

~~understand it, and I might not be true because, like Rumbaut said, "Everything we are saying is false" but as I understand it, some gangster types sold Superpale to stop Superpale selling the market and told them to go fuck themselves (being essentially a populist dope dealer) and his body ~~was~~ was discovered in a sleeping bag at the Point Reyes National Seashore with his head down by his feet.~~

Not long after that I got into Zen Center and ~~soon was~~ for a while I kept smoking grass and jacking weed and therefore dealing a bit of it but soon that all tapered off. ~~That's~~ what most people at ZC did - stopped jacking

120
1200
1200

stuff before or ^{soon} after they
came. The teacher didn't
particularly like it - though
he wouldn't go on a
negative forage either.
But still, ZC grew up
in the midst of a
Tiber Javan ~~and~~ psychiatric
subculture and so ~~there~~
~~would be~~ I hear people
reminds ~~Bill's~~ ~~factory~~
and some ^{few} people kept
doing grass + acid and
some fell back into it
maybe just a little
now and then, and some
got into ~~it~~ it heavy.

~~One thing I didn't get about
the Super Spade story is
the part about the gangsters
telling him not to undersell
the market. What gangsters? I
never saw any gangsters
or heard anything about
any rough stuff or threats.~~

ABC 23

lowest price I can sell. ~~Bill~~
I stared at his friend in disbelief

and I want to stop offering the
people the natural herb

materialism of this decadent
age. I am spreading love
and enlightenment at the
dawning of a new age. I
only need to receive my
return enough to ~~feed~~ ^{humbly} feed
me, at the house me, and
buy a cup of coffee here, I
will have nothing to do
with capitalism or ripping
off the people." a week
later Bill's friend was
found slumped over the steering
wheel of his car with
a bullet hole in his brain and
Bill was ~~driving~~ ^{on} a bus
to San Francisco.

Don't get the idea that the
ZG was full of just dope dealers.
It was apparently impeccable
crowd - delighted + hard working too.
But since so many of us
had spent some time in
psychiatric culture on our way
there, it was only natural

The whole begins with
about getting dealers

of those who
who did,

that we'd have our share
of folks who'd left a little.
~~But~~ most did it as their
part in the underworld
distribution - like buying an
ounce of pot and selling
half or more of it in
smaller increments for
pay for what one ~~got~~ wished
for personal use. But there
were a few ^{like Bill} who dealt
for the money. This didn't
end so last year.

Some
recollections

One of these was a
guy who'd driven into Tass.
over the dirt road and
~~to the~~ ~~day~~ ~~and~~ covered in
snow and pretty high snow
up at Cheyenne bridge. He
was a salt guy with a
long red beard and he came
with his hot spunky wife.
They arrived in the period
of preparation before the
1st practical period and
stayed about 3/4 of a year

before heading out ~~to find~~
~~to find~~ to find a place
 to live in the Southwest,
 Bob + Sandy. Their camper
 was perfectly organized with
 everything so much on a
 wagon could with for all
 in drawers + containers labeled
 and sealed and ~~just~~ easy
 to get to, bedding, boots,
 tools. Bob had worked in
~~props for the movie industry~~
 a bad ~~time~~ from some
 shrapnel he picked up in
 Korea. He was older than
 most of us. He'd done time
 for armed robbery after that,
 then ~~he~~ went to ~~the~~ ~~is~~ ~~straight~~ and worked
 on props ^{+ scenery} in the movie industry. He
~~had~~ was quiet but he had a
 way with people and I remember
 him telling me about one movie
 he worked on where he bought a
 fifth of gin or vodka to Frank
 Sinatra every morning. ~~Bob~~ Bob +
 a friend of his decided back then

2/20

to buy a \$40' sailboat which they did and which they enjoyed on weekends taking off from Santa Monica and flying with the wind and their women off the Southern California Coast. Money got a little short though and they had ideas about traveling and being Bohemians, so Bob and his friends decided to run some marijuana up from Mexico. So they did - they brought up a large shipment of hundreds of kilos, unloaded it right away and made enough to finance their dream. Bob bought the crop and he and Andy outfitted it. They were taking their jump and getting things organized when Bob's friends got greedy.

Bob's friends decided they would do another run. Bob thought

not. He's actually a fairly conservative guy. He wasn't wasting his money, but rather lived on a tight budget. He and Sandy had a plan to live a ~~rather~~ minimal life and were ~~there~~ ~~reading~~ reading about Hinduism + Buddhism. They didn't want more than what they had, but Bob's friend did. He took their sailboat back down, loaded it up with hundreds of kilos of ~~the~~ hemp, sailed back up the coast and ~~into~~ ~~Bob's~~ ~~yard~~ but this time, like Bob told me, it was "there's that boat again." and so the coast guard checked it out and Bob's friend got busted and Bob lost his ~~boat~~ boat. That was bad, but on the other hand, now he had nothing to keep him there so he and Sandy took off - first stop to check out

~~100~~ ~~200~~ ~~300~~ ~~400~~ ~~500~~ ~~600~~ ~~700~~ ~~800~~ ~~900~~ ~~1000~~
17 pages to p. 33 part 5

That broad new Tray Bubbist
monastery up North in
Roussery County

I'm beginning to see a
pattern here. ~~Some~~ Some friends
decide to make some good
money dealing drugs. ~~One~~
They get away with it, one
dealer he wants more and
the other feels ~~that~~ it's better
to take what you've got and
guard it, than that
gambler's phrase, does
bring up the universality
of this pair. The cautious
one knows there are
vultures out there ready
to pluck out the eyes of the
foolish. The other is the
perpetual fool.

Maybe that could be said
in two lines.

There were enough stores
 left this that ~~one could come~~
 to see they secret ~~one could come~~
 or drug dealing to be
~~WOW WHEN TO DO IT.~~ If
 that were the final
 moral then surely it
 have ~~been~~ gone no farther
 than this notebook. But
 really the moral is
 DON'T START, or, DON'T
 GET INTO IT TO BEGIN WITH.
 Sure, Bob got away with
 it, but he was lucky,
 what happens is you
 get into these weird
 spaces, these separate
 realities, and everything seems
 good - no problem. Adventure,
 you meet others, a pile taken a
 chance and gotten away with it.
 I find so, it doesn't seem
 like ^{taking} such a big chance,
 until you see the coast guard boat
 heading for you - or even, until
 you're sitting in your boat with a mounted

of contraband sweating every
micro second out as she unloading
and delivery proceed in painful & slow motion.

One can accidentally fall into
drug dealing or, the appearance
of drug dealing, by simply
spending around the ^{substances}, when I
first came to San Francisco I
stayed with some friends in a
house ~~at~~ at the base of Twin Peaks.
Our whole purpose for living was
to smoke pot and have fun.
None of us worked much. I remember
I did some occasional substitute bussing.
We ~~had~~ barely had enough money
for the rent and food, but
we always had enough for the
pot which we'd buy by the pound
or kilo. Once, we bought a suitcase
full of compressed ~~into~~ which we
sold all but one - empty, to people
we knew. It seemed like no big
deal. ~~It~~ Almost everyone we met
was ~~smoking~~ a little walking pot
incinerator. I wasn't really part of the deal

but somehow I ended up being the
 one who climbed some 15 stairs,
 picked up the suitcase at a front
 door that could be seen from
 blocks away, and ~~being~~ brought
 the suitcase back down to the
 car. We kept it in our apartment
 as one by one the kilos were
 picked up by eager acquaintances.
 At any point in this process, I
 could have been arrested and then
 I would have had to beg my mother
 for ten thousand dollars or so
 for my lawyer. But that didn't happen so
~~now~~ now all I have is a handful
 of ~~the~~ memories of being the first
 that got away and I shudder at the
 thought of the risks I've taken for my goals.

After I'd been in San Francisco
 for half a year or so I started
 sitting at the Zen Center. Naturally
 my life gravitated away from
 the pot-head scene I'd been involved
 with. Bout June, it was fun but
 it was headed nowhere. For a while
 I just smoked less pot. I'd ~~never~~

Smoking a little pot now and then and ^{and} ~~in the evenings~~. That level ^{never before} ~~of pot smoking~~ didn't interfere ^{with} my life or state of mind so much. I had a job at the post office - employees would go out to the sidewalk on breaks and smoke pot but I didn't join them. I showed me down and I started ~~was into~~ ^{was into} hussling. I'd ~~gotten~~ ^{gotten} the supervisor to move me from ^{with} a sitting and sorting job (where I ~~learned~~ read every type post card - amazingly they almost all said things like "Having a nice time, wish you were here" ^{NA} ~~NA~~). The most popular card by far was not the Golden Gate Bridge but of Carol Doda and her giant silicone breasts. I didn't like sitting there all the time so I got the supervisor to let me go around with trays and pick up the sorted mail ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~then~~ ^{then} though I got to load and unload

mail bag ^{to} ~~to~~ trucks - big
ones with 40' beds. I was
glad to be ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~un~~ ^{un} ~~pet~~ ^{pet} ~~ted~~ ^{ted} ~~long~~ ^{long}
that job because pet makes
everything heavier, slower. Gurt
the opposite though, I was
light and boyant because I
was ~~so~~ off of another
heavy trip - American food. Now
I was eating a vegetarian
diet and lots of brown rice.
I was living in a Zen house
run by a friend named Loung.
Loung had been sitting at the
Zen Center for a couple of years
and had shaved his head, the
only person at the time who
emulated Suzuki that way. I
lived Loung at Loung's apartment.
We got up early, cleaned up, walked
to ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Soko~~ ^{Soko} for zazen and
service, went back home, swept
and cleaned up, the oatmeal
~~was~~ ^{was} ~~cooked~~ ^{cooked}, ~~ate~~ ^{ate} breakfast sitting
at a low table, and ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~cleaned~~ ^{cleaned}
up breakfast dishes and pans. Then

Wed 9, Paul SIP green tea
 and talk about ~~what we~~ for
 the first time. SNCC and SDS
 had provided me two years
 earlier with my first
 communal experience, but
 Loung gave me my first
 communal practical experience.
 He was quiet, kind, unjudgmental,
 but he was a purist. He was
 a devotee of the macrobiotic diet
 which we really believed had
 something to do with Zen.
 We were into the whole ideology
 of it - the yin and yang foods,
 chewing each bite fifty times,
~~and all sorts of~~ ~~but~~ the whole
 grain based diet. It made me
 feel great but I got sort of
 (example) neurotic about food in general -
 especially food that wasn't
 in accord with the principles
 of macrobiotics. I met other
 macrobiotics at Loung's, some who
 sat at Zen Center, and some
 who didn't. They tended to be

Good to see
the young male harem

I remember ~~gangs~~ gangs who rode
motorcycles and had lived in Nepal
and ~~David~~ David, a beat poet with
long hair, a beard, and a long coat.

Long let various oddballs stay
in his apartment - renters like me and
Tim ~~and~~ a harem with a dark heroin
Harvard post - a little girl runaway,
Jill, Jim, ~~the~~ nervously calm,
and they took food very very
seriously. One couple had
a dog they fed only
brown rice - a hyper German
shepherd.

Lots of people dropped by
Longs and some of them
were well known characters in
the world of hip. Neil Cassady
would come over, hopped up on
speed. Once he had a piece
stolen from Jarda's house
I got in Sausalito where
Vada and Alan Watts lived. Long
saw that most of it got back.
Long knew people in the
music world like Sandy Bull
and in the new psychedelic
scene and light show scene.
He introduced me to Bill Graham who
let us into a concert ~~at~~ at the
F. Moore place. Graham was
always good to Ken Center and

My bust for 5 seals! ABC-30

Zemmes, later he let me and a friend into a ~~concert~~ ^{concert} for free because we were passing out leaflets for an event to raise money for the purchase of Tassajara.

A lot of the fks who ~~dropped~~ ^{dropped} by ~~snatched~~ ^{snatched} brought the aroma of pot with them and sometimes Louie would get out his Katmandu cloth covered & flash box and turn on his guests - or even just me on a slow evening. He did everything quietly and with ceremony, and he had the best, & strongest, most distinguished pot: Acapulco Gold (which I'd ~~been~~ ^{come to admire} when living in Acapulco in '65), Panama Red (which I'd smoked in Rio in '65), and Agave Hashish. I + didn't take much of this & suff. Wed smoke and ~~just~~ ^{just} to the Gate of the Dead, or exoto. Zen gongs and chanting on the Sound of Biheji, or the Shinto

Rick's Journal

album of Gogaku.

During the days being ~~studied~~ ^{practiced} Tai Chi and studied Buddhism and whatever drew him, + never worried what he did for a living but gradually I came to realize he was dealing dope - pot + hash - only the best - and that his clients were a who's who list of the happening crowd. Sometimes I'd help him ^{do a favor} deliver a kilo. ~~and I'm~~ ~~decided~~ ~~he~~ wanted to help Zen Center raise the money it needed to buy land for its new monastery. He talked with me about it and I assisted him in a venture to buy + sell 15 kilos of primo Acapulco Gold, the profits from which would go to the Zen Center. We did it mainly he did it - I'm just proud to have had a small part - and she

cash (couple thou) was allowed —
 away mostly. Word got
 round and it wasn't
 long before Loung and I
 were sitting in a lecture
 given by Suzuki's assistant, Katagiri
 Sensei, ~~who~~ in which Katagiri
~~was~~ made it quite clear that
 it was against ^{the} Buddhist precepts
 to sell intoxicants and that
 it was wrong wrong wrong
 to sell drugs to give money
 to purchase a monastery.
 So Loung stopped dealing. Before
 Loung I was off. So Passayana
 in ~~the~~ a deep valley of
 the then snow covered mountains
 where ~~a~~ a few of us started
 to prepare the old resort so
 that continue being a resort
 part time and to ~~establish~~ be
 the first Buddhist monastery
 in the Western world. And there
 we sat and worked and ~~to~~ soaked
 in the hot tubs and the creek but
 didn't drink or smoke pot and

tenting
 tenting

I was heard to say
 cause we just thought I should

Ed, Henry, Tony & hash ~~the~~ cookies
spread out

I rediscovered the clean pungent
smells of the world I
know at times growing
up and really got into
a disciplined and wholesome
life that just kept going
and going and going. It
was great.

I proceeded to ^{spend} ten
straight years as a full
time Zen Center company
man. Most of it I was
as ~~Tassajara~~ almost 7
at Tassajara, about 2 at
a city center, the ZC moved to
founded in 69, and
have a most of one at a
~~Green~~ communal farm
and practice center that was
founded by the new American
about after our received
~~the~~ Japanese teacher area
in December of 71. During
this time I smoked a little
pot when I was out of

the centers and visiting friends
just like + drank booze at
parties or at a friends house.

Zen Center was ~~of order~~ neither
puritanical nor libertarian. Mainly
it was demanding, disciplined,
and fun. The prize our eyes
were on was not pleasure
seeking or ~~goofing off~~ but
being immersed in practice
which itself was taught to be
the enlightenment we ~~could~~ see originally
come ~~to~~ seeking. Suzuki's
middle way between rigid
austerities and goofing off
kept most of us ~~in the~~ who
were more indulgent by nature
from wallowing in our desires
or falling into a ^{way of} zealous sackcloth
and ashes. ~~at first~~ was sit, chant,
eat silently, work ~~at~~, bathe, study,
sit, sleep with an occasional
hit in the rugged mountains and
creek beds. There just weren't
fun for anything but coffee and
cigarettes - the use of the latter kept declining

which I'd never had before, a hot massaged my
judgment and stress tanks but which was still a
excuse for what I was doing.

Since I was living such a
wholesome life at Zen Center
I saw no problem in indulging
wholeheartedly when I got out!
As a result I found myself
getting as ~~zoned~~ and drunk
as I wished on every four days
out of Tassajara and every
evening away from the city
center or the farm. There were
also some protracted periods
in the city in the early 70s
where I started smoking and
puffing ~~on~~ during the
day and there was ~~one~~
one period after arriving in the
city after five years at
Tassajara that I got involved
with an underage preconcubine
~~my~~ friend whose home provided
her with a liberal amount of
free cocaine, ~~which I~~
realized I'd gone too far and
~~had~~ had lost the bright clean
mind of practice, I'd pull
back and clean up. In

1976 my 1st wife and I broke
 up and ~~I started living~~ she new
 abbot and I broke up and I
 for the first time in ten years
 I was ~~on my own - with~~ not
 living at the ZC but with a ~~the~~
~~woman~~ new mate ^{and often my 2 year old} in a house
 on the Pacific Ocean in Bolinas
 north of SF. Over the next
 nine years I spent ~~about~~ ^{more than} half
 my time there and ~~half~~ ^{the rest} at
~~one of~~ the city center, farm, or
 one of the ZC's businesses or
 projects with $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs of a year
 in Sacramento working for the
~~Gov.~~ Gov. Jerry Brown's administration.
~~During~~ During that time I wrote
 about a thousand songs to add
 to the several hundred I'd written
 before and during that time, I
 mainly in Bolinas I smoked
 lots of pot, drank a lot, and
 delved occasionally into the
 worlds of cocaine and a tiny
 bit of heroin. Again I found
 that when I'd gotten too deep

into these mind-benders, I'd
pull back and ~~be~~ clean up
sort of like systems though I'd ~~stop~~ ^{post} the
In 1985 ~~I moved~~ ^{I bouldered back up the hill} my Estomas
friend and I grew apart and
I lived for two years at the
farm and one at the
city center so my psychoactive
ingestion levels were lower
~~and~~ though definitely still
in play. I was involved with
recolony and ~~studied~~ ^{studied}
during this period and ~~there~~
there were plenty of autopsies
in my life. ~~But~~ In '85
I ~~got~~ also ~~got~~ ^{got} involved
with a young woman and
now in 2001 we're in
mediation to determine the
terms of our divorce. This
woman, Elia, is not at
all an indulgent person,
and my indulgence gradually
declined in her company.

~~It~~ In April of 1988 I went

870

though I haven't been a regular smoker or smoked a lot for more than a few weeks at a time

to Japan and ~~they~~ had a superb time, but I ~~found~~ ~~it~~ was experienced physical difficulties that were obviously the result of drinking so I literally was reduced to a drink or two a week. Elia arrived, we got married, and until she moved out I ~~didn't~~ ~~do~~ didn't drink so much or smoke much weed - and almost no weed the four years in Japan. Now ~~there's been~~ ~~gone~~ It's almost a year now since she moved out and once again I find myself drinking too much, smoking too much dope, and smoking an occasional cigarette - nicotine is the drug I've actually struggled with the most over these years. To complete this my drug history I should add that I make an effort daily not to drink too much caffeine, especially coffee. One thing that ~~has~~ has helped me so

keep sober and unstored for the
last twelve years is writing.
I've always written but since
I left for Japan I haven't
written songs. The type of
concentration needed to write
a book or a chapter demands
of me that I be bright-eyed
and bushy-tailed. I find
it better to write in the
mornings and, if I'm
really into a project, do
busy work, organizing the
secretarial staff at night.
I'm desperately trying
to get into a new book
now - I've got to or
I'll go bankrupt. So now
I'm trying to write 1000
words a day and am working
on this theme of ~~my~~
my life with psychoactives
and Zen. I think that the
fewer psychoactives I do they
~~become~~ more successful I'll
be at my work, but

Ecstasy

ABC-33

The big four keep calling me. The big four are alcohol, pot, caffeine, and nicotine. Caffeine calls pot. I wake up and sit zazen, drink grapefruit juice and read the paper, take my kid to school until then I deal with caffeine. This morning I had a ~~cup~~ cup of tea at a coffee shop with outdoor tables where my dog boxer can hang out with me. Later in the day I may have more black tea, green tea, or go for a cup of strong coffee or a latte. Or I may keep it to one cup of tea which is my goal. Almost every day I burn a cigarette, preferably an American Spirit, and roll two small ones from it after I've broken it up. ~~Usually~~ After sun nicotine free till the evening when I like to drink some booze - usually

would. I try to keep it to
one glass then to two
which after does it but
~~if I bring~~ if I bring home I'll
often finish it off - frequently
over a long enough period
that I don't get too high on
it. Sometimes at night I'll
have a hit or two of pot
and that makes me want
to smoke ~~too~~ ^{it does all psycholytic} and then I
find I get dizzy and feel
like there are too many
drugs in me and see them
as sapping out the oxygen
I thought I don't really
know why. I've been
doing more music
recently which makes
me want pot and ~~the~~
I have lots of friends who
smoke pot and they often
give some to me - a bud
or a roach - and I almost
never refuse to smoke some
with them though I

Some times I envision a demon chewing on my brain.

tend to keep it for a few hits
 after just one. I really don't
 like to get too stoned and
 since I limit my intake and
 the pot so strong these
 days, I find that one
 hit is best. Too much
 pot is disorienting to me,
~~and~~ I find pot is
 best if done once a week
 or even once a month. Too
 much makes me feel
~~disoriented~~ disoriented just losing
 a lot of the sense of
 continuity that we need to
 get things done easily - and
 it can make me feel
 heavy, tired, lazy, depressed,
 anxious, or just give me
 a painful state of mind.
 Often I am straight and
 feeling great and clean and
 clear and take a hit from
 a friend and its neat for a
 bit and then I notice
 I'm experiencing mental

but I know lots who used cocaine and few who used heroin.

With cocaine they say they're with heroin, all you want is more cocaine - or heroin if you're done that

But if I'm not experiencing mental pain ~~or~~ which just happens sometimes I may get an exhilarated feeling. After I think of it so great & love it - I think that about all these drugs. And each of them makes me want ~~the~~ more (though I have less of a problem with that ~~with~~ caffeine) and each of them makes me want to have the others. I think god led me not into cocaine or heroin ~~any~~ any more cause they put into that dynamite. Nicely. Tobacco basically moves toward wanting to smoke constantly but I don't - I just notice that it's amazing that I keep smoking and how little I smoke - often going for days without one - or just



having a thing over two a
 day for a week, alcohol tends
 to build too and I want it
 more and more and have such
 a weak sense of saying no
 but then I just start doing
 it less & less. Each day
 sings to me - some
 in the morning, some
 in the afternoon, some
 at night - they sing
 me me me now
 now now then more
 me or more another. I
 think of ~~the~~ factors that
 sing to me so then and
 that also sing to me:
 practice, work, ~~family~~ women, and
 health. Practice is my

sense of joining heaven & earth
 and it's what saves me and
 is my highest calling and
 the center of my life though
 I betray it constantly and with
 much guilt for drunkenness in
 practice and purity can breed a

07 Comb Forward
 CO-Original

demon force and more
vile than drugs — that's
the war on drugs — more
evil than drugs by far.
Practically is sitting around
the morning and watching
thoughts in the afternoon —
Jehovah's hate — there's
delusion whatever that
is — it's concentrated, being
clear, seeing greatness and
majesty flow together
and it's not believing
a lot of crap ~~but~~ rather
dropping beliefs and
other addictions. Work
is writing — writing anything
includes this — paying bills,
mowing the lawn, getting
my shirt together, family, ~~and~~
and my kids, my eyes, my
sawing my friends from
a wholesome, mortal
point of view. Women are
another addiction that can be
practiced and family and love

40 bangla Pappus
Hey you chicken shit self-
absorbed ~~shit~~ cocksucking
assholes ~~if~~ why dont
you pay attention to ~~the~~
whats happening in society -
you're so fucking absorbed
in your fucking off and
wallowing in your own
shit you forget your
brothers and sisters need
your helping hand -
exactly it
dont be such fucking cowards
But who says that is right
white folks? (Scholar Oakland says)

to 41 B

ABC - notes + could go after
B. thy, Downy ship

- 17 of archbishops
Co-signator

As the ~~Christ~~ Christ say, we're all
 sunners. Some Buddha's eyes
 there's no sin in Buddha
 but that's to offset - anything
 that in Christ is in
 Bud in some form or other
~~and that's to~~ Bud just means
 ignorance of our true nature - of
 the unity as well as the duality
 of heaven and earth. People
 say oh I thought Zen was so
 pure. Why should they be more
 pure than Catholics or Presbyterians
 A Zen student sitting sazen is
 just pulsating ignorance, a
 sunner thought and thought.
 We're lit with dynamite, dripping
 blood from hands and mouths
 stepping over the half devoured corpses
 of our prey, panting, sitting our teeth
 back in, howling, raping, then
 sitting at night and starting
 at the moon. Maybe
 that's gonna be a little better
 but you get the idea,



3

boy I was

abe-38

telling me
don't waste my life

they and any counted and
 addicted to them and I pray
 for a woman to be with
 who can help me like the
 child and whom I can help
 like I helped the kid though
 she may not know it.
 I'm too alone now for my fasts
 and want a woman to be with
 and to practice with - side by side.
 Buddha says forget all
 this stuff and take refuge
 in Buddha Dharma + Sangha
 and I believe that but I
 give up and want a woman
 to do that with. For six
 months lovely Draven and
 I were side by side and she
 was kind and sweet beyond
 belief but she loved pot
 and booze and I loved her
 so I guess she was no good
 for me or I for her though I
 haven't yet been able to
 be free from my desire
 for her. I didn't do a

For an eubles

~~Ed.~~

120
14
480
120
1680

1680
80
1760

Refrain 4 times - so great

stuck of work for 6 months
 with her - it was all
 love and play and she
 got with her work me
 happy & filled me with creative
 thoughts but not kills
 creativity that way by
 pulling it up down here
 fresh air and sunshine
 urge me to express it
 in ways that help to pay
 the bills. I had prayed
 for grace, for a wife
 and wonderful woman but
 now I pray for a woman
 better than I can imagine
 who is wholesome and
 will help me to be wholesome
 and productive but I still
 dream of grace, and
 tasty health for all these
 psychosocials encourage me
 briefly but feed my anguish
 & take my heart wretchedly
 and make now that I speak -
 not good - and I keep you
 says it's all perfect and Beddie, Bubbly, Bettle, Bettle



It's hard to make any ~~of~~ generalizations ~~about~~ about drugs are ~~not~~ ~~not~~ accurate ~~than~~ ~~the~~ generalizations in general I would suspect, but my observation is that most, psychoactively, ~~it~~ especially if taken regularly, take one to a lower realm. In the book Life Extension ~~most~~ they are seen as stimulus reduction agents and as agents that ~~are~~ accelerate aging. That's a put down - especially, as I remember, with ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Nicotene, alcohol, pot ~~and~~ ~~and~~ stimulants including caffeine.

Even though one of the 10 pure precepts of Buddhism is to refrain from using or selling intoxicants, no Buddhist teachers tell you ~~must~~ ^{from all of them} their students totally abstain. One way that ~~it~~ was a drug treatment program I attended (with a friend) the leader said that ~~the way he said it was that~~ there was no need to abstain from a drug if one didn't have an unhealthy relationship with it but

... ever had a healthy relationship w/ opiates? Or speed?

that ~~the~~ ~~she~~ ~~she~~ experience had shown that once a person developed an unhealthy relationship with a drug, it was best to quit altogether. ~~But~~ There's been an argument in the alcohol treatment world about this. I know ~~of~~ former very heavy drinkers who drink ~~moderately~~ occasionally now. One study I read about in the paper - a doctor or so ago - a Rand study - surprised the AA world by saying that recovered alcoholics who drink socially or occasionally are no more likely to relapse than those who don't drink at all.

Billy Goetz

We know a handful of people who made money over a period of time dealing one type of drug or another. When I was married at Greens we had a regular customer

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, possibly a page number or date, appearing as a series of vertical lines.

* ~~Diabetes & Hypertension for Hotties~~

check on psychosomatic article / book & ~~check~~
in ~~the~~ easy health & left
input guy to ~~reboot~~

~~no~~ one of the people who came
in almost every day - we
called him Billy Borchetta because
he always ordered 6 ochettes
of soft, green pepper, cherry tomato
~~and~~ & skewered on a stick, it
wasn't my favorite. ~~but~~ A Zanne
waiter at the restaurant started
hanging out with Billy and would
wide eyed praise Billy's ~~so~~ grass
and pretty soon we knew why
Billy could eat out all the time.
He dealt grass - just grass. He was
a nice guy. He is a nice guy
he got busted and I don't remember
or maybe I never heard what
happened. If it was the 1st time

Donnie

There's an old ~~guy~~ student
who's done well through the years
in various enterprises but one
is, again, cannabis distribution.
He's not involved much anymore
He hasn't been involved with
SC for years but he's like
an alumnus. He used

racial cliff - solve by persecuting whites more

~~ABC-41~~
ABC-41

a community has, a society has. To bar someone from a church or business is an extreme act. I ~~the~~ remember the minister who said he didn't want to be ~~the~~ minister of a church that didn't allow sinners. What's the purpose of the church? Another thing - if a group wanted to bar someone for breaking the law, shouldn't that person be convicted in a court of law first? Lastly - we at Greens are drug dealers - dealing alcohol, though legal, a far more insidious drug than pot. We say we sell it as a complement to the meal - BR says that. He's not a drinker - he's only into caffeine. He doesn't understand. I serve these people out ~~and~~ I'm into booze and I see ~~the~~ over half of them come in

013

layer to get that glass or 2
 of wine - and that's with
 lunch. Anyway - we
 never did for these people
 but BR did say something
 to Donna at Old that ~~was~~
 him ~~go~~ but he didn't return
 I can't ~~remember~~ remember what
 it was but Donna told
 me BR ~~was~~ didn't know
 what he was talking
 about - was coming
 from believing in
 gossip + rumors - sure
 a breach of the precepts
 itself.

Before p. 38
 re-write
 ABC

6/6

~~On the Floor of Creams~~

In 1979 the ~~Fort~~ Center opened
 a restaurant ^{named Creams} at Ft. Mason on
 the SF Marina ~~named~~. Ft. Mason
 was no longer a fort but had been
 turned over to the US Park Service.
 The Park Service had ~~and~~ turned



There's a dope addict in the attic