of 9-11 made New Yorkers feel they were a big family, all of them being in something catastrophic together. Zoe said it was still wise to keep your guard up, to “live like an Apache,” as she put it, when you are in the city. A man entered the subway car, wearing only a pair of underpants. He got on his knees and begged for money to buy some clothes, and Jubal gave him a

dollar. Paul said it was only a scam, but Jubal said he thought it was very dramatic and convincing. No one would say New York is not entertaining. A tourist asked Jubal for the location of the Empire State Building. Jubal turned the man around and pointed up at it. For a minute, Jubal was a New Yorker.

New York is the furthest Jubal has gone east, except for a day trip to Provincetown. Fairbanks and a village called Arctic Village is the furthest north he has gone; San Diego and Houston are as far south; Hawaii as far west.

Going to the Big Island. It was a case of serendipity, when Jubal was offered a ticket by Angel, his ex-wife. She and Angie Mann had gone on a holiday together, and while they were there, Angie had fallen in love with a native Hawaiian, a guy that was half-Hawaiian and half Filipino and an ex-Green Beret. Jubal is not sure what the deal was—perhaps Angel was to return to the mainland and bring back another girlfriend—but there were two tickets in the offering, and Angel wondered if Jubal would like to take Alvin, their son, and go in her place.

Alvin was game, and Jubal was free to go, so they went with plans to meet Angie and her new boyfriend at the airport. Jubal imagined Hawaii to be made of soft sand beaches, gentle breezes, and fruit that fell from trees. Also dazzling sunsets and hula girls. The sunsets, the fruit, and the girls were a reality—and the beaches and breezes—but the softness and gentleness were missing.

Angie's boyfriend was not pleased when two males showed up at the airport. Susi calmed him, but he rudely dropped Jubal and Alvin off on the King's Beach on the northwest side of the island, as though they were so much excess baggage. Jubal and Alvin made their way to a fire pit, where people were gathered. An electric cord stretched across the sand from shed to a television set that was delivering the news of the day, as the sun set on the watery horizon. "Very surreal," thought Jubal, but this was only a hint of the events to follow.

Planning on Paradise, Jubal had brought delicate things to wear: two silk shirts, a pair of light denim trousers, swimming trunks, underwear, a sweater and a sports coat. He had been given a new pair of tire tread sandals from Mexico before leaving Washington, but they were not broken in and had already begun to blister his heels.

He got them wet in the surf and set them to dry under a mango tree. He put up a tent, so that he and Alvin would have a place to sleep.

In the morning, the sandals were covered with mold. When he went to get firewood barefooted, he cut himself on some coral. When he bent down to pick up some sticks of wood, a wasp shot up and stung him on the forehead. When he fell backwards, he ripped the seat out of his pants. He crawled back to his tent to rest. When he awoke, he had a mild case of pneumonia.

Alvin, in the meantime, had made friends with some of the locals, who lived on the beach. Jay and Lana, blond, tanned, quintessential beach bums, had been living out of their van for three years. Jay worked in construction when they needed some cash. Mainly, he fished with snorkel and spear gun, and Lana swam or just sat on the beach, looking beautiful.

EAST WIND, WEST WIND

A beach bum plays classical guitar.
I look up and see a girl
dancing to the last rays of the day.
Her eyes closed,
her hips in sync with the strumming,
her feet pattern the sand.

I'm transported to a green place.
I turn my head.
What's this? Where am I?

Festival day at Spencer Park.
The natives glare at the haoles.
It may be Spencer Park to us,
but it's The King's Beach to them.
Their eyes say Private Property.

Time to move camp. Jubal and Alvin climb in back of the van, and Jay and Lana take them on a circumnavigation of the island. Jubal found a pair of go-aheads on the

beach, and after mending a broken thong, he has sensible footwear. Essential footwear. The missionaries once planted thorn trees on the beaches to keep the natives from going barefooted, to help “civilize” them. Lana had needle and thread, and by the time they reach Hookeen Village, Jubal’s pants are repaired.

HOOKEENA VILLAGE

Camped on the beach at Hookeena
an embittered youth goddess, slightly overweight
Says she’s been here a month without being hassled.
A scuba diver surfaces and wades ashore,
the sunbather rolls off the table she’s been sleeping on
and waddles to the Chew Chew Caboose.
I look around for my go-aheads
and find them on a bench
where, yesterday, I was cleaning fish.
I’m continually pelted by mangos.
wind gathers and scatters—
Buddha sips a beer and says, “All this is transitory.”

Onward to Hilo, a small city on the east side of the island, the wet side. A visit to a pot farm in the rain forest. Turning on a drizzly, gray day, reminds Jubal of Ketchikan. An afternoon at an enchanting swimming hole in the jungle made of carved stones, called the Queen’s Bath. A climb to the highest point, Mauna Kea, over 13,000 feet, a snow-covered volcano. Then, a descent to traipse through lava caves.

AT MAHUKONA BEACH PARK

I caught bottom fish off the lava cliffs
made of winding lava called Pelée’s hair
where Pelée touches the sea.
The road is closed by lava flow
ahaha lava dotted with pink and yellow

marriage flowers.

“Love” carved on a park bench.

Buds in the rain.

Jaws on grasshoppers.

A gecko in the telephone coin return.

Easy to see

there’s something bigger than me.

And back to the west side, dry, cowboy country. Hawaii has its own cowboy tradition, distinct from that of the mainland. In the early days, vaqueros were brought with their horses by ship from South America to herd cattle. Overgrazing changed the ecology of the landscape. Traveling around Hawaii, you get a taste of forest, jungle, beach, mountain, and desert. The Big Island is paradisiac, but with a wrathful energy.

ALOHA MEANS DON’T CRASH ON THE ROCKS

I sit below the ruins of Pu’nkohola Heian,
a temple built by Kapoukahi on the Hill of the Whale,
dedicated to Kukailimoku, a war god,
built with a human chain of rock.

I feel lonely and off centered
listening to the silence behind the hum of insects.
Not questioning,
just staring dumbly at the water,
wondering what draws me to this savage place,
to eel and shark.

I find my way—
I put on my wet suit, take my spear
and swim out.

Most of Jubal's travels have been by automobile. One of his earliest memories is being on the road with his parents and sister and of being bundled up in a blanket before daybreak and put on the back seat of a car—the coolness of the leather seat, its texture and scent mixed with exhaust fumes and the smoke from his dad's cigar. He would go back to his dreams, while they “got an early start,” and begin to stir and awaken with the first rays of the sun shining through the windows. Then, he would go to breakfast at a roadside café. Cold cereal was his preference, the kind that came in small boxes that opened on the side and milk was poured through the tear. Extra hungry, he would eat a waffle. Fully awake, he would take an interest in his surroundings, how the scenery had changed, and satisfied, he would bury his face in a comic book.

How many times did Jubal cross the U.S. in a car with his dad or mom at the wheel, at least as far as the Harper's Insurance Company's Home Office, in Chicago or a little beyond? Jubal is not sure, but four round trips is a good guess. Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Laramie, Cheyenne, the Continental Divide, Salt Lake City, Elko, Reno. Reaching Donner's Pass meant Jubal was almost home.

TRUCKIN' THE ALCAN

“We drove the Alcan!”

An air-polluted fantasy, a flick to see
for the dust alone, could be a bored game

Beware the costs, plan ahead for gas,
food, tires, repairs—3 flats in 200 miles

2 ea. 7.35/15s, one 7.75/15, one 6.55/15
and nothing for a spare, added=2900

Divided by milepost 424 is “Sze”
an ideogram that indicates “fortune and no error”

Milepost syllogism

Water is persistent

And hard-edged

Whereas

Earth is subtle
Falling away and rising
Athabasca beadwork works strong
talismanic magic given metaphysical context

The VW van is still on the road

There is a fossilized mollusk site behind
the graveyard of burial houses near Dawson Creek in the Yukon

Now at SE105PL & 11PLSE, bead games go on

Bus rides: many shuttles from airports, SFO to Santa Rosa, 60 miles, and Sea-Tac to Robber's Roost, something over 100 miles. One trip from Oakland to Los Angeles to visit Pat, when Jubal was courting, close to 400 miles one way. He read deep into Yogananda's *Autobiography of a Yogi*.

Boats: also, short trips, on ferry boats and outboards, trips across San Francisco Bay before the Richmond-San Rafael Bridge was built and between Seattle and some of the San Juan Islands, which are in Puget Sound. The longest ferry ride was between Prince Rupert, in British Columbia, to Ketchikan, Alaska, at the tip of the Alaskan Panhandle. On a later voyage, Jubal and Angel went from Ketchikan to Haines, about 400 nautical miles, before driving the Alcan to Fairbanks. Looking back, Jubal is still awed by the boat trips he took from their cabin, across Moser Bay to Deep Bay, in a frail dingy to get their mail. It was a mile round-trip, but inclement weather could suddenly appear and put him in real danger.

Why has Jubal refrained from going to India or Tibet? "I don't travel well," he replies. "Why go to India or Tibet, when the lamas come here? Also, we have better plumbing." He does not enjoy travelling for pleasure. Once he arrives somewhere, he likes to stay put. Every place he looks, he finds worlds within worlds within worlds.

I am the world, and the world is me.
I think to say something.

Something says me.

TREEPLANTING

When, hereabouts, a single forest tree or a forest spring up naturally, where none of its kind grew before, I do not hesitate to say, though in some quarters still it seems paradoxical, that it came from a seed.

—Henry David Thoreau, “The Succession of Forest Trees”

The above statement is true enough, when we speak of Mother Nature—the wind, birds and other animals doing her handiwork. Today’s forests still start from seeds, but much of the forest is planted with seedlings, grown by arborists. The vast forests on this continent have been diminished, since the time of the early settlers, and reforestation is accomplished on government and private lands by crews of treeplanters working for a wage.

In Vilhelm Moberg’s *The Emigrants*, the reader cannot help but be impressed by how intimidating the darkness and denseness of the forest was to a farmer, new to this country, who was homesteading in Minnesota, in the mid-19th century. Letting in light by felling trees was essential for survival.

With the expansion of the settlements westward came the demand for more lumber. Railroads and mining operations require timbers for their construction. Tracts of land replete with mature stands of timber were ceded to railroad companies to entice them to build. With the rails came trains with passengers who built homes. The “balloon-frame” house, so impervious to strong winds and earthquakes, is still the standard building structure of wooden homes today.

The forests once seemed infinite. The lumberjack—Paul Bunyan and his blue ox, Babe—is the stuff of legends. His counterpart, John Chapman (1774-1845), better known as “Johnny Appleseed,” was a real life nurseryman. By the end of the 19th

century, naturalists were becoming alarmed at the depletion of our natural resources and the degradation of the physical environment. Streams polluted, soil eroded, animal habitats disrupted. Earth's household in disarray—not a pretty picture. During Theodore Roosevelt's presidency (1901-09), lands were kept from commercial exploitation as National Parks, mainly for their scenic beauty. More forest lands were added, and conservation measures were enacted.

Times change. Now, the U.S. Forest Service is both a park service and an agribusiness. Trees are a crop. And it is easy to get cynical about trees when you plant trees for a living. A tree farm is not the same as a primeval forest. There are no straight lines in nature, and rows of trees create a different esthetic experience. The contract of a treeplanter specifies that the trees will be spaced 8 feet apart or 10x10.

The Bodhi Tree beneath which Shakyamuni was enlightened and the oaks the Druids worshiped were sacred trees. The groves enhanced the Druid's power, or Julius Cæsar would not have ordered them to be cut down. The giant Sequoia, in California, with the hole cut in its base, so that an automobile can drive through it, is a tourist attraction and an obscenity. There are only a few groves of old-growth Redwoods still standing, and those are continually threatened, unless they are included inside a national monument. Even then, it is uncertain what one administration or the next will consider to be best for the public and whether trees should "have legal standing." Mitt Romney, a presidential hopeful, said that he did not understand the reason for having public lands. President Regan once said, "If you've seen one redwood tree, you've seen them all." One tree that should be a national monument is the tree where Julia Butterfly had a nest.

I do not have Jubal's equanimity. I know how sensitive he is to this issue, since he has worked for many years in the industry. He has lived in the woods and worked as both as a lumberjack and as a treeplanter, and he has used forest products as a builder and a bookseller. Two of his books, *Timberlines* (D Press, 2004) and *Treeplanting in Tibet* (Kapala Press, 2007) reveal his thoughts, his feelings, and his wonder about these things we call trees.

IT'S A MESS

by the creek where I squat
with nosebleed after smacking
my face in the slash

a crisscross of fire-hardened
barbed sticks, o mama
the dead forest
and the hills
lush in bitterbrush and cyanosis
sea of noses

o mama
is there hope for the trees?

slashier slash
rockier rock—this little unit
has snow on it and's unusable

out of shoot #1
it's Flaming Hoedag
ridden by Jay Root

o mama
there is hope for the trees

Orpheus instructs the treeplanters
Watch those scalps
Keep an eye on spacing
Don't plant too deep
No J roots
I only want to see asses and elbows

we plant ahead of progress rates

into full pay with laurels
we're paid to plant a tree,
and we'll come back
and back again until it grows

the trees—
out of their depth
with this logic,
driven around in vans,
debated about like dots on a map

Go Fir It Reforestation
in the Land of Many Abuses

we're trying to plant in a week
what destroyed in one day
took 1000 years to grow

There are many elements of treeplanting in those lines. A person who had worked on a crew would more likely understand the jargon and the get the jokes and double intenders. Still, the shift from the futility of the situation towards optimism in the endeavor is apparent, the despondency leavened with humor noir.

"It's a mess," is an expression that treeplanters use to describe their first impression of a clear cut they are about to plant. An expanse of land that loggers have cleared of marketable trees, usually bounded by standing trees, the Forest Service designates a "unit," and the unit will be covered with the debris from the logging, limbs of trees and brush, called "slash." The slash has, sometimes been burned in piles, but most often it is left on the ground where it fell or was pushed, and the treeplanter must find a suitable place to plant the seedlings amid the slash piles. A mess.

The ground being planted is going to be irregular in the mountains. Some units will have more slash than others, some more rocks. Where old trees have decayed on the ground, there will be a surface of duff that must be removed, if it is not too thick

and matted, to find the plantable soil. In the higher altitudes, in spring, there may still be snow on the ground or snow may begin to fall and cover the ground. Then, the unit will be declared to be “unusable” from the planters’ point of view. Mother Nature, of course, sees it otherwise.

Given the extreme conditions and planting requirements, it can seem a bleak prospect for tree survival. But then the sun melts the snow; the ground opens up in the sense of being plantable and rich in nurture; the planters’ spirits rise, and they sing: “When my work is done, I’m going to fly away home”; and the work gets done. Unless there are “J roots.”

The Forest Service inspects the unit for proper planting. Their trees should not be planted in duff or in shallow rocky soil; they must not be planted too high or too low but just with the root collar exposed; the ground around the planted tree must be cleared of grass (“scalping”); and above all—above all—NO J ROOTS! The bugaboo of bugaboos is a tree that has been planted in a shallow hole and whose tap root is turned upward.

Jubal remembers a unit on Mount Baker, called “Dragon Tail.” (The units often have names, as well as numbers.) It was at the end of the contract. There had been difficulties: hard ground to plant; too many inexperienced planters on the crew; an inspector that went strictly by the book. Lots of frustration.

It is always a mystery. There is an “inspector” and a “plot,” and the inspector walks across the planted ground and throws his stick with a hook at the top to a random spot. Then, he attaches his tape measure to the hook on the stick which he has stood upright and checks to see if there are the required number of trees planted within a given circumference. The number will vary according to the spacing specified in the contract (ie. 10’x10’) after considering unplantable spots and any good spots that were overlooked. Very tricky business and open to contention by both parties at work, because there is money at stake, and if the “scores” fall below a certain level (usually 80%), dollars are deducted.

Returning to Dragon Tail. The unit was long and narrow, as the name suggests, and the line of planters extended nearly from boarder to boarder with the faster

planters in the lead, the less experienced planters following, trying to keep to the line, and a couple of hardened veterans at the rear pushing the stragglers, checking for gaps and filling in. The veteran planters at the rear tied the line to the opposite boarder, planting zig-zag style. From a vantage point, at the rear, Jubal saw the line break, as an inexperienced planter went around a stump, and a wedge of unplanted space develop. He crossed planted ground to fill this space, and his movement drew the attention of the inspector, who made his next plot in the area Jubal had filled.

It is a strategy of inspectors to sometimes keep a crew at the 80% mark, if the quality of planting seems irregular to them. On Dragon Tail this was the case, and as the crew was close to finishing the unit, the crew's leader, Scott Forman, was concerned about the results of what might be the final plot. He hovered over the inspector as he dug up one tree to check for a J root. "Excavate" would be a more accurate term, like in archeology, the meticulous removal of dirt to expose the position of the roots.

The lateral roots are not really of concern if they do not show signs of being brutally trimmed or ripped. It is the tap root that needs to be set in the soil with the tip going downward. (There are debates, but the accepted wisdom is that it requires more energy than the tree must expend to right itself, if it has been J-ed.) Seconds ticked by, as the inspector flicked particles of dirt away, trying not to disturb the configuration of the roots. It was looking good, but Scott unable to stand the suspense, tugged the tree free, and gave the inspector an intimidating look, which implied, "If you contest this, we'll mount your head on the hood of our crummy."

WHERE ARE YOU ON THE PAPER CHAIN?

Flakey footing on the high unit
Wind cold, cold snow at 4000 feet a bitch
But it packs well around the pine plugs
Above Indian Creek in rocky outcrops
Not a forest, a farm, slash & burn, a war

We're riding to work in a crummy
An orange International van beat to shit
The bad karma tipi that takes us to work
We've named it L.A.
So we can drive to work in L.A.

I want my forest cut into chips
So my grandchildren will have toilet paper

On the other hand, we need air
And the mountains need cover
And the critters need homes
No matter they're in rows

Breathe into the pain
Or get out of the way

Indian Creek is near Snoqualmie Pass, midway between Seattle and Robber's Roost, in the Wenatchee National Forest. The area is called "The Land of Many Uses" by the Forest Service, but the treeplanters have renamed it "The Land of Many Abuses." In spite of their view, they work; they bitch, but they work.

Trees of different species are planted: Douglas Fir, Ponderosa Pine, Cedar, and Western Larch (sometimes mistaken for Tamarack) are the most common, Doug Fir being the mainstay. The trees are either "bare root" or "plugs." Bare root trees are started indoors and then planted outdoors for a year or two (and designated 1-0s or 2-0s) to make them hardy. Pines are delicate and are started in tubes with a mixture of soil and a substance called Vermiculite that retains moisture. These plugs are removed from their tubes and are bagged in bundles with the soil still clinging to the roots. The survival rate for plugs is high, and they may be reserved for difficult terrain.

Jubal planted trees for fifteen years, 1980-94, and he saw changes in arboriculture—in the raising of trees and in the planting methods. When he began, the survival rate of newly planted trees was 50%, and when he retired, perhaps

80%, given optimum conditions. Optimum conditions include no pests, varmints or deer feeding on the trees; good soil, moisture, and sunlight; proper in the first place; and the willingness of the local protectors (*Dharmapalas*) to accept the offering. As to this last condition, Jubal feels it is wise to consider the spiritual dimension, as well as the scientific and financial aspects, if treeplanting is to be considered right livelihood.

When Jubal began to plant trees, he read Robert Graves *White Goddess*, and he was fascinated by the Celtic poem, "The Battle of the Trees." The poem revealed how integral trees were to Druid culture, each tree having a place in their calendar of events. It was Pete Mann who taught Jubal how to plant. Peter explained things and showed things about treeplanting that treeplanters need to know, but he added a pith instruction that was not a standard practice. He transmitted the mantra OM MANI PADMA HUM, and instructed Jubal to chant as he planted every tree. Peter is Jubal's "root" teacher when it comes to treeplanting, and Jubal kept his samaya. Over the years, Jubal estimates he planted a quarter of a million trees, prostrating to each one and reciting Chenrezig's mantra. By doing so, Jubal accomplished a kind of forest Ngöndro.

HEART'S TIMBER

I see you in profile in moonlit rock
At the edge of a cutbank near Ardenvoir
Lady of my thoughts, honor and praise
Your visage empowers me

A dead forest is a strange place to be
In evening dress—beautiful intensity
The field vibrating with young trees

Two-year-old Ponderosa pines
2-0s, they're trying, but it's hard
Underground, the work gets done
A whispered OM to go on

Planting trees in the woods sound romantic. It is backbreaking work and rugged, camping and moving camp, going weeks without a bath, eating out of cans, planting in the rain, being cold and miserable but hanging in there and coming through to sunshine with your crew. Still, there is a romantic element, and on a crew with both sexes, the gods will play. Orpheus plays his lyre making the trees dance, and Cupid makes them do the shimmy.

Jubal had his flirtations, his flings, and his follies. Like that tall redhead, who had had enough of treeplanting and caught a ride back to town with Lu Garcia and his film director friend, who showed up on a clearcut one day to visit and check out the scene. The film director thought it would make a perfect theme and location for one of her porno flicks. The titles started to emerge: *Planting It in the Bush*, *The Virgin and the J Root*, *Dags and Bags*, *Doing It in the Duff*, *Hot Hodags Go Fir It*. Sapphire fled to town before it really did get down to nothing but asses and elbows.

When the weather was warm, and they were comfortable with the men on the crew, the women might plant bare-breasted. Once, in the Entiat Valley, on two consecutive days, two jet fighters flew low, beneath the ridgeline and with a deafening roar, tipping their wings, so the pilots could get a better view. The whole crew was taken by surprise that first day, but on the second day, the women straightened up and jiggled their boobs in salute.

The Lady of Jubal's thoughts in "Heart's Timber" was not a treeplanter. She was a marketing supervisor for a company in nearby Wenatchee. She made the trip to Silver Basin, a part of the Entiat Forest District, where Jubal was thinning trees that he had helped plant a dozen years earlier, to spend the weekend with him. Jubal had met Rhonda in his bookstore, and she had spent the evening with him. She phoned him soon after that and asked him to come to Wenatchee and stay with her, because she was afraid some guy she had met in a bar was stalking her. Jubal drove over a mountain pass to rescue her, but she was too nervous for love and said she would make it up to him.

That she followed Jubal's sketchy directions—two miles past gas station to bridge,

turn right at tree, 5 mi. of winding road to water fall on right, one mile further, take right at fork, continue—until she reached his campsite is a testimony of her amorous intent, however Jubal was absent and learned of her visit only later. The company Rhonda worked for moved its headquarters, and Jubal received no further calls from her.

Silver Basin is where Jubal first planted trees with Eastern Washington Reforestation, after it reformed following the bankruptcy of The Dryads. The Dryads was Peter Mann's Co-op. It was Peter's Co-op because he had his name on the contract. Co-ops are not legal business entities in Washington; sole proprietorships and limited partnerships are the options for small enterprises. The name "Central Washington Reforestation" is misleading because there are really no forests in Central Washington. Most of it is desert and farmland. When a treeplanter failed to properly put out a cigarette and the woods caught fire, Peter was billed \$50,000.

The inner structure of Central Washington Reforestation was a Co-op (or equal partnership) sans Pete Mann. Outwardly, it was a limited partnership and required someone to sign the contracts. This responsibility was rotated because it made those individuals legally obligated. Davy Simkins, a legendary figure in treeplanting circles, when it was his turn, signed "Gallop Antelope" or "Galactic Emperor" in his scrawl.

Silver Basin is an area of approximately 600 acres in the shape of a basin or a bomb crater, as some refer to it. There had been a fire that burned with such intensity all the trees were incinerated, leaving a few inches of ash that covered a deep deposit of soft soil with a strata of silver-colored volcanic ash residue that had drifted there in the remote past from an eruption of Mt. Saint Helens. It was ideal planting ground, and the Co-op had planted most of it.

The trees had survived and had grown to be fourteen feet high and were densely packed, needing to be thinned for maximum growth by Forest Service standards. Where the trees had originally been planted with 8'x8' spacing, more "breathing room" was required to let in sunlight. A tree of good standing was chosen, and

Jubal would then fell eight healthy trees around it with a chainsaw.

The felled trees were left where they lay, because the basin was without roads, except at a single location on the rim where the crew camped. The slash posed a fire hazard, and one year after completion of the thinning, Silver Basin again burned. Scott said he was going to drive up and look at the devastation and asked Jubal if he would like to ride along. Jubal declined the offer, saying, "I remember what it looked like the first time, when I planted it." Mother Nature is the schoolmarm of impermanence.

. . .

Mount Saint Helens. On the morning of May 18, 1980, there was a forest on the mountain, and later that day there was an ash heap. Here is a Jubal poem.

PLANTING THE BLAST

On the moonscape of Mt. Saint Helens
I've developed a technique, the pumice pump
Place the tree roots in the ash, place
The hoe on the roots & push straight down

Speed planting this ash unit
Trying to get the roots in deep
Over-planting every plot & praying
The roots find something to live on

Lost in a pause—where
Should I be on the unit?
I should be on the line
Which is always a mystery

Outside the orbit of stars
Lost & found inside myself
Creation arises & dissolves
In a magical display

On to the next unit

Besides arriving at transcendental levels of consciousness, while planting trees on an active volcano, Jubal had his hands full supervising a couple of newbies and trying to maintain a calm state as a parent.

Alvin and Jubal had arrived at camp, near the village of Cougar, in a beat-up Renault. They had driven to California, in a GMC van, to avoid the law arresting Alvin for a suspected burglary. On the return trip the van had run low on oil, on the Interstate, some ways past the city of Roseburg, Washington. Alvin was driving, and they heard an engine noise and saw the oil light. Jubal said to keep driving and he would get to experience the end of an engine. The van had belonged to Jubal's ex; it was his from the divorce; and he was done with it. They slept along the side of the road, and in the morning the two of them hiked to hiked to the town of Curtains. It was "curtains" for the van, but the tow truck driver, who ran a repair shop, traded them the remains of the van for a used Renault.

The roads in the forest were covered with volcanic debris from the blast. On one of his trips up the mountain, Jubal had two flats at once and had to climb a mile up the face of a steep unit to get a set of keys for another crummy to bring his passengers to the worksite, and when he got back to the Renault, the car he was driving had a flat and no spare. The tires of the two cars were incompatible, so he had to climb the mountain again to get a third car.

The newbies had a car, a Pontiac fastback, but they left it with their wives, who stayed in camp. The two women drove into Cougar to buy some diapers and some dog food. The night before, one of the men had unscrewed the gas line from the carburetor to get gas to start a campfire, and he had not tightened the nut well when he replaced the line, and as the women pulled up to the general store, the engine burst into flames, caught the interior on fire, and destroyed the car.

The car was still smoldering when the crew drove past on the way home from work. The husbands were not pleased, and come the next morning, both women had black eyes. Alvin claimed they had stolen from him after having found, amid the

wreckage, remains of some music tapes and a burnt carton of cigarettes that he claimed were his.

Jubal had enough of these guys as well. They claimed they had planted trees before, but Jubal could see that this was untrue. This was one of those times, when he had to explain, “The green end goes up.” At one point in the day, he had gotten so flustered with the way these two were planting that he climbed up on a stump and, waving his hoe in the air, he shouted, “If you don’t figure out how to plant trees pretty quick, I’m going to shove this hoedag up my ass.” Davy Simkins almost fell over laughing. Scott was not laughing. He was mad. He fired them. The only problem was that they did not have transportation out of camp. Jubal said he would sell them the Renault, cheap. For some cash and a Coleman lantern, it was theirs. They got some of the screwy wiring fixed, so that the headlights did not go out when you put on the brakes; they loaded their gear, their wives, the baby, and the pit bull into this tiny car; and then they drove around the campsite giving all the middle finger with big smiles on their faces. They were gone in a cloud of ash.

A few highlights. The next crummy was an old, baby blue Ford Falcon, and when it could no longer make it up the hill in low gear, it was left along the side of a road.

. . .

Planting for Weyerhaeuser in the Olympic Rain Forest—twenty filthy planter living in a one-bedroom house. Diedra Masters came home in the middle of the night, crashed on the floor next to Jubal, threw her big arm over him, and gave him a smooch. Jubal had never met her before. He has always had a soft spot in his heart for Diedra.

Coming down off Mt. Baker to sit in the abandoned hot springs in the grove of giant cedars and finding a clear cut and a steamy mud hole. Made tears come to Jubal’s eyes.

Trading stories with the renown Hoedags from Oregon, planting adjacent units at Lake Chelan, getting high on pot, sharing food, laughing in the drizzling rain.

The contract from Hell, in Montana, that nearly destroyed the Co-op. The Roslyn contingent at odds with the Robber’s Roost contingent. The clay soil nearly

impossible to plant. Still, they survived the hardships and remained friends.

That is what this section is about—a group of people who worked hard together and were friends.

XITRO

Jubal Dolan

D-PRESS

SEBASTOPOL 1998

for Allen Ginsberg, 1926-1997

I

I'm sitting in Lama Prajna's kitchen Wolf Creek looking at a picture you took of her at a table in your kitchen Manhattan clear autumn day thinking how long it's been since you sat in my kitchen Fairbanks in thin winter light

I'm one of your many colorful children spawned from Howl breath spontaneous exuberant misconduct passing original uncensored yelp around Miss Viola's Latin class yes I know the pluperfect of *amare amaveram amaveras amaverat amaveramus amaveratis amaverant* my mind eager for peyote solidities green tree cemetery dawn wine drunkenness over rooftops I am a candle you are the sun

Wanting to plug in and dig the symbiotic intersubjective meta-aleatoric patramorphosis my first peckertrack poems written to you making them into paper airplanes and sending them airmail from open Derby Street parlor window

Looking for North Beach with my surfer buddies Stinson Beach Bolinas Bodega Bay where is this North Beach further north? looking south finding Monterey Jazz Festival seeing you or a lookalike reading in a candlelit art gallery Beatniks that's

what these must be Art Ball and me on Dexedrine and Glick Stite writing copy for
Ralph Gleason wide-eyed taking it in licking it up sniffing it out poking about

II

A difficult labor Berkeley Poetry Conference two weeks dinosaurs grazing in
pastures of hemp micro-orgasms under an airtight lid færy-dæmon foxfire dynamos
bunraku hooded puppeteers all poets Beat Black Mountain and free strutting their
stuff playing it fast and loose sector Xn relative to Yn a trig question here a Geminian
martyrdom there two synthetic a priori approximations but the real you the King of
the May recently rearrived with Planet News even if forcibly expelled from
Myakovski's bedroom with a broomstick up your butt

I filled vials with violets and grass I made baggies of marigolds and grass I loaded a
triangular-shaped bottle with grass and delivered these to various heads
announcing "An Inaugural Party for Allen" You were selected President of the Poets
by Charles Olsen's decree and the oligarchical consent of Snyder-Duncan-Dorn
starchamber poetry politics dada I underestimated by a hundred how many would
attend this bash and in a spot I put out my stash and passed my Stetson

Extracting some bills from your coin purse you started the collection wisely sending
Pete Orlovsky with me to the liquor store no telling what scam a mustachioed poet
might contrive to pick up some quick cash The wild eyes! The holy yells! when we
return you seated in the posture of Milarepa a joint in one hand a glass of wine in
one with one you sign your name for the 100 thousandth time with one hand you
pat my infant daughter's head Katrin dead now two years from Aids so young grim
pedophile death what is the age of consent?

Always encouraging the young Jubal Kretch reads a diatribe seated on an antique
commode while Lew Welsh swings from the chandelier it is Creely's remark that
everyone should know where the firemen and police are located that clears the
place I add up the cost and the cost of the cost nothing was stolen nothing was
broken save for the chandelier

III

All day all night readings to shut down the Wobbly Hall I ask you about your costume acrylic shirt Van Heusen Classic Collection 35% cotton you say washes and dries overnight traveling bodhiseed mala someone gave you Salvation Army kaki trousers and women's tennis shoes I question "Men's shoes women's feet woman's shoes men's feet?" you shrug A wake for the Labor Hall and the end of an era the party rolls on Kali appears with a necklace of 69 flavored heads atomic fudge spinach nicotine cosmic grout Pythagorean lotus jade shuttle fissigeneration chainshot aleatory fruit us entangled in a mass of bodies leaped on and dazed I hand you a book from the shelf entitled The Black Box which you sign with the dementia of a crazed Benzedrine addict a black line forming an ever increasing square

You Paul X and I hail a cab and ride up Grant Avenue to Gary Snyder's pad and you comment that I'm a real clown because I'm wearing a suit and my Stetson with a feather which I take as a compliment even though I'm excluded from the party you and Paul have planned me throwing up in an alley to the whail of Pony Pondexter's tenor sax ride Pony ride I remember you in the cab bebop skat reading neon signs and billboards Star Fun Club Glass Shop Pet Talk Full Service Quality without Compromise first word best word poetry in action

We meet in front of Moe's Bookstore Berkeley and go for coffee meeting Robert and Bobbie Creeley and Ed Dorn at Robbie's Cafeteria I can't help flirting unabashedly with Bobbie checking out her miniskirt me asking you whether it's better to be a bad poet or a good business man and in exasperation you saying to be a good something but to shut up and let Pierre talk a gunslinging wordsmith lucky of me to get out alive Creeley saying there'll never be another conference in Berkeley Berkeley is too bizarre

A Human Be In the next best thing Turn On Tune In Drop Out Angel and I meeting you at Harold Adler's apartment after your Public Television reading of Wichita Vortex Sutra and you congratulate me for my illustrated poems in the Berkeley Barb cutting my thumb on jagged door latch and holding my hand and applying a Band-

Aid O Jewish mother chicken soup nurse telling me we're not our skin you exemplify
muse power

IV

Fairbanks Alaska Allen Ginsberg arriving on the wrong plane from Ayers Rock
Central Australia summer there minus 10 when you land waiting for you with an
airforce parka and white rubber bunny boots our breath making cartoon balloons

Where does this road lead? I am so excited to be your driver we can drive north
only as far as Circle but south as far as Cape Hope "Quit fooling around; my time is
short; where can we drive around here?" A few miles from Fairbanks is Fox giving
you my tour guide spiel 1901 Captain Barnette sets up a trading post at the juncture
of the Chena and Tanana Rivers Felix Pedro disco gold near Fox site of Red Dog
Saloon and the Ice Worm Saga--Wild and wide are my borders/Stern as death is my
sway/From my ruthless throne I have ruled for a million years a day/Hugging my
mighty treasure/ Waiting for man to Come-- Robert Service verse miners call this
place Fairbanks after an admired Senator from Indiana Casper Fairbanks later a vice-
president under Teddy Roosevelt census in 1912 is 3500 present population 84000
Barnette became the most hated man in town when his bank failed.

You have on your maroon Tibetan wool scarf your glasses and balding head peaking
out we meet a bush pilot in the Red still a funky bar and make plans to fly to an
arctic village called Arctic Village spaced out we have to go back for your scarf and
on the way I ask you for a mantra to help with cold driving in my VW bus without
heat taking out the battery and draining the oil every night to get it started an un
butchered leg of moose frozen in the back taxi-deepfreeze to transport
transmission of Padmasambhava's heart mantra my first mantra O root poet you
had been sitting with Choyam Trungpa Rinpoche and Prajna Devi at Naropa and
founding the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics Feeling like you were in
another world at the village a full ceremony and feast having trouble integrating
beaver tail into one taste a young brave recognizing you and having a copy of Howl

left by a Peace Corps worker reminding you of being asked by an abo youth in Australia about Dylan and The Beatles small world

Meanwhile I'm on the astral plane pasting up the Polar Star Lit Supplement hearing you intoning Blakean melody Caribou Blues with harmonium— your mantra "Hum Bom! Whom Bomb! We Bomb Them" you've invaded the airwaves US over Cambodia you over the campus at College "How big is the president's prick?"

Setting up the SUB ballroom for your reading I have STUD ACT Student Activities which you admire Words for my perfect teacher on my tee-shirt we do up a bowl of grass soaked in hash oil left brain right brain splits and I walk into the sea of abyss ceiling tiles tilt and I see hierarchies of judges stacked in tiers my tears and fears of molestation you calm me in meditation until I come down sensitive to my having been forcibly sodomized Berkeley backroom balling and Alameda County Jail solitary confinement terror attack

There's a lot of cunt and ass out there does love hurt? yes it hurts gobs of swarming semen from throbbing organs against aghast esophagus sweet burning drippings in eyes in ears on breasts across continents O City of Fuck I seize your rising scrapers and winding subways the dweller in the body shines with neon forever rapturous illumination rapturous flesh rapturous parking meters rapturous rapturous homage to your sweet street crossings nose and eyes come to me toes and thighs roll with me in asphalt pleasure tongue clit cock to die is to come to come is to die

Ah kind Allen helping me to undo my homophobia revealing the problem to be aggression start with the self be calm and the answer is on the zafu working back to the Beloved

Your insatiable curiosity leads you me and young Alvin grown with kids of his own now to the musk ox farm musk oxen a kind of sheep with long hair called quivit softer than silk stronger than wool the care taker shows some prehistoric bones and a researcher shows her diagrams to teach native Alaskans how to knit mittens and shawls for Manhattan Fifth Avenue boutiques

Time for your reading the house packed just like the first time I watched you read at Dwinelle Hall in Berkeley when I was a freshman now I'm a senior many years

later and a long way from Cal I mention recently hearing Ciardi say that Kerouac was an immature writer who wrote psychoanalyst couch ramblings you said not to worry about Jack his spirit survives his legacy is sound Ciardi just jealous and insecure

And then it's time to say goodbye the last time I see your flesh in the sad airport cafe so many times I think of you Allen Allen take this Athabaskan beadwork my favorite "No you keep it if it means so much to you" but I want you to have it because it does mean so much to me goodbye Allen hello Heaven goodbye hello Nirvana

goodbye Elysium hello goodbye you crazy kind misunderstood lacklove honeybreasted semen soaked long-haired commie Jew dopesmoking gentle little wierdo freak you stopped a war freed the youth fed them with your mind skillful means and compassionate wise heart bodhisattva so many smiles and tears life life life you sang love and life lord of song god of flowers peace and gladness

V

I manifest now as Vajrasattva as you enter the Bardo Realms visualizing the 42 Peaceful Dieties the Assembly of the Rig'dzin and the 58 Wrathful Dieties sing Father Death Blues—Genius Death my art is done/ Lover Death my body's gone/ Father Death I'm going home/ Father breath farewell

Your dance is the dance of the babe in the womb/ your dance is the dance of the corpse in the grave/ your dance is the dance of the spirit veiled/ your mind dances within all

Your phone call comes a message on my answering machine at Yeshe Ling hoping to contact Lama Prajna for one last chat but she's in Nepal and by the time I've faxed her and gotten back you've gone gently into that...into that...

Now you're with Carl Solomon and he can teach you to be dead don't hang out too

long in the god realms you know that rich diet is bad for your heart let your queer
shoulder rest good graybeard you made a difference golden sunflower visionary
holy rolling your way through this world in the active-present *amo amas amat*
amamus amatis amant

VIDEOS AND MOVIES

“Sightseeing is the art of disappointment,” Stevenson noted. The definition applies
to films and, with sad frequency, to that continuous and unavoidable exercise called
life.

—Jorge Luis Borges, “On Dubbing”

Jubal differs with Borges on this point, at least where films are concerned. I asked
him what he will miss most about being alive after he is gone, and it was not
fountains, flags, fireworks, or even friends (although he admitted this reluctantly)—
it was films. The movies. The actors. I am going to let Jubal take it from here:

Greta Garbo as Queen Christiana of Sweden, Humphrey Bogart as Rick, The Duke
always as himself, Mickey Rooney as Tom Sawyer, Debbie Reynolds as Tammy, Dean
Stanton as the Repoman, Anthony Quinn as the strongman in *La Strada*, Sophia
Loren as the mother in *Two Women*, Elizabeth Taylor as Cleopatra, Katherine
Hepburn as a missionary in *The African Queen*, Betty Davis in *Of Human Bondage*,
Orson Welles in *Citizen Kane*, a movie that Pauline Kael said was a “yardstick” by
which to measure all movies...and *Sleepless in Seattle* and *Dune* and *Birth of a*
Nation and the works of Tarkovsky, Kurasawa, Wim Wenders, Herzog, John Sayles
and Darren Aronofsky, not forgetting Bruñuel, Renoir, and...Harold Lloyd hanging
from a clock, Stan Laurel & Oliver Hardy pushing a piano up a long flight of stairs,
Charlie Chaplin eating his shoe, Eric Van Stoheim as a butler in *Sunset Boulevard*.
Sure, I could go on, but how do I rate them?

Marianne Moore, whose taste was impeccable, said that one standard of judgment

was whether you remembered something. I remember many movies that critics might say are best forgotten, *Ishtar*, for example, about two traveling showmen (played by Dustin Hoffman and Warren Beatty) with a “bad act” that they do a bad job of doing, but I enjoyed it for all that, box office flop or not. I saw *White Christmas* several times with my mother. I remembered it snowed and that Bing Crosby sang with who? Rosemary Clooney? But the plot escapes me. The same with *Singing in the Rain*, although the story was about making the first talking films, but it was Gene Kelly’s exuberant dance in the rain (not really connected dramatically with the plot) that remains vivid. Other movies hang together and seem seamless. *The Wizard of Oz*, *The Seventh Seal*, *Casablanca*. Johnny Depp could not have been any deader in *Dead Man*, nor the old man in *Wild Strawberries*.

I guess movies are for me what sports are for others. They just like the game. They can spot talent in the bush leagues and in high school competitions. There may be more fumbles, but a surprise play can make the whole game worth watching. All-star performances are no guarantee of quality in sports events or in theatre. Waiting for Gutmann, a movie about an amateur drama group putting on a play and hoping to impress a critic who is supposed to be in the audience, is a case in point. Utterly charming work by amateur or semi-professional actors.

...the rabbit shoot in *Rules of the Game*, the snowball fight in *Blood of the Poet*, the cherry trees, the dead soldiers, the foxes in Kurasawa’s *Dreams*, the strange object on the beach in Fellini’s *La Dolce Vita*, Fred Murray doing a whiskey ad in *Lost in Translation*, Clark Gable saying, “I don’t give a damn,” in *Gone with the Wind*, the Mexican bandit in *Treasure of the Sierra Madres* saying, “We don’t need no stinkin’ badges!”

Some people only like contemporary films and have a hard time if the film is not shot in color. Others dislike American films made after the Hollywood studio era, in decline by the late ‘fifties. Independent film makers arose in the ‘sixties. Paramount, Warner Bros., Metra-Goldwyn-Mayer, Loews, Fox, RKO, Universal, and Columbia were conglomerates. The demise of movie moguls, who had unchallenged authority, allowed new forms of moviemaking to be born. The star system was over, and directors put their names first in the credits. Now, it’s Bad

Robot, Wild Bunch, Anchor Bay, Dreamworks; but the corporations are still players, New Line was acquired by Time Warner, Orion was acquired by M.G.M., M.G.M. was acquired by Sony, and so forth.

Peter Fonda's *Easy Rider* set a trend. Shooting in natural light and on locations in everyday places, rather than using movie lots and sound stages, became popular. It helped keep the overhead low. Low budget films proved to be commercially feasible. A Greek production of Euripides' *Electra*, starring Irene Papas, made for \$50M, in 1962, broke box office records and was nominated for an Academy Award as Best Foreign Film.

Some directors start small, have success, get backers, become more Hollywoodish. John Walters, "The King of Sleeze," made underground films in Baltimore with his friends. Very disturbing films, no subject taboo—family murder on Christmas Eve, the transvestite, *Divine*, eating dog shit off the street, an older woman, known as the Egg Lady, living in a baby's crib in a house trailer with pink, plastic flamingos at the door, getting it on with the postman—and although Walters' later, higher budget films are still wonderful satire of American culture, their polished quality and the softer story lines that give wider audience appeal dilute the nittygrittyness of Walters' early work. But so, what!

The Coen Brothers, Ethan & Joel, keep control of their product. Their debut film, *Blood Simple*, a neo-noir crime film, is a classic of its genre. Scary moments in that film. Economy of means, perfect harmony of plot, character development, photography, and direction—total fit—these are what one expects from a Coen Brothers film. They continue to create great roles for actors and actresses, delve deeper into the darker areas of the human psyche, find innovative ways of telling a story on film—without compromise, while winning Oscars.

Not that Oscars are given to the best films and the best actors. Scorsese waited a long time for an Oscar. Leonardo DiCaprio still waits for his. Lars von Trier polarizes his critics: Is it horror? Is it misogyny? Is it redemption? And John Sayles, a true American treasure, may never win an Oscar for his masterpieces, but he will continue to make great films.

I grew up on Hollywood films, before T.V. My parents took my sister and I to the theaters in Oakland—The Paramount, The Fox Oakland, and The Roxie—big theaters with plush carpets, large restrooms with attendants, ushers in uniforms that showed you to your seat, theaters with lodges (more expensive and more padded seating in the last rows), theaters that occasionally had premieres with searchlights that threw their beams in crisscrossed patterns on the night sky. My dad was not as fond of the movies as my mom. I think much of the subject matter disturbed him. The censorship was not as strict as he would have liked, and the sentimental films my mother liked were not to his taste. So, I went to see *Oklahoma*, *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing* with my mom.

I can't remember the name of the film, but I was seated next to my dad. It took place in a hospital, and a patient, dying of severe wounds from an accident, was complaining of a boil on her foot that was giving her pain. The patient expired, and I piped up, "She died of a boil," and I got a few laughs from the audience. I don't remember going to the theater with my dad again.

The theaters usually showed two movies, a first-run film, sometimes in color, and a B-flick. The theaters were the property, or a franchise, of the movie company—the Paramount showed Paramount Pictures, and the Fox Oakland showed Fox Studio Pictures. I think the Roxie had RKO and Warner Bros., whose movies had edgier stories or were lower budget with lesser-known stars. The running times for films was usually 100 minutes or more, and before the main feature there would be a newsreel, previews of upcoming films, and a couple of cartoons. You got your money's worth.

There was no better experience in the 1940s than the Saturday matinee. The movie theaters only cost a dime for children under twelve and adults, maybe a quarter. To put into perspective, a candy bar was a nickel and a bag of popcorn, a dime. There was a main feature plus cartoons and a serial or two. Bugs Bunny, Sourdough Sean, the Roadrunner. Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and Goofy. (The Warner Bros. cartoonists were bent, whereas Disney's crew followed the wholesome dictates of Walt's esthetics.) An episode of the Durango Kid or Buck Rogers. Maybe a short Our

Gang comedy. A Gene Autry or Roy Rogers western, then an Abbot and Costello or Marx Bros. comedy. You would be ankle deep in spilled popcorn and candy wrappers by the time it was over.

I saw *Bambi*, *Snow White & the Seven Dwarves*, *Dumbo*, *Fantasia*, and *Pinocchio* on the silver screen. The story of Pinocchio frightened me, an adopted child with a propensity of telling elaborate fibs. Being taken away on the stagecoach with the bad boys was much worse than being swallowed by a whale. In a sense, I've never been sure I was a real boy. That movie hit a nerve.

...Jack Nicholson ordering a sandwich in *Five Easy Pieces* and trying not to step on cracks in *As Good As It Gets*, Tom Hanks with shell shock on the beach at Normandy in *Saving Private Ryan*, James Arness as the Thing—I saw *The Thing* in Iowa and convinced my cousin Birney, who had come to pick me up, to let me stay for a second showing—Kroenberg's version is his own, but I only viewed it once...the robot in Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, the somnambulist in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, Klaus Kinski's lips twitching at the sight of blood in Herzog's *Nosferatu*, the zombies in *Night of the Living Dead*, Jimmy Cagney dancing in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, Marisa Tomei going on about cars in *My Cousin Vinny*, Briget Bardo's talented backside in *And God Created Woman*...

My mom would drop me off in front of a theater and go shopping. If she was going to shop all day, after seeing one double feature, I'd go to a second theater and see another double feature. She knew where to find me. I always sat on the left side of the theater on the outside, five rows down from the rear. Alone, I could watch movies and actors that I liked...*Broken Arrow* with Burt Lancaster as Cochise, Kurt Douglas as Ulysses, Tony Curtis as Houdini, Hitchcock thrillers like *Rear Window* and *North by Northwest* and war films like *The Bridge over the River Kwai* and *From Here to Eternity*. I no longer sit in that location, but I still like to go to movies alone.

Of course, I go to the movies with friends, and I used to like taking a lady to the movies as a romantic thing to do—dinner, a movie, and a drink in a café, talking about the movie—sure, but I always felt more conscious of myself, and if the date I was on was early in the relationship, my mind would be more on her than on the

movie—Is she enjoying it? Should I hold her hand? Should I reach for the popcorn in her lap? I wonder if she sees any resemblance to me and the film actor, Charles Denner, in Truffault's *The Man Who Loved Women*?

Some of my movie dates have been disasters. Taking my mom to see Robin Williams to see *What Dreams May Come*, in 1998, right after dad died. It's a film about a man trying to rescue his dead wife from Hell after she is killed in a freak car accident. This was the first movies she had gone to in thirty years. Films had changed. Sound systems had changed. Wild special effects and wrap around stereophonic music. Her response: "It was colorful and loud."

TOO LITTLE TOO LATE

for Corinne

waiting at the Liberty
how long have I been waiting?
how long should I wait?

am I early?
am I late?
or am I?

Stood up at the movies. The above was at the Liberty in Wolf Creek. Before I left Robber's Roost to move to Wolf Creek, I took my girlfriend, Katherine, to the Liberty in that town. Katherine was having difficulties with her thyroid, a medical condition that affected her moods and behavior. We had taken seats and were waiting for the movie to begin when something made her get up and move to the row behind us and take another seat. I got up and joined her. She got up, without saying a word, and left the theater. I was embarrassed and perplexed. I was aware of her condition, and I decided to follow her. She seldom ventured out in public. When I spent evenings with her at her apartment, she was normal. We'd share a meal, cuddle on the couch, watch episodes of Red Dwarf, talk about books, make love, and be happy. She told me she was going to take a radioactive substance to adjust

her thyroid gland but hadn't done this yet.

When I got outside the Liberty, I didn't see Katherine on the street, so I got my car and started to look for her. I came up on her walking towards her apartment a couple of blocks into the residential district. I drove slowly along the street next to her on the sidewalk, trying to coax her into the car. We hadn't gone far like this, when a police car pulled up next to me, and an officer asked Katherine if I was bothering her. She said, "No, he's my father" and got in my car on the passenger side, as though I had just come along to pick her up. The police car drove away. Katherine moved across the seat to sit next close to me, and I drove her home, where we watched T.V.

...the plane crash in *Alive*, the rain of bullets in *Fires on the Plain*, the sniper on the cross in *The Longest Day*, the ship upending in *Titanic*, the magic trunk in *Fanny and Alexander*, the horses breaking through the ice in *Alexander Nevsky*, the eyeball being sliced in *Le Chien Andalou*, the car chase in *The French Connection*...

Richard has mentioned me being a regular customer of The Cinema Guild & Studio, in Berkeley, two adjoining small theaters (much like you find in cineplexes, today, only funkier) that were owned by Ed Lambert and his wife, Pauline Kael. Pauline Kael wrote terse reviews of all the movies shown, which fit on a brochure that was a calendar-of-events. She later went on to fame as a movie critic for The New Yorker magazine. I found that I shared her taste in movies, avidly read her reviews, and enjoyed the films she recommended.

My friend, Ali Dashti, managed the theater, and I sometimes helped him change the marquee. It was a puzzling sort of job, in the sense that you had to figure out how to design wording for at least four films needing to be advertised in a very small space. I did not know Pauline Kael personally, but I consider her my mentor in cinema, and I realize how seminal my experience at The Cinema Guild & Studio were to the development of my intellect. I think I have learned more through this media than any other. One's experience of the world is the primary teacher, but art not only reflects human events but also invents and challenges the construction of nature. Movies, in making the world seem unreal, inspire us to reflect on our

reality. Does Art imitate Life or does Live imitate Art? Movies can be rerun.

The Cinema Guild & Studio contained over 200 films in its archives, prints of Silent Era films and films of the '30s and '40s, both foreign and domestic. Going to the movies in an art house, I came to expect the breakage of the film, odd edits, and delays of one sort or another. I took this for granted.

The names of film directors now became of more importance to me than the actors. Ingmar Bergman, Akira Kurasawa Luis Buñuel, Jean Renoir, Sergei Eisenstein, Orson Wells, John Houston often guaranteed a powerful work of cinematography. I began to look at camera work and detail in production, as much as the story and characters. An example of a film that I saw that amazed me then and continues to amaze me after several viewings is Carl Dryer's 1928 silent film, *The Passion of Joan of Arc*. It is a miracle of a film with a miraculous performance of a girl who performed miracles and, finally, was herself a miracle.

Dryer's film was lost or only existed in fragmentary form, until a complete version was found, after the Second World War, in a closet in a Swedish mental institution. The scope and grandeur of the revealed work became apparent. The script follows the events of the historical trial. The sets for the rooms where Joan is interrogated and imprisoned were designed by Herman Warm, the same set designer whose hand had created the expressionistic sets for *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. A young Antonin Artaud has an important supporting role. Dryer chose René Jeanne Falconetti, a 36-year-old amateur stage actress, to play the 19-year-old Joan. He said he felt he could bring out something that he saw behind her facade: her soul.

It is, hands down, the greatest performance on film. The camera hangs inches from her face—a young innocent visage without blemish, without makeup—for most of the scenes, while Joan's tormentors cross-examine, revile her, spit on her. It is as though you are present during a saint's apotheosis. Every human emotion, every nuance of those emotions are experienced and portrayed—joy and elation, fear and terror, amazement and awe, calm and beatific exultation. Each time I watch this movie, I feel a spiritual transfiguration take place, what Buddhists call "liberation upon seeing." Modern audiences would probably find *The Passion of*

Joan of Arc tedious. It is slow moving, almost static, in its dramatic presentation. We take for granted that cinema is about movement—car chases, gun fights, kick boxing, train wrecks—but film can also slow the pace and move us into calm emotional places, as well.

It is hard to let go of our fascination for shootouts with blood flying. Sam Peckinpaw pioneered the use of devices that make blood spurt out as though the actor has been hit in an artery. A bullet goes in, and there's some seepage, but this is not as dramatic as a gush of blood. What works on the screen is our surprise that we are just bags of fluids; our sense of being contained and then we are leaking shocks us, gives us a thrill. Anything on the screen that moves IS the movie, holds us in rapture.

If I had been raised in Southern California, the movie capital of the world, rather than Northern California, the poetry capital of the world, I would have tried to break into film. I had the talent. I am a performer, and I've had parts in amateur films as an actor, a script writer, and as a director's assistant. In the mid-to-late '80s, I worked on video productions with artists in Robber's Roost: Dan Herron, Kim Secunda, Jimmy Eisenberg, Sam Albright, and Sean O'Neil, who wrote, staged, cast, and directed their original works.

Wherever there is Public Television, a requirement is that the public must have access to equipment that allows them to produce programs. Along with Kim and Dan, I took classes at Central University, where the cameras, editing bays, and studios were located, so that we could be community producers and have our videos shown on the local public television channel. This was before digital technology, and the cameras we used had $\frac{3}{4}$ inch video tape. They were large and cumbersome, but they were what the professionals were using. A giant step beyond "home movies."

The center of our operations was Four Winds. We met and planned our shoots. Jimmy Eisenberg was our maestro. He created concepts for some of our first works, based on the puppets he made from latex. He is still at work in this field. We were all influenced by Hollywood "B" movies—and by Surrealism and Dada and Jean

Cocteau and David Lynch and John Walters.

FILMOGRAPHY

Beula: a puppet horror movie, written and performed by Jimmy, directed and shot by Dan—a life-sized puppet, Beula, who by day is a TV cook personality, at night collects and resurrects roadkill. Among the various props and pieces of the set that I worked on, my favorite element was to paint the mortar in the bricks of the wall blue. My favorite line: “Throw it in the alley!”

Frankenbaby: written by Jimmy, directed, and shot by Dan—a mad scientist keeps a human head alive and successfully attaches it to the body of a baby in a bizarre operation, while the actors are on LSD. Then, Baby goes bad and kills clowns. The scene where Igor, with orders to bring back a “fresh, young body,” murders an infant (a life-like latex puppet in a stroller) with a rock did not pass the censors.

The Sea Monkey Show: written by Jimmy and directed and shot by Dan—a scientist and his assistant, curators of a traveling exhibit of a large brine shrimp (Oscar, the star of the show, weighs 60 lbs.) demonstrate that the brine shrimp, the kind children send away for after seeing ads in comic books, have intelligence and talents that go unappreciated. A movie that appeals to animal rights activists. Contains a short Super-8 film shot in “the wilds” with Jimmy in a wet suit manipulating the puppet in a pond. A homage to Jane Goodall and Roger Fouts.

Red Hanrahan: scripted by me, based on a William Butler Yeats short story with the same title, directed and shot by Dan, an hour-long video with a large cast, about a school teacher (Red, played by Bruce McNaughty) who fails to rendezvous with his sweetheart after encountering a wizened card shark (played by me) in a tavern, who produces a rabbit and a hound from a deck of cards, and follows the chase into a parallel world, or state of consciousness, where he is confronted by Knowledge (played by Carolyn Zick), Power (played by Kim Secunda), and Pleasure (played by Jimmy Eisenberg), who tempt Red, but he only has eyes for The Fairy Princess (played by Beryl Reeves). Because Red fails his tests, I (know costumed as The Magus) prevent him from claiming his heart’s desire, and he returns to the other world to find a great deal of time has passed, his former sweetheart is no longer

available, and he is no wiser.

FertiChrome 7666: written and directed by Patrick Shawn O’Neill. Cinematography by Sean Albright. Music by Steve Fisk. Starring Scott Renderer, with a supporting cast that includes members of The Screaming Trees rock band. An indie, full-length feature in B/W, shot in the desert area east of Robber’s Roost, Washington. A psychedelic-grunge science fiction B movie with steam-punk overtones about a mad scientist (played by Steve Fisk) who hopes to repopulate the planet after nuclear fallout has effect animal breeding patterns. Christian Cairo (played by Scott Renderer), a Power Landscape guard protecting the orbs that collect radiation to make electricity. His daughter is kidnapped from a cheerleading conference to be the female in a breeding experiment. I play the drug dealer, Jack Frontille, and I get my head blown off with a shotgun. (1989) This film can be viewed on YouTube.

The Collage Artist: Directed by Sam Albright, starring Jubal Dolan. A Truffaut-like portrait of an artist in Robber’s Roost, preparing for a one-man show in three parts. Part One is filmed on the Diamond Hanging J Floating I ranch, where the artist puts the finishing touches on The Tack Shack. Part Two is film in Café Rose and transitions into a collage-poetry sequence. Part Three follows Jubal, Chris Schambacher, and his dog Claude on a brisk walk through downtown streets and alleyways. This film can be viewed on YouTube.

Blue Fish 13: A surreal, creepy film, with bizarre costumes and quirky actors. A nod to Lewis Carol’s *Alice in Wonderland* and David Lynch’s *Eraserhead*. Directed by Kim Secunda. This film can be viewed on YouTube.

YULETIDE

JUBAL: Richard, I am going to take over the narrative and bring your biography of me to a conclusion.

RICHARD: If you so wish, but what of the projected chapters about “War” and

“Women”?

JUBAL: Of war, I will say that, as far back as my grandfather and forward to my grandsons, five generations, none of us has fought in a war, and that is amazing. So, we Dolans have been lucky. As for war in general, I quote Philip Whalen: “Nobody wants the war only the money.” Of women, it is crude to say I survived the Battle of the Sexes, when in truth I am greatly appreciative of the women in my life, of my women friends and my lovers, of my dear wives, of my saintly mother, and my precious lama. What I have learned shall stay a mystery. It is a divine mystery. I am blessed to live among the Dakinis. I want to thank you, Richard, for your help on this project.

RICHARD: It has been a pleasure, Jubal.

JUBAL: The Christmas present I promised you, you will find wrapped inside one of the following dreams.

RICHARD: I will look for it. Thank you, and adieu.

Dear Reader, what you will find on these final pages are the dreams I recorded during the 12 Holy Nights of the Millennial Year (Dec. 24th through Jan. 6, YK2). These dreams were, at that time, to be interpreted prophetically, one day being symbolic of an upcoming month. Now, they seem to reflect random events, many of which have been told in this biography.

THE HOLY NIGHTS

This is the time to honor the plant kingdom, mineral kingdom, and animal kingdom with those that share our planet. December 21st is the shortest day and the longest night. It is a time of gift giving. To the point of deepest darkness, we go to meet the return of light. Reflection of the harvest; seeding the next cycle of life. The season to create inner light. Sol invictus spiritus glorius. Spirit into matter—renewal, rejuvenation, introspection. Going down into the earth for a long nap. Seed-spirit time. It is a time to be with friends and family and sing.

—Tamara Slayton, “The Holy Nights Workshop”




THE FIRST HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 24-25): This dream was recorded and can be found in the chapter "Dreams," in Jubal's Worldly Dharma, Part II.

THE SECOND HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 25-26): A room with closets at the far end becomes a farmyard with sheds. I'm between a John Deere tractor on the left and a bale of hay to my right. There has been an episode where an indeterminate creature

has been shot with a 30.30, and I am afraid I have hit the wheel of the tractor. A girl, whose features are vague, stands in my peripheral vision. We load shotguns and approach the tractor but don't see any movement and point at the bale of hay and shoot. There comes a whimpering sound from the bale and we retreat. We discuss how to shoot, and I am reminded of a scene in the movie Le Ceremonie, about two psychopathic women with shotguns, I had seen earlier. The mysterious creature is supposed to be very powerful, able to pull down a horse and bite the jugular vein, a small ball-like creature — a "Smoo."

Walking across a yard, there is a Georgian-style house with rooms to let. A spacious downstairs with dark corridors. Upstairs, a penthouse room with windows on three sides. The light pours in, but when I look down, I am looking at the room below in the building. I seem now to be with Linda, who worked for Greg at the Valley Café and is Mike Burtness's girlfriend, and she is a carpenter's helper. I am envious of her work. The room below reminds me of a room in Berkeley, in an apartment near the coliseum, where I visited a girl who had an old Singer treadle sewing machine on a table, but I realize I am not there, and the table is different. When we walk downstairs, there is a construction site, forms & gravel are ready to be poured with concrete. We climb out of the bowels of construction towards the front door, talking about Oregon Wood, the company she works for. Her boss is a perfectionist and very demanding.

When we get to the front door, there is a dropoff from the foyer without a handrail, and Chris Shambacher is tinkering with a large, clear container of oil, dipping a long-bladed knife into the liquid. A burly man is upset that the doorbell doesn't ring. The doorbell looks like an over-sized doughnut, and the man pulls the front piece off to look at the wiring and traces it back to the container of oil. Chris says he will take the doorbell apart & clean it, which will be time consuming, but he has a quick solution. He dips a sheet into the oil, lifts the sheet, and the oil follows. He holds the sheet up, and flames arise from the ground and engulf him and the sheet like a burning diving bell. The flaming sheet is a possible weapon to use against the mysterious creature.

THE THIRD HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 26-27): "Simon Says" — trying to remember the rhyme as a poet attending a philosophy seminar lecture. An invited guest speaker, who resembles Antonin Artaud, in the middle of his talk begins to play with styrofoam pellets that move on his desk (like the "dancing" screws in the Bros. Quay film, The Secret of Crocodiles). The lecture hall is a chemistry lab. I am trying to remember my poem, having not brought my thesis binder. Later, with Lulu, we look through this binder at poems that resemble ant "paths"  With Lulu and another girl outside a bar, I try to explain how hard it is to stand before an audience and remember

"Simon Says." The only chance you have is to make it up, since it isn't a nursery rhyme, it's a game. Now, standing outside the display windows at Hink's Dept. Store, in Berkeley. Boxes within boxes. Books within books.

Clearing debris off a lawn around a college dorm. Taking a bungie cord across the lawn and putting it at the edge of the walkway. A row of rocks around the perimeter. A trail enters a forest. An old Civil War cannon is lodged in a tree. If a boy & a girl were kissing under this tree, and there was a breeze, the cannon might fall. But not fall if no one was there (Bishop Berkeley).

Racing around on a motorcycle with a girl holding on my arm, riding a skateboard. Up a hill, lugging to a stop and restarting going downhill on the other side. A vehicle is in pursuit, chases us around streets like ant trails, turning into a sequence of abstract pictures, colors & forms. I am surprised in my dream there's no narrative.

THE FOURTH HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 27-28): There are movements or gestures, that represent letters of the alphabet, except for the letter "4" because I can't roll my YYYYYYYYYYYYYY

THE FIFTH HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 28-29): Boats on a river. Telephone repairman collects cardboard. Boats like small submarines on the surface. A feeling that the subs are moved from place to place by hand,

like toy boats in a bathtub, or that someone should be in the center of the boat, like in the mock battle scene in the movie, *Elizabeth*, but I can't see an "omnipotent observer." I maneuver around the bow of one boat to discuss with someone in the shadows a strategy for ramming the bow of a black vessel, but the current moves the boat, reminding me of boating on the Guawla River at Y.M.C.A. camp, and there is no actual contact of the boats.

A repairman (or a soldier) with very developed muscles, like a "Rambo" action figure, floats over the ground, or rather bounds, like a kid would move a toy (only there is no hand), and the figure "flies" into a box near the top of a telephone pole, at the edge of a river with wide open space behind - Kansas plains - and the boats pass. Other figures appear. I am a part of this crew. I follow a trail along a fence and pick up discarded pizza boxes, that I pile near the gate, made of barbed wire, and cover them with a tarp. Someone ahead of me, whose face I can't see is talking about "litter" maybe a litter of pigs, and thanks me for getting the work done, dirty work, well done in a short time.

THE SIXTH HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 29-30):

Discussing with Charlie Potts the location and layout of school (Whitman College?) in Walla Walla, a one-room school with shelters for students



in a field with pine trees, scattered shacks, thinking, "Glad Dad could build when he did." This dream landscape, like the shape of Texas on a map, connected to earlier dream of roads along the edge of the ocean between Santa Cruz and Carmel, taking place in my distant past, driving around, back & forth, to reach some place while evading someone. Isolation, small town (Aptos?). Police station (Sticky Wicket?) on an adjacent road.

THE SEVENTH HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 30-31):

Pool room in small Texas town. Booths with patrons of mixed races seated, eating and drinking. A man who resembles the movie actor Steve McQueen, "drunker than a skunk," is shooting pool. In making his shot, he knocks a cup of coffee off the rim of the pool table. It appears he has the pool cue reversed and is aiming with the butt end of the stick. There is a feeling of menace in the room. McQueen looks left and right nervously, as though he expects someone to step up with a bar rag, but no one seems to be paying any attention to him. He's wobbling, and his eyes are rolling in their sockets, and he says, "His ass has been cold since they shot Michael Jackson." The reference to "they" is explicit: the government of white folks. A large black lady wearing a blue dress rises from her seat and moves towards the door. Other "coloreds" follow her.

McQueen sits in a wheelchair near a booth and tries to explain to the owner, sitting in the booth, why he said what he did, and he admits being "full of it," says something about how "they see rings in the ear," and the owner says, "what they hear rings in the ear." McQueen stands up to pee. From overhead I see a pool of foaming pee or foaming beer, and I have to get up to pee, too, so I do. It is the middle of the night.

McQueen, wearing a hat with the brim turned up on one side, enters a garage the next morning. A lady is sitting in a car with a container of coffee on her lap. She tells McQueen that she knows where Lenore is, because she asked around, questions direct & indirect, like "Does Hwy 10 out of town go to Alabama?" since she (Lenore) didn't want to go home to New Orleans, and she was told Lenore was in Baltimore. There is a flash of a balcony in a 19th c. Saloon, like in the old west, where the whores have their rooms. Lenore is this lady's daughter.

Morning dream. I'm with Frank Sinatra's entourage, walking with a matronly woman, the wife of the Chairman of the Democratic Party. We are walking towards a mansion. She tells me she isn't interested in this house and relates a story about when Carolyn Kennedy visited, and Carolyn said something that she wrote down on her program. We get to the

mansion through trees. Georgian architecture. Paths like through Central Washington University's campus, along 8th Avenue as far as Euclid. Climbing the steps, we meet Frank, who says that the place belongs to the current president's (Clinton's?) press secretary. I leave the woman at the door, and she enters. Frank is wearing a beige-colored suit with his collar turned up. He says I can see his house with him & his daughter. She's about 20. We walk along the street. The house is several blocks away on Keyes Street. I can see a highway on the side of a hill in the distance, and I am sure that the house we are going to is in that quadrant, bounded by the highway ahead, the street we're on, and the valley floor to my right. We amble along and talk (small talk), and when we reach Frank's house and start to ascend the stairs, John Bennett, a friend, passes and says, "Now, you know where you are." I know I am with Frank Sinatra & his daughter, and although we are not walking close to each other, we enter a large front room, like a ballroom, where people are at prayer. Norbu Rinpoche, dressed like a Muslim, has his elbows on the ground and his mala in his hands with a kata (scarf) underneath. We sit on his right. More people arrive, chatting about "spiritual paths." Carolyn, who

is Frank's daughter, is wearing a white taffeta party dress with a red sash. She tells me about her connection to Oneida and their belief in human perfection.

I believe she is talking about a North American Indian guide, OSHA, a plant. I realize we are talking loudly, and I suggest we do mantras. Frank smiles. His blue eyes are lamps of awareness.

THE THIRTEENTH HIDDEN HOLY NIGHT (Dec 31-Jan 1)

Middle of the night dream: A bed with a box under it that contains a pair of dice which, when rolled, tell the cosmic numbers that lead to orgasm. For this night, the numbers are 17 and 462. The numbers were on the discs of my spine. Moving across a field, I enter a cattle car on my way to a concentration camp in Florida, as an Apache child, my innocence shattered, peering through the slats of the car, wanting to know how Life works. Pulling out a drawer to see something that is secret, a wheel spins out that represents "fluids of the psyche." The drawer gets wedged "cock-eyed" when I shove it back. I try to straighten the drawer, when I hear someone moan in the wall. I imagine that my number is being recorded.

Playing on New Year's Eve, a rock group called Knax.

Morning dream: Lost my job with some company making a transition to a new

technology. I am a computer-illiterate person, but I am given an opportunity to resubmit a resume. My girlfriend says I should hype myself, but I don't want to lie. However, at the bottom of the page, I write in large letters, "I CAN'T BE BEAT!" My boss is unimpressed. The building I'm in is being redecorated. In the foyer where I am, all the furniture has been removed. There are cigarette butts on the floor. Where my desk had been, there is now a flight of stairs. My boss enters and says, "OK, you can work." He has me sit in a workspace with a computer that looks like a wooden box. He flips open the lid of the box to insert a floppy disk, but inside the box are bread crumbs. He wisks them up with a look of disgust. We begin to move around a warehouse erratically, as though we are in bumper cars at the fair. We move across town towards an unspecified location, our destination being where I am going to work. I am beginning to wonder if I'll like my job. Everything is sleezy, like when I worked for Idea Research & Development Corp. and sent out C.V. Bingo cards, in Santa Rosa.

We begin to literally lay down tracks for a rail line, and the discussion concerns which consortium (Baby Bell or Microsoft) is better equipped with quality and size of track. I transfer to another car at the

end of the line, where I'm handed a brochure with a pocket that contains another disc. I feel like I've made a move to a better company, upgraded, and there is a fresh smell to the upholstery. We are moving backward on another road, parallel to the one we came on, and new tracks appear as the wheels move along. The tracks look like they are made out of rubber with twisted wire in them. It is Y2K - my computer's time is right, but the date reads January 4, 1980, not Jan. 1, 2000.

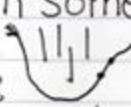
THE EIGHTH HOLY DAY (Jan. 1-2): The slow seduction of Sharon Sheri, a beautiful and amiable girl, who is a new crew member on a ditch digging work gang. We have a contract to dig a ditch down the middle of a road along the Uptanum Ridge. It is slow going. Rain and poor morale. I tell the crew to be of good cheer, to focus on getting the work done and accomplishing our goal. We camp in sheds. I have been training the new girl. There has developed a rival for her affections with a boy named Jeffrey. We wrestle, trying to reach an ax. The ax blade becomes a photograph that I set by the corner of the wall near the base board. Standing, now, with Sharon Sheri, looking across open fields, I tell her she can do this work and not to leave. I am, at the same time, convincing myself we can make it, even

though the rain gives no evidence of letting up.

The mood becomes romantic, a dance of intimacy, touches & maneuvers, until Sharon Sheri lets me put my hand under her shirt. With a pen I write my name above her belly button. I don't want to poke her with the pen to dot the "i" in my name, so I spell my name, all in a flowing line, with a "y," *Richard*. She asks to see my cock and pushes it inside her. I awake and masturbate.


THE NINTH HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 2-3): There is a treaty violation by whites causing an Indian uprising—a long, bloody battle ensues. Finally, a black man, his wife, and their two children crawl along the interior of a log cabin. The littlest child lags behind, and the woman goes back for it. The man orders the other child to stay. He is armed with a pitchfork. Hearing a noise outside, he jabs the fork through the slats of the wooden door. The door opens, and two large white men dressed in rubber cloaks, appear with the woman & child in tow. They had plans to help the family escape the Indians until they discovered they are black. One of the white men starts to strangle the black man, but in defense he drives his thumb into the white man's side. The man cries

out in pain, backs up, takes the baby from its mother's arms and smashes its head against the fender of a car parked outside the cabin. The two white men flee, but one is shot by an Indian riding by on a horse and the other is shot by an Indian on foot from a long distance. That Indian is wearing a white trenchcoat and is engulfed in blazing light. The black man, his wife & child move into a field of ice. I'm on iceskates, and the tracks my skates make are Tibetan seed syllables འཕྲ་མེ་ཅི

THE TENTH HOLY NIGHT (Jan. 3-4): We are preparing for a "log ride" - children on a log. The log is tied back, and the rope is tightly drawn, holding the log. There are places for a few children at the front of the log. The leader (teacher) is pulling the rest of the "roap" (this seems the right spelling) through some weeds, looking for a watermark  from an earlier flooding of the river. The end of the roap is frayed. There are old stains on the weeds (reeds) where the water had been. These marks indicate the direction the roap must be pulled, so the log will go in the right direction in this relay race.

There is a patch of ground at the bottom of a hill at the edge of a town

that is held by the Vietnamese Army. The Head of Intelligence is my friend. He is in control of operations. I have been in prison—tortured—and have been just released for lunch. My friend and I sit side by side at school desks, watching people come and go, some on foot and some on bikes or in cars. We are at the entrance of a park. The atmosphere is very soothing. We have a mysterious connection to this park and discuss ways it can be preserved. We board a helicopter and fly over an area devastated by war, on the outskirts of Paris. Along the River Thames (which should be running through London) there are piles of rubble, then our park. I see my son, Theo, on an inner tube on the river. My friend, General Giap, says that he respects Theo because he hasn't collaborated in the war but "kept on cooking," although he is a heavy drinker, and although he disapproves of that, he understands. While flying over this wasteland I tell my friend that the government should invest (divert) funds to improve the edges of the East Bank because our park is the entrance to the city and it seems important to give good first impressions.

A pan of oil named "Mike"  seems like it should be able to get somewhere

quicker than a line of tiles along a wall
is all I remember of my morning dream.

THE ELEVENTH HOLY NIGHT (Jan. 4-5):

A box within a box, a scene within a scene, cast in the role of a detective in the year 1000 CE. Sitting on a bench meditating on the ontological situation, the paradox of watching myself move past my eyes, the events real or imagined in multiple narratives arising and dissolving from emptiness into emptiness, feeling "real."

Walking through a "dream" into an awake state called "reality," as though I am an ant walking across the face of this book ---- [] → and onto the table top again.

Reality like lying down and resting in the dream flow or the dream into the reality flow.

Dreams, a miniature world, getting larger in real time but more shadowy.

Writing down a dream is to chop a block into time bits - fragments of blissful thisness.

The "tension" of being "taught" that I can rest in mystic completion.

THE TWELFTH HOLY NIGHT (Jan. 5-6):

Dawn. Moving stills, motion stills, still in motion, moving pictures of still photos of mountain tops and many rivers.

EPILOGUE

I don't know which of us wrote this.

—Jorge Luis Borges, "Borges and I"

Machig convinced Jubal that I should have the last words. It has been my project from the beginning, and although my mask did slip near the end, it was a transparent mask all along. It was perfectly appropriate for Jubal to put on the finishing touches, like Gully Jimson at the end of *The Horse's Mouth*, instructing Her Ladyship when to say, "That's enough," as she was painting the giraffe's eye on his mural.

The structure of *Up, Down, and Sideways*, which resembles a hypertext or a lexicon, is my invention. Initially, it was merely a list of topics for an essay to show Jubal's diverse experiences. At that time, I had no plan for a biography. Jubal's friends encouraged him to write his autobiography. Gail Chiarello has repeatedly asked him to tell his stories. I took the bait and proceeded. Anna Raithel, the first to read these pages, after each part asked, "Is there anymore?"

Many of Jubal's poems are based on his life experience. He calls his *Collected Poems: 1961-2000* his spiritual autobiography. At the conclusion of *A Book from Luminous Peak Volume 3*, which contain the poems Jubal wrote and illustrated in retreat, it became apparent to me that a fuller discussion of Jubal's worldly experiences would help a curious reader understand what led Jampa to enter long retreat, that his tinkering with ideas and things is part of his method for understanding the world, as he evolves on the path of self-liberation from attachments. At the same time, such an exposition would be another construct of Jubal's mind at play, along with the *Collected Poems*, *The Collected Books*, the dpress website, and the illustrated journals of Jubal Dolan.

There is irony in a Buddhist writing an autobiography. There cannot help but be ego-gratification, even as one reveals the absence of a Self—a sort of succor to assuage the sense of loss of something non-existent. The Tibetans call obstacles to one's path "maras," and a memoir can be a weapon in the War Against the

Unfavorable Maras. Confession assuages the conscience and is a form of purification, a kind of “homeostatic resetting of moral plasticity.” There are the maras of sexual pleasure in excess. There are the maras of negative views. There are the maras of seeking to be recognized, to be understood, to leave a mark (hopefully not a smudge), that from one angle is pride and from another is the bodhisattva’s wish to alleviate suffering by contributing something remarkable that enables another sentient being to find their original face.

A biography is going to be shaped by different forces and different resources—by personal standards of ethics and esthetics—the true, the good, and the beautiful. The telling here is as honest as I can make it, showing warts and all, but restraining the impulse to shock for the shock value alone. To be clear and tell what is essential to the story has been my goal. It is the story of a man’s behavior, sometimes heroic and sometime foolish, at times comic and at times ludicrous. When Sally Tenzin, an old friend of Jubal’s and a student of Lama Prajna’s, visited Yeshe Ling, she asked Jampa if he was still writing. Lama Prajna, who was present, said, “There doesn’t seem to be anything we can do to stop him.”

On this day, March 20, 2014, Spring Equinox in the year of the Wood Horse, I conclude this biography of Jubal Dolan. Encouraged by Jubal’s many friends, I have attempted to write his life story. Any errors or omissions are mine alone. May those with faith and devotion accomplish absolute purity.

Richard Denner

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Santa Fe, New Mexico